VENUS AND ADONIS
1593
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THE FIRST EDITION
1593
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PREFATORY NOTE

This reproduction in collotype facsimile of the unique copy in the Bodleian Library of Shakespeare's poem of *Venus and Adonis* forms, with the accompanying reproductions of the earliest editions of *Lucrece*, *Sonnets*, *The Passionate Pilgrim*, and the play of *Pericles*, a supplement to the facsimile reproduction of the First Folio, which the Oxford University Press issued in 1902. All the compositions which find a place in the present publication were excluded from the First Folio, and this undertaking therefore completes the presentation of Shakespeare's writings in their most authentic shape.

The five volumes which are dealt with here were published in Shakespeare's lifetime in varying conditions, which are described in detail in the editorial introductions. All the volumes are of the highest bibliographical rarity, and in cases
where more than one copy of the first edition exists, that one in the best state of preservation has been chosen for reproduction.

Not merely the first edition of these Shakespearean volumes, but all the reissues of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, survive in very few copies. With a view to perfecting the bibliographical story, reproductions in facsimile are given of the title-pages of the rarest of these reissues.

Thanks are due to the Curators of the Bodleian Library for permission to reproduce the original editions of *Venus and Adonis*, 1593, of *Lucrece*, 1594, of the *Sonnets*, 1609, and of *Pericles*, 1609. Mrs. Christie Miller has generously permitted the reproduction of her copy of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599, which is in the library at Britwell. This volume has not been photographed before, and is in far finer state than the only other copy known—that in the Capell Collection in Trinity College, Cambridge.

Of the fifteen illustrative title-pages, six are reproduced by kind permission of the Curators of the Bodleian Library; five by permission of
the Trustees of the British Museum; three by permission of the Master and Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge; and one—the *Venus and Adonis* of 1599—by permission of Mrs. Christie Miller of Britwell.

In the case of each of the five works, the editor has endeavoured to give a history of all surviving copies of original editions and of early reissues, as well as to indicate their present homes. In the notes to his introductory essays he has made specific acknowledgement to the many owners who have aided him at particular points in this difficult part of his research. Among those who have given him much general assistance, he feels it right to mention here the American collectors, Mr. E. Dwight Church, Mr. W. A. White, and Mr. Marsden J. Perry; Mr. George Parker Winship, Librarian of the John Carter Brown Library at Providence, Rhode Island; Mr. Strickland Gibson, of the Bodleian Library; M. Hugues Vaganay, Librarian of Les Facultés Catholiques of Lyons; Mrs. Strong, Librarian to the Duke of Devonshire; Mr. R. E. Graves, Librarian of the collection at Britwell; Mr.
Strachan Holme, Librarian to the Earl of Ellesmere; Mr. F. J. Payne, whose full and competent notes on textual points have been very suggestive; and Mr. W. B. Owen, late Scholar of St. Catharine’s College, Cambridge, who has given the editor valuable help in the collation of the texts and has rendered him much other service in preparing the work for the press.

*October 1, 1905.*
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I

Shakespeare's poem of *Venus and Adonis* has a peculiar fascination alike for the poet's biographer, critic, and bibliographer. It is sufficient to mention three points of interest. Firstly, the volume, alone in the great roll of Shakespeare's works, includes a precise personal statement from the dramatist's own pen respecting its composition. Secondly, it supplies a singularly illuminating clue to the relations subsisting between Shakespeare's early work and the poetic efforts alike of his contemporary fellow countrymen and of the poets of the Italian Renaissance. Thirdly, it was the earliest of his writings to find its way to the printing press, and, although the early editions were extraordinarily numerous, exceptionally few early copies survive. Neither the intrinsic nor the extrinsic character of the volume is to be exactly matched in variety of interest in the whole range of Shakespearean literature.

No more valuable fragment of autobiography exists than the dedicatory letter bearing the poet's signature, which is prefixed to the original edition of *Venus and Adonis*. It is addressed to 'The Right Honourable Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton and Baron of Titchfield'. Only one other of Shakespeare's works, *The Rape of Lucrece*, was similarly distinguished by a prefatory epistle from the poet's pen, and that was addressed to the same patron. But the inscription before the *Venus and Adonis*, which is somewhat fuller and yet at the same time somewhat simpler in expression than its successor, differs from it, too, in supplying...
information under the author's hand as to the chronological place which the work fills in the long list of his achievements. Shakespeare, in his letter to the Earl of Southampton, declares his Venus and Adonis to be 'the first heir of my invention'.

The frank tone of the address to the Earl combines with evidence from the poem's internal characteristics almost to compel the critic to interpret those words—'the first heir of my invention'—in their obvious sense. A difficulty inevitably suggests itself. By the year 1593, when the poem was first published, Shakespeare had written at least four original plays, and had revised as many more by other hands. None of these eight plays had yet gone to press, but such work must have been composed subsequently to 'the first heir' of the author's 'invention', if that phrase is to be taken quite literally. The needs of the situation are, however, easily satisfied by the assumption that Venus and Adonis was written, or at any rate sketched out, several years before it was published. The theory, which there is abundant internal and external testimony to justify, that this tale in verse was in all essentials the earliest of Shakespeare's experiments in poetry, does not exclude the likelihood that it was freshly elaborated before it was printed. There is indeed ground for the suggestion that the work lay in manuscript in the author's desk through four or five summers, during which it underwent occasional change and amplification.

Shakespeare's assurance that the poem was the first-fruits of his mighty faculty is amply confirmed by its tone

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1 The four original plays are in my view Love's Labour's Lost, Two Gentlemen of Verona, Comedy of Errors, and Romeo and Juliet; the four revised plays are in my view Titus Andronicus and the three parts of Henry VI.
and subject. Neither makes it easy to quarrel with the conclusion that it was originally drafted while the poet's quick sympathetic intelligence was first growing conscious of its power. From the purely literary point of view the work often reaches heights of poetic excellence, which might have glorified the maturity of lesser men. But, viewed in relation to Shakespeare's ultimate achievements, it shows the promise of greatness more plainly than the fruition. The signs of immaturity are not to be mistaken. The lascivious temper which plays about the leading incidents is more nearly allied to the ecstasies of adolescence than to the ripe passion of manhood. There are many irrelevant and digressive details which, though as a rule they bear witness to marvellous justness of observation and to exceptional command of the rich harmonies of language, defy all laws of artistic restraint. The metre, despite its melodious fluency, is not always so thoroughly under command as to avoid monotony and flatness. The luxuriance of the imagery is one of the poem's most notable characteristics, and for the most part it serves with precision its illustrative purpose. But there are occasional signs of the juvenile tendency—of the vagrant impulse—to accumulate figurative ornament for its own sake. Nearly all the figures are, moreover, drawn from a somewhat narrow round of homely experience, from the sounds and sights of rural or domestic life. The 'froward infant still'd with dandling ', the changing aspects of the sky, the timid snail creeping into its shell, the caterpillar devouring foliage, are among the objects which are employed by the poet to point his moral. All betray an alert familiarity with everyday incidents of rustic existence. The fresh tone and the pictorial clearness of the many rural similes in the Venus and Adonis seem, in fact, to embody the poet's early
impressions of the country-side,—impressions which lost something of their concrete distinctness and filled a narrower space in his thought in adult years, amid the multifarious distractions of the town.

The subject, too, savours of the conditions of youth,—of what Shakespeare called in his Sonnets (LXX. 9) 'the ambush of young days'. Shakespeare chose to occupy his budding fancy with a somewhat voluptuous story—an unsubstantial dream of passion—which was first revealed to him in one of his classical school-books, and had already exercised the energies of famous versifiers of his own epoch in England and on the continent of Europe. As in the case of most youthful essays in poetry, the choice of so well-worn a topic as Venus and Adonis shows Shakespeare to have embarked at the outset of his poetic career in a consciously imitative effort, even if the potency of his individuality stamped the finished product with its own hallmark. Ovid in his Metamorphoses had emulated the example of Theocritus and Bion, the pastoral poets of Greece, in narrating the Greek fable of Venus and Adonis. Ovid's poem filled a generous space in the curriculum of every Elizabethan school, and at all periods of his career Shakespeare gave signs of affectionate familiarity with its contents.

But Ovid was only one of the literary companions of Shakespeare's youth, and the Latin poet dealt with this tale of Venus and Adonis in bare outline. In spite of his deep obligation to the great Roman, Shakespeare did not confine his early poetic studies to him. There are ample signs that he filled out Ovid's brief and somewhat colourless narrative on lines suggested by elder English contemporaries, Spenser and Marlowe, Lodge and Greene. In finally manipulating the theme there cannot be much doubt, too, that Shakespeare
worked up some vitalizing conceptions which were derived from the Italian poets. Long before he wrote, foreign writers had elaborated the simple classic myth in narrative verse which closely anticipated his own in shape and sentiment.

Most of the varied influences which moulded Shakespeare's poetic genius, indeed, find a first reflection in *Venus and Adonis*. In it, recent impressions of the country life of Warwickshire seem to be fused, not merely with schoolboy devotion to Ovid and youthful enthusiasm for the new birth of English poetry, but with genuine appreciation of the taste and feeling which the Renaissance had generated in all cultivated minds of Western Europe. On foundations offered by the novels of Italy and France—some of the most characteristic fruit of Renaissance literature—Shakespeare at the height of his powers reared many of his best-known plays. The same elements of literary sustenance, the same force of literary sympathy, which fed the stream of Shakespeare's genius in its maturity, seem, in the eye of the careful student, to course in embryo through *Venus and Adonis*, 'the first heir' of his invention.

**II**

Critics of *Venus and Adonis* hardly seem conscious of the fact that the story of Venus and Adonis engaged the attention of poets in Italy, France, and Spain, as well as of England, both before and after Shakespeare approached the theme. The extent to which Shakespeare was acquainted with the preceding foreign efforts may be difficult to appraise, but that

> J. P. Collier strangely wrote of *Venus and Adonis* sixty years ago: 'It was quite new in its class, being founded on no model either ancient or modern; nothing like it had been attempted before, and nothing comparable to it was produced afterwards.'
he had learned something of them is a proposition that is hard to refute. In any case it is desirable to indicate briefly the distribution of the story in the literature of the European Renaissance, not merely because the attempt does not seem to have been made before, but because only thus is Shakespeare's work, whatever its precise measure of indebtedness, set in its rightful place in the broad current of contemporary thought and aspiration. Shakespeare's achievements are commonly treated in isolation—as work detached from the great movements of his epoch. In many instances the supreme quality and individuality of his genius may largely justify the critic in ignoring the links that bind the poet to his era. But in the case of Venus and Adonis, no such transcendent merits are in question. He writes on a lofty level. But the plane along which he moves is that in which many others of the century had their being, and his literary no less than his historic position is misrepresented, when the similar work of those who wrote a generation or two before him, or at the same time as he, is passed by in silence.

The story of Venus and Adonis, which had its source in Phoenician or Assyrian mythology, was absorbed at an early period by the religion of Greece. The earliest poems in honour of Adonis, the beloved of Venus, who was prematurely slain in a boar-hunt, were elegiac hymns written to be sung at an annual religious festival commemorative of the youth's sad death. Sappho and Praxilla wrote such lyrics

\[1\] The compilers of the Vulgate version of the Old Testament introduced a reference to the familiar Adonaic festival. Cf. 'Et introduxit me per ostium portae domus Domini, quod respiciebat ad Aquilonem: et ecce ibi mulieres sedebant plangentes Adonidem' (Ezek. viii. 14). The Hebrew text reads Thammuz, the god of light. According to the story as it was ultimately incorporated into the religion of Greece and of all the lands by the shore of the Eastern Mediterranean, Adonis, after his wooing by Aphrodite (Venus) and his physical death in the boar-hunt, was suffered, at the earnest entreaty of the
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of lamentation for ritual observances in the sixth century B.C. But it was three centuries later, in the closing epoch of classical Greek literature, when the worship of Adonis flourished in its chief glory, that the theme was developed to best effect by Theocritus and Bion, the Greek pastoral poets of Sicily. The fifteenth of Theocritus' Idylls describes the celebration of the festival of Adonis, and includes a beautiful psalm sung in the hero's honour. The finest of all Greek poems on the theme is Bion's pathetic Lament for Adonis, which enjoyed the admiration of the poets of the Renaissance, and ultimately suggested to Shelley his Adonais, the great elegy on Keats.

goddess of love, to spend in spirit half the year in Hades with Persephone (Proserpina) and half the year on earth with Aphrodite. The myth seems an anthropomorphic interpretation of the annual birth and decay of vegetation, Adonis being identified with the spirit that brings the flowers and fruits year by year to life, and then deserting them leaves them to decay. This interpretation is confirmed by the name of 'Gardens of Adonis' (κήπως Ἀδωνιδος), which was conferred throughout Greece in classical times on earthen vessels, in which plants were brought to fruition with exceptional rapidity and then usually faded as quickly. Many classical authors mention these flower-pots under the name of 'Gardens of Adonis' (cf. Plato, Phaedrus 276). In 1 Henry VI, i. 6. 6-7 Joan of Arc's 'promises' are likened to Adonis' gardens

That one day bloom'd and fruitful were the next—
sure evidence of ripe classical knowledge in the author of this scene. Spenser in his Faerie Queene (Bk. iii, Canto vi, Stanzas xxix-liii) gives an elaborate description of 'The Garden of Adonis', which he represents allegorically as the great treasury of Nature's seeds—

The first seminary
Of all things that are born to live and die
According to their kinds.

Developing his theme somewhat irregularly, Spenser finally makes the 'garden' the eternal home of the immortalized hero Adonis, where he is visited by his lover Venus (Stanzas xlv-xlxi). Milton, doubtless imitating Spenser, wrote of

Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd
Or of reviv'd Adonis, or renown'd
Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son.

(Paradise Lost, ix. 439-41.)
From Greek literature the story spread to Roman. Ovid's narrative of the fable in his *Metamorphoses* (x. 520–738) is a mere skeleton, and is awkwardly obscured by the interpolation of the independent story of Hippomenes' foot-race with Atalanta (ll. 560–707). But Ovid caught something of the temper of Theocritus and Bion, and added a few mythological details. It was through the Latin that the tale in the first instance reached the poets of Western Europe. Dante's slight allusion to Venus' infatuation (*Purgatorio*, xxviii. 64–6) and Chaucer's apostrophe to Venus in *The Knight's Tale* (2227–8)—

> For thilke loue thou haddest to Adon,
> Have pitee on my bitter teres smart,

are Ovidian reminiscences.

Shakespeare, too, gained his first knowledge of the myth from Ovid. He had opportunities of reading the Ovidian tale in both Latin and English from his school-days. Golding's English verse translation of the *Metamorphoses*, of which the publication was completed in 1567, was constantly reprinted during Shakespeare's lifetime, and the dramatist adapted many passages from it in plays of all periods of his career.

Ovid's account of Venus' infatuation for Adonis, of her warnings against the ferocity of the boar, of his love of the chase, of his death in the boar-hunt, of the goddess' grief, and of her lover's transformation into a purple flower, are the broad bases of Shakespeare's poem. Apart from verbal coincidences, some of its leading characteristics—the free employment of pictorial imagery, and the frank appeal to the senses—indicate that Ovid, whether in the Latin original or in the English translation, was a primary source of inspiration. Shakespeare's indebtedness to Ovid passed indeed beyond the bounds of the Latin poet's brief version of the
simple story of Venus and Adonis. Shakespeare drew crucial hints for his superstructure from two independent episodes of the *Metamorphoses*, firstly from the wooing of the reluctant Hermaphroditus by the maiden Salmacis (bk. iv), and secondly from the hunting of the Calydonian boar (bk. viii). The coyness, which is the main characteristic of Shakespeare’s Adonis, does not distinguish Ovid’s Adonis, who is mildly responsive to Venus’ embraces; it is the characteristic of another of Ovid’s mythical heroes, Hermaphroditus. Such lines in Golding’s rendering of the tale of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus as

"Leave off, (quoth he), or I am gone and leave thee at a becke
With all thy tricks,
and
Striue, struggle, wrest and writh (she sayd) thou froward boy thy fill,
Do what thou canst thou shalt not scape,
can be matched almost verbatim in Shakespeare’s poem. There is nothing faintly resembling them in Ovid’s tale of Venus and Adonis. The white figure of the boy Hermaphroditus, gleaming beneath the water as he bathes, is likened by Ovid to an image in *ivory* or a white *lily* encased in clear glass.¹ Adonis’ white hand is compared by Shakespeare to

*A lily prison’d in a gaol of snow,*
*Or ivory in an alabaster band.* (363–4.)²

But it is possible that Shakespeare interwove this Ovidian

¹ *In liquidis translucet aquis, ut eburnea siquis

² *In Love’s Labour’s Lost,* ii. 1. 241–2, Shakespeare quotes as symbolic of extravagant wealth, ‘*Jewels in crystal* for some prince to buy... tend’ring their own worth, from where they were glass’d.’
story of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus at second-hand—that he appropriated it from an original poetic adaptation by an English contemporary, Thomas Lodge. It is beyond reasonable doubt, however, that Shakespeare’s eye caught direct Ovid’s description of the Calydonian boar, which figures in the eighth book of his *Metamorphoses*. Golding thus renders Ovid’s description of the brute of Calydon (*Metamorphoses*, viii. 284–6):

His *eies did glister* blud and fire: right dreadfull was to see His *brawned necke*, right dredfull was his *heare* which grew as thicke

With pricking *points* as one of them could well by other sticke. And like a front of armed *Pikes* set close *in battall rau*,
The sturdie *bristles* on his *back* stoode staring up alway.

In Shakespeare’s *Venus and Adonis* the boar is pictured thus *(619–21, 625–7)*:

On his *bow-back* he hath a *battle set*
Of *bristly pikes*, that ever threat his foes;
*His eyes*, *like glow-worms*, shine when he doth fret; ...
*His brawny sides*, with *hairy bristles* arm’d,
Are better proof than thy spear’s *point* can enter;
*His short thick neck* cannot be easily harm’d.

By way of acknowledging a large indebtedness to Ovid, Shakespeare selected a somewhat self-complacent quotation from him as the motto of his poem. On the title-page are the two lines from Ovid’s *Amores* (I. Elegy xv. 35–6):

*Vilia miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo*
*Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.*

1 See pp. 32 sq. infra.
2 Ovid’s *Amores*, translated by Marlowe about 1589, was first printed about 1597. That translation was probably accessible to Shakespeare in manuscript. Marlowe rendered the cited lines thus:

*Let base conceited wits admire vile things,*
*Fair Phoebus lead me to the Muses’ springs.*
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But had Shakespeare gone to Ovid alone, his Venus and Adonis would not have taken the shape which is familiar to us. The scholars of the Renaissance rediscovered in the sixteenth century the Greek pastoral poetry of Sicily, and many poets of the Renaissance, while they continued to pay much deference to Ovid, sought inspiration in Theocritus and Bion as well. Not Ovid’s Metamorphoses alone, but also Bion’s elegy was translated into all the vernacular tongues of Western Europe, and it was sometimes under the Greek influence, and sometimes under the Latin, and more often under the two influences combined, that there came to birth the massive corpus of poetry on the classical legend in Italian, French, Spanish, and English.

Through the Renaissance literature of Italy the story spread rapidly. At the end of the fifteenth and at the beginning of the sixteenth century it was a frequent theme in Italy of scholarly Latin verse ¹, and early in the sixteenth century it found its way into the vernacular Italian poetry. The vogue of the story was greatly extended by an Italian rendering of Bion’s elegy (wrongly assigned to Theocritus under the title of Epitafio di Adone di Teocrito), which appeared in a collection of Rime Toscane in 1535. ² A very

¹ Numerous Latin poems on Venus and Adonis by Italian scholars, including Alciati, Sannazaro, and Minturno, are found in Gruter’s Delitiae Italorum Poetarum, vol. i, pp. 32, 90, 1311; vol. ii, pp. 723, 924, 1452. In Pontani Opera, 1503, an epigram De Adonide et Venere, p. 10, gives a vivid description of nature’s grief on Adonis’ death; see also De conversione Adonidis in citrum, p. 139. Slight reference is made to Adonis by Ariosto in his Orlando Furioso. He is mentioned under Ovidian influence as a type of ardent lover, Canto vi, Stanza 57, and as the child of an incestuous union in Canto xxv, Stanza 36.

² This was first published in Paris in 1535 and reissued in Venice in 1538 and 1547. The author’s name is given on the title-page as Amomo; nothing else seems known of him. Cf. F. Flamini’s Studi di istoria litteraria italiana e straniera, 1895, pp. 256 sq.
few years later three well-known figures in the history of Italian literature developed almost simultaneously the theme in original Italian verse. All wrote in the same eight-lined stanza under Greek and Latin influences, which were mingled in different proportions, but they arranged the common material according to their individual fancy.

Lodovico Dolce, who translated Ovid’s *Metamorphoses* and Euripides’ tragedies into Italian, besides writing many original plays and poems of classical temper, published in 1545 his *La Favola d’Adone* (‘The story of Adonis’) in eighty-four eight-lined stanzas. Dolce followed Ovid slavishly, even setting on Venus’ lips the interpolated tale of Hippomenes’ suit of the swift-running Atalanta. But he seems to essay some originality by making Jove contrive Adonis’ death at the entreaty of Juno, who is jealous of Venus and seeks to injure her.

The second Italian poem, *L’Adone*, was in seventy-four eight-lined stanzas, and was by an Italian of Greek origin, Metello Giovanni Tarchagnota. His work was published at Venice in 1550. Tarchagnota avoids Dolce’s digressions, and is his superior in passionate and picturesque expression. He felt more nearly the spontaneous charm of the Sicilian poetry.

Within less than a decade a versatile friend of Dolce, Girolamo Parabosco, an organist at St. Mark’s, Venice, who made a reputation as writer of madrigals as well as of novels and poems, tried his hand on the theme in a poem of

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1 Dolce’s poem was appended to the first issue of his play called *Il Capitano*, which appeared at Venice, 1545. The British Museum has no earlier edition than that of 1547.

2 Of the first edition, which is extremely rare, there is a copy in the Grenville Collection at the British Museum. The copy in the Biblioteca Nazionale in Rome was reprinted at Naples in 1898, edited by Angelo Borzelli. Tarchagnota, who died at Ancona in 1566, was a Greek and Latin scholar and an industrious compiler in prose, chiefly from Greek and Latin. His poem *L’Adone* seems his sole surviving experiment in verse.
fifty-four eight-lined stanzas—La Favola d’Adone. He worked on the simple lines of Tarchagnota, and strictly confined himself to depicting Venus’ passion and Adonis’ death.¹

The warmth of feeling which is inherent in the legend was reflected by Dolce, Tarchagnota, and Parabosco, in the comparatively sober colours which were characteristic of the Greek poets. The like restraint is observable in the briefer Italian poems on the subject which figure in the ‘Rime’ of Luigi Grotto, called Cieco d’Hadria (Venice, 1577), and in L’Adone, idillio di Ettore Martinegro (Venice, 1614). But ultimately a more famous poet of the Italian Renaissance, Giovanni Battista Marino, gave freer play to a lascivious imagination, and wove round the story a voluptuous epic in twenty cantos, which was again entitled L’Adone. Marino, as an extant letter proves, designed near the outset of his career a poem of Adonis on the restricted plan which Parabosco and Tarchagnota adopted. He also translated anew Bion’s Lament. But the work grew under his hand, and finally emerged in the prolix and affected collection of mythological improprieties, which has given him claim to rank with the chief literary masters of lubricity. Marino’s poetry was well known to Shakespeare’s contemporaries ², but his epic

¹ This was first published at Venice as an appendix to the third book of Parabosco’s I quatro libri delle lettere amorose, Venice, 1561. The literary work of Parabosco, who died in 1557, and of Dolce, was not unfamiliar to the Elizabethans. Watson notes that two of his ‘passions’ (Nos. lxxv and c) in his Hecatompithia (1582) were based on ‘the invention of M. Girolamo Parabosco’, and Drummond of Hawthornden records that in 1612 he read Parabosco’s Lettere amorose—the volume which includes the poem L’Adone. George Gascoigne’s tragedy of Jocasta is a translation of Dolce’s version of Euripides’ Phoenissae, and Lodge acknowledged that several poems in his Margarite were written ‘in imitation of Dolce, the Italian poet’. I can find no reference in Elizabethan literature to Tarchagnota.

² As early as 1592 the poet Daniel issued by way of appendix to the collection of sonnets, which he entitled Delia, a translation of one of Marino’s poems, which he called The Description of Beauty.
of Adonis was not completed till 1623—long after Shakespeare's poem was published. The history of his endeavour, however, affords salient proof that the topic persisted in Italian literature throughout Shakespeare's career.

A like story has to be told of the history of the tale in France. It gained its first hold on French readers, when Melin de St. Gelais published in 1547 a beautiful rendering in French of Bion's Lament. This was probably completed ten years earlier, and was constantly reprinted. Before 1574 a graceful lyricist, Jean Passerat, penned a short poem in 134 lines of riming couplets called Adonis, ou la Chasse du Sanglier. It is a simple narration on Ovidian lines of Adonis' beauty, of Venus' infatuation, of her warnings of the boy against devotion to the chase, of his impetuous challenge of the boar, of his death, and his transformation into a flower.

Subsequently the fable was turned by another French writer to more complex uses. It was made the basis of a tragedy called Adonis, by Gabriel le Breton, a Paris lawyer, who published his work in 1579. The play was designed as an allegorical elegy on the death of King Charles IX of France, on May 30, 1574. Adonis represents the dead king, and Venus typifies grief-stricken France. Venus' lamentations show more tragic power than appears in any contemporary adaptation of the theme. The machinery involves the introduction of characters like Mars, Diane, Cupidon, L'Ombre d'Adonis, and two shepherds, Montan and Sylvain, in addition to the hero and heroine. But the conventional lines of the tale are generally respected, and there are no intricacies of plot.

In Spain it was Italian example which directly inspired the treatment of the story. One of the most accomplished of Spanish statesmen, Don Diego Hurtado de Mendoza,
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who in the course of his diplomatic occupations visited both Italy and England during the first half of the sixteenth century, produced in 1553 a Spanish poem called Fábula de Adonis, in eight-lined stanzas, which enjoyed wide popularity in the peninsula. Don Diego narrated the legend after the manner of Dolce. Other Spanish poets subsequently repeated Mendoza’s experiment. In the miscellaneous collection of poetry, the Cancionero jeneral of Amberes, which appeared in 1557, there figured an attractive poem on the subject in short metre. A writer of repute, Juan de la Cueva (1550–1609), penned in eighteen ‘ottavas reales’ the Llanto de Venus en la muerte de Adonis¹, and there is a stilted sonnet by Lope de Vega’s friend Juan de Arguijo (d. 1629), entitled Venus en la muerte de Adonis. Finally, in the last decade of the century, the theme was elaborately recast by a more distinguished pen. Lope de Vega’s tragedy entitled Adonis y Venus, which greatly developed the ancient legend, is the most notable adaptation of the story in the literature of Spain.²

Thus a cursory survey of the literature of the European Renaissance shows not merely that the story of Venus and Adonis had already travelled far and wide before it engaged Shakespeare’s attention, but that it was still enjoying active life abroad while he was working upon it. The strong family resemblance which exists among the component parts of this many-languaged Adonic literature is mainly due to the common sources in classical poetry. Only where there recur in two or more poems details or reflections or

¹ Obras poéticas, Seville, 1582.
² Cf. Observaciones preliminares, ix–xxv, before Lope’s tragedy Adonis y Venus in Obras de Lope de Vega publicadas por la Real Academia Española, Tomo vi, Madrid, 1896. Several narrative poems on the same subject appeared in Spain during the seventeenth century. Cf. Alonso de Batres’ Fábula de Adonis y Venus, and Juan de Moncayo y Gurrea’s Venus y Adonis (Zaragoza, 1652).
imagery which are not derived from Ovid or Theocritus or Bion can any theory of immediate interdependence deserve a hearing. There are too many details peculiar to Shakespeare’s poem and to its Italian predecessors, to preclude the suggestion that Shakespeare was acquainted with the latter and absorbed some of their ornaments and episodes. The deliberate setting of the scene of *Venus and Adonis* amid flowers blooming under the languorous heat of summer skies is outside the scheme of the Latin or Greek poets. Yet this is a feature which is common to the work of Shakespeare and the Italians. Dolce gives (Stanza vii) an enchanting picture of the pleasant spot (‘alma stagion’) where Venus and Adonis first meet:

_Quivi tra gigli le vermiglie rose_
_Vi dimostrano ogn’ hor liete & vezzose._

Parabosco (Stanza iii) is equally alive to

_L’ hervette e fiori et ogni verde stelo_

which deck out the fair trysting-place (‘la bella stagione’), and nearly bury Adonis out of sight. Shakespeare is no more sparing of references to lilies and roses. Flowers—‘blue-veined violets’ and primroses—embroider the bank (ll. 125, 151) whereon Venus lies while she tempts Adonis. Again, Tarchagnota’s opening stanza shows the afternoon sun shining on the flowery meads:

_Nè l’ ardente stagion, che in ciascun prato_
_Secca ogni vago fior, ch’ odor rendeva;_
_Era già Phebo oltre il merigie andato,_
_E partendo men caldo il ciel faceva._

1 A similarity meets us in the preliminary pages. Each of the early Italian poems is preceded, as in the case of Shakespeare’s work, by a very short dedicatory epistle in prose addressed to a patron. In two cases the patron is a man, and in the third a woman. The pointed brevity of the salutation, and the employment of prose instead of verse, are somewhat rare characteristics which are precisely paralleled in Shakespeare’s two narrative poems.
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The sun's rising or falling rays constantly illumine Shakespeare's story, which opens in the dawn of a summer's day.¹ The sunlit atmosphere, no less than the flower-strewn grove, seems redolent of an Italian origin.

There are indeed other and more definite accretions to the classical legend, both in Shakespeare and the Italian poets, which seem to indicate loans levied by the English poet on his foreign predecessors. The impressive execration of death which Shakespeare puts into Venus' mouth has the true ring of poetic fervour, and bears the stamp of the Shakespearean mint (ll. 931–54, 991–1002). But Shakespeare appears there to work up an episode in the Italian poem of Tarchagnota, who set on Venus' lips an impassioned complaint, in a like number of lines, of the blind cruelty of the hard-favoured Tyrant (Stanzas liv–lix). 'Tu morte crudel,' 'o cosa mostruosa e strana,' cries the Venus of the Italian poet at the thought of Adonis' loss; Death, she sorrowfully reflects, destroys the pleasure of mortal life as suddenly as it devours the beauty of the flowers of the field. The sentiment is clothed by the Venus of Shakespeare in richer language, yet it is doubtful if it would have had its precise place in the English poem's machinery, but for the Italian suggestion.² Again, Venus' final retractation in

¹ Cf. Even as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn. (ll. 1–2.)
A summer's day will seem an hour but short. (l. 23.)
And Titan, tired in the midday heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them. (ll. 177–8.)
The sun ariseth in his majesty:
Who doth the world so gloriously behold
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold. (ll. 856–8.)

² In introducing Venus' apostrophe to Death, the Italian poets themselves developed a very slight and bare hint in Bion's Lament, where Venus is made to describe Adonis as 'journeying to Acheron, that hateful king and cruel' (στυγνὸν βασιλῆα καὶ διγριον).
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Shakespeare of her railing indictment of Death seems to grow out of the goddess' gentle cry in the Italian of Tarchagnota, when Death claims her lover:—

Io ti perdonerei ciò che fatto hai.

Venus is represented, too, by Shakespeare as excusing the boar's murderous assault on Adonis on the ground that the fatal thrust was an amorous embrace, to which the brute was provoked by the boy's beauty. Venus exclaims in Shakespeare's poem:—

He thought to kiss him, and hath killed him so.
'Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain:
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheath'd unaware the tusk in his soft groin.

(Venus and Adonis, II. 1110-16.)

The boar's appeal to Venus after Adonis' death in Tarchagnota's poem is to like curious effect:—

Ti giuro, che il voler mio non fu mai
Di offender questo tuo sì caro amante:
Ben è egli il ver, che tosto, ch' io mirai
Nel corpo ignudo sue bellezze tante,
Di tanta fiamma acceso mi trovai,
Che cieco a forza mi sospinsi avante,
Per baciare la bélta, che il cor m' apria,
Et ismorzar l'ardor, che in me sentia.

(L'Adone, Stanza Ixv.)

1 This episode is of Greek classical origin. It is the topic of the last poem in the ordinary collections of Theocritus' idylls, although the author was some late imitator of Theocritus, and not the poet himself. Antonius Sebastianus Minturnus' Latin epigram called De Adone ab Apro Interempto deals with the same theme (cf. Shakespeare, Variorum edition, 1821, xx. p. 784). The Theocritean idyll was rendered into crude English verse in a volume entitled Six Idillia . . . chosen out of the right famous Sicilian poet Theocritus, Oxford, 1588,
III

But it was not only the Ovidian outline and Italian adaptations that Shakespeare assimilated. None had chosen the legend for independent treatment in England before Shakespeare. But many Elizabethan poets of earlier date had made incidental reference to the tale, and had laid special stress on features of it which Shakespeare seems to have elaborated in emulation of them.

Spenser in his Elegy on Sir Philip Sidney adapts the details of the fable to his special purpose. Spenser figuratively credited his hero with Adonis' precise manner of death. 'Astrophel' is slain in the chase by 'a cruel beast', who inflicts a wound in his thigh, and his corpse is metamorphosed into a flower. Spenser, too, sets on the lips of Sidney's lady-love Stella the pathetic lamentation which poetic tradition assigned to Venus on the discovery of Adonis' dead body. Spenser's description of the flow of blood from the boar's fatal thrust, and the transformation of the fair white corpse into a flower 'both red and blue', anticipate Shakespeare's account of how

in his blood that on the ground lay spill'd,
   A purple flower sprung up.

The curious identity of tone, as well as of topic, can only be appreciated by a close study of the two poems side by side. The metre of Spenser's *Astrophel*, moreover, was that adopted by Shakespeare in his poem of *Venus and Adonis*. Many a critic might be forgiven if he mistook such a stanza as the following

of which only one copy—in the Bodleian Library—is known (cf. reprint in *Some Longer Elizabethan Poems*, ed. A. H. Bullen, Constable's edition of Arber's *English Garner*, 1903, pp. 123, 146). But the Italian version of Tarchagnotta has far closer affinity to Shakespeare's treatment of the incident, than the English translation of the Theocritean idyll or Minturnus' epigram.
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from Spenser’s *Astrophel* for one of those with which *Venus and Adonis* concludes:—

His pallid face, impictured with death,
She bathed oft with teares, and dried oft:
And with sweet kisses suckt the wasting breath
Out of his lips like lilies pale and soft:
And oft she cald to him, who answered nought,
But onely by his lookes did tell his thought.

Spenser made a second and an undisguised allusion to the legend in the *Faerie Queene*, where he described ‘the dear Adonis’, the paramour of fair Venus, lying

Lapped in flowers and precious spicery

in the fruitful garden called by the name of ‘the wanton boy’. It is in the garden of Adonis that Nature, in Spenser’s allegory, harbours her seeds of life—a philosophical conception which is happily overlooked by Shakespeare.

It is important to note that Spenser ignores the coy modesty of Adonis. It is not a point on which Ovid is quite explicit, and most of his successors leave it uncertain whether Adonis welcomed or rejected Venus’ embraces. In some of these writers’ pages Adonis’ loving ardour, despite his devotion to the chase, is no cooler than that of Venus. Shakespeare diverges further from the Ovidian scheme in making the boy’s impatience of Venus’ advances the pivot of the tale. Two other English poets, Robert Greene and Marlowe, had already seen, albeit dimly, the poetic value of this development of the legend. Robert Greene devoted to the story two lyrics which figured in his prose romances, and in both the boy’s sensitive shyness is brought into prominence. One of these lyrics, in the six-lined stanza of
Shakespeare's poem, which was introduced into the novel of *Perimedes the Blakke-Smith* (1588), opens thus:—

In Cypres sat fayre Venus by a Fount
Wanton Adonis toying on her knee:
She kist the wag, her darling of accompt,
The Boie gan blush, which when his lover see,
She smild and told him loue might challenge debt
And he was young and might be wanton yet.

Greene's second lyric on the theme which figured in his tract called *Never too late* (1590) is a pathetic appeal on the part of Venus to the disdainful boy:—

Sweet Adon, darest not glance thine eye?
N'oserez-vous, mon bel ami?
Upon thy Venus that must die?
Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez-vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez-vous, mon bel ami?

It is more interesting to note that Marlowe, in his *Hero and Leander* of Musaeus, went out of his obvious path in order to bring Adonis' coldness into signal relief. In that translation Marlowe mentions Adonis more than once. In one place he gives the youth the epithet 'rose-cheek'd?', which is not warranted by the Greek text. That word is borrowed by Shakespeare when he first introduces Adonis to his reader in the third line of his own poem—a plain acknowledgement of obligation. In another place of *Hero and Leander* Marlowe interpolated three original lines, of which the Greek is quite innocent. These describe the grove where

Venus in her naked glory strove
To please the careless and disdainful eyes
Of proud Adonis, that before her lies.
Marlowe’s genius exercised a powerful fascination over Shakespeare’s youth, and in all probability under such influence Adonis’ disdain of the goddess of beauty became the central motive of his first poem.

There was much material at Shakespeare’s hand which may well have encouraged him to develop Marlowe’s hint. Another popular tale which was wholly concerned with a youth’s disdain of a beautiful woman’s embraces was accessible to him, and it was easy to graft its main features on the legend of Venus and Adonis. Ovid before he approached the tale of Venus and Adonis in his *Metamorphoses* had elaborated the less conventional topic in the tale of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus. That story of Ovid had attracted attention in Elizabethan England. It had been rendered independently into loose pedestrian English rhyme by one Thomas Peend. His *Pleasant Fable of Hermaphroditus and Salmacis. ... With a morall in English verse* was published in a small octavo in 1565. But there was little in Peend’s doggerel to serve Shakespeare’s purpose. There was far more in Golding’s literary rendering of Ovid’s tale. But Shakespeare clearly supplemented that source by another.

It is of great importance to bear in mind that some four years before the publication of *Venus and Adonis*, an Elizabethan poet, Thomas Lodge, presented with much exuberant and original detail a different hero’s disdain of a different heroine’s advances. In 1589 appeared Lodge’s narrative

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1 A freer version followed at a later date, and has been very doubtfully assigned to Francis Beaumont, the dramatist. This was first published anonymously under the title of *Salmacis and Hermaphroditus* in 1602. It is in heroic verse and is of much literary interest. The rare copy in the Bodleian Library was reprinted in the *Shakespeare Society Papers* (1847), vol. iii. pp. 94–126. In Cranley’s *Amanda* (1635), Shakespeare’s *Venus and Adonis* is mentioned ‘with Salmacis and her Hermaphrodit’ among a number of ‘songs of love and sonnets exquisite’. 
poem of *Glaucus and Scilla*. Lodge’s work was penned in the metre of Shakespeare’s poem, and in the opening stanzas, before he arrives at his real theme, he rapidly and quite parenthetically describes Adonis’ death and Venus’ grief. With Lodge’s prefatory sketch critics are generally agreed that Shakespeare was familiar. Venus, according to Lodge, hastened after Adonis’ fall to the grove

*Where all pale with death he lay alone,*
*Whose beauty quailed as wont the lillies droop*  
*When wastfull winter windes doo make them stoop.*

What followed, Lodge described thus (Stanza xxii):—

> Her daintie hand addresst to clawe her deere,  
> Her roseall lip alied to his pale cheeke,  
> Her sighes, and then her lookes and heavie cheere,  
> Her bitter threates, and then her passions meeke,  
> How on his senseless corpes she lay a crying,  
> As if the boy were then but new a dying.

But such stanzas are merely prefatory illustration of the main theme of Lodge’s poem, and it is Lodge’s treatment of that theme which suggests the extent of Shakespeare’s indebtedness to the poem. The story of Glaucus and Scylla resembles that of Venus and Adonis in being one of the many which the modern world borrowed from Ovid’s *Metamorphoses* (xiii. 905 sq.). But Lodge radically changed his Ovidian material. The Latin version presents a normal pursuit of a modest maiden Scylla by an impassioned lover Glaucus. Lodge took on himself to reverse the position of the man and woman. His tale tells of the refusal of Glaucus to countenance the lascivious advances of Scylla. No doubt Lodge knew Ovid’s legend of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus. But he develops the woman Scylla’s eager passion with a richness
of detail, which is not found in Ovid’s legend of Salmacis, and which Shakespeare’s *Venus and Adonis*, alone in literature, seems to rival. To Lodge’s *Glaucus and Scilla* Shakespeare’s verse obviously owes much. Innumerable are the touches in which Venus’s yearning appeals to Adonis, as told by Shakespeare, recall Scilla’s yearning appeals to Glaucus, as told by Lodge. A comparison of the three following stanzas of Lodge with three stanzas of Shakespeare shows the manner of the latter’s dependence on the former.

**Venus and Adonis.**

1. 829
And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour caves, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans;
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:
‘Ay me!’ she cries, and twenty times ‘Woe, woe!’
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

1. 835
She marking them begins a wailing note
And sings extemporal a woeful diry;
How love makes young men thrall and old men dote;
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
And still the choir of echoes answer so.

1. 847
For who hath she to spend the night wchial
But idle sounds resembling parasites,
Like shrill-tongu’d tapsters answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits?
She says ‘Tis so;’ they answer all ‘Tis so;’
And would say after her, if she said ‘No.’

**Glaucus and Scilla.**

1. 637
Eccho her selfe when Scilla cried out, O loue!
With piteous voice from out her hollow den
Returnd these words, these words of sorrow,(no, love)
No loue (quoth she) then fie on traiterous men,
Then fie on hope: then fie on hope (quoth Eccho)
To everie word the niphm did answere so.

1. 703
For everie sigh, the rockes returne a sigh:
For everie teare their fountaines yield a drop;
Till we at last the place approached nigh,
And heard the niphm that fed on sorrowes sop
Make woods, and wanes, and rockes, and hills admire,
The wonderous force of her untam’d desire.

1. 709
Glaucus (quoth she) is faire: whilst Eccho sings
Glaucus is faire: but yet he hateth Scilla
The wretch repeats: and then her armes she wrings
Whilst Eccho tells her this, he hateth Scilla.
No hope (quoth she): no hope (quoth Eccho) then,
Then fie on men; when she said, fie on men.

From whatever point of view Shakespeare’s poem is examined there emerge manifest signs of its close association with the contemporary trend of literary endeavour in England as well as on the continent of Europe. It absorbed from all available quarters suggestions and ideas of many degrees of
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dignity. Shakespeare's genius transmuted most of his ingredients and fused them into a rich and consistent work of art. But the constituent elements deserve careful attention. The choice of metre is a final testimony to the young author's readiness to accept accessible guidance. The sixain or six-lined stanza, riming ababcc, which Shakespeare adopted, was among the commonest of all forms of verse in both English and French poetry of the sixteenth century. George Gascoigne, in his Certayne notes of Instruction concerning the making of verse or rhyme in English (1575), writes familiarly of 'sixaines' as the fitting vehicle 'for shorte phantazies'. Puttenham described the 'staffe of sixe verses' as 'most usual' and 'very pleasant to th'eare'.

The most notable example of the employment of the sixain before Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis is offered by Edmund Spenser's Astrophel, a pastoral elegy upon the death of... Sir Philip Sidney, which was written in 1586, and after wide circulation in manuscript was printed for the first time in 1595. The poetic lament by the Countess of Pembroke, Sidney's sister, which is appended to Spenser's Astrophel, is also in the same metre; so, too, is Spenser's 'Teares of the Muses' in his Complaints, 1591. A longer effort in the six-line stanza is, as we have seen, the narrative poem by Thomas Lodge entitled Scillaes Metamorphosis: Enterlaced with the unfortunate love of Glaucus, which appeared in 1589. Robert Greene penned numerous short poems in sixains, and Nicholas Breton published in 1592 in the six-lined stanza a long allegory together with a religious

1 Cf. Puttenham's The Arte of English Poesie (1589), Book ii, Chap. ii, 'Of Proportion in Staffe.' Puttenham also notes of 'the staffe of sixe verses' that it 'also serveth for a greater complemet then the inferiour staves, which maketh him more commonly to be vsed'. Chaucer twice uses the six-lined stanza with an exceptional scheme of rime, once in the Envoy to the short poem Womanly Noblesse, where the rimes run ababaa, and again in the Envoy to The Clerkes Tale, where the rimes run ababcb.
rhapsody under the joint title of *The Pilgrimage to Paradise*, *joyned with the Countess of Penbrookes love*. The skilful management of the metre by Spenser, Lodge, and Breton—the pleasant alternation of the alternately riming quatrains with the riming couplet—left Shakespeare small opportunity of improvement, and although his mastery is for the most part complete he did not travel far beyond the bounds that his predecessors had assigned the stanza. Of the attraction that the metre had for him in early life, he has left an interesting testimony outside the poem. In what is probably his earliest play, *Love’s Labour’s Lost*, he attempted to turn sixains to dramatic uses, and one of the hero Biron’s speeches, Act i, Sc. i, ll. 151–62, is in regular six-lined stanzas. But the awkward experiment was not repeated on the stage, and its main interest lies in the evidence it offers of Shakespeare’s predilection for the metre at a very early stage of his career.

The reception accorded Shakespeare’s work was extraordinarily warm. Reprints were numerous during the remaining twenty-three years of Shakespeare’s life. References to it are frequent in contemporary literature, and are couched for the most part in highly commendatory terms. So signal a success is adequately explained by the vigorous freshness of the poem. Subsidiary causes are to be found in the voluptuous treatment of the story, and in a natural affinity,

1 Of the many long poems written in sixains subsequent to *Venus and Adonis*, it will be sufficient to mention Southwell’s *St. Peter’s Complaint* (1595), Barnfield’s *Affectionate Shepheard* (1594), his *Cassandra* (1595), his *Lady Pecunia and Complaint of Poetrie* (1598), J. C.’s *Alcilia* (1595) and Marston’s *The Metamorphosis of Pigmaliôn’s Image* (1598). The metre was so common before *Venus and Adonis* came out that it would be unsafe to assume that its vogue was substantially extended by the success of Shakespeare’s work. But Barnfield’s plagiarisms of Shakespeare’s *Venus* are so constant and unblushing that his choice of metre may safely be assigned to the influence of Shakespeare’s poem.
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which the legend's previous popularity attested, between the
tale and the spirit of the times. A very early critic, the
Jesuit Robert Southwell, deplored, from the Christian point
of view, the pagan frankness of 'the first heir' of Shake-
speare's 'invention'.

Still finest wits are 'stilling Venus' rose,
In Paynim toyes the sweetest vaines are spent.

But the general tone of ingenuous approval may be gauged
by Francis Meres' insistence in 1598 that this and other of
the dramatist's poems proved that 'the sweete wittie soule of
Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare'.
Next year John Weever, in his enthusiastic sonnet in praise
of 'our honey-tongued Shakespeare', declared that

Rose-cheek'd Adonis with his amber tresses,
Fair fire-hot Venus charming him to love her

were, with the other issue of his brain, children of Apollo
by some heaven-born goddess. The university wit who
penned about 1600 the academic plays of The Pilgrimage
to Parnassus and The Return from Parnassus voiced popular
opinion when he wrote, 'Let this duncified world esteem
of Spenser and Chaucer; I'll worship sweet Mr. Shakespeare
and to honour him will lay his Venus and Adonis under my
pillow.'

In the seventeenth century there was a popular tendency
to rank Venus and Adonis with improper literature and to
insist on its erotic tendency. But the essential beauty of

1 Cf. Middleton's A mad world my masters (1608), where the jealous
Harebrain, speaking of his newly-married wife, says, 'I have conveyed away
all her wanton pamphlets, as Hero and Leander, Venus and Adonis; O, two
luscious marrow-bone pies for a young married wife.' Richard Brathwaite, in
The English Gentlewoman (1631), includes the poem in a list of 'books treating
the theme gives small warrant for the degrading classification. Shakespeare himself urged a juster view when he introduced a charming reference to the airy aesthetic significance of the fable in the Induction to *The Taming of The Shrew* (Induction, Sc. 2, ll. 51-5):

Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

One effect of Shakespeare's poems was to increase the popularity of the topic among contemporary writers. The four sonnets on Venus and Adonis by B. Griffin and other anonymous hands which figure in *The Passionate Pilgrim* of 1599 (the poetic miscellany unwarrantably assigned by the publisher to Shakespeare), and *The Shepheard's Song* by H[enry] C[onstable], which first appeared in *England's Helicon* (1600), are paraphrases of Shakespeare's verse, and they bring to no unworthy close the roll of poetic adaptations of the classic story in the literature of the English Renaissance.¹

of light subjects’, which ladies ought to avoid: ‘Venus and Adonis are unfitting Consorts for a Ladies bosome’ (p. 139).

¹ Two poems of the sixteenth century, which dealt with the story of Adonis’ incestuous birth as related in Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*, Book x, should doubtless be reckoned among the Shakespearean progeny. Mirrha, after an incestuous union with her father Cinyras, was, according to the myth, changed into a tree, which gave Adonis miraculous birth. The earlier poem on the subject, *Mirra, the mother of Adonis*, or *Lustes Prodigies*, was by the actor William Barksted (1607); the other, entitled *The Scourge of Venus, or The Wanton Lady, with the rare birth of Adonis*, was written by H. A. in the metre of Shakespeare’s *Venus and Adonis*, and published in 1613. Barksted’s poem ends with an eulogy on Shakespeare’s effort:

But stay, my Muse, in thine owne confines keepe,
And wage not warre with so deere lov’d a neighbor,
But, having sung thy day song, rest and sleepe
Preserve thy small fame and his greater favor:
IV

The first chapter in the history of the publication of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* throws an interesting sidelight on Shakespeare's biography. It brings the poet temporarily into close association with a fellow townsman of Stratford-on-Avon, Richard Field, who seems to have been born in the same year as himself. The fathers of the two men had been friends and neighbours at Stratford-on-Avon. Richard Field's father, Henry Field, was a fairly prosperous tanner. He died in 1592, when his neighbour John Shakespeare, the poet's father, attested in accordance with custom 'a trew and perfecte inventory' of his goods and chattels. Meanwhile Richard Field had left Stratford to follow the trade of a printer in the metropolis of London. On September 29, 1579, Richard at the usual age of fifteen was apprenticed to a London printer and stationer of good repute, George Bishop. But it was arranged five weeks later that he should serve the first six years of his apprenticeship with a singularly interesting member of the fraternity, Thomas Vautrollier, a Frenchman who had originally come to London as a Huguenot refugee, and had established his position by publishing North's translation of Plutarch's *Lives* in 1579, a book which

His song was worthie merrit (*Shakspeare hee*)
Sung the faire blossom, thou the withered tree;
*Laurell* is due to him, his art and wit
Hath purchast it, *Cyfret* thy brow will fit.

It is perhaps worth noting that copies of Barksted's *Muirha* and H. A.'s *Scourge of Venus* were bound up with copies of *Venus and Adonis* (1636) and *Lucrece* (1616), and of some other early poetical tracts, in a volume, in the library of Thomas Pearson, which fetched £1 2s. 6d. at the Pearson sale of 1788.

Besides Richard Field and his brother Jasper, who was apprenticed to Richard in 1592, two other of Shakespeare's Stratford-on-Avon contemporaries were apprenticed to London printers in the poet's early life, viz. — Roger, son of John Lock, a Stratford glover, on Sept. 2, 1577, to Richard Pickering, citizen and stationer of London, and Allan, son of a Stratford tailor, Thomas Orrian, to Thomas Fowkes, stationer, on March 1, 1585.
was soon to be closely studied by Shakespeare, and was greatly
to influence his work. Field's relations with Vautrollier
became very intimate. Vautrollier was a man of wide sym-
pathies and independent views, which somewhat prejudiced
his career in London. Threats of prosecution for printing
a heretical book by the sceptic Giordano Bruno led him to
retire temporarily (1584–6) to Edinburgh, where he established
a press, and was patronized by the Scottish king, James VI.
In his absence from England his printing business in London
was carried on by his wife Jacquenetta with Field's aid, but
he resumed control of it before his death in July, 1587.

Field was admitted a freeman of the Stationers' Company
on February 6, 1587, and subsequently filled all the great
offices of the society. On the threshold of his career he
seems to have married Vautrollier's widow Jacquenetta.
In the autumn of 1588, he was carrying on business with
her in the house in Blackfriars near Ludgate, which had
been occupied by Vautrollier. He adopted his old master's
device of an anchor in an oval with the motto, Anchora Spei.

The earliest work, on the title-page of which Field's
name figures, was a pamphlet describing the defeat of the
Spanish Armada called The Copie of a Letter sent out of England
to John Bernardino Mendoza. It appeared in October, 1588,
and was described as 'printed by I[acquenetta] Vautrollier
for R. Field'. Next year Field both printed and published
single-handed several books of importance, including Putten-
ham's The Arte of English Poesie, and A summarie and true

1 He was recognized as a master printer in 1596, was admitted to the
Livery, July, 1598, was warden in 1605 and was master in 1619 and 1622.
2 Cf. Plomer's Wills of English Printers and Stationers (Biblogr. Soc.),
p. 27 (Vautrollier's will) and p. 50 (Field's will).
3 The licence for Puttenham's book, originally granted to Thomas Orwin
in November, 1588, was transferred by him to Richard Field 'dwelling in
the black-Friers, neere Ludgate', April 7, 1589.
discourse of Sir Francis Drakes West Indian Voyage (of 1585–6), with five maps of very high interest. At the same time he acquired Vautrollier’s interest in many interesting undertakings, chief of which was North’s translation of Plutarch; no less than three editions of that work were printed by Field. Each succeeding year Field’s business career was distinguished by some new venture of importance. In 1591 he produced the first edition of Sir John Harington’s translation of Ariosto’s Orlando Furioso, a handsome volume liberally illustrated with copper plates, of which a second edition came from Field’s press in 1607. On February 7, 1592, a young brother, Jasper, came from Stratford to serve him as apprentice.

Field was thus building up a highly valuable and dignified connexion when in the early spring of 1593 he undertook the printing of Shakespeare’s Venus and Adonis. The early association of the two men doubtless led Shakespeare to entrust to Field the earliest work that he sent to press. But despite the personal relation between author and printer, there is nothing to show that Shakespeare took a larger control of the publication than was customary with contemporary authors. It is clear that Shakespeare made over to Field all rights in the volume, for what consideration is not

1 Field printed two editions of this valuable volume in this same year (1589); they are distinguished from one another by the presence on the last page of a line of errata which is present in one and absent from the other. In both editions is this note from Field’s pen, ‘The reader must understand, that this Discourse was dedicated, and intended to have bene imprinted somewhat before the comming of the Spanish Fleete upon our coast of England: but by casualtie the same was forgotten and slacked for a time of some better leasure.’ A third edition of the book of the same year from entirely different type was issued subsequently by another printer, ‘Roger Ward, dwelling upon Lambard Hill, neere olde Fish-Streete.’

2 In 1579 Vautrollier had published the first edition of North’s translation in partnership with J. Wright. The first edition which Field printed was published jointly by him and Bonham Norton in 1595. Field reprinted it with additions in 1603, when he and Thomas Wight published it. In 1612 Field reprinted the book and published it by himself.
known. The copyright became Field’s exclusive property, and he soon exercised his privilege of parting with it to another trader. Interesting and instructive as is Field’s professional connexion with Shakespeare, it did not last long, nor did it seriously influence the author’s fortunes for good or evil.

The grant to Field of the Stationers’ Company’s licence to publish the volume was thus entered in the Company’s Register:

\[1593\] xviij Aprilis

It is probable that the publication followed within two or three weeks. The first edition bears on the title-page the date \[1593\].\(^2\) Copies were certainly on sale in June.

The book was not sold to buyers by Field. The division of labour between the producer and the distributor of books was in Shakespeare’s day well recognized. Title-pages as a rule mentioned the name of both producer and distributor, i.e. of both printer and publisher (or seller).\(^3\) Field entrusted the sale and distribution of the first edition of *Venus and Adonis* to one John Harrison, whose shop was at the sign of the White Greyhound in St. Paul’s Churchyard. John Harrison was a wealthy stationer of older standing than

\(^1\) Arber’s *Transcript*, ii. 630.

\(^2\) A note supplied by Isaac Reed to the Variorum edition of 1803 (ii. 152) transcribes a manuscript memorandum bearing date June 12, 1593, which notes the purchase for ‘xiiid’ of ‘The Survey of Fraunce with the Venus & Adhonay of Mr. Shakspere’.

\(^3\) It was usually stated on the title-page, in cases where the printer owned the copyright, that the work was ‘printed by A, and sold by B’ or ‘at the shop of B’. When, as was common, the publisher (not the printer) owned the copyright, the formula usually ran:—‘Printed by A (i.e. the printer) for B (i.e. the publisher).’
Field. He had been in continuous occupation of the shop known as the White Greyhound in St. Paul's Churchyard since 1559. Field was already in close business relations with him when he acquired the copyright of *Venus and Adonis*. It was in conformity with a recognized practice that the imprint on the title-page of the first edition ran:—'Imprinted by Richard Field and are to be sold at the signe of the White Greyhound in Paules Churchyard.' Next year a second edition came out in precisely the same conditions from Field's press. The unaltered title-page announced that copies were to be sold at Harrison's shop.

The copyright of *Venus and Adonis*, of which Field was the first owner, has a somewhat complicated history. The details illustrate the confused methods of Elizabethan publishing. Shakespeare may be absolved from responsibility for the involutions of the story. A new chapter opens after the appearance of the second edition early in 1594. A few months later, on June 25 of that year, Field found it convenient to make over the copyright in the poem to the publisher Harrison. The transfer is thus recorded in the Stationers' Company's Register:

\[
[1594] 25 \text{ Junij}
\]

Assigned over unto him [i.e. Master Harrison, Senior] from Richard Field in open Court holden this Day a book called Venus and Adonis yj.

The which was before entred to Richard Field 18 Aprilis 1593.

With this act of self-abnegation on Field's part another has to be associated. In this same month of June, Shakespeare

1 Field had been employed by Harrison to print in 1590 an elaborate treatise on mechanical inventions by Cyprian Lucar, and in 1592 had at Harrison's expense produced two works by foreign authors:—Simon Verepaeus's *De epistolis Latine conscribendis*, and an English translation of Vasco Figueiro's *The Spaniards Monarchie and Leaguers Olygarchie*.

2 Arber's *Transcript*, ii. 655.
had his second poem, *Lucrece*, ready for the press. Contrary to expectation, the copyright of the *Lucrece* was acquired on June 9, not by Field, but by Harrison. The arrangement, whatever its cause, was a perfectly friendly one; Field accepted a commission from Harrison to print in 1594 the original edition of *Lucrece*, of which Harrison had just acquired the copyright, as well as a third edition in 1596 of *Venus and Adonis*, the copyright of which Harrison had bought from Field two years previously. In the latter case the imprint ran:—"Imprinted at London by R. F. for John Harrison."

That issue of 1596 brought to a close the association alike of Field and Harrison with the publishing of Shakespeare's writings. The three earliest editions of *Venus and Adonis* and the first edition of *Lucrece* came from the press of the poet's fellow townsman, and there the connexion of his press with Shakespeare's work ended.

The title-pages of the four issues of Shakespeare's poems which Field printed are all distinguished by a large printer's device, which Field had borrowed of his master Vautrollier. It consists of a suspended anchor, of which the ring is grasped by a right hand issuing from clouds. Two leafy boughs cross each other about the anchor, and the whole is enclosed in a heavily scrolled and ornamented frame of oval shape, within the top of which hang capital letters forming the motto *Anchora Spei*. Vautrollier possessed at least four forms of this device, and Field seems to have employed as many. Those appearing on the title-pages of the *Venus and Adonis* of 1593 and 1594 are from one plate; that on the *Lucrece* of 1594 is from another of somewhat different design. Both are of good workmanship. The discrepancies, although slight, are well marked; the chief is that the intertwined boughs cross each other *behind* the shaft of the anchor in the first two
editions of *Venus and Adonis*, and in front of the shaft in the first edition of *Lucrece*; the inner beading of the oval frames also differs. The device assumes quite a new form in the third edition of the *Venus* of 1596: the pattern is simplified and far more roughly engraved.

The ownership of the copyright of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* underwent a third change in the author's lifetime in the summer of 1596, just two years to a day after Harrison acquired it. Harrison, who was advanced in age, appears to have reorganized his business in that year. He moved from his old premises, the White Greyhound in St. Paul's Churchyard, to a house, on which he bestowed the same sign, in Paternoster Row, and he made over his former house, with some important items of his stock there, to another prominent stationer, William Leake. On June 25, 1596, the transaction, so far as it bore on Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*, was duly entered in the Stationers' Company's Register thus:


Assigned ouer vnto him [i.e. William Leake] for his copie from master harrison thelder, in full Court holden this day.

1 The *Lucrece* pattern of 1594 is more frequently met with than the *Venus* of 1593-4. The *Venus* pattern of 1593-4 appears in Field's issue in 1596 of Sir John Harington's *A new discourse of a stale subject called 'The Metamorphosis of Ajax'*. Of the *Lucrece* pattern, a rough cast figures in Vautrollier's edition of *Essais of a Premise*, 1584; a fine impression was set by Field before Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, and the first edition of the second volume of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, which Field printed in 1596 for William Ponsonby. The general scheme of the device was a crude adaptation of the famous Aldine anchor, entwined with a dolphin. Antoine Tardif, a well-known sixteenth-century printer of Lyons, fashioned a new device of an anchor with a dolphin within a heavily ornamented scroll and bearing the punning motto, *Festina tarde*. The arrangement of Tardif's device and motto resembles that adopted by Vautrollier (cf. L. C. Silvestre's *Marques Typographiques*, Paris, 1873-67, No. 599). Vautrollier's and Field's motto is common. Spenser, in his *Shepheards Calender* (1579), adopted as 'Colin's embleme' the Italian words *Anchora Speme* (i.e. Hope the anchor).

2 See facsimile on p. 60.
by the said master harrison’s consent. A booke called. Venus and Adonis vjd.

Leake fills an important place in the bibliographical history of Shakespeare’s first poem, although Shakespeare did not presumably concern himself with his intervention. He controlled the publication for a period approaching twenty years—for the rest of Shakespeare’s lifetime and for ten months after the poet’s death. He issued three editions. The first which seems to have come out under his auspices was dated 1599, and was apparently printed for him by Peter Short. Another followed about 1600. In July, 1602, he moved to new premises in St. Paul’s Churchyard—to a building bearing the sign of the Holy Ghost—and before the end of the year he produced a new edition of the poem, on the title-page of which he gave his new address. He now seems to have employed Humphry Lownes to print the book. Other editions may have come from his press, but no copies of them survive.† On February 16, 1617, he transferred his chief copyrights, including Venus and Adonis, to ‘Master [William] Barrett’, and there the third chapter in the publishing history of the poem closed. Leake’s two successors enjoyed brief reigns. Barrett, the first of them, at once reprinted the volume in 1617, but there his interest in it ended. Three years later, on March 8, 1620, he transferred Venus and Adonis and the other property that he had acquired of Leake to John Parker. The title-page of one edition of 1620 bears Parker’s initials (J. P.), and then on May 7, 1626, he made the book over to John Haviland and John Wright

† In 1607, Robert Raworth, a printer, who purchased Adam Islip’s press the year before, was charged before the Star Chamber with printing Venus and Adonis, which was ‘another’s copy’. Raworth was found guilty, and his printing office was for a time forcibly closed, by way of punishment. It is uncertain whether Raworth succeeded in circulating his piratical reprint. No copy has been met with (cf. Arber’s Transcript, iii. 701, 703–4).
John Haviland was a printer, not a bookseller, and he alone actively controlled the newly-purchased copyright. At least two editions—those of 1630 and 1636—came from his press, and the bookseller whom he employed to distribute the copies was 'Francis Coules in the Old Bailey without Newgate'. On September 4, 1638, the title of Haviland and his partner Wright to the poem was confirmed anew by the officers of the Stationers' Company's Registers. After 1640, the copyright passed to Edward Wright. He had begun life August 6, 1604, as apprentice to Haviland’s partner, John Wright, doubtless his uncle. Edward Wright did not adhere to the volume long. On April 4, 1655, he assigned it to one William Gilbertson, who acquired at the same time a share in *Lucrece*. Gilbertson was the last publisher to claim any exclusive property in *Venus and Adonis*. It is likely enough that both he and his immediate predecessor Edward Wright issued new editions, but no copies survive to confirm the suggestion; and the two men have left small impression on the history of the book.

There were thus eight formal transfers of the copyright of the poem with due payment of fees in the course of sixty-two years—a proof that the volume retained throughout that long period a marketable value in the sight of publishers. The authorized London editions numbered at least eleven; a serious attempt was made to infringe the copyright in London in 1607, and there was a surreptitious issue at Edinburgh in 1627. In 1675 a rough reprint was issued by

V

The text of all the editions is based on the original version of 1593. Each issue of subsequent date appears to reprint one or other of its near predecessors with more or less fidelity. The alterations are slight, and are due to the compositors or correctors of the press. Efforts to systematize the irregular spellings of the first issues and occasionally to remove grammatical solecisms account for most of the variations. But in a few instances new misprints or unwarrantable alterations in the order of words are introduced through the carelessness or presumptuous ignorance of compositor or proof-corrector. How trifling and arbitrary were the changes in the early editions, may be judged from the characteristic fact that in the inscription before the dedicatory epistle 'Wriothesley' in the 1593 edition appears as 'Wriothesly' in the 1594 edition, and as 'Wriothesl/e' in the 1596 and many subsequent editions.

On the whole, Field's text of 1593 may be held to have adhered to Shakespeare's manuscript with reasonable closeness, but it presents defects of the sort which confutes the theory that Shakespeare himself corrected the proofs. The praises lavished on Field's press-work by Shakespearean critics of the first edition of Venus and Adonis, seem on a thorough examination to require qualification. Misprints are few; they do not exceed ten in all, and only one of them, slight enough in itself, can cause the reader perplexity. In line 185 the present participle 'souring' is disguised under the unintelligible pair of words 'so wring'. The nine other misprints are 'Witin'
for 'Within' (235); 'aud' for 'and' (301); 'bnt' for 'but' (393); 'Ho' for 'He' (545); 'nor' for 'not' (615); 'the th' impartiall' for 'th' impartiall' (748); 'had' for 'was' (1054); 'crop's' for 'crops' (1175). None of these are likely to mislead. But misprints are not the main defects of the volume. A more serious flaw lies in the careless discrepancies which characterize the spelling of common words. Very little time must have been spent on the revision of proof-sheets of a book in which some of the commonest words were spelt indifferently two or three ways in contiguous stanzas. Elizabethan spelling was impatient of strict law, but well-printed books observed within their limits a definite system in the treatment of ordinary words. In the first issue of Venus and Adonis chaos reigns supreme. In the same stanzas we have both 'kis' (207) and 'kisse' (209), and both 'sun' (193) and 'sunne' (198), while elsewhere (750) we meet with a third variant in 'sonne.' Similar irregularities are 'blood' (555) and 'bloud' (1122); 'bore' (1003) and 'boare' (1112); 'desier' (36) and 'desire' (547); 'eyes' (120) and 'eies' (1050); 'flood' (824) and 'floud' (in 'floud-gates', 53); 'flower' (8) and 'floure' (1055); 'inchaunt' (145) and 'inchanting' (247); 'lion' (1093) and 'lyon' (884); 'litle' (132) and 'little' (1179); 'pray' (i.e. 'prey', 58) and 'praie' (1097); 'rain' (360) and 'raine' (71); 'sayes' (851) and 'saies' (1173); 'skie' (485) and 'skye' (815); 'spite' (173) and 'spight' (1133); 'in spite of' (173) and 'despite of' (751); 'spirit' (one syllable, 882) and 'sprite' (181); 'sproong' (1168) and 'spring' (1171).

The occasional use of contractions and of the symbol ' & ' for 'and ' is probably an endeavour on a clumsy printer's part to prevent the over-running of the line in which they are present. But it is just possible that they reproduce a characteristic of the author's manuscripts. In Shakespeare's extant signatures, some of the letters are represented by the abbrevia-
tive symbols. Nevertheless a careful printer setting up type from a manuscript which admitted contractions would expand them as a matter of course. In the 1593 text of Venus and Adonis the letters ‘m’ and ‘n’ are in the twenty-one following instances represented by the cursive abbreviation of a hyphen above the preceding vowel, viz.—‘lōg’ (83), ‘thē’ (=‘then’ twice in 137), ‘strēgthles’ (153), ‘frō’ (167, 443, and 1050), ‘strōg’ (297), ‘dūbe’ (406 and 1146), ‘woūding’ (432), ‘non-paimēt’ (521), ‘hādling’ (560), ‘dissēble’ (641), ‘thē’ (=‘them,’ 666 and 899), ‘hōūds’ (678), ‘drēcht’ (1054), ‘cāst’ (=‘canst,’ 1077), ‘vpō’ (1170), ‘cōpares’ (1176).

Even thus the catalogue of irregularities is unexhausted. Capital letters for common nouns within the lines are used sparingly but with the utmost irregularity. The word ‘boar’, which occurs seventeen times, is thrice honoured with a capital B; ‘horse’ is similarly treated twice out of eight times; ‘lions’ once of three times; and ‘queen’ four of six times. Among some other words which bear a capital initial without reasonable cause, are ‘Eagle’ (55), ‘Primrose’ (151), ‘Painter’ (289), ‘Ouen’ (331), ‘Moone’ (492), ‘Caterpillers’ (798), ‘Tapsters’ (849), and ‘Tygre’ (1096). It is easy to produce hundreds of like words which are printed without any distinguishing mark.

Other irregularities in spelling affect the inflexions of both the present and past tenses of verbs. The third person singular of the present tense ends indifferently with -eth, or -es, or -s. The latter two terminations, which are unaffected by metrical considerations, are always interchangeable. Thus

1 A different sort of typographical carelessness is the substitution of a small letter for a capital in the first word of line 1048 (‘which’ for ‘Which’), and in two catchwords, respectively, after line 427 (‘what’ for ‘What’) and after line 1099 (‘when’ for ‘When’). The catchword is omitted altogether after line 666 (page 30).
we find 'neighs' (262) and 'neighes' (307); a single line (311) gives us 'spurnes', 'scorns', and 'feeler'. It is difficult to explain by philological law why the e before the final s is omitted in 'locks' (228), 'falls' (594), 'breeds' (742), 'lends' (790), 'begins' (835), or 'sings' (836), and is yet inserted in 'sweares' (80), 'heares' (702), 'leapes' (1026), 'lookes' (1063), or 'bowes' (1171). A like uncertainty broods over the past tense of verbs. The customary -ed is represented by as many as seven varying forms, -ed, -d, -d, -de, -de, -t, -t, which are employed at the compositor's will without logical justification. Such discrepant forms as 'prisoned', 'drowned', 'cald', 'rayld', 'prouoked', 'wreaked', 'hemd', 'unwitnessed', 'ashamed', 'smoothred', 'perplexed', 'imprisoned', 'opend', 'trench', 'dre[n]cht', and 'stoppt', are taken from a succession of fourteen stanzas (ll. 979-1062) which were chosen at random. A few lines below we find the forms 'liu'd' (1080), 'dide' (1080), 'liu'de' (1085), and 'lurkt' (1086) within a seven-line limit.1

It is incredible that a practised penman would have suffered so many inconsistencies to remain in the proof if the opportunity of removing them had been given him. On the whole it seems improbable, either that Shakespeare's responsibility for the text went beyond the mere act of handing his manuscript to Field, or that Field's corrector of the press possessed average efficiency.

In Field's new edition of 1594 the type of that of 1593 was reset throughout from a printed copy. The signatures are repeated (B–G in fours and Hi) and the number of leaves are again seven-and-twenty. The signature F[i] is however omitted. The typographical changes only affect the spelling of words and are due to the compositors' vagaries. No other
authority attaches to any of them. The contractions are for
the most part removed, but several are confusedly inserted
in new places; 'VWhen' (641) is replaced by 'VWhē', 'wound'
(1052) by 'woūd', though the succeeding word 'drēcht' is
reproduced as 'drencht'. The more obvious misprints are
removed, and in some places the spelling is improved; e.g. 'yron'
(269) is replaced by 'iron'; 'lyon' (678) by 'lion'; 'ougly'
(1041) by 'ugly'; 'desier' (36) by 'desire'; 'donna' (749) by
'done'; 'sproong' (1158) by 'sprung'; 'smel' (1171) by 'smell';
'wil' (1188) by 'will'. Most words ending in '-ie' in the first
edition are given the modern termination of '-y' in the reissue.
'Stormie', 'lustie', 'angrie', 'beautie', 'heauie', 'prettie',
'drie', &c., reappear in 1594 as 'stormy', 'lusty', 'angry',
'beauty', 'heavy', 'pretty', 'dry', &c. On the other
hand in several places the spelling assumes cruder and less
familiar shapes in the new edition; e.g. 'tongue' (1069)
becomes 'tong', 'Shepherds' (455) becomes 'sheapheards',
'henceforth' (1081) becomes 'hencefoorth', 'destroy' (760)
becomes 'destroie'. The only actual changes of words are
unimportant, and on the whole are disadvantageous. In
line 123, 'Loue keepes his reuels where there are but
twaine,' the new edition reads be for are. In line 203,
'O had thy mother borne so hard a minde,' the new edition
reads 'so bad a minde'. In line 484 'all the earth relieueth' is
replaced by 'all the world relieveth'. More definite injury
is done to the sense in line 353, where 'tender' is suffered to
displace 'tendrer' (i.e. more tender). There was clearly no
intention on the part of the compositor or publisher to revise
the text systematically. The variations are due to the acci-
dental and occasional intervention of the corrector of the press.
Nevertheless all the new readings of 1594 were religiously
followed in the subsequent reprints.
Leake's edition of 1600 has some textual importance, which gives it a better title to rank with its predecessors of 1593 and 1594 than with any other issue. It contains a few typographical variations which have some intrinsic interest. The more notable changes are:—‘smothers’ (54) for ‘murthers’; ‘ill-natur’d’ (134) for ‘ill-nurtur’d’; ‘the parke’ (231) for ‘a parke’; ‘kisses’ (519) for ‘touches’; ‘sight’ (746) for ‘fight’; ‘imperiall’ (748) for ‘impartiall’; ‘their obscuritie’ (760) for ‘darke obscuritie’; ‘Bids they leave quaking, wills them feare no more’ (899) for ‘Bids them leave quaking, bids them feare no more’; ‘imperial’ (996) for ‘imperious’; ‘and shall be blasted’ (1142) for ‘bud, and be blasted’; ‘sharpest sight’ (1144) for ‘truest sight’; ‘seemes most’ (1157) for ‘showes most’. That the hand of an editor, albeit of a clumsy kind, is responsible for these alterations may be deduced from the somewhat complete reconstruction of line 574 by the same pen. The old reading, ‘What though the rose have prickles, yet tis pluckt?’ is replaced by ‘What though the rose have pricks? yet is it pluck’d.’

The further emendations which distinguish subsequent editions are comparatively unimportant. But typographical alterations, mostly of a minute kind, never ceased. By the time the text reached editors and printers of the eighteenth century it had gradually travelled far from that of the original issue, all copies of which for a long time disappeared. At the beginning of the nineteenth century Malone recovered a copy of the editio princeps, and with its aid he restored the text to its primordial shape.
The strangest fact to be noticed in regard to the bibliography of Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis is that, though there were at least six editions issued in the poet's lifetime and seven in the two generations following his death, in the case of only two—the second and the sixth—of these thirteen editions do as many as three copies survive. In regard to the twelve other editions, the surviving copies of each are fewer. Of the editions of 1596, 1627, 1636, and 1675, two copies of each are known. Of the editions of 1593, 1599, 1600, 1617 and 1620, and the two editions of 1630, only one copy survives in each case. It is quite possible that there were editions in other years of which every copy has disappeared. But no more singular circumstance has yet been revealed in bibliographical history than that thirteen early editions of a sixteenth-century work should have been traced and only twenty-one exemplars of them all should be now known to bibliographical research. It is not extravagant to estimate that each sixteenth- or seventeenth-century edition of Venus and Adonis averaged 250 copies. On that assumption it will be seen that 3,729 copies have perished out of the 3,750 printed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. This wholesale mortality is doubtless the penalty the work paid for its popularity and accessibility. The copies were eagerly read and re-read, were quickly worn out and were carelessly flung away.

The present distribution of the twenty-one copies of the early editions which are known to survive is interesting. Eighteen are now in Great Britain and three are in America. The Bodleian Library at Oxford has the high distinction of
owning as many as nine; of these one came from the library of Robert Burton, the author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy* (No. X); a second came from the library of Anthony à Wood (No. XVI); three were presented by the great Shakespearean scholar, Edmund Malone (Nos. I, VI, and VIII); two were bequeathed by Thomas Caldecott (Nos. III and

**ERRATUM**

Page 54, line 7, for twelve other editions read eleven other editions.

_Venus and Adonis: Introduction._

the Bodleian Library, was bought bound up with other poetical tracts for 6d.

The following is a detailed account of each of the copies.
surviving twenty-one copies of the early editions. For purposes of reference they are numbered consecutively.

Of the first edition, which is reproduced in this volume, only a single copy is known to exist. It is among the books which belonged to Edmund Malone, the Shakespearean commentator, and are now in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. The story of Malone's acquisition of the rare volume is interesting. At the outset of his career as a Shakespearean commentator he sought in vain for any early edition of Venus and Adonis. In his behalf, Thomas Longman, 'bookseller, of Paternoster Row,' offered, without result, a guinea for that of 1593 in an advertisement in the St. James's Chronicle on April 15, 1779. In 1780, in his 'Supplement to the edition of Shakespeare's plays,' which Dr. Johnson and George Steevens had jointly prepared in 1778, he issued a text of the dramatist's 'genuine poetical compositions.' But he found it impossible to print Venus and Adonis 'from the original copies.' 'Though much inquiry was made for it,' Malone wrote in the Advertisement, 'the editor has not been able to procure the first edition.' He acknowledged, however, the loan from Dr. Farmer 'of a copy of that poem published in 1600.' Dr. Farmer's copy, which was without a title-page, is now in the Bodleian Library with Malone's books (see No. VIII, infra). A few years after the publication of his text

1 Much information respecting the extant copies of Venus and Adonis is collected in Justin Winsor's valuable, but inaccessible, Shakespeare's Poems: a bibliography of the earlier editions (Library of Harvard University, Bibliographical Contributions, No. 2, Cambridge, Mass., 1879). Valuable suggestions are made in the Cambridge Shakespeare, vol. 38, 1895, preface; in Charles Edmond's Preface (v–xxii) to Venus and Adonis from the hitherto unknown edition of 1599 (1870), and in Lowndes' Bibliographer's Manual (ed. H. G. Bohn, s.v. Shakespeare, 1864). I have personally inspected most of the volumes described which remain in England. I owe my main knowledge of those in America to descriptions furnished by their present owners. I have to thank the American collectors, Mr. Robert Hoe, Mr. H. C. Folger, jr., and Mr. Marsden J. Perry, for courteous replies to my inquiries.

2 On April 20, 1779, Malone wrote to the Earl of Charlemont, 'Do you happen to be possessed of any ancient edition of Shakespeare's poem of
of the poem in 1780, Malone discovered a copy of the edition of 1596, and he noted down thirty-nine variations on his private copy of his reprint of the edition assigned to 1600. It was not until August, 1805, that Malone's search for the original edition of 1593 was rewarded with success. In that month he acquired for what he called 'the enormous price of twenty-five pounds' from William Ford, a bookseller of Manchester, a copy of the edition of 1593. With the Venus and Adonis was bound up a copy of Licia, or poems of Love, by Venus and Adonis? The booksellers have repeatedly advertized for the earliest copy of it, but have not yet been able to get it.' The Earl replied on May 10, 'I am not possessed of any ancient copy of the Venus and Adonis' (MSS. of James, 1st Earl of Charlemont, Hist. MSS. Comm. 15th Report, App. Part x, 1891, vol. i, 1745-83, p. 347). The following two letters from W. Ford of Manchester, the seller of the volume of 1593 to Malone, are in the Bodleian Library and are here printed for the first time. They are bound up in a volume of Malone's letters, numbered SC 28578 (ff. 156 e, 156 f):

'Manchester, July 20, 1805.

Sir, On receiving this you will be shown the Vol. of Venus and Adonis—the lowest price of which will be Twenty-five Pounds—the Licia prefixed to the Vol, is as great a rarity as the other nor have I been able to discover any notice of it in Warton, Ames, nor Ritson. Probably you may be more successful. I have not disclosed to Mr Bickerstaff the Price I ask you for it, tho' he is furnished with another Price to ask for it, in case of your refusal. Had I not been disposing of my Books, an offer of 30 g's should not have induced me to have parted with it. I am in possession of some other Pieces of our old English Poets as Spencer, Brown, &c. which are now at Binding, as great rarities as the above, which if I have the pleasure of writing to you again I will describe more particularly.

I remain very respectfully your

Hble Ser\* W. Ford.'

The second letter runs:

'Sir, Yours I duly rece'd enclosing a Bank Bill Val. 25. 17. 0 for which I have given you credit and am much obliged to you.

The Bible shall be sent for your inspection the first opportunity.

I lately purchased a curious coll\# of Books; among them was an old quarto Vol. of Plays, containing Green's tu quoque, Shakspeare's Henry 4 and 5th, Ben Jonson's Volpone, and several others all first editions. I sold it immediately otherwise shd have wrote you about it. I remain

Sir your obliged servant

W. Ford.

Manchester
August 30-1805.'

\* This copy with Malone's manuscript annotations was kindly lent to the present editor by Messrs. Pearson & Co., 5 Pall Mall Place, London.
Giles Fletcher, which was published in the same year, and of which also no other complete copy has been met with. The volume is now numbered Malone 325, and bears on the flyleaf an autograph note by Malone, of which the last sentences run:—"Many years ago I said that I had no doubt an edition of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* was published in 1593, but no copy of that edition was discovered in the long period that has elapsed since my first notice of it, nor is any other copy of 1593 but the present known to exist." No second copy has been yet discovered in the century that has elapsed since Malone wrote these words.

The copy—a quarto—measures $7\frac{3}{8}'' \times 5\frac{1}{4}''$, and is in good condition. The leaves number twenty-seven. The title-page and dedicatory epistle are unsigned leaves, but the text of the poem is printed on leaves bearing signatures in fours from B (Bij, Biij) to H. The copy has been twice reproduced already; firstly, in 1867, by Mr. E. W. Ashbee, in lithographic facsimile, at the expense of James Orchard Halliwell[Phillipps] (only fifty impressions were taken, of which nineteen were destroyed, and thirty-one alone were suffered to survive); secondly, in 1886, by Mr. William Griggs, in photo-lithography, for the Shakspere-Quarto facsimiles published by Mr. Bernard Quaritch of Piccadilly (No. 12, with an introduction by Mr. Arthur Symons).

Of the edition of 1594—also a quarto—Malone remained in ignorance to the last. But at least three copies with the title-pages identical with those of the first edition were known to others in his time, and remain accessible. The three copies are now, respectively, in the British Museum, in the Bodleian Library, and in the library of Mr. A. H. Huth.

The British Museum copy was at one time the property of Thomas Jolley, F.S.A., the well-known collector in the early years of the nineteenth century. He stumbled upon it in one of his Lancashire rambles, in a volume which also contained the first edition of the *Sonnets* of 1609 and was purchased for a few pence.¹ At the sale of Jolley's library in 1844 it was bought

¹ See T. F. Dibdin's *Library Companion*, 1824, p. 808.
by Thomas Grenville for £116, and bequeathed by him to the British Museum in 1846. It measures $6\frac{3}{4}'' \times 4\frac{3}{8}''$. The edges are somewhat closely cut, and some pages are slightly mended. It is bound in olive morocco by Clarke. It was reproduced by Mr. E. W. Ashbee in 1867, together with the edition of 1593.

The Bodleian copy (Malone Additional 886) was bequeathed to the Library by Thomas Caldecott, an ardent student of Shakespeare, in 1833. With it are bound (in red morocco) first editions of Lucrece (1594) and the Sonnets (1609). The signature of an early owner, 'Thomas Newton,' appears on the last leaf. A manuscript note by Caldecott on the fly-leaf runs thus:—'I purchased the contents of this volume, June, 1796, of an obscure bookseller, of the name of Vanderberg, near St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. He had cut them with several others out of a volume, put each of them separately in blue paper, and priced them at 4s. and 5s. Some time after he told me that he had met them among many others at a bookseller's auction.' The copy measures $6\frac{3}{4}'' \times 4\frac{3}{8}''$, and the edges are closely shaved.

The third copy of the 1594 edition, which is generally regarded as the finest, belonged, until 1864, to George Daniel, of Canonbury, and was purchased at the Daniel sale in 1864 by Mr. Henry Huth for £240. It measures as much as $7\frac{1}{4}'' \times 4\frac{3}{8}''$.

With Harrison's first edition of 1596, the form of the

1 Hints of a fourth copy of the 1594 edition exist. Such a copy seems referred to by Thomas Grenville in a manuscript note before his copy in the British Museum. He there mentions, not very coherently, 'a copy sold by Pickering in 1843, which I sold again to buy this preferable [Jolley] copy.' It would appear that Grenville himself bought the Pickering copy in 1843, and sold it the following year, before acquiring the Jolley copy. The Pickering copy, which Grenville judged to be inferior to the Jolley copy, can hardly be identified with the fine Daniel copy which has no recorded history, but which is distinctly superior to the Jolley copy. The Pickering is yet to be traced. At Daniel's sale, a single leaf (Fiiiij) of the edition of 1594, belonging presumably to a fifth copy, was bought by Halliwell for £2 1s. 6d. and was presented by him to the Shakespeare's Birthplace Library at Stratford-on-Avon, where it is on exhibition. It contains ll. 907-549, beginning 'A thousand spleenes beare her a thousand wayes' and ending 'Since her best worke is ruin'd with thy rigour.'
book was changed. The quarto shape gave place to the octavo, and the quarto shape was never resumed. The signatures henceforth run A to D iij in eights. Though the page was slightly smaller, each bore as much type as before, and the leaves continued to number twenty-seven. The text of 1594 is followed in the issue of 1596 with small typographical change. Field was the printer. Two copies are extant—one in the British Museum, and the other in the Bodleian. The British Museum copy, which measures 4 7/8" x 2 15/16", is bound in half-(olive) morocco with red cloth sides, and is preserved in a russia leather case. It is in good condition, although one or two of the concluding leaves are stained. The book was in the library of Sir William Bolland, at whose sale in 1840 it was bought by Benjamin Heywood Bright for £91. At Bright's sale on April 7, 1845, it was bought by George Daniel for £91 10s. 0d. The underbidder was Thomas Grenville. At Daniel wrote in the book the following note:—"This most precious
the Daniel sale in 1864, the British Museum acquired the

copy for £3 3s. The press-mark is C. 21. a. 37.

The other copy, in the Malone collection of the Bodleian

Library (Malone 37), measures only 4 3/4" x 3 3/4", and the margins

are closely shaved. It originally formed part of a volume of

ey early poetical pamphlets which was sold at Dr. Bernard's

sale in 1698 for 1s. 3d.; Thomas Warton bought it for 6d. in

1760 "out of some rubbish in a broker's shop". His brother,

Joseph Warton, gave it to Malone before 1785. Malone

modestly wrote of the volume in 1791: 'If it were now to

be produced at an auction, it would undoubtedly be sold for

three or four guineas.' He detached the *Venus and Adonis*

from the collection, inlaid all the leaves in paper measuring

9" x 7 1/8", and bound it up with inlaid copies of *Romeo and

Juliet* (1597 and 1599), of *Richard III* (1597), of *King Lear*

(1608), and of *Titus Andronicus* (1611).

The first extant edition bearing Leake's imprint is dated

1599. Only a single copy exists, and that did not come to

light till 1867. The existence of such an edition was not

previously suspected by bibliographers. It was discovered

in an upper lumber-room at Lamport Hall, near North-

ampton, the seat of Sir Charles Isham, Bart., by Mr. Charles

Edmonds in September of that year. Mr. Edmonds had been

sent to Lamport Hall by Henry Sotheran & Co., the London

booksellers, to report on the state of Sir Charles' library.

Mr. Edmonds discovered some twenty rare poetical tracts

published at the end of the sixteenth century in the disused

volume is from the Libraries of *y* late W. [Sir William] Bolland and

B. H. Bright, Esq*. At Mr. Bolland's sale [in 1840] (at *y* rooms of

Messrs. Evans) it was bought by Mr. Bright for £91. At Mr. Bright's sale

[no. 5067] (at *y* rooms of Messrs. Sotheby & Co.) on 7 April, 1845, I became

the Purchaser for *y* sum of £91 10s. 6d. "George Daniel, Canonbury Square."—

He also inserted in the volume the following note, which he received in the

sale-room from the bookseller Thomas Rodd:—"There are three marquises

wanting the *Venus*, one will I fear push hard at her. I do not think there is

any like[li]hood of your getting her under £101. I know that it will not go

under £91 10s. 6d. "[Thomas] Rodd."*

1 Prior's *Malone*, p. 179.
lumber-room. All were in good condition in contemporary vellum binding, and in many cases the leaves were uncut. But the most interesting feature of this treasure-trove was the vellum-bound volume in perfect condition which sheltered within its covers Leake's edition of *Venus and Adonis* dated 1599, a copy of *The Passionate Pilgrim* published in the same year, and a copy of *Epigrammes and Elegies* by I. D. and C. M. *At Middleborough.* (The last pamphlet consisted of epigrams by Sir John Davies, and certain of Ovid's Elegies translated by Christopher Marlowe, and was issued in London—not, as stated, at Middleborough—in all probability in 1598.) This rare volume of triplicate interest was sold in the summer of 1895, by Sir Charles Isham, to Mr. Christie Miller of Britwell Court, Maidenhead, together with much else that was valuable in the Lamport treasure-trove. The 1599 edition of *Venus and Adonis*, which is now at Britwell, measures $4\frac{8}{3}'' \times 3\frac{1}{8}''$; the signatures run as before in eights from A to Diiij; and it consists of twenty-seven leaves. The text follows that of 1596, but there are some
ignorant variations of spelling. The ornaments on the title-page altogether differ from those employed by Harrison and Field, and suggest that the printer whom Leake employed was Peter Short. A typed facsimile, limited to an edition of 131 copies, was published by Messrs. Sotheran & Co. in 1870.

Of a succeeding issue, only a single copy is again known to be extant. This copy, which lacks a title-page, is in Malone's collection at the Bodleian Library (Malone 327). It is bound up with a copy of Shakespeare's Lucrece, which has the imprint 'printed by I. H. for John Harison' and the date 1600. The volume was a gift from Dr. Farmer to Malone, who collated it before March 24, 1785, with the 1596 edition, and drew up a manuscript list of thirty-nine changes, which is extant, but is not exhaustive.¹ A manuscript title-page which has been supplied to this edition of the Venus, merely copies the Lucrece imprint ('printed by I. H. for John Harison', 1600). The date may be right, but the printer's and publisher's names are errors. John Harrison's connexion with the Venus and Adonis had ceased with the transfer of the copyright in 1597 to William Leake. The edition was doubtless published by Leake. It is of textual importance, for although it follows the typography of 1599 there have been deliberately introduced several new misreadings, which are adopted in all subsequent editions of the seventeenth century. The measurements are $4\frac{9}{8}" \times 2\frac{9}{8}"$. The signatures (A-D iiij) in eights, and the number of leaves, which are unpaged, twenty-seven, are the same as in previous issues.

A new—the sixth—edition was issued by Leake in 1602. It seems to have been set up, with reasonable care, from the text of 1600. The curious printer's device, in a square scrolled frame on the title-page, shows a winged and laurelled skull surmounted by an hour-glass in front of an open book, inscribed 'I liue to dy. I dy to liue': beneath the skull is a globe showing the Western hemisphere and the sea with a ship.

¹ See No. I, p. 57, note 1.
The device was probably that of Humphry Lownes, who seems to have printed the volume for Leake. An edition of Robert Southwell’s *Saint Peter’s Complaint*, which was probably printed in the same year (1602), although the title-page is undated, bears the same device and has the imprint, ‘Printed by H[umphry] L[ownes] for William Leake.’ Three copies
survive—respectively in the Bodleian Library, the British Museum, and the Earl of Macclesfield's library.

An alteration was made in the type of the title-page after a few copies were struck off: for the comma which originally followed the word 'vulgus' in the middle of the first line of the Latin quotation, there was substituted a colon, which figures in two of the three extant copies of the edition. The copy in the British Museum alone has the comma on the title-page. There is no other distinction in the type of the three copies.¹

The British Museum copy of the 1602 edition, with the unique 'comma' title-page, measures $3\frac{3}{16}$" × $3\frac{1}{8}$". The ownership can be traced some distance back. It was bought by the commentator, George Steevens, at the sale of Dr. Chauncey's library on April 15, 1790, for eight shillings. James Bindley paid £1 11s. 6d. for it at the Steevens sale on May 21, 1800. The price leapt up at Bindley's sale in 1819 to £42, when it was bought by Mr. Strettel of Canonbury. At Strettel's sale, in 1841, the bidding only reached £26 5s. 6d. and no sale was then effected, but George Daniel soon afterwards acquired it for £40 8s. 6d. Daniel sold the copy to the British Museum at a slightly higher price. There are manuscript notes, dealing with the successive changes of ownership, in the hands of Steevens (who knew of no other copy), Bindley, and Daniel. On Sig. B1 (line 303) is the following good manuscript note in a seventeenth-century hand:—'To bid the wind a bace. Base or Bace—a sport used among country people called Prison-Base in which some persue to take others

¹ The Cambridge editors vaguely credit each of the three copies with typographical peculiarities, and treat each as representative of a different edition, thus attributing to Leake three editions in 1602. A comparison of the three does not support this allegation. A careful collation of the Earl of Macclesfield's copy, which was kindly lent to the British Museum by the Countess of Macclesfield for the purpose, with the British Museum copy, shows that the two are at all points identical in type, save for the punctuation on the title-page. The paper of the Bodleian copy is perhaps of a quality slightly inferior to that of the Museum and Macclesfield copies.
Prisoners—and therefore To bid the wind a Base, is by using the Language of yt sport To take the wind Prisoner.'

The Bodleian copy of 1602 (8°. M 9, Art B S) bears the autograph signature of Robert Burton. It has been in the Library since 1649, when it was forwarded in conformity with the clause of Burton's will: 'If I have any books the University Library hath not, let them take them.' This copy was the first edition of the poem to pass the portals of the Bodleian Library. That Burton was well acquainted with Venus and Adonis is clear from a mnemonic quotation of four lines in his Anatomy of Melancholy (1621). Burton's copy is now bound up with five other tracts, only one of which was his property. The Venus comes second in the volume. Some of the leaves are uncut. The measurements are $\frac{9}{16}'' \times 3\frac{3}{8}''$. 

The third surviving copy of the 1602 edition is in the library of the Earl of Macclesfield at Shirburn Castle, Oxfordshire. It has, like the Bodleian copy, the 'colon' title-page. It is a perfect copy in admirable preservation, and has been strongly bound in recent years by Hatton of Manchester. It was probably acquired by the first Earl of Macclesfield, the Lord Chancellor, in the early part of the eighteenth century. The measurements are $\frac{7}{8}'' \times 3\frac{3}{8}''$. There

1 Macray's Annals of the Bodleian, 1890, p. 90.
2 Burton quotes the four lines from memory (ed. Shilleto, vol. iii, p. 79) thus:—'When Venus ran to meet her rose-cheeked Adonis, as an elegant Poet of ours sets her out,

The bushes in the way
Some catch her [by the] neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine about her legs to make her stay,
And all did covet her for to embrace.' (ll. 871–4.)

Burton's allusion to Shakespeare as 'an elegant Poet of ours' is curious. He only seems to quote Shakespeare in two other places in his Anatomy, once from Lucrece, ll. 615–6 (vol. i, p. 91), and once from Romeo and Juliet (vol. iii, p. 216). Burton makes several other references to the story of Venus and Adonis, but only as it figures in classical authors.

3 The opening tract, The Devill of Mascon, from the French (Oxford, 1658), is not of much interest. But the third tract, Laneham's Letter, concerning the Kenilworth Entertainment of 1575, bears, like Venus and Adonis, the autograph signature of 'Robtus Burton'.

SIXTH EDITION, 1602.
No. X. Bodleian copy, 1602.

No. XI. Macclesfield copy, 1602.
are traces of the existence of two other copies of this edition. In the Bagford collection of title-pages at the British Museum, there is a title-page which precisely corresponds with that of Lord Macclesfield's exemplar. The library of the great Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, which the book-
seller Osborne dispersed in the middle years of the eighteenth century, contained very few early editions of Shakespeare's works, but the Catalogus Bibliothecae Harleianae (1743–5) enumerates among them a copy of Venus and Adonis dated 1602.
A unique copy of the edition of 1617 was included in Thomas Caldecott’s bequest in 1833 to the Bodleian Library ¹ (Malonc 890). It bears the imprint ‘Printed for W. B. 1617.’ W. B. was William Barrett, the publisher or bookseller who purchased the copyright of Leake in 1617. The volume is a small octavo ($4\frac{9}{16}'' \times 3\frac{5}{16}'$) with the same signatures and the same number of leaves as its immediate predecessors. The text seems identical with that of 1602.

¹ Dyce in his edition of Shakespeare mentions an edition of the year 1616. There is no other trace of it, and Dyce may have been thinking in error of the edition of Lucrece of 1616.
A unique copy of the edition of 1620—"Printed for I. P." (i.e. John Parker)—is among the books left by Capell to Trinity College, Cambridge. It is bound with a copy of The Passionate Pilgrim of 1599, which follows it. The volume belonged at one time to 'Honest Tom Martin' (1697–1771) of Palgrave, the historian of Thetford. At the end there is the note in old writing, 'Not quite perfect, see 4 or 5 leaves back: so it cost me but 3 Halfpence.' The measurements are $4\frac{3}{4}'' \times 3\frac{3}{4}''$. It is a small octavo, faithfully reproducing the edition of 1617, although the title-page has the comma instead of the colon in the Latin quotation, as in the early impression of the 1602 edition (No. IX).

A special interest attaches to the edition of 1627, of which two copies are now traceable. This edition was printed not in London, but in Edinburgh, and is the first example of the printing outside London of any work of Shakespeare. The Edinburgh printer and publisher who undertook the venture was John Wreittoun, a man of substance, with a shop, as he states on the title-page, 'a little beneath the Salt Trone.' It is possible that the publisher's neighbour, Drummond of Hawthornden, the poet, who was an admiring critic of Shakespeare, suggested the venture. A copy of an early edition of the poem was in Drummond's library.

1 The erroneous statement of the Cambridge editors in their first edition (1866) that a second copy of the 1620 edition was bought in 1839 for the Bodleian Library is corrected in their second edition (1895). The copy of Venus and Adonis bought in 1839 had no title-page and was for a time wrongly identified with the edition of 1620. From that edition it differs materially. It more probably belongs to the year 1630 (see No. XVII).

2 Wreittoun began business in 1624, 'at the Nether Bowe, Edinburgh'. He removed in 1627 to 'the Salt Trone', where he made his reputation. There he seems to have remained till 1636, when he retired from trade, after producing as many as fifty-six books. He died in 1640. His wife, Margaret Kene, seems to have been sister of the second surviving wife of the well-known Edinburgh printer, Andro Hart (d. 1621), the friend and publisher of the poet Drummond of Hawthornden, who recommended his friend Drayton to publish with him. For my knowledge of Wreittoun's career I am mainly indebted to information kindly given me by Mr. J. P. Edmond, now Librarian to the Writers of the Signet at Edinburgh, and by Mr. H. G. Aldis, of the Cambridge University Library.
before 1611. Wreittoun apparently reprinted, with a few corrections of his own, Leake's edition of 1602. The Cam-
bridge editors needlessly conjecture that he derived his copy from a manuscript transcript of that edition. Although one or two changes are for the better, and accidentally correspond
with the readings of the two earliest quartos, Wreittoun's text is defaced by many misprints of his own invention (cf. 'seaseth' (line 25) for 'seizeth'; 'winkt, and turnde' (90) for 'winks, and turns'; 'rivals' (123) for 'revels'; 'thus' (205) for 'this'; 'relieue, the' (480) for 'relieveth'; 'screeks' (531) for 'shrieks'; 'through' (967) for 'throng'; 'their' (1040) for 'her'). The pages are numbered for the first time and the numbers run 1 to 46 (misprinted 47).

Of the two extant copies of Wreittoun's volume one is in the British Museum, and the other is in the library of Mr. Robert Hoe, of New York. The British Museum copy, which measures $\frac{5}{4} \times 3\frac{3}{8}$, is bound in calf. It is in a soiled condition; the title is cropped and inlaid, and several leaves are repaired. It was at one time the property of George Chalmers, whose book-plate is preserved in it. It was sold at Chalmers' sale (pt. ii, no. 558) in 1842, for £37 10s. od., the catalogue giving the wrong date, 1607. Benjamin Heywood Bright was the purchaser; at the sale of his books in 1845 (no. 5068) it was called 'unique'; it was then bought for £3 5s. for the British Museum.

The second copy, now in the library of Mr. Robert Hoe, of New York, is a far finer copy than that in the British Museum, and is 'the only perfect copy known'. It is in the original vellum binding with uncut leaves. A preliminary leaf signed 'A' has an ornamental border near the top, but is otherwise blank. This leaf does not appear in the British Museum copy. Mr. Hoe's copy was discovered in a worthless lot of books by a bookseller, at a country sale in 1864. It was sold in London, at Sotheby's, in March of that year, and bought by Pickering, the London bookseller, for £1 15s. Pickering made it over to Almon W. Griswold, of New York, some time after whose death it was secured by the present owner.¹

An edition of 1630 was 'Printed by J[ohn] H[aviland] and sold by Francis Coules'. Only a single copy is known. It was formerly the property of Anthony à Wood, and was

VENUS AND ADONIS


Eleventh Edition, 1630?
No. XVII.
Bodleian (Malone) copy, 1630.

No. XVIII.
Brit. Mus. copy, 1636.

No. XIX.
Perry copy, 1636.

lately removed from the Ashmolean Museum to its present home, the Bodleian Library (Wood 79). It measures 4½" × 3½" , and there is a device on the title-page of Cupid throwing down his bow. This edition was reprinted early in the eighteenth century. In one impression of Lintott’s edition of Shakespeare’s Poems which appeared in 1710 it was stated that Venus and Adonis was there printed from an edition of 1630. A title-page was given bearing that date, and a printer’s device with the motto ‘Sua Laurea Phoebo’.

To the same year (1630) is assigned an imperfect copy (lacking the title-page) of a slightly differing impression, which is also in the Bodleian Library (Malone 891). It measures 4¼" × 2½ . A title-page, which is supplied in manuscript, suggests the date of 1630. The text is not identical with the perfect copy of that year, but it was clearly based on that edition. It was known, too, to the printer of the succeeding edition of 1636. It must therefore be dated between 1630 and the latter year.

Haviland’s third edition appeared in 1636 again, ‘to be sold by Francis Coules,’ with the same device of Cupid throwing down his bow, as in Haviland’s first edition of 1630. Two copies alone are traceable. The signatures run as before, A to D in eights, and the book contains twenty-seven leaves. The British Museum copy, which measures 4½" × 3½", is bound in vellum, and is badly stained and soiled, with a few leaves mended. It belonged to George Hibbert, of Portland Place, London, at whose sale in 1829 it fetched £1 14s. 6d. This copy is possibly identical with that which was sold bound up in a volume with the Rape of Lucrece (1616) and other poetical tracts, at the sale of Thomas Pearson in 1788, when the whole volume fetched £1 2s. 6d. A better copy of the 1636 edition now belongs to Mr. Marsden J. Perry, of Providence, Rhode Island, U.S.A. It measures 4¾" × 3½" and contains twenty-eight leaves, the last being blank, while some leaves are uncut at the bottom. This copy was purchased by Henry Stevens, the American agent in London, in May, 1856, at Sotheby’s.

1 See page 74.
for £49 10s. od. Henry Stevens had it re-bound in blue morocco by Bedford, and re-sold it at Sotheby’s for £56, in August, 1857. It subsequently passed into the library of Brayton Ives, of New York, who paid for it $1,350 or £270. At Brayton Ives’ sale in 1891 it was acquired by its present owner for $1,150 or £230.

The last edition known to have been produced in the seventeenth century was printed in 1675 by Elizabeth Hodgkinsonne for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright and J. Clark, and was entered in ‘The Term Catalogue’ under date February 10, 1676, as ‘Venus and Adonis; A Poem by W. Shakespear. Price sixpence’. It was a diminutive volume of the chap-book order, and was published by a London firm, whose business was mainly confined to broadsides, ballads, and chap-books.

The only copy which seems traceable is now in America. Originally in the library of George Richard Savage Nassau, it was sold at the sale of his books in March, 1824, for £2 5s. od. It seems to have been subsequently for a time the property of J. O. Halliwell. On April 12, 1889, it was sold by an anonymous collector at Puttick and Simpson’s auction rooms in London, for £14 10s. od. to Messrs. Pearson and Co., of London. It afterwards passed to its present owner, Mr. H. C. Folger, jr., of New York. It is bound in russia.

Another copy of the 1675 edition, without a title-page, belonged to Malone and seems to have passed with his books to the Bodleian Library. It is mentioned in the catalogue of Malone’s books in the Bodleian Library, which was published in 1836. The entry is repeated in the printed catalogue of the Bodleian Library which was issued between 1835 and 1847. It also figures in the manuscript catalogue of the Library in present use, but no shelf-mark is there attached to it. The Cambridge editors reported that it was inaccessible to them when they sought to collate it in 1864. Efforts have been made at the instance of the present writer to find it during the present year, but so far without success.

1 Arber’s Term Catalogues, i. 230.
In the eighteenth century, the poem was less frequently issued than might be expected. Few of the great editors deemed the *Venus and Adonis* or any other of Shakespeare's poems worthy of their notice. The first eighteenth-century reprint, 'Venus and Adonis, written by Mr. Shakespeare,' appeared in 1707 in *Poems on Affairs of State* (vol. iv, pp. 205-44). The text abounds in the corruptions of 1600 and the later issues, and was doubtless reprinted from the chap-book issue of 1675. Nicholas Rowe did not include Shakespeare's poems in his first critical edition of the plays which Jacob Tonson published in six volumes in 1709. But two publishers independently supplied the omission without delay. The notorious Edmund Curll (with E. Sanger) brought out in 1710 a so-called 'seventh volume' of Rowe's edition containing *Venus and Adonis, Lucrece*, with Shakespeare's 'miscellany Poems,' and an essay by Charles Gildon on the history of the stage. A more respectable publisher, Bernard Lintott, brought out, also in 1710, more than one impression of another complete collection of Shakespeare's poems. This work, which was entitled 'A Collection of Poems,' first appeared in a single volume, containing *Venus and Adonis, Lucrece*, and *The Passionate Pilgrim*. A second volume, which was published later, added the *Sonnets* and *A Lover's Complaint*. In one impression of Lintott's volumes the *Venus and Adonis* is preceded by a separate and subsidiary title-page bearing the date 1609. There was no known edition of the poem issued in that year, and the date may be a misprint for 1709, when Lintott sent the text to press, or it may be a confusion with 1609, the date of the first edition of the *Sonnets*. Other impressions of Lintott's edition of 1710 give *Venus and Adonis* a title-page dated 1630, in which year an edition was undoubtedly published (see No. XVI). Lintott's text was liberally corrected in the printing-office, but was apparently based on that of 1630. To Pope's edition of Shakespeare's plays, which Jacob Tonson issued without the poems in six volumes (1723-5), a syndicate of booksellers added in 1725 a 'seventh volume' giving the poems in Curll's text under the incom-
petent editorship of Dr. Sewell. Neither Theobald, Hanmer, Dr. Johnson, Warburton, Capell, nor Steevens noticed the poems in their editions of the plays. Capell annotated in manuscript a copy of the Lintott reprint, but the revision remains unpublished in the Capell collection in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1774 J. Bell, a London bookseller, first included the poems in a trade reprint of the plays.\(^1\) In 1780 Malone included the poems in his *Supplement to Johnson and Steevens’ edition of Shakespeare’s Plays of 1778*, and there first attempted a critical recension of the text. They reappeared as a matter of course in Malone’s great edition of the works of Shakespeare, in 1790. It is due to Malone’s example that *Venus and Adonis* and the rest of Shakespeare’s non-dramatic works were finally admitted to the Shakespearean canon. They fill a place in all the nineteenth-century editions of Shakespeare’s works which enjoy a standard repute.

\(^1\) Many so-called collections of Shakespeare’s poems, which were produced by publishers in the middle of the eighteenth century under such titles as ‘Poems written by Shakespeare’, or ‘Poems on several occasions by William Shakespeare’, were merely reprints of the 1640 edition of Shakespeare’s *Poems* which contained only the *Sonnets* and *Passionate Pilgrim* and omitted Shakespeare’s narrative poems.
VENVS
AND ADONIS

Vilia miretur: vulgus: mibi sanaus Apollo
Poca Pellae plena ministret aqua.

LONDON
Imprinted by Richard Field, and are to be sold at
the signe of the white Greyhound in
Paules Church-yard.
1593.
TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
Henrie VVriothesley, Earle of Southampton,
and Baron of Titchfield.

Right Honourable, I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpollisht lines to your Lordship, nor how the worlde will condurn mee for choosing so strong a proppe to support so weeke a burthen, onelye if your Honour seeme but pleased, I accoumt myselfe highly praised, and vone to take advantage of all idle houres, till I have honoured you with some grauer labour. But if the first heire of my invention prove deformed, I shall be forie it had so noble a god-father: and never after care so barren a land, for seare it yeeld me still so bad a haruest, I leaue it to your Honourable suruey, and your Honor to your hearts content, vvhich I wishe may alwaies ansuer your owne vwish, and the worlds hopefull expectation.

Your Honors in all dutie,

William Shakespeare,
VENUS AND ADONIS.

Even as the sunne with purple-colourd face,
Had take his last leaue of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheekt Adonis hied him to the chace,
Hunting he lou'd, but loue he laught to scorne:
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amaine vn to him,
And like a bold face'd suter ginnes to woo him.

Thrice fairer then my selfe, (thus she began)
The fields chiefe flower, sweet aboue compare,
Staine to all Nymphs, more louely then a man,
More white, and red, then doyes, or roses are:
Nature that made thee with her selfe at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

Vouchsafe thou wonder to alight thy steed,
And raine his proud head to the saddle bow,
If thou wilt daine this fauor, for thy meed
A thousand honie secrets shalt thou know:
Here come and sit, where never serpant hisses,
And being set, he smother thee with kisles.

B
VENVS AND ADONIS.

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

With this she ceazeth on his sweateing palme,
The president of pith, and liuclyhood,
And trembling in her passion, calls it balme,
Earths soueraigne value, to do a goddesse good,
Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force,
Couragiously to plucke him from his horse.

Over one arme the lustie courfers raine,
Vnder her other was the tender boy,
Vhio bluist, and powted in a dull disdaine,
VVith leaden appetite, vnapt to toy,
She red, and hot, as coles of glovving her,
Hered for shame, but frostie in desier.

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

So
VENVS AND ADONIS.

So soone was she along, as he was downe,
Each leaning on their elbowes and their hips:
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And gins to chide, but soone she stops his lips,
    And kissing speaks, with lustfull language broken,
If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.

He burnes with bashfull shame, she with her teares
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheekes,
Then with her windie sighes, and golden heares,
To fan, and blow them drye againe she seekes.
    He faith, she is immodest, blames her misse,
    What followes more, she murthers with a kisse.

Euen as an emptie Eagle sharpe by fast,
Tires with her beake on feathers, flesh, and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haft,
Till either gorge be flufft, or pray be gone:
    Euen so she kisst his brow, his cheeke, his chin,
    And where she ends, she doth anew begin.

Forst to content, but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face.
She feedeth on the steame, as on a pray,
And calls it heavenly moisture, aire of grace,
    Withing her cheeks were gardens ful of flowers,
    So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.
VENUS AND ADONIS.

Looke how a bird lyes tangled in a net,
So fastned in her armes Adonis lyes,
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beautie in his angrie eyes:
Raine added to a riuver that is ranke,
Perforce will force it ouerflow the banke.

Still she intreats, and prettily intreats,
For to a prettie care she tunes her tale.
Still is he fullein, still he lowres and frets,
Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashie 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,
And by her faire immortall hand she sweares,
From his soft bosome neuer to remoue,
Till he take truce with her contending teares,
Which log haue raigned,making her cheeks al wet,
And one sweet kisse shal pay this comptlesse debt.

Vpon this promise did she raife his chin,
Like a diuedapper peering through a waue,
Who being looke on, ducks as quickly in:
So offers he to giue what she did craue,
But when her lips were readie for his pay,
He winks, and turnes his lips another way.

Neuer

II. 67—90
VENVS AND ADONIS.

Neuer did passenger in sommers heat,
More thirst for drinke,then she for this good turne,
Her helpe she sees,but helpe she cannot get;
She bathes in water,yet her fire must burne:
   Oh pitie gan she crie,flint-hearted boy,
   Tis but a kisfe I begge,why art thou coy?

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

Ouer my Altars hath he hong his launce,
His battred shiell,his vncontrolled creft,
And for my sake hath learnd to sport,and daunce,
To toy,to wanton,dallie,smile,and ieft,
   Scorning his churlisf drumme,and ensigne red,
   Making my armes his field,his tent my bed.

Thus he that ouer-ruld,I ouer-swayed,
Leading him prisoner in a red rofe chaine,
Strong-temperd steele his stronger strength obeyed.
Yet was he seruile to my coy disdain,
   Oh be not proud,nor brag not of thy might,
For maistreng her that soyled the god of fight.

B iij

ll. 91—114
VENVS AND ADONIS.

Touch but my lips with those faire lips of thine,
Though mine be not so faire, yet are they red,
The kisse shalbe thine owne as well as mine,

What feest thou in the ground? hold vp thy head,

Looke in mine ey-bals, there thy beautie lyes,

Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

Art thou asham'd to kisse? then winke againe,
And I will winke, so shall the day seeme night.

Looke keepes his reuels where there are but twaine:

Be bold to play, our sport is not in fight,

These blew-veind violets whereon we leane,

Neuer can blab, nor know not what we meane.

The tender spring vp on thy tempting lip,
Shewes thee varipe; yet maist thou well be tafted,

Make vs of time, let not advantage slip,

Faire flowers that are not gathred in their prime,

R ot, and consume them selues in little time.

VVere I hard-famour'd, foule, or wrinckled old,
Il-nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
Ore-worne, despised, reumatique, and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, leane, and lacking iuyce;

Thé mightst thou pause, for thé I were not for thee,

But hauing no defectes, why doest abhor me?

Thou
VENUS AND ADONIS.

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

Bid me discourse, I will inchaunt thine ear;
Or like a Fairie, trip vpon the greene,
Or like a Nymph, with long dithcleled heare,
Daunce on the sands, and yet no footing seene.
Love is a spirit, all compact of fire,
Not grosse to sink, but light, and will aspire.

V Witnesse this Primrose banke whereon I lie,
The searecelesse flowers like sturdy trees support me;
Two straunge doncs will draw me through the skie,
From mornetill night, even where I list to sport me.

Is love so light a sweet boy, and may it be,
That thou should thinke it beaute vnfo these?

Is thine owne heart to thine owne face affected?
Can thy right hand cease love upon thy left?
Then woo thy selfe, be of thy selfe rejected:
Steale thine owne freedome, and complaine on thee.

Narcissus so him selfe him selfe forooke,
And died to kisse his shadow in the brooke.
VENVS AND ADONIS.

Torches are made to light, jewels to weare,
Dainties to taft, fresh beautie for the vie,
Herbes for their smell, and sappie plants to beare.
Things growing to them selues, are growths abuse,
Seeds spring fro seeds, & beauty Breedeth beauty,*
Thou waft begot, to get it is thy duty.

Upon the earths increase why shouldest thou seed,
Unlesse the earth with thy increase 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 dost survive,
In that thy likenesse still is left alive.

By this the loue-sick Queene began to sweate,
For where they lay the shadow had forsooke them,
And Titan tired in the midday heate,
With burning eye did hotly ouer-looke them,
Withing Adonis had his teame to guide,
So he were like him, and by Venus side.

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,
So wring his checkes, cries, fie, no more of loue,
The sunne doth burne my face I must remove.

Ay, me,
VENUS AND ADONIS.

Ay, me, (quoth Venus) young, and so vnkinde,
What bare excuses makst thou to be gon?
Ile sigh celestiall breath, whose gentle winde,
Shall coole the heate of this descending sun:
Ile make a shadow for thee of my heares,
If they burn too, ile quench them with my teares.

The sun that shines from heauen, shines but warme,
And lo I lye betweene that sunne, and thee:
The heate I haue from thence doth little harme,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me,
And were I not immortall, life were done,
Betweene this heauenly, and earthly sunne.

Art thou obdurate, flintie, hard as steele?
Nay more then flint, for stone at raine relenteth:
Art thou a woman's sonne and canst not feel?
What tis to loue, how want of loue tormenteth?
O had thy mother borne so hard a minde,
She had not brought forth thee, but died vnkind.

What am I that thou shouldst contemne me this?
Or what great danger, dwells vpon my fute?
What were thy lips the worse for one poore kis?
Speake faire, but speake faire words, or else be mute:
Give me one kisse, I'll giue it thee againe,
And one for interest, if thou wilt haue twaine.

ll. 187—210
VENVS AND ADONIS.

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

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth prouoke a paule,
Red cheeks, and fierie eyes blaze forth her wrong:
Being Judge in love, she cannot right her cause.
And now she weeps, & now she faine would speake
And now her sobs do her intendments breake.

Sometime she shakes her head, and then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;
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, the faith, since I haue hemd thee here
Within the circuit of this iourie 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.

VWithin
VENUS AND ADONIS.

V VVitin this limit is reliefe inough,
Sweet bottome grasse, and high delightfull plaine,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure, and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest, and from raine:

Then be my deare, since I am such a parke,
No dog shall rowze thee, though a thousand bark.

At this Adonis smiles as in disdaine,
That in each cheeke appeares a prettie dimple;
Loue made those hollowes, if him selfe were slaine,
He might be buried in a tombe so simple,

Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
VVhy there loue liu'd, & there he could not die.

These louely caues, these round enchanting pits,
Opend their mouthes to swallow Venus liking:
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Strucke dead at first, what needs a second striking?
Poor Queene of loue, in thine own law forlorn,
To loue a cheeke that smiles at thee in scorne.

Now which way shall she turne? what shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing,
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining atmes doth vrge releasing:

Pitie she cries, some favour, some remorfe,
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

C ij
VENUS AND ADONIS.

But lo from forth a copp's that neighbors by,
A breeding l ennet, lustie, young, and proud,
Adonis trampling Courier doth espy:
And forth the rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud.
The strong-neckt steed being tied vnto a tree,
Breaketh his raine, and to her straight goes hee.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his wouen girthes he breaks asunder,
The bearing earth with his hard hoofe he wounds,
Whose hollow wombe resounds like heavens thun-
The yron bit he crusheth tweene his teeth, (der,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His eares vp prickt, his braided hanging mane
Upon his compact crest now stand on end,
His nostrils drinke the aire, and forth againe
As from a fornace, vapors doth he send:
His eye which scornfully glister like fire,
Shewes his hote courage, and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle maieftic, and modest pride,
Anon he reres vpright, curuets, and leaps,
As who should say, lo thus my strength is tride.
And this I do, to captuie the eye,
Of the faire breeder that is standing by.

What
VENUS AND ADONIS:

What recketh he his riders angrier sturre,
His flattering holla, or his stand, I say,
What cares he now, for curbe, or pricking spurre,
For rich caparisons, or trappings gay:
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Looke when a Painter would surpass the life,
In limming out a well proportioned steed,
His Art with Natures workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed:
So did this Horse excell a common one,
In shape, in courage, colour, pace and bone.

Round hoof, short joyned, fetlocks shag, and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostrill wide,
High crest, short eares, straight legs, & passing strong,
Thin mane, thicke taine, broad buttock, tender hide:
Looke what a Horse should haue, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometime he wards farre off, and there he stares,
Anon he starts, at fluruing of a feather:
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And where he runne, or flie, they know not whether:
For through his mane, & taine, the high wind sings,
Fanning the haires, who waue like feathred wings.

C iiij

II. 283—306
VENYS AND ADONIS.

He lookes uppon his loue, and neighes vnto her;
She answers him, as if she knew his minde,
Being proud as females are, to see him woo her;
She puts on outward strangenesse, seemes vnkinde:
Spurnes at his loue, and scorns the heat he feelles,
Beating his kind embracements with her heele.

Then like a melancholy malcontent,
He vailes his taile that like a falling plume,
Coole shadow to his melting buttocke lent.
He stamps, and bites the poore flies in his fume:
His loue perceiving how he was inrag’d,
Grew kinder, and his furie was asswag’d.

His testie maister goeth about to take him,
When lo the vnbackt breeder full of feare,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forfake him,
With her the Horfe, and left Adonis there:
As they were mad vnto the wood they hie them,
Ourstripping crowes, that striue to ouerfly them.

All swolne with chafing, downe Adonis sits,
Banning his boystrous, and vnruuly beast;
And now the happie seasaon once more sits
That louesick loue, by pleading may be blest:
For louers say, the heart hath treble wrong,
When it is bade, the aydance of the tongue.

An
VENUS AND ADONIS.

An Owen that is loft, or riuuer strayd,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:
So of concealed sorrow may be sayd,
Free vent of words loues fier doth affwage,
   But when the hearts atturney once is mute,
   The client breakes, as desperat in his suite.

He see's her coming, and begins to glow:
Euen as a dying coale reunyes with winde,
And with his bonnet hides his angrie brow,
Lookes on the dull earth with disturbed minde:
   Taking no notice that she is so nye,
   For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O what a sight it was wittily to view,
How she came stealing to the wayward boy,
To note the fighting conflict of her hew,
How white and red, ech other did destroy:
   But now her cheeke was pale, and by and by
   It flash't forth fire, as lightning from the skie.

Now was the iust before him as he sat,
And like a lowly louer downe she kneecles,
VWith one faire hand she heaueth vp his hat,
Her other tender hand his faire cheeke seecles:
   His tenderer cheeke, receivies her soft hands print,
   As apt, as new faine snow takes any dint.
VENVS AND ADONIS.

Oh what a war of lookes was then betweene them,  
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing,  
His eyes saw her eyes, as they had not seene them,  
Her eyes wooed still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:  
And all this dumbe play had his acts made plain,  
With tears which Chorus-like her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,  
A lillie prisond in a gaile of snow,  
Or Iorie in an allablaister band,  
So white a friend, ingirts so white a fo:  
This beautiful combat wilfull, and unwilling,  
Showed like two siluer doues that fit a billing.

Once more the engin of her thoughts began,  
Of fairest mourer on this mortall round,  
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,  
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound,  
For one sweet looke thy helpe I would assure thee,  
Though nothing but my bodies banewold cure thee.

Give me my hand (faith he,) why dost thou feel it?  
Give me my heart (faith she,) and thou shalt have it.  
O give it me left thy hard heart do steel it,  
And being steel'd, soft sighes can never graue it.  
Then loves deepe grones, I never shall regard,  
Because Adonis heart hath made mine hard.

For
VENUS AND ADONIS.

For shame he cries, let go, and let me go,
My dayes delight is past, my horse is gone,
And tis your fault I am bereft him so,
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone,
   For all my mind, my thought, my busie care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.

Thus she replies, thy palfrey as he should,
VVelcomes the warme approch of sweet desire,
Affection is a coale that must be coold,
Else suffred it will set the heart on fire,
   The sea hath bounds, but deepe desire hath none,
   Therefore no maruell though thy horse be gone.

How like a iade he stood tied to the tree,
Seruilly maisterd with a leathern raine,
Bnt when he saw his loue, his youths faire fee,
He held such pettie bondage in disdain:
   Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
   Enfranchising his mouth, his backe, his brest.

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

II. 379—402
VENVS AND ADONIS.

Let me excuse thy courser gentle boy,
And learne of him I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy,
Though I were dube, yet his proceedings teach thee.

O learne to love, the lesson is but plaine,
And once made perfect, neuer lost againne.

I know not love (quoth he) nor will not know it,
Unlesse it be a Boare, and then I chase it,
Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it,
My love to love, is love, but to disgrace it,

For I haue heard, it is a life in death;
That laughs and weeps, and all but with a breath.

Who weares a garment shapelesse and vnfinisht?
Who plucks the bud before one leafe put forth?
If springing things be anie iot diminisht,
They wither in their prime, prowe nothing worth,

The colt that's backt and burthend being yong,
Loseth his pride, and neuer waxeth strong.

You hurt my hand with wringing, let vs part,
And leaue this idle theame, this bootlesse chat,
Remoue your siege from my vnyeelding hart,
To loues allarmes it will not ope the gate,

Dismiss your vows, your fained tears, your flattry,
For where a heart is hard they make no battry.
VENVS AND ADONIS.

What canst thou talke (quoth she) hast thou a tong?
O would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing,
Thy marmalides voice hath done me double wrong,
I had my lode before, now prest with bearing,
Mellodious discord, heavenly tune harsh sounding,
Eares deep sweet musik, & harts deep sore-wounding

Had I no eyes but eares, my eares would loue,
That inward beautie and invisible,
Or were I deafe, thy outward parts would move
Ech part in me, that were but sensible,
     Though neither eyes, nor eares, to heare nor see,
Yet should I be in loue, by touching thee.

Say that the fence of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor heare, nor touch,
And nothing but the verie smell were left me,
Yet would my loue to thee be still as much,
     For frö the stillitorie of thy face excelling,
Coms breath perfumed, that breedeth loue by smel-

But oh what banquet wert thou to the taft,
Being nourse, and feeder of the other foure,
Woulde they not wish the feast might euer laft,
And bid suspition double locke the dore;
     Lest icalousie that sower vnwelcome guest,
Should by his stealing in disturb the feast?

Dij

II. 427—450
VENUS AND ADONIS.

Once more the rubi-coloured portal opened,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield,
Like a red morn that ever yet be tokend,
Vvracke to the sea-man, tempest to the field:
Sorrow to shepherds, wo unto the birds,
Gulfs, and foulé flaws, to heardmen, & to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh,
Euen as the wind is husht before it raineth:
Or as the wolfe doth grin before he barketh:
Or as the berrie breakes before it staineth:
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 looks kill love, and love by looks requieth,
A smile recueth the wounding of a frowne,
But blessed bankrout that by love so thriueth.
The sullen boy beleueing she is dead,
Clapsh her pale cheeke, till clapping makes it red.

And all amaz'd, brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did thinke to reprehend her,
Vvvhich cunning love did wittily preuent,
Faire-fall the wit that can so well defend her:
For on the grasse she lyes as she were slaine,
Till his breath breatheth life in her againe.

He
VENVS AND ADONIS.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheekes,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chases her lips, a thousand ways he seekes,
To mend the hurt, that his vnkindnesse mard,
   He kisses her, and she by her goodwill,
   Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

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

VWhose beames upon his haireleffe face are fixt,
As if from thence they borrowed all their shine,
VWere never fourc such lamps, together mixt,
Had not his clouded with his browes repine.
   But hers, which through the cristal tears gauelight,
   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:
VWhat 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’d, and death was liuely joy.

D iiij

II. 475—498
VENUS AND ADONIS.

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

Long may they kisfe ech other for this cure,
Oh never let their crimson liueries weare,
And as they laft, their verdour still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous yeare:
That the star-gazers having writ on death,
May say, the plague is banilht by thy breath.

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

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

Faire
VENVS AND ADONIS.

Faire Queene (quoth he) if anie loue you oweme,
Measure my strangenesse with my vnripe yeares,
Before I know my selfe, seeke not to know me,
No fishe but the vngrowne frie forbeares,
The mellow plum doth fall, the greene sticks faile,
Or being early pluckt, is lower to taile.

Looke the worlds comforter with wareie gate,
His dayes hert taske hath ended in the west,
The owle (nights herald) shreiks, tis verie late,
The sheepe are gone to fold, birds to their nest,
And cole-black clouds, that shadow heauens light,
Do summon vs to part, and bid good night.

Now let me say goodnight, and so say you,
If you will say so, you shall haue a kis;
Goodnight (quoth the) and ere he saies adue,
The honie see of parting tendred is.
Her armes do lend his necke a sweet imbrace,
Incorporate then they seeme, face growes to face.

Till breathlesse he disloynd, and backward drew,
The heavenly moisture that sweet corall mouth,
V Vhose precious taift, her thirstie-lips well knew,
V Vhereon they suffer, yet complain on drouth,
He with her plentie praft, the faint with dearte,
Their lips together glewed, fall to the earth.
VENUS AND ADONIS.

Now quicke desire hath caught the yeelding pray,  And gluttonlike he feeds, yet neuer filleth,  Her lips are conquerers, his lips obey,  Paying what ransom the insulter willeth:  
VVhose vultur thought doth pitch the price so hie,  That she will draw his lips rich treasur drie.

And hauing felt the sweetnesse of the spoile,  vvith blind fold furie she begins to forrage,  Her face doth reeke,& smoke, her blood doth boile,  And carelesse luft stirs vp a desperat courage,  
Planting oblivion, beating reason backe,  Forgetting shames pure blush,& honours wracke.

Hot, faint, and wearie, with her hard imbracing,  Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much hadling,  Or as the fleet-foot Roe that's tyr'd with chasing,  Or like the froward infant stild with dandling:  He now obeyes, and now no more resisteth,  VVhile she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

VVhat waxe so frozen but dissolves with tempring,  And yelds at last to euerie light impression?  Things out of hope, are compast oft with ventring,  Chiefly in loue, whose leave excceeds commision:  Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,  But the woes belte, whome most his choice is froward.  

VVhen

ll. 547—570
VENUS AND ADONIS.

When he did frowne, he then gaue ouer,
Such nectar from his lips she had not suckt,
Foule wordes, and frownes, must not repel a lover,
What though the rose haue prickles, yet tis pluckt?

Were beautie under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet loue breaks through, & picks them all at last.

For pittie now he can no more detaine him,
The poore foole praiies her that he may depart,
She is resolued no longer to restraine him,
Bids him farewell, and looke well to her hart.

The which by Cupids bow she doth protest,
He carries thence incaged in his brest.

Sweet boy she saies, this night ile wast in sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch,
Tell me loues maister, shall we meete to morrow,
Say, shall we, shall we, wilt thou make the match?

He tells her no, to morrow he intends,
To hunt the boare with certaine of his frends.

The boare (quoth she) wereat a suddain pale,
Like lawne being spred vpon the blushing rose,
Vsurpes her checke, the trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoaking armes she throwes.

She sinketh downe, still hanging by his necke,
He on her belly fall's, she on her backe.

ll. 571—594
VENUS AND ADONIS.

Now is she in the verie lift 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 worse then Tantalus is her annoy,
To clip Elizium, and to lacke her ioy.

Euen so poore birds deceiu'd with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye, and pine the maw:
Euen so she languisheth in her mishaps,
As those poore birds that helpes the berries saw,
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 proud,
Her pleading hath deseru'd a greater fee,
She's loue; she loues, and yet she is not lou'd,
Fie, fie, he faies, you crush me, let me go,
You haue no reason to withhold me so.

Thou hadst bin gone (quoth she) sweet boy ere this,
But that thou toldst me, thou woldst hunt the boare,
Oh be aduised, thou know'ft not what it is,
VWith iaulings point a churlish swine to goare,
VVhose tushes never sheathd, he whetteth still,
Like to a mortall butcher bent to kill.

On

ll. 595—618
VENUS AND ADONIS.

On his bow-backe, he hath a battell set,
Of brisly 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 slay.

His brawnie sides with hairie bristles armed,
Are better proofe 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 imbracing bushes,
    As searefull of him part, through whom he rushes.

Alas, he naught esteem's that face of thine,
To which loues eyes paies tributarie gazes,
Nor thy soft handes, sweet lips, and christall eine,
V Whose full perfection all the world amazes,
    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,
They that thrive well, take counsell of their friends,
    V When thou didst name the boare, not to dissoble,
    I feared thy fortune, and my ioynts did tremble.

Eij
VENVS AND ADONIS.

Didst thou not mark my face, was it not white?  
Sawest thou not signs of fear lurke in mine eye?  
Grew I not faint, and fell I not downe right?  
Within my bosom whereon thou dost lye,  
My boding heart, pants, beats, and takes no rest,  
But like an earthquake, shakes thee on my brest.

For where love raignes, disturbing jealousie,  
Doth call him selfe affections centinell,  
Givest false alarmes, suggesteth mutinie,  
And in a peacefull hour doth cry, kill, kill,  
Distempring gentle love in his desire,  
As aire, and water do abate the fire.

This flower informer, this bate-breeding spie,  
This canker that eates vp loves tender spring,  
This carry-tale, dissentious jealousie,  
That somtime true newes, somtime false doth bring,  
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine eare,  
That if I love thee, I thy death should feare.

And more then so, presenteth to mine eye,  
The picture of an angrie chasing boare,  
Vader whose sharpe fangs, on his backe doth lye,  
An image like thy selfe, all staynd with goare,  
Vv hose blood vpon the fresh flowers being shed,  
Doth make the droop with grief, & hang the hed.

what

II. 643—666
VENTS AND ADONIS.

What should I do, seeing thee so indeed?
That tremble at this imagination,
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And feare doth teach it divination;
   I prophesie thy death, my living sorrow,
   If thou encounter with the boare to morrow.

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

And when thou haft on foote the purblind hare,
Marke the poore wretch to ouer-shut his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care,
He crankes and crosses with a thousand doubles,
   The many musits 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 sometime where earth-deluing Conies keepe,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell:
   And sometime sorteth with a heard of deare,
Danger deuiseth shifts, wit waites on feare.

E iiij

II. 667—690
VENVS AND ADONIS.
For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot sent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry, till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out,
Then do they spend their mouth's, echo replies,
As if an other chase were in the skies.

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

Then shalt thou see the deaw-bedabbled wretch,
Turne, and returne, indenting with the way,
Ech envious 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 releeu'd by anie.

Lye quietly, and heare a little more,
Nay do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise,
To make thee hate the hunting of the bore,
Unlike my selfe thou hearest me moralize,
   Applying this to that, and so to so,
   For loue can comment vpon euerie wo.

VWhere
VENUS AND ADONIS.

Where did I leaue? no matter where (quoth he)
Leave me, and then the storie aptly ends,
The night is spent, why what of that (quoth she?)
I am (quoth he) expected of my friends,
And now tis darke, and going I shall fall.
In night (quoth she) desire sees best of all.

But if thou fall, oh then imagine this,
The earth in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kis,
Rich prayses make true-men thecues: so do thy lips
Make modest Dyan, cloudie and forlorne,
Left she should steale a kisfe and die forsworne.

Now of this darke night I perceiue the reason,
Cinthia for shame, obscures her siluer shine,
Till forging nature be condemn'd of treason,
For stealing moulds from heauen, that were divine,
V Vherin she fram'd thee, in the heauens despight,
To shame the sunne by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath she brib'd the destinies,
To crosse the curious workmanship of nature,
To mingle beautie with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature,
Making it subiect to the tyrannie,
Of mad mischances, and much miserie.

II. 715—738
VENVS AND ADONIS.

As burning feauers, agues pale, and faint,  
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frendzie wood,  
The marrow-eating sickness whose attainant,  
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood,  
  Surfets, impostumes, griece, and damnd dispaire,  
  Sweare natures death, for framing thee so faire.

And not the least of all these maladies,  
But in one minutes fight brings beautie vnder,  
Both fauour, fauour, new, and qualities,  
Whereat the th' impartial gazer late did wonder,  
  Are on the sudden wasted, thawed, and donne,  
  As mountain snow melts with the midday sonne.

Therefore despight of fruitlesse chaititie,  
Loue-lacking vestals, and selfe-louing Nuns,  
That on the earth would breed a scarcitie,  
And barrass deaith of daughters, and of suns;  
  Be prodigall, the lampe that burnes by night,  
  Dries vp his oyle, to lend the world his light.

What is thy bodie but a swallowing graue,  
Seeming to burie that posteritie.  
Which by the rights of time thou needs must haue,  
If thou destroy them not in darke obscruitie?  
  If so the world will hold thee in disdain,  
  Sith in thy pride, so faire a hope is slaine.

So
VENUS AND ADONIS.

So in thy selfe, thy selfe art made away,
A mischiefe worse then ciuill home-bred strife,
Or theirs whose desperate hands them selues do slay,
Or butcher fire, that reaues his sonne of life:
   Foulc cankering rust, the hidden treasure frets,
   But gold that's put to vie more gold begets.

Nay then (quoth Adon) you will fall againe,
Into your idle ouer-handled theame,
The kisse I gaue you is bestow'd in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the streame,
   For by this black-sac'd night, desires soule nourse,
   Your treatise makes me like you, worse & worse.

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

Left the deceiving harmonie should ronne,
Into the quiet closure of my brest,
And then my little heart were quite vndone,
In his bed-chamber to be bard of rest,
   No Ladie no, my heart longs not to grone,
   But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.
   F

ll. 763—786
VENUS AND ADONIS.

What have you vrg'd, that I can not reprove?
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger,
I hate not love, but your devise in love,
That lends embracements unto every stranger,
You do it for increase, ô strange excuse!

When reason is the bawd to lusts abuse.

Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled,
Since sweating lust on earth usurpt his name,
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed,
Upon fresh beautie, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant staines, & soone bereaues:
As Caterpillers do the tender leaues.

Love comforteth like sun-shine after raine,
But lusts effect is tempest after sunne,
Love's gentle spring doth alwayes fresh remaine,
Lusts winter comes, ere summer halfe be donne:
Love sursets not, lust like a glutton dies:
Love is all truth, lust full of forged lies.

More I could tell, but more I dare not say,
The text is old, the Orator too greene,
Therefore in sadnesse, now I will away,
My face is full of shame, my heart of teene,
Mine eares that to your wanton talke attend'd,
Do burne them selues, for having so offended.

With
VENUS AND ADONIS.

With this he breaketh from the sweet embrace,
Of those faire arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark lawn runs apace,
Leaues soue upon her backe, deeply distrest,
Looke how a bright star shooteth from the skye;
So glides he in the night from Venus eye.

Which after him he darts, as one on shore.
Gazing upon a late embarked friend,
Till the wilde waues will haue him seene no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting cloudes contend:
So did the merciless, and pitchie night,
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amased as one that unaware,
Hath dropt a precious iewell in the flood,
Or so lyght, as night wanders often are,
Their lyght blowne out in some mistrustfull wood;
Euen so confounded in the dark she lay,
Hauing lost the faire discouerie of her way.

And now she beates her heart, whereat it grones,
That all the neighbour caues as seeming troubled,
Make verball repetition of her mones,
Passion on passion, deeply is redoubled,
Ay me, she cries, and twentie times, wo, wo,
And twentie ecchoes, twentie times crie so,

Euen so confounded in the dark she lay,
Hauing lost the faire discouerie of her way.

And now she beates her heart, whereat it grones,
That all the neighbour caues as seeming troubled,
Make verball repetition of her mones,
Passion on passion, deeply is redoubled,
Ay me, she cries, and twentie times, wo, wo,
And twentie ecchoes, twentie times crie so,

Euen so confounded in the dark she lay,
VENUS AND ADONIS.

She marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemporally a woeful ditty,
How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote,
How love is wise in folly, foolish wit:
  Her beauteous antheme still concludes in wo,
  And still the quier of echoes answer so.

Her song was tedious, and out-wore the night,
For lover's hours are long, though seeming short,
If pleased themselves, others they think delight,
In such like circumstance, with such like sport:
  Their copious stories oftentimes begunne,
  End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,
But idle sounds resembling parasites?
Like shrill-tongued Tapsters answering euerie call,
Soothing the humor of fantastique wits,
  She sayes tis so, they answer all tis so,
  And would say after her, if she said no.

Lo here the gentle lark wearsie of rest,
From his mout cabinet mounts vp on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose siluer breast,
The sunne ariseth in his majestie,
  Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
  That Cadera tops and hills, seeme burnish'd gold.

Venus

ll. 835—858
VENVS AND ADONIS.

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

This sayd, she hasteth to a mirtle groue,
Musing the morning is so much ore-worne,
And yet she heares no tidings of her loue;
She harkens for his hounds, and for his horn,
Anon she heares them chaunt it lustily,
And all in hast she coasteth to the cry.

And as she runnes, the bushes in the way,
Some catch her by the necke, some kisse her face,
Some twined about her thigh to make her stay,
She wildly breaketh from their strict brace,
Like a milch Doe, whose swelling dugs do ake,
Hasting to feed her fawne, hid in some brake,

By this she heares the hounds are at a bay,
Whereat she startes like one that spies an adder,
VVeath'd vp in fatall folds iust in his way,
The feare whereof doth make him shake, & shudder,
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds,
Appals her senses, and her spirit confounds.

F 11

ll. 859—882
VENVS AND ADONIS.

For now she knowes it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boare, rough beare, or lyon proud,
Because the crie remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaime aloud,
Finding their enemie to be so curst,
They all straine curstie who shall cope him first.

This dismall crie rings sadly in her care,
Through which it enters to surprize her hart,
Who overcome by doubt, and bloodlesse feare,
With cold-pale weakenesse, numes each feeling part,
Like soldiers when their captain once doth yeeld,
They basely flie, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling extasie,
Till cheering vp her senses all dismayd,
She tells them tis a causlesse fantasie,
And childilh error that they are affrayd,
Bids the leave quaking, bids them feare no more,
And with that word, she spide the hunted boare.

Whose frothie mouth bepainted all with red,
Like milke, & blood, being mingled both togethers,
A second feare through all her sinewes spred,
Which madly hurries her, she knowes not whither,
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But backe retires, to rate the boare for another.

ll. 883—906
VENVS AND ADONIS.

A thousand spleenes beare her a thousand wayes,
She treads the path, that she vntreads againe;
Her more then halt, is mated with delayes,
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 kenneled in a brake, she ffinds a hound,
And askes the wearie caitiffe for his maister,
And there another licking of his wound,
Gainst venimd fores, the onely soueraigne plaister.
   And here she meets another, sadly skowling,
   To whom she speaks, & he replies with howling.

When he hath ceas'd his ill resounding noise,
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.

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

II. 907—930
VENVS AND ADONIS.

Hard fauourd tyrant, ougly, meagre, leane,
Hatefull divorce of loue, (thus chides the death)
Grim-grinning ghost, earths-worme what doft thou
To stifle beautie, and to steele his breath? (meane?
V Vho when he liu'd, his breath and beautie set
Gloffe on the rose, smell to the violet.

If he be dead, o no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beautie, thou shouldst strike at it,
Oh yes, it may, thou haft no eyes to see,
But hatefully at randon doest thou hit,
Thy marke is feeble age, but thy false dart,
Mistakes that aime, and cleaues an infants hart.

Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And hearing him, thy power had lost his power,
The destinis will curse thee for this stroke,
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluckst a flower,
Loues golden arrow at him should haue fled,
And not deaths ebon dart to strike him dead.

Dost thou drink tears, that thou prouok'st such wee-
V V What may a heauie grone advantage thee? (ping,
V VWhy haft thou cast into eternall sleeping,
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
Now nature cares not for thy mortall vigour,
Since her best worke is ruin'd with thy rigour.

Here

ll. 931—954
VENUS AND ADONIS.

Here overcome as one full of despair,
She vail'd her eye-lids, who like fluces stop't
The chritstall tide, that from her two cheeks faire,
In the sweet channell of her boosome dropt.
   But through the floud-gates breaks the siluer rain,
   And with his strong course opens them againe.

O how her eyes, and teares, did lend, and borrow,
Her eye scene in the teares, teares in her eye,
Both chritsals, where they view'd each others sorrow:
Sorrow, that friendly sighs sought still to drye,
   But like a stormie day, now wind, now raine,
   Sighs drie her cheeks, tears make the wet againe.

Variable passions throng her constant wo,
As hiruing who should best become her grieafe,
All entertaind, each passion labours so,
That euerie present sorrow seemeth chiefe,
   But none is best, then ioyne they all together,
   Like many clouds, consulting for foule weather.

By this farre off, she heares some huntsman hallow,
A nourse's song nere pleasd her babe so well,
The dyre imagination she did follow,
This sound of hope doth labour to expell,
   For now reuiving ioy bids her reioyce,
   And flatters her, it is Adonis voyce.

G

II. 955—978
VENVS AND ADONIS.

Whereat her teares began to turne their tide,
Being prifond in her eye: like pearles in glasse,
Yet sometimes fals an orient drop beside,
Which her cheeke melts, as scorning it should passe:
To wail the soule face of the flutriph ground,
Who is but dronken when she seemeth drownd.

O hard beleewing loue how strange it seemes!
Not to beleue, and yet too credulous:
Thy weale, and who, are both of them extreames,
Despaire, and hope, makes thee ridiculous.
   The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
   In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

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

No, no, quoth she, sweet death, I did but leist,
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of feare
When as I met the boare, that bloodie beast,
Which knowes no pitie but is still seuere,
   Then gentle shadow (truth I must confesse)
   I rayld on thee, fearing my loues decesse.

Tis

II. 979—1002
VENVS AND ADONIS.

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate,
And that his beautie may the better thrive,
With death she humbly doth insinuate.

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

O love quoth she, how much a foole was I,
To be of such a weake and sillie mind,
To waile his death who liues, and must not die,
Till mutuall overthrow of mortall kind?

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

Fy, fy, fond love, thou art as full of feare,
As one with treasure laden, hem'd with the eues,
Trifles vnwitnessed with eye, or care,
Thy coward heart with fallie bethinking greeues.

Euen at this word she heares a merry horne,
Whereat she leaps, that was but late forlorn.

II. 1003—1026
Venus and Adonis.

As Fauleons to the lure, away she flies,
The grasse stoops not, she treads on it so light,
And in her Haft; unfortunately spies,
The foule boares conquest, on her faire delight,
Which scene, her eyes are murded with the view,
Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew.

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

Where they resigne their office, and their light,
To the disposing of her troubled braine,
Whose bids them still confort with ougly night,
And neuer wound the heart with lookes againe,
Who like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion, giues a deadly grone.

Whereat eche tributarie subject 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 eche part doth so surprise,
That fro their dark beds once more leap her eyes.

ll. 1027—1050
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 drécht.
No floure was nigh, no grass, hearb, leaf, or weed,
But stole his blood, and seemed with him to bleed.

This solemne sympathie, poore Venus noteth,
Ouer one shoulder doth she hang her head,
Dumblie she passions, frantikely she doteth,
She thinkes he could not die, he is not dead,
    Her voice is stop't, her ioynts forget to bow,
    Her eyes are mad, that they haue wept till now.

Vpon his hurt the lookes softlyd fastly,
That her sight dazling, makes the wound seem three,
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes, where no breach shuld be:
    His face seems twain, eoch seuerall lim is doubled,
    For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled

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

G ii

ll. 1051—1074
VENVS AND ADONIS.

Alas poore world what treasure hast thou lost,
What face remains alive, that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is musick now; what cast thou boast,
Of things long since, or any thing insuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh; and trim,
But true sweet beautie liu'd, and di'de with him.

Bonnet, nor vaile henceforth no creature weare,
Nor sunne, nor wind will euer striue to kisse you,
Hauing no faire to lose, you need not feare,
The sun doth skorne you, & the wind doth hisse you.

But when Adonis liu'de, sunne, and sharpe aire,
Lurk'd like two theeues, to rob him of his faire.

And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Vnder whose brim the gaudie sunne would peepe,
The wind would blow it off; and being gon,
Play with his locks, then would Adonis wepe.

And straight in pittie of his tender yeares, (teares.
They both would striue who first should drie his

To see his face the Lion walkt along;
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him,
To recreate himself when he hath song,
The Tygre would be tame, and gently heare him.

If he had spoke, the wolfe would leave his praise,
And never fright the fillie lambe that daie.

when

ll. 1075—1098
VENUS AND ADONIS.

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

But this foule, grim, and yrchin-shadow Boare,
Whose downeward eye still looketh for a grave:
Ne're saw the beautious liuerie that he wore,
Witness the intertainment that he gaue.
If he did see his face, why then I know,
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

Tis true, tis true, thus was Adonis slaine,
He ran upon the Boare with his sharpspeare,
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there.
And nouting in his flanke the lousing swine,
Sheath'd vnware the tuske in his soft groine.

Had I bin tooth'd like him I must confess,
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first,
But he is dead, and never did he blest
My youth with his, the more am I accurst.
With this, she felleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congealed bloud.
VENVS AND ADONIS.

She lookes vpon his lips, and they are pale,
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold,
She whispers in his eares a heauie tale,
As if they heard the wofull words she told:
   She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
   Where lo, two lamps burnt out in darknesse lies.

Two glasse, where her selfe, her selfe beheld,
A thousand times, and now no more reflect,
Their vertue lost, wherein they late exceld,
And euerie beautie rob'd of his effect;
   VVonder of time (quoth she) this is my spight,
   That thou being dead, the day shuld yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo here I prophecie,
Sorrow on loue hereafter shall attend:
It shall be wayted on with jealousie,
Find sweet beginning, but unsauorie end.
   Nere setld equally, but high or lo,
   That all loues pleasure shall not match his wo.

It shall be sickle, false, and full of fraud,
Bud, and be blasted, in a breathing while,
The bottome poyson, and the top ore-strawd
VVith sweets, that shall the truest sight beguile,
   The strongest bodie shall it make most weake,
   Strike the wise dube, & teach the foole to speake.

ll. 1123—1146
VENUS AND ADONIS.

It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepitude to tread the measures,
The staring ruffian shall it keepe in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, inrich the poore with treasures,
It shall be raging mad, and stillie milde,
Make the yoong old, the old become a childe.

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

It shall be cause of warre, and dire events,
And set dissention twixt the sonne, and fire,
Subject, and servill to all discontents:
As drie combustious matter is to fire,
Sith in his prime, death doth my loue destroy,
They that loue best, their loues shall not enjoy.

By this the boy that by her side late kild,
V Vas melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood that on the ground late spild,
A purple floure sproong vp, checkred with white,
Resembling well his pale cheeckes, and the blood,
V Which in round drops, vpö their whitenesse stood.
VENVS AND ADONIS.

She bowes her head, the new-broong floure to smel,
Comparing it to her Adonis breath,
And faies within her bosome it shall dwell,
Since he himselfe is rest from her by death;
She crop's the stalke, and in the breach appeares,
Green-dropping sap, which she compares to teares.

Poore floure (quoth she) this was thy fathers guise,
Sweet issue of a more sweet smelling fire,
For euerie little griefe to wet his eies,
To grow unto himselfe was his desire;
And so tis thine, but know it is as good,
To wither in my breast, as in his blood.

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

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her siluer doues, by whose swift aide,
Their mistresse mounted through the emptie skies,
In her light chariot, quickly is conuaided,
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen,
Meanes to immure her selfe, and not be seen.

FINIS

ll. 1171—1194
SHAKESPEARES
LUCRECE
BEING A REPRODUCTION IN FACSIMILE OF
THE FIRST EDITION
1594
FROM THE COPY IN THE MALONE COLLECTION
IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY
WITH INTRODUCTION AND BIBLIOGRAPHY
BY
SIDNEY LEE
OXFORD: AT THE CLARENDON PRESS
MDCCCCCV
OXFORD
PHOTOGRAPHS AND LETTERPRESS
BY HORACE HART, M.A.
PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY
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### FACSIMILE OF THE EDITION OF 1594
When dedicating his first narrative poem, *Venus and Adonis*, to his patron, the Earl of Southampton, Shakespeare wrote: 'If your Honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours till I have honoured you with some graver labour.' There is no reason to doubt that Shakespeare's poem of *Lucrece* was the fulfilment of this vow. *Lucrece* was ready for the press in May, 1594, thirteen months after *Venus and Adonis*. During those thirteen months his labour as dramatist had occupied most of his time. In the interval he had probably been at work on as many as four plays, on *Richard III*, *Richard II*, *King John*, and *Titus Andronicus*. Consequently *Lucrece* was, as he had foretold, the fruit, not of what he deemed his serious employment, but of 'all idle hours'. At the same time the increased gravity in subject and treatment which

1 Between the dates of the issue of the two poems, a play, in the composition of which Shakespeare was concerned, had come from the printing-press for the first time. The subject was drawn like *Lucrece* from Roman history, and the play and the poem must have occupied Shakespeare's attention at the same period. On February 6, 1594, licence had been granted to John Danter for the printing of *Titus Andronicus*, in which Shakespeare worked up an old play by another hand. Danter was a stationer of bad reputation. Shakespeare was not in all probability responsible for Danter's action. The first edition of *Titus*, of 1594, of which the existence has been doubted, survives in a single copy. The existence of this edition was noticed by Langbaine in 1691, but no copy was found to confirm Langbaine's statement till January, 1905, when an exemplar was discovered among the books of a Swedish gentleman of Scottish descent, named Robson, who resided at Lund (cf. *Athenæum*, Jan. 21, 1905). The quarto was promptly purchased by an American collector for £23,000. The title-page runs:—

'The most lamentable Romaine Tragedie of Titus Andronicus: as it was Plaide by the Right Honourable the Earle of Darbie, Earle of Pembroke, and Earle of Sussex, their Seruants. London, Printed by John Danter, and are
characterizes the second poem of *Lucrece* as compared with *Venus and Adonis*, its predecessor, showed that Shakespeare had faithfully carried into effect the promise that he had given to his patron of offering him 'some graver labour'.

*Lucrece* with its 1855 lines is more than half as long again as *Venus and Adonis* with its 1194 lines. It is written with a flowing pen and shows few signs of careful planning or revision. The most interesting feature of the poem lies in the moral reflections which the poet scatters with a free hand about the narrative. They bear witness to great fertility of mind, to wide reading, and to meditation on life's complexities. The heroine's allegorical addresses (ll. 869–1001) to Opportunity, Time's servant, and to Time, the lackey of Eternity, turn to poetic account philosophic ideas of pith and moment.

In general design and execution, *Lucrece*, despite its superior gravity of tone and topic, exaggerates many of the defects of its forerunner. The digressions are ampler. The longest of them, which describes with spirit the siege of Troy, reaches a total of 217 lines, nearly one-ninth of the whole poem, and, although it is deserving of the critic's close attention, it delays the progress of the story beyond all artistic law. The conceits are more extravagant and the luxuriant imagery is a thought less fresh and less sharply pointed than in *Venus and Adonis*. Throughout, there is a lack of directness and a tendency to grandiose language where simplicity would prove more effective. Haste may account for some bombastic periphrases. But Shakespeare often seems to fall a passing victim to the faults of which he to be sold by Edward White & Thomas Millington, at the little North doore of Paules at the signe of the Gunne. 1594.' This volume was on sale on the London bookstalls at the same time as the 1594 edition of *Lucrece*. The story of Lucrece is twice mentioned in *Titus* (ii. 1. 108 and iv. 1. 63).
accuses contemporary poets in his *Sonnets*. Ingenuity was wasted in devising 'what strained touches rhetoric could lend’ to episodes capable of narration in plain words. There is much in the poem which might be condemned in the poet’s own terminology as the ‘helpless smoke of words’.

II

The theme of Shakespeare’s poem was nearly as well-worn in the literature of Western Europe as that of his first poem *Venus and Adonis*. For more than twenty centuries before Shakespeare was born, the tale of Lucrece was familiar to the western world. Her tragic fate was the accepted illustration of conjugal fidelity, not only through the classical era of Roman history, but through the Middle Ages. The hold that the tale had taken on the popular imagination of Europe survived the Renaissance, and was stimulated by the expansion of interest in the Latin classics.

Among Latin classical authors the story was told in fullest detail by Livy in his History of Rome (Bk. i, c. 57–9). Ovid in his poetical *Fasti* (ii. 721–852) gave a somewhat more sympathetic version of the same traditional details which Livy recorded. The main outlines of the legend figured, too, without variation in the contemporary Greek historians, Dionysius of Halicarnassus and Diodorus Siculus, and in their successor, Dio Cassius, as well as in the work of a later Latin historian, Valerius Maximus.¹

Among early Christian authors St. Augustine retold the legend in his *Civitas Dei* (Bk. i, ch. 16–19). He commented with some independence on the ethical significance of Lucrece's self-slaughter, which he deemed unjustified by the circumstances of the case.

The tale found a place in the most widely-read story-book of the Middle Ages, the *Gesta Romanorum*, and by the fourteenth century it had become a stock topic among poets and novelists. Of the great authors of the Italian Renaissance Boccaccio was the earliest to utilize it. He narrated it in his Latin prose treatise *De Claris Mulieribus*. It was doubtless Boccaccio's example that first recommended it to imaginative writers in England. Chaucer and Gower both turned the story into English verse, Chaucer in his *Legend of Good Women* (§ 5, ll. 1680–885) and Gower in his *Confessio Amantis* (Bk. vii. 4754–5130). Both Chaucer and Gower closely followed Ovid, but derived a few touches from Livy. Half a century later Lydgate noticed the legend in his *Fall of Princes* (Bk. iii, ch. 5). When the Middle Ages closed, Lucrece was a recognized heroine of English poetry.

The sixteenth century saw a further increase in the popularity of the topic, both in England and on the continent of Europe. It was a favourite theme in Italy both for Latin and Italian epigrams and sonnets. The Italian prose-writer, Bandello, dealt with it in his collection of novels, which, first appearing in 1554, at once attained a classical repute. Bandello's fiction was quickly translated into French. The revived drama of the Renaissance found in Lucrece's fate a fit subject for tragedy, and plays in which the Roman matron is the heroine were penned, not in France alone, but, more

*Dr. Wilhelm Ewig has treated of the sources with much learning, but he has not exhausted the interesting topic.*
LUCRECE

curious to relate, in Germany. One of Hans Sachs' dramas bears the title 'Ein schön spil von der geschicht der Edlin Römerin Lucretia' (Strassburg, 1550). In France there was performed at the Court at Gaillon, in the presence of the king, Charles IX, on September 29, 1566, a short tragedy in alexandrines (with choruses in other metres) by one Nicolas Filleul of Rouen, which bore the title: 'Lucrece, Tragédie avec des Chœurs.' The plot follows the classical lines. But Lucrece's nurse, an original character, is introduced to offer her mistress consolation and to dissuade her from self-slaughter. In Spain the tale was equally familiar, and about 1590 a celebrated poet, Don Juan de Arguijo, after writing of Venus and Adonis, summed up the current knowledge in the Peninsula concerning Lucrece in an effective sonnet, which is often quoted in anthologies of Spanish poetry.

Meanwhile the story was running its course anew in popular English literature. In the same year as the French tragedy of Lucrece was produced at Gaillon, William Painter included a paraphrase of Livy's version in his massive collection of popular fiction entitled The Palace of Pleasure. In the years that immediately followed, the tale was made the subject of at least two ballads, which have not survived. In 1568 there was licensed to John Allde, by the Stationers' Company's Register (cf. i. 379), a ballet called "The grevious complaynt of Lucrece," and in 1570 there was licensed to James Roberts 'A ballad of the Death of Lucryssia' (i. 416). A third ballad of Lucrece, of which no copy is now known, was, according to Warton, printed in 1576.

1 This piece is printed in a rare volume called Les Théâtres de Gaillon. A French tragedy by the well-known dramatist, Alexandre Hardy, written a little later, bears the title 'Lucrèce, ou l'adulter puni', but this play does not deal with the story of the Roman matron, but with an imaginary adulteress of Spain. Hardy's tragedy was first published in 1616.
A further proof of the complete naturalization of the story in sixteenth-century England is to be deduced from the fact that one of the earliest printers of repute, Thomas Berthelet, took a figure of the Roman wife for the sign of his business premises, and that his successors in trade through Shakespeare's lifetime continued to employ the same device. From 1523 to 1562 the sign of 'Lucretia Romana' or 'Lucrece' (as it was commonly called) hung before Berthelet's house near the conduit in Fleet Street. In 1562 the well-known Elizabethan 'stationer', Thomas Purfoot, placed the same sign over his printing-office in St. Paul's Churchyard, and when in 1578 he removed his press to a new building 'within the New Rents of Newgate Market' he carried the sign with him. It was announced on the title-pages of almost all the numerous volumes that Berthelet and Purfoot undertook that they were printed 'at the sign of Lucrece'. When Purfoot retired from active work his son and successor, Thomas Purfoot, junior, continued the concern under the same symbol in Newgate Market until 1640. Another use to which the figure of the Roman matron was commonly put is illustrated by Shakespeare himself, when he represents Olivia in *Twelfth Night* (ii. 5. 104) as employing a seal with the figure of Lucrece engraved upon it.

Shakespeare was continuing a long chain of precedents in choosing the story of Lucrece for his new poem. Authorities abounded in his own and other languages, and after his wont he used or adapted them with much freedom. Despite his tendency to amplify details, he adheres to the main lines of

1 Purfoot permitted one of the chief Italian teachers of Shakespeare's day, Claudius Hollyband, to advertize from 1575 on the title-pages of his philological handbooks that he was 'teaching in Poules Churchyarde at the signe of the Lucrece'. Cf. Hollybande's *Pretie and Witte Historie of Arnulf and Lucenda*, 1575.
the story as laid down by Ovid and Livy, and first anglicized by Chaucer, who frankly acknowledged his indebtedness to the two Latin writers. It is clear that Shakespeare studied the work of these three authors. Their narratives so closely resembled one another that it is not always easy to state with certainty from which of the three Shakespeare immediately derived this or that item of information.

Like Chaucer Shakespeare holds up Lucrece to eternal admiration as a type of feminine excellence—a type of 'true wife' (I. 1841); Chaucer had similarly celebrated her (l. 1686) as

The verray wyf, the verray trewe Lucrece.

But, generally speaking, Shakespeare's poem has closer affinity with Ovid's version (in the Fasti) than with that of any other predecessor. Like Ovid Shakespeare delights in pictorial imagery, and occasionally in Lucrece he appears to borrow Ovid's own illustrations. Chaucer had already adapted some of the Ovidian similes which figure in Shakespeare. But Shakespeare seems to owe more suggestion to Chaucer's source of inspiration than to Chaucer himself. The three poets, for example, compare Lucrece, when Tarquin has forcibly overcome her, to a lamb in the clutch of a wolf. Ovid writes (Fasti, ii. 799–800):

Sed tremit, ut quondam stabulis deprensa relictis parua sub infesto cum iacet agna lupo.

Chaucer (ll. 1798–9) accepts the illustration, but strips it of its vivid colouring:—

Ryght as a wolfe that fynt a lambe alone,
To whom shall she compleyne, or makë mone?

Shakespeare catches far more of the Ovidian strain in 677–9:
The wolf hath seized his prey, the poor lamb cries;
Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd
Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold.

Elsewhere Shakespeare borrows from Ovid words which escaped Chaucer's notice. His insistence on the 'snow-white' of Lucrece's 'dimpled chin' (420) and his comparison of her hair to 'golden threads' (400) echo the 'niueusque color flauique capilli' (Fasti, ii. 763) of Ovid's heroine. Ovid's Fasti was not translated into English before 1640. But there is little doubt that Ovid was accessible to Shakespeare in the original.

At the same time there are touches in Shakespeare's Lucrece which suggest that he assimilated a few of Livy's phrases direct. Painter, in the version which he introduced into his Palace of Pleasure, very loosely paraphrased the Latin historian, and it is unlikely that Shakespeare gained all his knowledge of Livy there. The lucid 'argument' in prose which Shakespeare prefixed to the poem catches Livy's perspicuous manner more exactly than mere dependence on Painter would have allowed. The lines (437-41 and 463) in which Shakespeare pointedly describes how Tarquin's hand rests on Lucrece's breast follow Livy's phrase, 'sinistraque manu mulieris pectore oppreso.' The hint is given in Ovid, and Painter merely states that Tarquin keeps Lucrece 'doune with his lefte hande'. At one point Shakespeare corrects an obvious misapprehension of Painter—a fact which further confutes the theory of exclusive indebtedness to him. Livy, like Ovid, assigns to Tarquin the threat that in case of Lucrece's resistance he will charge her with misconduct with a slave. Neither Latin writer gives the word 'slave' any epithet, and whether the man is in Tarquin's or in Lucrece's service is left undetermined. Painter makes Tarquin refer to a slave of his own household. Shakespeare assigns the slave to Lucrece's
LUCRECE

household; Tarquin warns Lucrece he will place at her side 'some worthless slave of thine', i.e. of Lucrece (515). Chaucer and Bandello are both here in agreement with Shakespeare (cf. Chaucer's 'thy knave' in Legend, 1807; and Bandello's 'uno dei tuoi servi'). From either, the English poet might have adopted the detail. In any case he owed nothing, at this point, to Painter.

In his expansive and discursive handling of the theme Shakespeare differs from all his predecessors save one. In that regard he can only be compared with the Italian novelist Bandello. Bandello mainly depends on Livy and is sparing of poetic ornament. But he prolongs the speeches of the heroine with a liberality to which Shakespeare's poem alone offers a parallel. Bandello's long-winded novel was accessible in a French version—in the 'Histoires Tragiques' of François de Belleforest. Shakespearean students know that Bandello's collection of tales, either in the original Italian, or in the French translation, was the final source of the plot of at least four of Shakespeare's plays,—Romeo and Juliet, Much Ado about Nothing, Twelfth Night, and Hamlet. It is not customary to associate Shakespeare's poem of Lucrece with Bandello's work, but, although the resemblances may prove to be accidental, they are sufficient to suggest the possibility that Shakespeare had recourse to the Italian novelist, when penning his second narrative poem.

One parallel between Bandello's novel and Shakespeare's Lucrece will suffice. Livy emphasizes more deliberately than Ovid the pretence of madness in Brutus, the avenger of Lucrece's wrong. Bandello liberally developed Livy's notice of Brutus' mysterious behaviour on lines which Shakespeare seems to have followed. Brutus was, according to Shakespeare's poem, 'supposed a fool' (1819):—
He with the Romans was esteemed so
As silly-jeering idiots are with kings,
For sportive words and uttering foolish things.

(II. 1811-13.)

Bandello in his novel describes Brutus's conduct thus:

'E fingendo esser pazzo, e cotali sciocchezze mille volte
il dì facendo, come fanno i buffoni, divenne in modo in opinione
di matto, che appo i figliuoli del Re, più per dar loro con le sue
pazzie trastullo che per altro, era tenuto caro'.

Shakespeare's attribution to Brutus of idiocy characteristic of a 'fool' in a
king's household seems coloured by Bandello's phraseology.

In the rhetorical digressions which distinguish Shakespeare's poem he had every opportunity of pursuing his own bent, but even in these digressive passages there emerge bold traces of his reading, not merely in the classics, but in contemporary English poetry. The 217 lines (1366-582), which describe with exceptional vividness a skilful painting of the destruction of Troy, betray a close intimacy with more than one book of Vergil's Aeneid. The episode in its main outline is a free development of Vergil's dramatic account (Bk. i. 456-655) of a picture of the identical scene which arrests Aeneas' attention in Dido's palace at Carthage. The energetic portrait of the wily Sinon which fills a large space in Shakespeare's canvas is drawn from Vergil's second book (II. 76 seq.).

1 In English the words run: — 'And pretending to be mad, and doing
such foolish things a thousand times a day as fools are wont to do, Brutus came
to be looked upon as an idiot, who was held dear by the king's sons, more for
making them sport with his foolish tricks than for any other cause.'

2 References to more or less crude pictorial representations of the siege
of Troy are common in classical authors, notably in Ovid. Ovid in his
Heroides, i. 33 seq., causes the Greek soldier to paint on a table with wine the
disposition of the opposing armies at Troy. The first lines of this passage are
very deliberately quoted in The Taming of the Shrew, iii. 1. 28, 29:—

Hic ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.
Shakespeare again enlarges the restricted bounds of the classical tale by introducing a sympathizing handmaiden. Such a subsidiary character (1212-302) is unknown to Ovid or Livy. This new episode coincides, possibly by accident, with a scene in the French tragedy of Lucrece of 1566. No other parallel is met with. Shakespeare makes effective use of the woman's 'heaviness' when she is summoned by her mistress after the latter resolves to slay herself. In the French drama Lucrece's nurse feelingly endeavours to dissuade her from her purpose.

The appeal to personified Opportunity (ll. 869 sq.) seems an original device of Shakespeare, but the succeeding apostrophe to Time (ll. 939 sq.) covers ground which many poets had occupied before. Two English poets, Thomas Watson in Hecatombathia (1582, Sonnets xlvii and lxvii), and Giles Fletcher in Licia (1593, Sonnet xxviii), anticipated at many points Shakespeare's catalogue of Time's varied activities. Watson acknowledged that his lines were borrowed from the Italian Serafino and Fletcher imitated the Neapolitan Latinist Angerianus; while both Serafino and Angerianus owed much on their part to Ovid's pathetic lament in Tristia (iv. 6. i-10). Shakespeare doubtless obtained all the suggestion that he needed from his fellow countrymen. That Shakespeare knew Watson's reflections on the topic seems proved by his verbatim quotation of one of them in Much Ado about Nothing (i. 1. 271): 'In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.' Similarly there are plain indications in Shakespeare's Sonnets that Fletcher's Licia was familiar to him.¹

In Ovid, Ars Amatoria, i. 131 sq., Ulysses, for Calypso's amusement, paints the like scene with a wand on the sand of the sea-shore and describes his sketch in terms very like those in the Heroides. But, although Ovid offered hints for Shakespeare's picture, Vergil supplied the precise design.

It is pretty certain that the work of other contemporary English poets offered Shakespeare's imagination material sustenance while he was developing the Roman legend. Several phrases come almost literally from Constable's *Diana*, of which the first edition was in 1594 two years old, and the second was just published.

But the closest parallels with Shakespeare's *Lucrece*, alike in phrase, episode, and sentiment, are to be found in Daniel's contemporary narrative poem, entitled *The Complaint of Rosamond*. This poem was appended in 1592 to a second

1 When Tarquin (477-9) describes Lucrece's complexion—
   That even for anger makes the lily pale,
   And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,
he echoes Constable's description of his mistress (1st edit. Sonnet xvii)—
   My Ladie's presence makes the roses red,
   Because to see her lips they blush for shame.
   The Lily's leaves, for envy, pale became,
   And her white hands in them this envy bred.

In the preceding stanza the impression of 'whiteness' which the sleeping Lucrece gives Tarquin seems derived from Constable's description in Sonnet iv (edit. 1592) of his mistress in bed. Constable's 'whiter skin with white sheet' anticipated Shakespeare's line (471), 'o'er the white sheet peers her whiter skin.' In the reference in *Lucrece* to Narcissus (265-6) Shakespeare echoes his own poem of *Venus and Adonis*. The allusion ultimately came from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*. In *Venus and Adonis* (161-2) Shakespeare wrote:—

   Narcissus so himself himself forsook,
   And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

In *Lucrece* (265-6) Tarquin reflects on Lucrece's beauty—

   That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
   Self-love had never drowned him in the flood.

The classical story of Narcissus, as told by Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, iii. 407 sq., tells of his metamorphosis into a flower, and not of his death by drowning. Marlowe set Shakespeare the example of adopting a post-classical version, and related in his *Hero and Leander*, Sestiad i, ll. 74-6, how the Greek boy

   Leapt into the water for a kiss
   Of his own shadow, and despising many,
   Died ere he could enjoy the love of any.
edition of Daniel’s collection of sonnets, which he christened Delia. In Daniel’s poem the ghost of Rosamond, the mistress of Henry II, gives sorrowful voice to her remorse at having submitted to the adulterous embraces of the king, and finally relates her murder by Queen Eleanor. The whole poem is in the oratio recta of the heroine, and the key is that of Lucrece’s moaning. Shakespeare adopted in Lucrece the seven-line stanza of The Complaint of Rosamond, and handled it very similarly.

At one important point Shakespeare seems to have borrowed Daniel’s machinery. Both heroines seek consolation from a work of art. Shakespeare’s Lucrece closely scans a picture of the siege of Troy, the details of which she applies to her own sad circumstance. Daniel’s Rosamond examines a casket finely engraved with ornament suggesting her own sufferings; on the lid is portrayed Amymone’s strife with Neptune, while ‘figured within the other squares’ is the tale of Jove’s pursuit of the love of Io. Rosamond’s casket was wrought

So rare that art did seem to strive with nature
To express the cunning workman’s curious thought.

To Shakespeare’s piece of skilful painting

In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life.

Daniel’s phraseology seems to be echoed in single lines such as these:—

An expir’d date cancell’d ere well begun.  (Lucrece, 26.)

Cancell’d with Time, will have their date expir’d.

(Rosamond, 242.)

Sable night, mother of dread and fear.  (Lucrece, 117.)
Night, mother of sleep and fear, who with her sable mantle.

(Rosamond, 432.)

I know what thorns the growing rose defends.

(Lucrece, 492.)

The ungather'd Rose, defended with the thorns.

(Rosamond, 210.)

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view.

(Lucrece, 1261.)

These precedents presented to my view.

(Rosamond, 407.)

In sentiment, too, Shakespeare appears often content to follow Daniel. The husband Collatine's inability to speak, owing to the anguish caused him by Lucrece's death, resembles King Henry's enforced silence in presence of Rosamond's dead body (Rosamond, 904-7):

Amazed he stands, nor voice nor body stirs,
Words had no passage, tears no issue found:
For sorrow shut up words, wrath kept in tears,
Confused affects each other do confound.

Collatine's experience is described thus (Lucrece, 1779-80):

The deep vexation of his inward soul
Hath served a dumb arrest upon his tongue.¹

¹ Again Daniel, developing Seneca's 'Curae leves loquuntur ingentes stupent', tells of his hero how

Striving to tell his woes, words would not come;
For light cares speak, when mighty cares are dumb. (ll. 909-10.)

Shakespeare remarks on the silence of his heroine (ll. 1329-30)—

Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,
And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Cf. Sidney's Arcadia, bk. i, Eclogue i—

Shallow brooks murmur most, deep silent slide away.

and Raleigh's 'Silent Lover' (Poems, ed. Hannah, No. xiv)—
LUCRECE

Neither the individuality of style nor the substantive originality of many details in Shakespeare's poem can be questioned. But it is clear that, working on foundations laid by Ovid, he sought suggestion for his poetic edifice in Livy, and in such successors of the classical poet and historian as Chaucer and Bandello. Nor can it be lightly questioned that he absorbed sentiments and phrases from many contemporary English verse-writers with whom his muse acknowledged a sympathetic affinity.

III

The metre of Lucrece was a favourite one in English literature long before the Elizabethan era. The seven-line stanza is more commonly used by Chaucer than any other. He seems to have borrowed it from the French poetry of his contemporary Guillaume de Machault. It is often met with in the Canterbury Tales (see The Clerkes Tale, The Man of Lawes Tale, The Second Nonnes Tale), as well as in Troylus and Crisyde and many of the shorter poems (cf. 'The complaint to his empty purse'). It is the metre, too, of Lydgate's monumental Fall of Princes. According to Elizabethan critics it was the stanza that was best adapted to serious themes. Gascoigne described it in his Certayne Notes of Instruction concerning the making of verse or ryme in English (1576) as 'Rithme royall': 'and surely,' he adds, 'it is a royalle kinde of verse, seruing best for graue discourses.' According to Puttenham, The Arte of English Poesie, 1589, the seven-line stanza was 'the chief

Passions are likened best to floods and streams
The shallow murmurs but the deep are dumb,
So when affections yield discourse, it seems,
The bottom is but shallow whence it comes.
of our ancient proportions used by any rimer writing anything historical or grave poem, and he refers to Chaucer's *Troylus and Crisyde* and Lydgate's *Fall of Princes* by way of proof that 'the stiffe of seven verses was most usual with our ancient makers'. The rimes, he points out, were capable of seven variations. Shakespeare followed the customary scheme which Chaucer had employed (ababbcc). Puttenham found fault with those who close the stanza with an independent couplet 'concurring with no other verse that went before', but he finally admits that the 'double cadence in the last two verses serves the ear well enough'. The comment well applies to Shakespeare's prosody.

Of English poems in the metre which were written shortly before Shakespeare penned his *Lucrece*, the most memorable is Spenser's *Ruines of Time*, published in 1590, in which Shakespeare's cadences seem almost precisely anticipated. The following is a good example of the stanza in Spenser's hands:

But Fame with golden wings aloft doth flie,
Above the reach of ruinous decay,
And with brave plumes doth beate the azure skie,
Admir'd of base-borne men from far away:
Then, who so will with vertuous deeds assay
To mount to heaven, on Pegasus must ride,
And with sweete Poets verse be glorifide.

Greene's *A Maidens Dreame, An elegy on Sir Christopher Hatton*,

Spenser employed the seven-line stanza with a different scheme of rhyming (ababcbe) in his *Daphnaida*, 1591, but in his *Hymnes*, 1596, he returned to the Shakespearean plan. Among the Elizabethan poets who used the seven-line stanza in long poems immediately after *Lucrece* were (Sir) John Davis in his *Orchestra*, 1594; Barnfield in *Complaint of Chastitie and Shepherds Content*, 1594; Drayton in *Mortimeriados*, 1596, and parts of *Harmonie of the Church*, 1596. At a little later date Nicholas Breton employed it constantly; cf. his *Pasqvils Passe and Passeth not*, 1600; *Longing of a Blessed Heart*, 1601; *Pasqvils Mad Cappe*, 1626.
a pedestrian piece of verse in the seven-line stanza, followed Spenser's poem in 1591, and next year there appeared Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*. The uses to which Shakespeare put Daniel's preceding experiment have already been noticed. Shakespeare employed the stanza again in the narrative poem, *A Lover's Complaint*, which was first published in 1609 with the *Sonnets*. That piece was probably written very shortly after *Lucrece*.

Though the popularity of *Lucrece* did not equal that of *Venus and Adonis*, and the volume passed through fewer editions during and after Shakespeare's lifetime, its success on its appearance was well pronounced, and it greatly added to Shakespeare's reputation among contemporary critics. Some readers, like Francis Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* (1598), the anonymous author of the *Pilgrimage to Parnassus*, and Richard Barnfield in *Poems in Divers Humours*, 1598¹, failed to detect any distinction between *Lucrece* and its predecessor *Venus and Adonis*. But a few observers like Gabriel Harvey were more discriminating, and pointed out that while the earlier poem delighted 'the younger sort', *Lucrece* pleased 'the wiser sort'.² Harvey was indeed inclined to exaggerate the serious aspect of the poem and to rank it with *Hamlet*. Drummond of Hawthornden noted that he read the poem in 1606, and a copy figures in

¹ And *Shakespeare thou*, whose hony-flowing vaine
(Pleasing the World) thy Praises doth obtaine,
Whose *Venus* and whose *Lucrece* (sweete and chaste)
Thy name in fame's immortall Booke have plac't.

² Harvey's words ran:—'The younger sort take much delight in Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*. But his *Lucrece* and tragedy of *Hamlet*, Prince of Denmarke, have it in them to please the wiser sort.' Harvey wrote these words about 1604 in a copy of Speght's *Chaucer* of 1598. They were transcribed by George Steevens (cf. Variorum ed., 1821, vol. ii, p. 369). But the volume containing Harvey's original draft belonged to Bishop Percy, and was burnt in the fire at Northumberland House, London, which destroyed the bishop's library in 1780.
the table 'of his English books Anno 1611'. Minor indications that the work was familiar to students abound. Fragments of two lines (1086–7) are quoted in the disjointed contemporary scribble which defaces the outside leaf of an early manuscript copy of some of Bacon's tracts in the Duke of Northumberland's library at Alnwick; the words were probably written down very early in the seventeenth century.

To poets and dramatists of the early seventeenth century the work especially appealed. It at once received the flattery of imitation or actual plagiarism. As early as 1595 Richard Barnfield, an inveterate imitator of Shakespeare, transferred many phrases to his Cassandra. In 1600 Samuel Nicholson incorporated lines without acknowledgment in his poem of Acolastus—procedure which was followed with even greater boldness by Robert Baron in his Fortune's Tennis Ball just fifty years later. Reminiscences of the great apostrophe to Opportunity are met with in Marston's play of The Malcontent, 1604, and in Ford's Lady's Trial, 1638. Shakespeare's friend, Thomas Heywood, produced a five-act tragedy called The Rape of Lucrece in 1608, the year following the appearance of the fourth edition of Shakespeare's poem. But Heywood's play is a chronicle drama covering much wider ground than Sextus Tarquinius' outrage. Lucrece's tragic experience is merely one of many legendary disasters which occupy Heywood's pen, and the

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1 Shakespeare's name is repeated many times, in various forms, on this outside leaf, together with the titles of two of his plays, Rychard the Second and Rychard the Third. The crude excerpt from Lucrece runs: —'reuealing day through evry Crany peepes and see.' The careless scribble has little significance, and was possibly the work of a scribe testing a new pen. No attention need be paid to the arguments which would treat the manuscript rigmarole as evidence of Bacon's responsibility for Shakespeare's works. The MS. has been twice reprinted lately, by Mr. T. Le Marchant Douse, who takes a sensible view of the problem offered by the scribble, and by Mr. Thomas Burgoyne, who is inclined to take the incoherences seriously.
indebtedness to Shakespeare does not go beyond the bare suggestion of that single topic. The poet Suckling, one of Shakespeare's warmest admirers in the generation succeeding the dramatist's death, gave curious proof of his interest in Shakespeare's poem. He claimed to find a detached fragment of verse, of which he failed apparently to recognize the provenance. The fragment consisted of the ten lines from *Lucrece* (386–96) which somewhat affectedly describe Lucrece asleep in bed; but the stanza was in six lines instead of in the authentic seven lines, and Suckling's text materially differed from that of the authorized version of *Lucrece*. To the mysterious excerpt Suckling added a 'supplement' of fourteen lines of his own. The twenty-four lines, in four stanzas of six lines each, were included in Suckling's posthumously collected verse (*Fragmenta Aurea*, 1646) under the heading 'A supplement to an imperfect Copy of Verses of Mr. Wil. Shakespears'. A marginal note running 'Thus far Shakespear' distinguished Suckling's share of the short poem from that which he assigned to the dramatist.' In 1655

1 Gerald Langbaine, in his account of Shakespeare in his *Dramatick Poets*, 1691, makes the comment: 'What value [Suckling] had for this small piece of *Lucrece* may appear from his supplement which he writ and which he has publish'd in his poems.' The first stanza of Suckling's poem runs:—

One of her hands, one of her cheeks lay under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kisse,
Which therefore swel'd and seem'd to part asunder,
As angry to be rob'd of such a blisse:
The one lookt pale, and for revenge did long,
Whilst t' other blush't, cause it had done the wrong.

This six-lined rendering of the fifty-fifth stanza of *Lucrece* (in seven lines) is not easy to account for. Suckling had perhaps written out the lines from memory, or from a hurried and incorrect copy. There seems less to recommend the opposing theory, which represents Suckling's crude quotation to be a first draft of the verse by Shakespeare himself, and an indication of an original intention on the poet's part to employ in *Lucrece* the six-line stanza of *Venus and Adonis*. Cf. Shakespeare's *Centurie of Praye*, pp. 205, 226–7.
evidence that Shakespeare's poem was still familiarly cherished by men of letters is offered by the fact that John Quarles, son of Francis Quarles, the author of the *Emblems*, penned a brief continuation in six-line stanzas entitled *The Banishment of Tarquin, or, The Reward of Lust*. This was appended to a reissue of Shakespeare's *Lucrece* in 1655—the last of the seventeenth-century editions. The dramatist is described on the title-page as 'The incomparable Master of our *English Poetry Will*: Shakespeare, Gent.?—a signal testimony to his repute at the time when Cromwell was Protector.

IV

In the history of the publication of *Lucrece*, two of the personages, the printer Richard Field, and the publisher John Harrison, who were concerned in producing the first edition of *Venus and Adonis*, reappear, but not in quite their former capacities. The copyright changed hands far less often than that of *Venus and Adonis*. There were only five owners in the course of a century.

The copyright of *Lucrece* was owned at the outset by John Harrison of the White Greyhound in St. Paul's Churchyard, a publisher or stationer who was thrice Master of the Stationers' Company—in 1583, 1588, and 1596. He had distributed copies of the first edition of *Venus and Adonis* in the spring of 1593, and acquired the copyright of that poem fourteen months later. The entry in the Stationers' Company's Register attesting his ownership of *Lucrece* runs under date of May, 1594, thus 1:

1 Arber, ii. 648.
LUCRECE

Entred [to Master Harrison, senior] for his copie under thand of master Cawood Warden, a booke intituled the Ravyshement of Lucrece vi^d C.

Harrison employed Richard Field, Shakespeare's fellow townsman, to print the work, and Field's device of an anchor, hanging in an oval frame with the motto Anchora Spei, is prominently displayed on the title-page of the original edition.

Harrison retained the copyright of the poem for nearly twenty years, until March 1, 1614, and published at least four editions—in 1594, 1598, 1600, 1607. But only the first was printed by Field. Peter Short printed that of 1598; Harrison's son, also named John, printed that of 1600, and Nicholas Okes that of 1607. All the printers were men of position in the trade. Okes was on intimate terms with Field, who had acted as his surety when he was admitted a freeman of the Stationers' Company on December 5, 1603, while Thomas Heywood, the author, in his Apology for Actors which Okes printed for him in 1612, addressed him as his 'approved good friend', and commended his care and industry—compliments which were rare in the intercourse of printer and author.

On March 1, 1614, Harrison parted with the copyright of Lucrece and of three other of his publications of a different class to a stationer of comparatively minor reputation, Roger Jackson, whose shop over against the Great Conduit in Fleet Street bore the sign of the White Hart. The transaction is thus entered in the Stationers' Company's Registers (iii. 542):

1 Roger Jackson, son of Martin Jackson, of Burnholme, Yorkshire, had been apprenticed to Ralph Newbery, a well-known stationer, on July 5, 1591 (Arber, ii. 175). He had been admitted a freeman of the Stationers' Company on August 10, 1599, and acquired his first copyright (Greene's Goost Hunting Coney Catchers) on September 3, 1602 (Arber, iii. 216). His first apprentice, Richard, son of Thomas Gosson, joined him April 23, 1604.
LUCRECE

[1614] primo Martij 1613[–4]
Entred [to Roger Jackson] for his Coppies by consent of Master John Harrison the eldest and by order of a Court, these 4 books followinge
viz: . . .
MASCALLES first booke of Cattell
Master Dentes Sermon of repentance
RECORDES Arithmeticke.

Shakespeare died on April 23, 1616, more than two years after the copyright of Lucrece suffered its first transfer. Jackson, the second holder, retained the copyright for nearly twelve years, till his death early in 1626, when it passed to his widow. Jackson was responsible for the editions of 1616 and 1624, the first of which was printed by Thomas Snodham, and the second by John Beale.¹ His widow assigned the book, with her property in twenty-nine other volumes, on January 16, 1626, to Francis Williams. The entry attesting the transfer in the Stationers’ Register runs (iv. 149):

[1626] 16° Januarij 1625[–6]
Assigned over vnto him [to Francis Williams] by mistris Jackson wife of Roger Jackson Deceased, and by order of a full Court holden this Day. all her estate in the [30] Copies here after mentioned xiiij.

–23 Lucrece by Shackspeare. . . . . . .

Francis Williams kept the copyright for little more than four years, parting with it on June 29, 1630, to Master

¹ Snodham, who took up his freedom on June 28, 1602, was apprenticed to Thomas East, or Este, the music-printer, whose surname (alias East) he added to his own. Snodham succeeded to his old master’s presses at the sign of the Black Horse in Aldersgate Street. He printed much music, e.g. Campion’s music-books (1610 and 1612). In 1615 Wither’s Satyre came from his press. He was active in the trade till his death in 1625. Beale, a
Harrison, apparently a grandson of the original holder, and the printer of the edition of 1600. (He was Master of the Stationers' Company in 1638.) This transaction, which involved the transfer to 'Master Harison' of over thirty books, is thus entered in the Stationers' Registers (iv. 237):

29 Junij 1630.

Assigned over vnto him [i.e. Master Harison] by master Francis Williams and order of a full Court all his estate right title and Interest in the Copies hereafter menconed

viz. . . . .

Lucrece.

Master Harison produced an edition in 1632, which was printed by R. B. [i.e. Richard Bishop] 1, and he retained the property until his death twenty-three years later. His widow, Martha Harrison, sold it on March 15, 1654, to yet another John Harison (or Harrison), apparently a nephew of her late husband, and the third of the name to hold the property. The third John Harrison was in partnership with William Gilbertson of the Bible in Giltspur Street, who had lately acquired the copyright of Venus and Adonis. Under some arrangement with Harrison, Gilbertson produced in 1655, with another coadjutor, John Stafford, the latest edition of Lucrece which appeared in the seventeenth century.

master printer from March 1, 1613, and a livery-man of the Stationers' Company from Feb. 4, 1635, was one of the most prosperous printers of his day.

1 The initials R. B. alone appear on the title-page, but the full name of Richard Bishop figures as printer for Harrison in the same year of a new edition of John White's Short Catechism. No other member of the Stationers' Company, who was a printer, bore the same initials. Robert Bird, who acquired the copyright of Pericles in 1630, was a publisher or bookseller only. John Norton printed for him an edition of the play in that year. But it is puzzling to note that the printer's device with the motto 'In Domino Confido,' which appears on the last page of the 1632 Lucrece, is found on the title-page of the 1630 Pericles.
Harrison and Field's first edition of 1594 is the sole authentic source of the text of the poem. That alone followed the author's manuscript. The later editions were set up from those that went before. Small typographical changes were introduced into the reissues, but all the alterations may be put to the credit of correctors of the press acting on their own responsibility, excepting possibly in the case of the edition of 1616, which came out soon after Shakespeare's death. In that volume there are traces of a clumsy editorial revision.

It is improbable that the author supervised the production of the first edition, but greater care was taken in its typography than in the case of any other of Shakespeare's works,—not excepting Venus and Adonis. The work is not free from misprints nor from other typographical irregularities. But an effort was made to reduce their number to the lowest possible limit. The original edition was printed off slowly; the type was kept standing after the first impressions left the office, and small changes were subsequently introduced into the standing type, with the result that the few surviving copies of the first edition show small discrepancies among themselves. One impression is freer from typographical errors than another, or a correction which has been made in one copy, with a view to improving the sense or the grammar, is absent from another copy. The alterations are not always intelligent, and it is unlikely that Shakespeare had any hand in them.

The copy in the Bodleian Library which is reproduced in this volume—one of two in that library—has at least five readings which are met with nowhere else. They were apparently all deemed to be defects, and were afterwards changed.
Their survival in only one extant copy, their absence from all the others, proves that the copy which retains them was the earliest extant impression to leave the printing-office. The five unique readings in the Bodleian copy I, with the corrections which appear in all other impressions of the first edition, are:—‘morning’ (l. 24) for ‘mornings’ [i.e. morning’s]; ‘appolgie’ (l. 31) for ‘apologies’; ‘Colatium’ (l. 50) for ‘Colatia’; ‘himselfe betakes’ (l. 125) for ‘themselves betake’; ‘wakes’ (l. 126) for ‘wake.’

Only the first of these readings is a quite obvious misprint. The substitution of ‘apologies’ for ‘Appolgie’ improves the spelling, but the verb ‘needeth’, which the noun governs, is suffered to remain in the singular after its subject is put into the plural—a syntactical construction which is defensible but not usual. The alteration ‘Colatia’ is right. No such town as Colatium is known, but in spite of its removal from line 50, the erroneous form ‘Colatium’ is still suffered to deface in all copies line 4—the only other place where the town is mentioned. The change in line 125 seems intended to get rid of the awkward construction of the singular verb with a plural subject in ‘winds that wakes’ in the next line, 126. In line 125 the first reading ‘And euery one to rest himself betakes’ is grammatically better than the second, ‘And euery one to rest themselves betake’; but in order to rime ‘wake’ (of the next line) satisfactorily, it was needful to put the verb at the end of the preceding line in the plural and to give it a plural instead of a singular subject.

In the following instance the reading in the Bodleian copy which is here reproduced appears in only one other copy—in the second (Caldecott) copy in the same library.

‘Euen so the patterne of this worn out age’ (l. 1350.)
figures in all extant impressions save in the two in the Bodleian Library, where the line reads—

Euen so this pattern of the worn out age.

It is difficult to determine which is the better reading, but it is clear that 'the patterne of this... age' was deemed the better by the corrector of the press.

The following two misprints in the Bodleian copy, which is here reproduced, are also met with in the second copy in the same library and in the Sion College copy as well, but both are corrected in the Devonshire and British Museum copies:—line 1182, 'which for (instead of by) him tainted'; line 1335, 'blastry' for 'blast.'

The following misprints seem common to all impressions:—
Title-page (last line) 'Churh-yard' for 'Church-yard'; 'sleep' (l. 163) for 'sleep'; 'to beguild' (l. 1544) for 'so beguild'; 'on' (l. 1680) for 'in'; 'it in' (l. 1713) for 'in it.' The inverted commas at the beginning of ll. 867-8 are exceptional, and may also be reckoned among typographical inaccuracies.

The volume offers examples of the ordinary irregularities which are usually met with in specimens of Elizabethan typography. Capital letters within the line are used little less arbitrarily than in Venus and Adonis. Such ordinary words as 'Tent' (15), 'Bee' (836, 840, 1769), 'Citty' (1554) and 'Foe' (1608), are always dignified with an initial capital. But the personified 'time' and 'opportunity' go without the distinction. No law is observable in such a distribution of capitals. In the first part of the poem, 'Beauty' is invariably spelt with a capital, but in the concluding stanzas it appears with a small letter; the word is used eighteen times in all, and the capital appears twelve times. 'Sun' occurs eight times in all, five times
with a capital. ‘Heaven’ is rarely allowed a capital, although ‘Ocean’ always is. It was obviously the intention of the printer to print all proper names in small capitals; but this rule, although often followed, was imperfectly carried out. Cf. line 553—

‘And moodie Pluto winks while Orpheus playes.’

‘Pluto’ is with, but ‘Orpheus’ is without, due mark of distinction. The place-name ‘Ardea’ is in lower-case type in line 1, but in small capitals in line 1332. ‘Rome’ appears six times and is never in small capitals. Other signs of careless revision are the substitution of a small letter for a capital at the opening of line 86, and the dropping in two places of the catchword—on pp. 28 and 90. Italics are not used at all, save in the ‘Argument’, which is italicized throughout, proper names only being in roman type.

The cursive contraction for ‘m’ or ‘n’—a long line over the preceding vowel—is used thirty-eight times, commonly in order to save space. The ampersand ‘&’ (for ‘and’) occurs fifteen times for the same reason. Both symbols are employed somewhat capriciously. Their employment reflects on the skill of the printer, even if they figured in the author’s ‘copy’.

Variations in the spelling of the same word are comparatively few, but they are numerous enough to give ground for criticism. Thus we find ‘doore’ (306) and ‘dore’ (325, 337); ‘dumbe’ (268) and ‘dum’ (474); ‘nurse’ (1162) and ‘nourse’ (813); ‘opportunity’ (874, 876, 895, 932) and ‘oportunitie’ (903, 1023); ‘rankes’ (1439) and ‘ranckes’ (1441); ‘Rome’ and ‘Rooome’ (1644, 1851); ‘sometime’ (1106) and ‘somtime’ (1105); ‘spirite’ (1346), ‘sprite’ (481), and ‘spright’ (121); ‘tongue’ (1465) and ‘tong’ (1463, 1718). In the case of ‘tongue’ and ‘sometime’ the variations occur within a couple of lines of one another. The curious spelling ‘pollusion’ for
'pollution' (1557), where the word rimes with 'confusion' and 'conclusion', is another orthographical error.

The text of the late impressions of the 1594 edition was followed in the editions of 1598, 1600, and 1607. A few changes were introduced by the corrector of the press in each revision, but all were trivial and mainly affected the spelling, the capital letters, and the contractions. The fourth edition of 1607, despite the commendation which Thomas Heywood bestowed on its printer, Nicholas Okes, introduces some new misprints of bad eminence (e. g. l. 993, 'time' for 'crime'; l. 1024, 'unsearchful' for 'uncheerful'). These were slavishly adopted by succeeding printers. In the imprint, the words 'Printed by N. O.' appear as 'Printed be N. O.'

Somewhat more extensive alterations marked the fifth edition, printed by T[homas] S[nodham], and published by Roger Jackson, in 1616. This edition was described on the title-page as 'Newly Revised', and bore for the first time the new title of The Rape of Lucrece instead of the Lucrece of the earlier issues. Shakespeare's name also appeared for the first time on the title-page. Traces of the hand of an unskilful editor are apparent. A new list of 'contents', which preceded the 'Argument' in the preliminary pages, collected together in a slightly abbreviated form twelve marginal notes which were distributed through the text of the poem, and supplied a running analysis of the story. The earlier marginal notes were numbered in the text; but the

'Pollution' is only used thrice elsewhere by Shakespeare. In two cases—in Twelfth Night, i. 2. 49, and Measure for Measure, ii. 4. 183—it is rightly spelt 'pollution' (in the First Folio). But in the third place where it occurs—in Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 2. 46—it is farcically misused by Goodman Dull for 'allusion', and is misspelt 'polusion' in both the First Quarto and the First Folio. The misspelling there seems deliberately introduced by way of ridicule of popular ignorance. In a serious context 'pollution' was alone recognized by careful writers or printers.
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later notes were unnumbered. This list of contents and marginal notes were reprinted in all subsequent editions. The latter run thus:—

(i) The praising of Lucrece as chast, vertuous, and beautiful, maketh Tarquin enamor'd. (Stanza 1.)
(ii) Tarquin welcom'd by Lucrece. (Stanza 8.)
(iii) Tarquin disputing the matter at last resolves to satisfy his Lust. (Stanza 25.)
(iv) Lucretia wakes amazed and confounded to be so surpriz'd. (Stanza 66.)
(v) Lucrece pleadeth in defence of Chastity and exprobates his uncivil lust. (Stanza 82.)
(vi) Tarquin all impatient interrupts her, and denied of consent breaketh the inclosure of her Chastity by Force. (Stanza 93.)
(vii) Lucrece thus abused complains of her misery. (Stanza 109.)
(viii) Lucrece continuing her laments, disputes whether she should kill her self or no. (Stanza 155.)
(ix) Lucrece resolved to kill her self determines first to send her Husband word. (Stanza 174.)
(x) Upon Lucrece sending for Colatine in such hast, he with divers of his Allies and Friends returns home. (Stanza 227.)
(xi) Upon the Relation of Lucrece her Rape Colatine and the rest swear to revenge: but this seems not full satisfaction to her losses. (Stanza 243.)
(xii) She killeth herself to exasperate them the more to punish the delinquent. (Stanza 245.)

The character of the textual changes, which are not

1 The numbered stanza does not appear in the list of contents. I insert it with a view to showing the distribution of the marginal notes through the poem.
numerous, suggests that there, too, an editorial pen was working albeit clumsily. Metrical considerations probably account for the following alterations:—‘so high a rate’ (line 19 of 1616 edition) for ‘such high proud rate’; ‘a date expired; and canceld ere begun’ (26) for ‘an expired date, canceld ere well begun’; ‘doth march’ (301) for ‘marcheth’; ‘beneath’ (543) for ‘under’; ‘ever dumb’ (1123) for ‘mute and dumb’; ‘throughout Rome’ (1851) for ‘thorough Rome’. In l. 1680 the substitution of ‘one woe’ for the original misprint ‘on woe’ is ingenious, and the introduction of a hyphen in l. 1618 to connect the words ‘skill’ and ‘contending’ betrays intelligence. Other variations of the earlier text are unjustifiable: ‘rue’ (455) for ‘true’; ‘feeded’ (603) for ‘seeded’; ‘bersed’ (657) for ‘hersed’; ‘mighty’ (680) for ‘nightly’; ‘foule lust’ (684) for ‘prone lust’; ‘fears’ (698) for ‘fares’; ‘of reine’ (706) for ‘or reine’; ‘disdaine’ (786) for ‘distain’; Palmers that’ (790) for ‘Palmers chat’; ‘bannes’ (859) for ‘barnes’; ‘time’ (993) for ‘crime’; omission of epithet ‘goodly’ in 1247; ‘held’ (1257) for ‘hild.’

The edition of 1624 follows that of 1616 servilely. Only the title-pages differ. Even the error in the signature (B4 for A4) is repeated. The edition of 1632 adds some new misprints (e.g. l. 47, ‘growes’ for ‘glowes’; l. 156, ‘konur’ for ‘honour’; l. 232, ‘cloakt’ for ‘choked’; l. 854, ‘iniquity’ for ‘impurity’). The reissue of 1655 closely adheres to that of 1632, with a few misreadings of its own. The next reprint figured in the Poems on Affairs of State (1707), vol. iv, pp. 143-204. The text is that of 1655, with a few worthless emendations. 

The chief changes were:—l. 35, ‘from theeuish Cares’ for ‘From theeuish cares’; l. 161, ‘the wretched hateful Lays’ for ‘& wretched hateful daies’; l. 148, ‘all’ for ‘ill’; l. 317, ‘the Needle’ for ‘her needle’; l. 650, ‘fresh false hast’ for ‘fresh fall’s haste’; l. 684, ‘soul’ for ‘prone’; l. 1520,
were accepted by Gildon, who brought out an edition of Shakespeare's 'Poems,' by way of supplement to Rowe's collective edition of Shakespeare's plays, in 1710. Gildon did little more than reproduce the poor text of 1707, and his text was accepted without inquiry by other eighteenth-century editors. Lintott, in one of his impressions of Shakespeare's 'Poems' in 1709, gave Lucrece a title-page bearing the date 1632, but he did not follow the edition of that year with much precision. It was not until Malone reprinted the poems in 1780, that any collation was attempted of the current text with the first edition of 1594. Then at length the poet's words were freed of a century and a half's accumulation of ignorant misreadings.

VI

Eight editions of Lucrece are known to have been published between its first issue in 1594 and 1655, when the last of the seventeenth-century editions appeared. Four editions came out in Shakespeare's lifetime respectively, in 1594, 1598, 1600, and 1607. A fifth followed in 1616, the year of his death, and others in 1621, 1632, and 1655. The number of extant copies of all these early editions are very few, and it is possible that there were other editions, of which every exemplar has disappeared. Malone mentions editions of 1596 and 1602, but no editions dated in either of these years have come to light. Two of the known editions 'woman' for 'workman'; l. 1736, 'in pure Revenge' for 'in poor revenge'. The substitution of 'foul lust' (l. 684) for 'prone lust' and of 'pale'd' for 'pild' (in the sense of 'peeled') in lines 1167 and 1169 were attempts to make difficult words clear to eighteenth-century readers.

1 See Venus and Adonis, Introduction, pp. 71-2.

2 An edition which was once in the possession of Halliwell-Phillipps lacked a title-page and was at one time declared by him to belong to the year 1610, but this is probably a copy of the edition of 1632 (see No. XXIX infra).
only survive in single copies. It is curious to note that a larger number of copies are accessible of the original edition than of any other of the first seven. As many as ten are now traceable. Several of these have been recovered recently. Thomas Grenville asserted some sixty years ago that only three were known. George Daniel, Frederick Locker Lampson, and other collectors of the last half-century raised their estimate to five. That number must now be doubled.

It is likely enough that of all the editions more copies will be found hereafter. At present all the known copies of the first seven editions (excluding fragments) number no more than thirty. The eighth edition stands in a somewhat different position. Some twenty copies seem traceable, but of these only six contain the rare frontispiece and are perfect, two of these being in Great Britain and the rest in America. Of the thirty copies of the first seven editions, twenty are now in Great Britain, nine are in America, and one, which has lately changed hands, is not at the moment located. Of the twenty British copies, fifteen are in public institutions,—five being in the British Museum, five in the Bodleian Library, two in the Capell Collection of Trinity College, Cambridge, one in the University Library, Edinburgh, one at Sion College, London, and one at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Five are in the hands of English private owners. Of the nine American copies, one is in a public institution—the Lenox Library, New York—and eight are in private hands.¹

¹ A copy of an unspecified edition of Lucrece, sold with twenty-two other pieces, brought in 1680, at the sale of Sir Kenelm Digby’s library, three shillings. Comparatively few copies have figured in public auctions of late years. The highest price which the first edition has fetched is £200, which it reached at the Perkins sale in 1889. No copy of that edition has occurred for sale since. Of the later editions, £75—the price paid for a copy of the 1632 edition at the Halliwell-Phillipps sale, also in 1889—is the auction record. For the frontispiece of the 1655 edition as much as £110 was paid at
The first edition of *Lucrece* is the only one which appeared in quarto. The signatures run:—A i, A ii, B–N, in fours. There are forty-seven leaves in all without pagination. The dedication figures on the recto side, and the 'Argument' on the verso side, of the leaf signed A ii. The text of the poem commences on the leaf signed B. The title-page runs:—

LVCRECE | [Field's device and motto]
LONDON | Printed by Richard Field, for John Harrison, and are | to be sold at the signe of the white Greyhound | in Paules Churh-yard 1594. | The pattern of Field's device of the suspended anchor, with his motto *Anchora Spei*, slightly differs from that on the title-page of *Venus and Adonis*. In the *Lucrece* volume the boughs are crossed in front of the stem of the anchor, instead of being figured behind the stem, as in the *Venus and Adonis* volume.

The copy of the first edition of the poem, which is reproduced in facsimile for the first time in this volume, is one of the two exemplars now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. It belongs to the collection of books which was presented in 1816 to the library by the brother of Edmund Malone, the Shakespearean commentator, and is numbered Malone 34. In the spring of 1779, Malone bought for twenty guineas a single volume containing this copy of the first edition of *Lucrece*, together with a first edition of Shakespeare's *Sonnets*.¹ At a later date he caused these and many other of his quarto editions of Shakespeare's works to be inlaid and

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¹ Charlemont MSS. (*Hist. MSS. Comm. Rep.*), i. 343.
to be bound up somewhat capriciously—six or seven together—in a long series of large volumes. His copy of the 1594 Lucrece now fills the first place in the volume which is labelled outside ‘Shakespeare Quartos, volume III,’ and contains six quarto tracts. The edition of Lucrece measures $7\frac{5}{16}" \times 5\frac{1}{8}"$, but is inlaid on paper measuring $9\frac{1}{8}\times 7\frac{1}{8}"$. The poem is followed successively by a copy of the Sonnets of 1609 (with the Aspley reprint); by Hamlet, 1607; by two quartos of Pericles dated respectively 1609 and 1619, and by A Yorkshire Tragedy, 1608.

A second copy in the Bodleian Library of the first edition of Lucrece was the gift of Thomas Caldecott in 1833, and is marked Malone 886. It is bound up with copies of the 1594 edition of Venus and Adonis, and of the first edition of the Sonnets, 1609 (with the John Wright imprint). The three tracts were purchased by Caldecott in June, 1796, ‘of an obscure bookseller of...Westminster’. The Lucrece, which comes second in the volume, has been seriously pruned by the binder, and measures only $6\frac{1}{2}" \times 4\frac{7}{8}"$. The title-page has been torn in places and roughly repaired.

Of the two copies in the British Museum the better one was purchased at the Bright sale, in 1845, for £58. The press-mark is C.21.c.45. It was bound by Hayday in maroon morocco, and, though several leaves have been repaired, is in good condition. It measures $7" \times 4\frac{3}{8}"$.

The second copy in the British Museum is in the Grenville Collection (G. 11178). It was purchased by Thomas Grenville, the collector, at the Combe sale in 1837. It is well bound in morocco. Grenville described it in a note in the volume as one of only three known copies. It measures $6\frac{13}{16}" \times 5\frac{1}{8}"$. The last leaf is missing, and its place is filled by a reprint from Malone's copy in the Bodleian Library.

The perfect copy in Sion College, London, formed part of the library of Thomas James, a well-known London printer,
whose widow, Mrs. Eleanor James, presented it with other volumes in 1711 to Sion College 'out of her singular affection and respect for the London clergy.' The copy, which is now separately bound, originally formed part of a volume in which five rare poetical tracts of like date were bound together. The copy seems to have been printed off somewhat later than the Malone, and earlier than the Duke of Devonshire's copy or the Bright copy in the British Museum. Lines 1182 and 1350 read as in the Malone copy and not as in the Duke of Devonshire's and British Museum (Bright) copies. At other points (lines 31 and 125-6) the readings are identical with the Devonshire and British Museum (Bright) copies and differ from those of the Malone. The measurements are 7\(\frac{1}{8}\)" \(\times\) 5\(\frac{1}{2}\)".

The Duke of Devonshire's copy, now at Chatsworth, originally belonged to the great actor John Philip Kemble, whose library was acquired by the sixth Duke of Devonshire in 1821. Kemble inlaid and mounted his quarto plays and poems, and bound them up—six or seven together—in a long series of volumes. Lucrece forms part of volume cxxi in his collection of plays. There are six quartos altogether in the volume, the other five being the edition of Pericles, 1609; and early copies of the four pseudo-Shakespearean plays, Thomas Lord Cromwell, 1613; The London Prodigall, 1605; Locrine, 1595; and the first part of Sir John Oldcastle, 1600. Lucrece does not seem to

1 In the original manuscript catalogue of the library there appears the entry 'Shakespeare's Lucrece', &c. In Reading's Catalogue of Sion College Library (1724) the tracts bound up with Lucrece are indicated. All are now separately bound and are of the highest rarity. They are:—1. Barnfield's Affectionate Shepherd, 1594 (the only other known copy is at Britwell). 2. Michael Drayton's Idea: The Shepherds Garland, 1593 (only two other copies seem to have been met with, and none is in a public library). 3. O. B.'s Display of Vain Life, printed by Richard Field and dedicated to the Earl of Essex, 1594 (fairly common). 4. Lamentation of Troy for the Death of Hector, 1594, by I. O. (fairly common). 5. An old factioned love . . . by T. T. Gent. 1594 (a translation of Watson's Latin poem Amyntas); the only other copy known is in the Capell collection at Trinity College, Cambridge. The last two tracts were both printed by Peter Short for William Mattes.

2 See pp. 31-2 supra.
have been collated by Kemble, but it is quite perfect; the other pieces in the volume have a note, 'Collated and perfect, J.P.K.,' with date either 1792 or 1798. The original page measures $6\frac{5}{16}'' \times 4\frac{3}{8}''$, but the page in which the text is inlaid, $8\frac{5}{8}'' \times 6\frac{7}{16}''$. It is one of the later impressions of the first edition, closely resembling the copies in the British Museum.

The copy owned by Mr. A. H. Huth was purchased at the Daniel sale, in 1864, for £157 10s. od. It is a perfect exemplar.

A copy belonging to Capt. George Lindsay Holford, of Dorchester House, Park Lane, London, was purchased by the present owner's father, Robert Stayner Holford, for £100, about 1860, and is stated to be quite perfect.

Two fine copies are now in America. One of these belongs to Mr. William Augustus White, of Brooklyn. Mr. White's copy, which measures $7\frac{1}{16}'' \times 5\frac{3}{8}''$, seems to have been at the beginning of the nineteenth century in the Chapter library of Lincoln Cathedral. It subsequently passed into the possession of Sir William Bolland, Baron of the Exchequer, who died in 1840. On Sir William Bolland's death, it appears to have been purchased by the well-known bookseller, Thomas Rodd, for 100 guineas. It then passed into the library of Frederick Perkins, of Chipstead (1780-1860). At the sale of Perkins' library on July 10, 1889, when the catalogue noticed 'a small hole burnt in two leaves, destroying a few letters', it was purchased by Mr. Bernard Quaritch, the London bookseller, for £200, and was acquired by the present owner.

A copy in the library of Mr. E. Dwight Church, of New York, was formerly in that of Frederick Locker Lampson, at Rowfant, Sussex, which was sold to Messrs. Dodd, Mead &

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1 See Dibdin's *Library Companion*, p. 696, and *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. iii, p. 264.

2 A facsimile of the title-page of this copy is given in *Contributions to English Bibliography*, Grolier Club, 1895, p. 182.
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Co., of New York, in 1904. It is a perfect copy, measuring \( \frac{6\frac{1}{2}}{\frac{1}{6}} \times 3'' \), and is bound in red morocco with tooled sides by Zehnsdorf. It was apparently at one time the property of Sir William Tite, at the sale of whose library in 1874 it fetched £110.

A fragment of the first edition was sold in 1852, at the sale of the library of Edward Vernon Utterson, for £4 10s. 6d. Mr. White, of Brooklyn, possesses sixteen leaves (B 1, B 4, C 1–F 2) of a second copy, measuring \( 7\frac{1}{10}'' \times 5\frac{3}{16}'' \). It is possible that this is the Utterson fragment.

The first edition of Lucrece has been twice issued in facsimile; firstly, in the series of reproductions of Shakespearean quartos undertaken by E. W. Ashbee under J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps' direction in 1867 (of which fifty copies were prepared and nineteen of these destroyed); and secondly, in the series of Shakspere-Quarto facsimiles with introduction by F. J. Furnivall, 1886 (No. 35), published by Mr. Bernard Quaritch, of Piccadilly, from the copy in the British Museum.

The second edition appeared in 1598. Unlike the first edition, which was a quarto, the second, like all its successors, is an octavo. The signatures run A–E 4 in eights. The leaves number thirty-six and the pages are unnumbered. Only a single copy of the second edition is known. It is in the Capell collection at Trinity College, Cambridge. The title-page runs:—LUCRECE. | AT LONDON, | Printed by P. S. for Iohn | Harrison. 1598. | It was printed by Peter Short. The title-page bears the signature of two former owners—Robert Cheny, who seems to have paid 12d. for the copy, and of Count Fieschi. The ornaments are those usually associated with Peter Short's press. Notes of

1 Justin Winsor's statement that Capell's copy is missing from the collection in Trinity College, Cambridge, is incorrect. Capell never possessed a copy, but in the Catalogue of his Shakespearean Library he mentions that one is in the library of Sion College, London, and that he had collated it with his own exemplar of 1598.
a thorough collation by Capell of this copy with one of the first edition of 1594 in Sion College Library are scattered through the volume. The dimensions of the volume are $4\frac{7}{8}'' \times 3\frac{3}{8}''$.

The edition of 1600 is in octavo, with signatures A–E 4 in eights. Signature E 3 is misprinted B 3. It has thirty-six leaves, and no pagination. Only one perfect copy is known. This is in the Malone collection (Malone 327) in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. It is bound up with a copy of *Venus and Adonis* which has a title-page supplied in manuscript (see *Venus and Adonis*, Census, No. VIII). The volume was presented to Malone by Dr. Richard Farmer in 1779.¹ The *Lucrece* is in good condition. The measurements are $4\frac{9}{16}'' \times 3''$.

¹ There is a note to that effect in Malone’s autograph in the volume. Malone soon afterwards lent the volume to Steevens so that he might read the 1600 edition of *Lucrece*. He returned it with a sarcastic drawing which still
The title-page runs:—LUCRECE | LONDON. | Printed by I. H. for John Harison. | 1600.

There is in the Bodleian Library a second and imperfect copy of this edition (without title-page and wanting last leaf), which measures \(4\frac{13}{16}'' \times 3\frac{1}{8}''\). The text breaks off at line 1797, 'My sorrowes interest, let no mourner say' with the catchword below 'He'. The signatures are as in the perfect copy of 1600. The leaves number thirty-four. The tract is inserted in a volume (8° L 2 Art. BS.) which was probably bound in Oxford for the Bodleian Library about 1650, and comes between 'Chansons spirituelles, mises en musique à quatre parties par Didier Lupi. Nouuellement reueues & aumentees. A Paris. Par Adrian le Roy & Robert Ballard, Imprimeurs du Roy 1571' (music book); and 'A Wittie Encounter Betweene Monsieur du Moulin & Monsieur remains pasted on the fly-leaf; a bust of Shakespeare is shown with the words written on a label proceeding from his lips: 'Would that I had all my commentators in Lipsbury pinfold!'
The fourth edition of 1607, in small octavo, was printed by Nicholas Okes for John Harrison. The title-page runs:—

LUCRECE. AT LONDON.
Printed by N. O. for John Harrison. 1607. The leaves number thirty-two without pagina-
The signatures run A–D 8; A 4 is misprinted B 4. On the title-page appears the misprint be for by (in the imprint 'Printed be N. O?'). Harrison's device and motto, Dum spero, fero, figure as in the edition of 1600. There is a circular ornament at the end of the 'Argument'.

Two copies are known. The Capell copy in Trinity College, Cambridge, measures 5'' × 3 1/4''.

The second copy, in the library of the Earl of Ellesmere, at Bridgewater House, London, measures 5 1/4'' × 3 1/4''. The leaves are much cut down. The volume is bound in orange morocco. This copy possesses much historic interest. It was purchased by John Egerton, second Earl of Bridgewater, who took the part of the Elder Brother in the performance of Milton's Comus at Ludlow Castle, in 1634. The words 'By W: Shakespeare' are written in a contemporary hand across the title-page. The copy was described at length, but not with accuracy, by John Payne Collier in his Early English Literature at Bridgewater House, 1837, pp. 280–2, and in his Bibliographical Account of Early English Literature, 1865, vol. ii, pp. 332 seq. Collier claims for the edition textual superiority to the preceding edition of 1600, which a careful collation seems hardly to justify. It follows the text of 1600 with very trivial modification.

The fifth edition of 1616 (in small octavo), in spite of many typographical changes, is of the same size (thirty-two leaves without pagination) and has the same signatures as the issue of 1607. The signature A 4 is again misprinted B 4. Of this fifth edition four copies are known. The title-page runs:—THE | RAPE OF | LVCRECE | By | Mr. William Shakespeare | Newly Revised | LONDON: | Printed by T. S. for Roger Jackson, and are to be sold at his shop neere the Conduit, in Fleet-street, 1616. | Of the four extant copies, two are in America.

The copy in the British Museum was acquired on April 5, 1858. It seems to have been sold by auction at Sotheby's, May, 1856, for £23 10s. od. It is not in very clean condition. Many leaves are pieced or patched, and the last five,
which were defective, have been repaired in facsimile. The measurements are 5\frac{1}{2}'' \times 3\frac{1}{2}'''. The volume was in recent times bound by Bedford in red morocco. The press-mark is C. 34. a. 44.

The copy in the Bodleian Library was part of the bequest of Thomas Caldecott and reached the Library in 1833 (Malone 892). The leaves have been much cut by the binder. The measurements are 5\frac{1}{6}'' \times 3\frac{3}{8}''.

There is a copy in the Lenox Library in the New York Public Library which has been cut close at top and bottom. This was probably the one priced by the bookseller Rodd in his catalogue of 1837 at four guineas, and may be that sold with the Venus and Adonis of 1636 and other poetical tracts at the sale of Thomas Pearson's library in 1788.

The copy formerly in the library of Frederick Locker Lampson, of Rowfant, now belongs to Mr. E. Dwight Church, of New York. Measuring 5\frac{1}{6}'' \times 3\frac{3}{8}'' and being bound by Riviere, it was formerly in the library of Frederick Ouvry. It is cut in the lower margin. It was bought in the Ouvry sale, in 1882, by Bernard Quaritch, for £35 10s. od., and shortly afterwards went to Rowfant. It passed to the present owner early in 1905.

Of the edition of 1624, in small octavo, six copies are now traceable, of which only two are now in England, and both of these are in the British Museum. The text with list of contents and marginal notes follows that of 1616. The signatures are the same, and the leaves number thirty-two, without pagination. The title runs:—The | Rape | of | Lvcrece. | By Mr. William Shakespeare. | Newly Revised. | LONDON | Printed by I. B. for Roger Jackson, and are | to be sold at his shop neere the Conduit | in Fleet-street, 1624.

A fair copy is in the Grenville collection (No. 11179) at the British Museum. It was possibly bought at the Jolley sale in 1844. The measurements are 5\frac{9}{16}'' \times 3\frac{9}{16}'''. The title and last leaf are not in good condition and a few of the headlines are cut into. It is bound in green morocco.

The second copy now known to be in Great Britain is also in the British Museum—press-mark C. 39. a. 37 (2). It
measures $5\frac{1}{2}" \times 3\frac{7}{8}"$, and is bound with four other poetical tracts of like date.

Four other copies are now in America. The best belongs to Mr. E. Dwight Church. It was in the eighteenth century the property of Sir John Fenn (1739–94), the editor of the 'Paston Letters'. A subsequent owner was Philip Howard Frere (1813–68). It is a fine and clean copy. Sir John Fenn cut out the woodcut and imprint of the title-page, placing the excised slips in his collection of cuttings. These were discovered in a scrapbook formerly in the possession of Sir John Fenn, by Dr. Aldis Wright, who replaced them in the title-page of the copy, while Frere was its owner. The copy passed into the hands of the American collector, Thomas Jefferson McKee, at whose sale in 1901 it was acquired by the present owner. The size of the leaf is $5\frac{7}{16}" \times 3\frac{5}{8}"$. The volume is bound in green levant morocco.

The Rowfant copy, which formerly belonged to Frederick Locker Lampson, has the inscription on title-page: ‘Pretium $4N$: L: S:’ It measures $5\frac{1}{2}" \times 3\frac{7}{8}"$. It at one time belonged to Narcissus Luttrell (1657–1732), and seems to have been sold at the Ouvry sale in 1882, for £31, to Messrs. Ellis and White, the booksellers of Bond Street. It was acquired by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., booksellers of New York, in 1904.

The copy belonging to Mr. Folger, of New York, seems to have been sold at Sotheby’s in a miscellaneous sale on June 18, 1903, and bought by Messrs. Sotheran for £130. A few headlines are shaved.

A copy belonging to Mr. Marsden J. Perry, of Providence, formerly belonged to Halliwell[-Phillipps], who paid Quaritch £42 for it in November, 1885. It measures $5\frac{11}{16}" \times 3\frac{5}{8}".

In the seventh edition of 1632, the signatures run A in fours, B–D7 in eights; B4 is misprinted B2. On the last page (D7 verso) the word ‘Finis’ is followed by a woodcut with the motto In Domino confido. The typography is distinguished by the excessive use of italics for ordinary words. The leaves number thirty. There is no pagination.
There are five extant copies of the edition of 1632—one at Corpus Christi College, Oxford; another in the library of Mrs. Christie Miller at Britwell; a third in unknown hands; the fourth (defective) at Edinburgh University Library; and the fifth in America, in Mr. Perry's library at Providence. The title-page runs:—The Rape of Lucrece by Mr. William Shakespeare Newly revised.

[Printer's device with motto Dum spero fero.] London. Printed by R. B. for John Harrison and are to be sold at his shop at the golden Unicorn in Pater-noster Row. 1632. In one of the impressions of the edition of Shakespeare's Poems issued by the bookseller Lintott in 1710, he gives a title-page of Lucrece bearing the date 1632. A copy of that edition was doubtless in his possession. The Corpus Christi College copy, which measures $5\frac{3}{4}'' \times 3\frac{1}{8}''$, was presented to the college by a seventeenth-century Fellow, John Rosewell, Canon of Windsor. It is in old calf, and bound up with a defective copy (having no title) of an English translation by Thomas Hudson of the History of Judith (1584) from the French of Du Bartas.

The Britwell copy formerly belonged to George Steevens, and was bought at his sale in 1800 by Richard Heber for fifteen shillings. It passed from the Heber Library into the possession of William Henry Miller, the founder of the library at Britwell, in 1834. The measurements are $5\frac{1}{2}'' \times 3\frac{7}{8}''$. It is bound up with a copy of Charles Fitz-Geffry's Blessed Birthday (Oxford, 1636).

A copy belonging to John Mansfield Mackenzie, of Edinburgh, of which some leaves had rough edges, was sold at Sotheby's at the sale of the Mackenzie Library, March 11, 1889, and was purchased by Pearson & Co., the London booksellers, for £26 10s. 0d. Its present owner has not been traced.

A defective copy (consisting of twenty-seven leaves of the thirty) is in the Edinburgh University Library. The

Thanks are due to Dr. Eggeling and to Mr. Alex. Anderson of Edinburgh University for the opportunity of determining the date of this copy.
measurements are \(5\frac{1}{3}'' \times 3\frac{5}{6}''\). It has no title-page, and the leaves C and C2 (lines 764-903) are missing. The bottom edges are closely shaved throughout. It was bound by

The Rape of

LUCECE

Committed by

TARQUIN the Sixth,

AND

The remarkable judgments that beset him for it.

BY

The incoomparable Master of our English Poetic,

WILL. SHAKESPEARE Gent.

whereunto is annexed,

The Banishment of TARQUIN.

Or, the Reward of Lust.

By J. QUARLES.

LONDON.

Printed by J. G. for John Stafford in George-yard,

near Fleet-bridge, and will: Gilberston at

the Bible in Gildspur-street. 1635.

Tuckett. It was presented, in 1872, to the Edinburgh University by J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, who, in a manuscript note, describes it as a unique exemplar, in ignorance of the
survival of any other copy of the 1632 edition. Halliwell-Phillipps had, in his Folio Shakespeare (1865), dated this defective copy before 1616, assigning it tentatively to the year 1610, but his final opinion that it was issued in 1632 is undoubtedly right.

The copy belonging to Mr. Marsden J. Perry, of Providence, was purchased for £75 at the Halliwell-Phillipps sale, in 1889. It measures $5\frac{1}{16}$' x $3\frac{3}{8}$', and is bound in red morocco, by Lortic frères. Some of the lower and outer leaves are uncut.

A reissue in 1655, for which William Gilbertson, who had just purchased the copyright, was mainly responsible, bears this title:—The Rape of LUCRECE, | Committed by | TARQUIN the Sixt; | AND | The remarkable judgments that befel him for it. | by | The incomparable Master of our English Poetry, | WILL : SHAKESPEARE Gent. | Whereunto is annexed, | The Banishment of TARQUIN: | Or, the Reward of Lust. | By J. Quarles. | LONDON. | Printed by J. G. for John Stafford in George-yard | neer Fleet-bridge, and Will: Gilbertson at | the Bible in Giltspur-street, 1655. | The pages are numbered 1–71 for Shakespeare's poem and 1–12 for Quarles' brief sequel. The signatures are continuous throughout—A 4, B–F 8 in eights, G 4. The volume opens with an engraved frontispiece, by William Faithorne. In the upper part of the page is a small oval portrait of Shakespeare, adapted from the Droeshout engraving in the First Folio, and below are full-length pictures of Collatinus and Lucretia with the inscription in large italics:—

The Fates decree that tis a mighty wrong
To Woemen Kinde, to have more Greife, then Tongue.

Will : Gilbarson : John Stafford excud.

On the title-page, which faces the frontispiece and is in ordinary type, is the device of a wreath containing the initials I. S. and W. G. (i.e. John Stafford and William Gilbertson). A dedication follows on sig. A 3, 'To my
esteemed friend Mr. Nehemiah Massey, and is signed John Quarles. The 'Argument' is on A4, and the text of Shakespeare's poem on B–F4 (verso blank). The separate title-page of Quarles' poem is on F5:—Tarqvin Banished: Or, The Reward Of Lust. Written by J. Q. There follows an address 'To the Reader' (F6), and the text of Quarles' poem fills F7–G4.
The frontispiece is met with in very few copies, and lends the volume its main value and interest. It supplies the third engraved portrait of Shakespeare in point of time, that by Droeshout of the First Folio of 1623 being the first, and the second being the engraving by William Marshall before Shakespeare’s Poems of 1640. Of the three early engraved portraits of Shakespeare, this by Faithorne is most rarely met with. Halliwell[-Phillipps], writing before 1856, stated that he had seen thirty copies of the 1655 edition of Lucrece without the title-page and only one with it. Only two copies of the volume with the frontispiece seem accessible in Great Britain, while four seem to be in America.

Three copies of the edition are in the British Museum, but only one of them has the frontispiece (C. 34. a. 45). The perfect copy, which measures $5 \frac{7}{16}'' \times 3 \frac{3}{16}''$, was acquired by the Museum, April 3, 1865. It is stained and very closely trimmed, but the impression of the frontispiece is singularly brilliant, though the verses beneath it have been cut into by the binder. This copy was at one time in the possession of Halliwell[-Phillipps], who sold it by auction at Sotheby’s in May, 1856, for £25 10s. od. Halliwell[-Phillipps] inserted a manuscript note, calling attention to the extreme rarity of the edition with the frontispiece, and to its comparatively frequent occurrence without that embellishment.

The copy in the Bodleian Library (Malone 889) was bequeathed by Thomas Caldecott in 1833. It measures $5 \frac{5}{16}'' \times 3 \frac{5}{8}''$. The frontispiece is mounted, and may possibly have come from another copy. The title-page is cropped and mutilated at the bottom. The binding is probably of the late eighteenth century. At the back of the Lucrece title-page the ‘Wriothesley’ dedication is copied in manuscript from the 1616 edition.

The copy in the Barton collection at the Boston Public Library has the frontispiece inlaid. This copy was thus described by the bookseller, Thomas Rodd, on October 5, 1835:—‘The title-page torn and laid down. The frontispiece inlaid. Several leaves cut into the side margin &
dirty. The back margin sewed in? Rodd thought it might be identical with the copy sold in 1827 at the Field sale for £3 19s. od. It was purchased by T. P. Barton of New York, from Rodd, in 1835, and bequeathed by Barton to the Boston Public Library in 1876. It is bound in green morocco by Mackenzie, and the binder has misplaced pages 5 and 8.

An interesting copy, belonging to Mr. Dwight Church of New York, bound in old calf, has the frontispiece, but it is cut into at the bottom. Some of the pages of the text are also closely cut. The copy, which measures $5\frac{7}{8}'' \times 3\frac{5}{8}''$, seems identical with one which was purchased at Sotheby's, by [Sir] William Tite, in 1850, for £26 5s. od. and sold at the Tite sale in 1874, for £11 5s. od. Mr. Church's copy is carefully described in Contributions to English Bibliography, Grolier Club, 1895, p. 183.

Mr. Folger, junior, of New York, possesses a perfect copy. This was apparently the copy which belonged to Dr. Richard Farmer, and was for a time in the library of Henry F. Sewall of New York, at the sale of whose books in 1897 it fetched £37 (§185).

A fourth perfect copy was sold at the Daniel sale in 1864, for £40 19s. od., and was subsequently in the library of E. G. Asay of Chicago.

Of two copies in the British Museum without the frontispiece one is bound up with a volume of pamphlets in the King's Library, E. 1672/3. The date, 'Aug: 31,' is written in a contemporary hand above the imprint, and was probably the day of publication in the year 1655. The book is in good condition. It measures $5\frac{1}{2}'' \times 3\frac{9}{10}''$.

The second copy without the frontispiece, which is at the British Museum, is in the Grenville collection (G. 11432). All the leaves are stained and have been mended. The volume is bound in olive morocco and measures $5\frac{1}{2}'' \times 3\frac{1}{2}''$. This may be the copy formerly in the library of George Hibbert, of Portland Place, which was sold at the Hibbert sale in 1829, for £2 6s. od.
There is a copy in the University Library at Edinburgh, without the frontispiece, and two copies without the title-page are at Britwell; one of the latter formerly belonged to Richard Heber.¹

¹ Notices of other imperfect copies without the frontispiece appear in sale catalogues. In the ‘Bibliotheca Anglo-Poetica’ (1815), a catalogue of rare books on sale at Messrs. Longmans, of Paternoster Row, a copy is priced at £1 10s. od. but no particulars of its condition are given. One was sold at the Utterson sale in 1852, for four guineas (without frontispiece and the bottom line of title cut off); another at the Frederick Perkins’ sale in 1889, bound by Roger Payne, for £3 6s. od.; a third, belonging to Halliwell-Phillipps, bound by Bedford in morocco, was sold at the sale of his library, July 1, 1889, to Raglan for £22 or. od. At two miscellaneous sales at Sotheby’s, on June 18 and December 4, 1902, respectively, the frontispiece and title-page were sold detached from the volume. On the first occasion they were bought for £13 10s. od. by Mr. Gribble, and on the second occasion Messrs. Pearson & Co. were the purchasers for £110.
LUCRECE.

LONDON.

Printed by Richard Field, for John Harrison, and are to be sold at the signe of the white Greyhound in Paules Church-yard, 1594.
TO THE RIGHT
HONOVRALE, HENRY

Vvriothesley, Earle of Southhampton,
and Baron of Titchfield.

HE loue I dedicate to your
Lordship is without end: where-
of this Pamphlet without be-

The warrant I haue of your Honourable disposition,
not the worth of my vntowd
Lines makes it assured of acceptance. What I haue
done is yours, what I haue to doe is yours, being
part in all I haue, deuoted yours. Were my worth
greater, my duety would shew greater, meane time,
as it is, it is bound to your Lordship; To whom I wish
long life still lengthned with all happinesse.

Your Lordships in all duety.

William Shakespeare.
THE ARGUMENT.

Lucius Tarquinius (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus) after he had caused his owne father in law Scuirius Tullius to be cruelly murdered, and contrarie to the Romane laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the peoples suffrages, had possessed himselfe of the kynghom: went accompanied with his sonnes and other Noble men of Rome, to besiege Ardea, during which siege, the principal men of the Army meeting one euening at the Tent of Sextus Tarquinius the Kings sonne, in their discourses after supper every one commendéd the vertues of his owne wife: among whom Colatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humor they all posted to Rome, and intending by their secret and sodaine arrivall to make triall of that which every one had before aunouchéd, only Colatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maides, the other Ladies were all found dauncing and reuellings, or in severall disports: whereupon the Noble men yeelded Colatinus the victorie, and his wife the Fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being enflamed with Lucretea beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest backe to the Campe: from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himselfe, and was (according to his estate) royally enterred and lodged by Lucretia at Colatium. The same night he tretcherously stealeth into her Chamber, violently rauisheth her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucretia in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth Messengers, one to Rome for her father, anoter to the Campe for Colatín. They came, the one accompanied with Iunius Brutus, the othe with Publius Valerius: and finding Lucretia attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. Shee first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the Aftor, and whole manner of his dealing, and with all sodaine stabbeth her selfe: Which done, with one consent they all vowed to roote out the whole hated family of the Tarquins: and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed: with a bitter impietie against the tyranny of the King, wherewith the people were so movéd, that with one consent and a general acclamation, the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from Kings to Consuls.
From the besieged Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustlesse wings of false desire,
Luft-breathed Tarquin, leaves the Roman host.
And to Colatium beares the lightlesse fire,
Which in pale embers hid, lurkes to aspire,
And girdle with embracing flames, the wast
Of Colatines fair loue, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of chast, unhaply set
This battlese edge on his keene appetite:
When Colatine unwisely did not let,
To praise the cleare unmatched red and white,
Which triumphht in that skie of his delight:
Where mortal stars as bright as heaues Beauties,
With pure aspects did him peculiar dueties.

B
THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

For he the night before in Tarquins Tent,
Vnlockt the treasure of his happie state:
V What prifellese wealth the heauens had him lent,
In the possession of his beauteous mate.
Reckning his fortune at such high proud rate,
That Kings might be espowled to more fame,
But King nor Peere to such a prifellese dame.

O happinesse enjoy'd but of a few,
And if possess as soone decayed and done:
As is the morning siluer melting dew,
Against the golden splendour of the Sunne.
An expir'd date cancel'd ere well begunne.

Honour and Beautie in the owners armes,
Are weakelie forrest from a world of harms.

Beautie it selfe doth of it selfe perswade,
The eyes of men without an Orator,
V What needeth then Appologie be made
To set forth that which is so singuler?
Or why is Colatine the publifher
Of that rich iewell he should keepe vnknown,
From the euilh cares because it is his owne?
Perchance
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Perchance his bost of Lucrece Sou'aigntie;
Suggested this proud isle of a King:
For by our eares our hearts oft tayned be:
Perchance that envy of his rich a thing
Brauing compare, disdainfully did sting

His high picht thoughts that meaner men should
That golden hop which their superiors want.

But some untimlie thought did instigate,
His all too timelesse speede if none of those,
His honor, his affaires, his friends, his state,
Neglected all, with swif intent he goes,
To quench the coale which in his liuer glowes.

O rash false heate, wrapt in repentant cold,
Thy haste spring still blasts and nere growes old.

When at Colatium this false Lord arriued,
Well was he welcom'd by the Romaine dame,
Within whose face Beautie and Vertue arrriued,
Which of them both should under prop her fame.
When Vertue brag'd, Beautie wold blush for shame,
When Beautie bosted blushes, in despight
Vertue would staine that ore with siluer white.

B 2

ll. 36—56
THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

But Beautie in that white entituled,
From Venus doues doth challenge that faire field,
Then Vertue claimes from Beautie, Beauties red,
VWhich Vertue gaue the golden age, to guild
Their silver cheekes, and cald it then their shield,
Teaching them thus to vse it in the fight,
VVhe shame assail'd, the red should see the white.

This Heraldry in LVCRECE face was seen,
Argued by Beauties red and Vertues white,
Of eithers colour was the other Queene:
Proving from worlds minority their right,
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight:
The soueraignty of either being so great,
That oft they interchange each others seat.

This silent warre of Lillies and of Roses,
VWhich TARQVIN vew'd in her faire faces field,
In their pure rankes his truytor eye encloes,
VWhere least betweene them both it should be kild.
The coward captiue vanquished, doth yeeld
To those two Armies that would let him goe,
Rather then triumph in so false a foe.

Now
THE R A P E O F L V C R E C E.

Now thinks he that her husbands shallow tongue,

Then niggard prodigall that praise de her so:

In that high task hath done her Beauty wrong.

V Which farre excceedes his barren skill to show.

Therefore that praise which COLATINE doth owe,

Inchaunted TARQVIN answeres with surmise,

In silent wonder of still gazing eyes.

This earthly saint adored by this devill,

Little suspecteth the false worshipper:

"For vnstaind thoughts do seldom dream on euill.

"Birds neuer limd, no secret bulhes feare:\n
So guiltlesse hee securely giues good cheare,

And reverend welcome to her princely guest,

V Whose inward ill no outward harme express.

For that he colourd with his high estate,

Hiding base sin in pleats of Maiestie:

That nothing in him seemed inordinate,

Sawe sometime too much wonder of his eye,

V Which having all, all could not satisfie;

But poorly rich so wanteth in his store,

That cloyd with much, he piteth still for more.

B 3

ll. 78—98
THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

But she that never cop't with stranger eyes,
Could picke no meaning from their parling looks,
Nor read the subtle shining secrecyes,
Written in the glassie margents of such bookes,
Shee toucht no vnknown baits, nor feared no hooks,
Nor could shee moralize his wanton sight,
More then his cies were open'd to the light.

He storied to her eares her husbands fame,
Wonne in the fields of fruitfull Italie:
And decks with praises Colatines high name,
Made glorious by his manlie chiualrie,
With bruised armes and wreathes of victorie,
Her joye with heaued vp hand she doth expresse,
And wordless shee so gretés heauen for his successfull.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,
He makes excuses for his being there,
No clowdie show of stormie blustering weather,
Doth yet in his faires welkin once appeare,
Till table Night mother of dread and seare,
 Upon the world dim darknesse doth displaie,
And in her vaultie prison, stowes the daie.

For
For then is Tarquine brought vnto his bed,
Intending wearesesse with beaue sprite:
For after supper long he questioned,
V Vith modest Lucrece, and wore out the night,
Now leaden slumber with liues strength doth fight,
And cuerie one to rest himselfe betakes,
Saue theeues, and cares, and troubled minds that (wakes.

As one of which doth Tarquins lie reuoluing
The sundrie dangers of his wils obtaining:
Yet euer to obtaine his will resoluing,
Though weake built hopes perswade him to abstai-
Dispaire to gaine doth traffique oft for gaining,
And when great treasure is the meede proposed,
Though death be adjuest, ther's no death supposed.

Those that much couet are with gaine so fond,
That what they haue not, that which they possessse
They teater and vnloose it from their bond,
And so by hoping more they haue but lesse,
Ogaining more, the profite of excessse
Is but to surset, and such grieses sustaine,
That they proue backrowt in this poore rich gain.
THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

The ayme of all is but to nourse the life,
V Vith honor, wealth, and ease in wainyng age:
And in this ayme there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage:
As life for honour, in fell batailes rage,
   Honor for wealth, and oft that wealth doth cost
   The death of all, and altogether loft.

So that in ventring ill, we leaue to be
The things we are, for that which we expect:
And this ambitious foule insirmite,
In hauing much torments vs with dese &
Of that we haue: so then we doe neglect:
The thing we haue, and all for want of wit,
   Make something nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting TARQVIN make,
Pawning his honor to obtaine his lust,
   And for himselfe, himselfe he must forsake.
·Then where is truth if there be no selfe-trust?
·V Vhen shall he thinke to find a stranger iust,
·V Vhen he himselfe, himselfe confounds, betraies,
·To sclandrous tongues & wretched hateful daies?

Now
The Rape of Lucrece

Now stole vppon the time the dead of night,
When heauie sleep had clofd vp mortall eyes,
No comfortable starre did lend his light,
No noise but Owles, & wolues death-boding cries:
Now serves the season that they may surprize
The sillie Lambes, pure thoughts are dead & still,
While Lust and Murder wakes to staine and kill.

And now this lustfull Lord leapt from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely ore his arme,
Is madly tost betweene desire and dread;
Th'one sweetely flatters, th'other seareth harme,
But honest fear, bewich't with lustes foule charme,
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brainsickke rude desire.

His Faulchon on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the could stone sparkes of fire doe flie,
Whereat a waxen torch forth with he lighteth,
Which must be lodestarre to his lustfull eye.
And to the flame thus speaks aduisedlie;
As from this cold flint I enforce this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire.
THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate,
The dangers of his lothsome enterprise:
And in his inward mind he doth debate,
What following sorrow may on this arise.
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
His naked armour of still slaughtered lust,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust.

Faire torch burne out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine:
And die unhallowed thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanesse, that which is divine:
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:
Let faire humanitie abhor the deed,
That spots & stains loues modest snow-white weed.

O shame to knighthood, and to shining Armes,
O soule dishonor to my housholds graue:
O impious act including all soule harmes.
A martall man to be soft fancies slave,
True valour still a true respect should haue,
Then my digression is so vile, so base,
That it will liue engrauen in my face.

Yea

II. 183—203
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Yea though ye die the scandale will suruiue,
And be an eie-fore in my golden coate:
Some lothsome dash the Herrald will contruiue,
To cipher me how fondlie I did dote:
That my posteritie sham'd with the note
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sinne,
To wish that I their father had not beene.

What win I if I gaine the thing I seeke?
A dreame, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy,
Who buies a minutes mirth to waile a weeke?
Or sells eternitie to get a toy?
For one sweete grape who will the vine destroy?
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crowne,
Would with the scepter straight be stroke down?

If Colatinv's dreame of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a des'rate rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?
This siege that hath ingirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sace,
This dying vertue, this suruiuing shame,
Whose crime will beare an euer-during blame.
THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

O what excuse can my invention make
When thou shalt charge me with so blacke a deed?
Will not my tongue be mute, my fraile joints shake?
Mine eyes forgo their light, my false hart bleed?
The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed;
And extreme fear can neither fight nor flie,
But cowardly with trembling terror die.

Had COLATINVS kild my sonne or sire,
Or laine in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my deare friend, this desire
Might have excuse to worke vpon his wife:
As in revenge or quitt all of such strife.
But as he is my kinsman, my deare friend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

Shamefull it is: If the fact be knowne,
Hateful it is: There is no hate in louing,
Ile beg her loue: but she is not her owne:
The worst is but deniall and reproouing.
My will is strong past reasons weake remouing:
Who feares a sentence or an old mans law,
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

Thus
THE R A P E O F L V C R E C E .

Thus gracelesse holds he disputation,
Tweene frozen conscience and hot burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Vrging the worsr sense for vantage still,
VWhich in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effects, and doth so farre proceede,
That what is vile, shewes like a vertuous deed.

Quoth he, shee tooke me kindlie by the hand,
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,
Fearing some hard newes from the warlike band,
VWhere her beloued Colatinvs lies;
Ohow her fear did make her colour rise!
First red as Roses that on Lawne we laie,
Then white as Lawne the Roses tooke awaie.

And how her hand in my hand being lockt,
Forst it to tremble with her loyall feare:
VWhich strooke her sad, and then it faster rockt,
Vntill her husbands welfare shee did heare.
VWhereat shee smiled with so sweete a cheare,
That had Narcissus seen her as shee stood,
Selfe-loue had never drown'd him in the flood.
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Why hunt I then for colour or excuses?
All Orators are dumbe when Beautie pleadeth,
Poore wretches haue remorse in poore abuses,
Loue thrives not in the hart that shadows dreadeth,
Affection is my Captaine and he leadeth.

And when his gaudie banner is dilplaide,
The coward fights, and will not be dismaide.

Then childish feare auaunt, debating die,
Respect and reason waite on wrinklel age:
My heart shall never countermand mine eie.
Sad paufe, and deepe regard beseemes the fage,
My part is youth and beats these from the stage.
Desire my Pilot is, Beautie my prize,
Then who feares sinking where such treasure lies?

As corne ore-grown by weeds: so heedfull feare
Is almost choakt by unresisted lust:
Away he steales with open listening care,
Full of soule hope, and full of fond mistrust:
Both which as servitors to the vnista,
So crosse him with their opposit perswasion,
That now he vowes a league, and now invasion.

V With-
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the selfe same seat sits COLATINE,
That eye which lookes on her confounds his wits,
That eye which him beholdes, as more deuine,
Unto a view so false will not incline;
But with a pure appeale seekes to the heart,
Which once corrupted takes the worser part.

And therein heartens vp his servile powers,
Who flattred by their leaders iocound shew,
Settle vp his lust: as minutes fill vp houres.
And as their Captaine: so their pride doth grow,
Till more flauish tribute then they owe.
By reprobate desire thus madly led,
The Romane Lord marcheth to LUCRECE bed.

The lockes betweene her chamber and his will,
Ech one by him inforst retires his ward:
But as they open they all rate his ill,
Which driues the creeping thieve to some regard,
The threiliold grates the doore to haue him heard,
Night wandring weezels shreck to see him there,
They fright him, yet he still pursues his feare.

II. 288—308
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

As each unwilling portall yeelds him way,
Through little vents and cranies of the place,
The wind warrs with his torch, to make him blaine,
And blowes the smoake of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct in this case.

But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
Pusses forth another wind that fires the torch.

And being lighted, by the light he spies
Lucrecias gloue, wherein her needle sticks,
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
And griping it, the needle his finger pricks.
As who should say, this gloue to wanton trickes
Is not inur'd; returne againe in ha?
Thou seest our mistresse ornaments are chaste.

But all these poore forbiddings could not stay him,
He in the worst fence consters their deniall:
The dores, the wind, the gloue that did delay him,
He takes for accidentall things of triall.
Or as those bars which stop the hourley diall,
VWho with a lingring stae his course doth let,
Till euerie minute payes the howre his debt.

So
So so, quoth he, these lets attend the time,
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,
To ad a more reioysing to the prime,
And glie the sheaped birds more cause to sing.

Pain payes the income of ech precious thing, (lands
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirats, helues and
The marchant feares, ere rich at home he lands.

Now is he come vnto the chamber dore,
That shuts him from the Heauen of his thought,
Which with a yeelding latch, and with no more,
Hath bard him from the blessed thing he sought.
So from himselfe impiety hath wrought,
That for his pray to pray he doth begin,
As if the Heauens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his vnfruitfull prayer,
Hauing solicited th'eternall power,
That his foule thoughts might copasse his fair faire,
And they would stand auspicious to the howre.
Euen there he starts, quoth he, I must deflowre;
The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,
How can they then afflitt me in the act?
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Then Loue and Fortune be my Gods, my guide,
My will is backt with resolution:
Thoughts are but dreames till their effects be tried,
The blackest fume is clear'd with absolution.
Against loves fire, feares frost hath dissolution.
The eye of Heauen is out, and mistie night
Covers the shame that followes sweet delight.

This said, his guiltie hand pluckt vp the latch,
And with his knee the dore he opens wide,
The doue sleeps fast that this night Owle will catch.
Thus treason workes ere traitors be espied.
Who sees the lurking serpent steppes aside;
But shee found sleeping fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercie of his mortall slitting.

Into the chamber wickedlie he stalkes,
And gazeth on her yet vnstained bed:
The curtaines being close, about he walkes,
Rowling his greedie eye-bals in his head.
By their high treason is his heart mis-led,
Which giues the watch-word to his hand ful soon,
To draw the cloud that hides the siluer Moon.

Looke
THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Looke as the faire and ferie pointed Sunne,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaues our sight:
Euen to the Curtaine drawne, his eyes begun
To winke, being blinded with a greater light.
Whether it is that shee reflects so bright,
That dazleth them, or else some shame suppos'd,
But blind they are, and keep themselves inclosed.

Ohad they in that darksome prison died,
Then had they scene the period of their ill:
Then Colatine againe by Lvcrece side,
In his clere bed might have repose still.
But they must ope this blessed league to kill,
And holie-thoughted Lvcrece to thir sight,
Must fell her joy, her life, her worlds delight.

Her lillie hand, her rosie cheeke lies ynder,
Coosning the pillow of a lawfull kisse:
Who therefore angrie seemes to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side to want his blisse.
Betweene whose hils her head intombed is;
Where like a vertuous Monument she lies,
To be admir'd of lewd unhallowed eyes.

D 2
THE RAPHE OF LUCE RCE.

V Without the bed her other faire hand was,
On the greene couerlet whose perfect white
Showed like an Aprill dazie on the grass,
V With pearlie sweet resembling dew of night.
Her eyes like Marigolds had theath'd their light,
And canopied in darkenesse sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorne the day.

Her haire like goldé threeds playd with her breath,
O modest wantons, wanton modestie!
Showing lifes triumph in the map of death,
And deaths dim looke in lifes mortalitie.
Ech in her sleepe themselues so beautifie,
As if betweenee them twaine there were no strife,
But that life liu'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts like luory globes circled with blew,
A pair of maideen worlds vnconquered,
Sawe of their Lord, no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truely honored.
These worlds in TARQVIN new ambition bred,
V Who like a fowle whurper went about,
From this faire throne to heaue the owner out.

V What.

II. 393--413
What could he see but mightily he noted?
What did he note, but strongly he desired?
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his willfull eye he tyred.
With more then admiration he admired
Her azure vaines, her alabaster skinne,
Her corall lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim Lion fawneth ore his pray,
Sharpe hunger by the conquest satisfied:
So ore this sleeping soule doth Tarquin stay,
His rage of lust by gazing qualified;
Slakt, not suppress'd, for standing by her side,
His eye which late this mutiny restraines,
Vnto a greater vprore tempts his vaines.

And they like stragling flaues for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting,
In bloudy death and rauishment delighting;
Nor childrens tears nor mothers grones respecting,
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting:
Aion his beating heart allarum striking,
Gives the hot charge, & bids the do their liking.

D 3
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

His drumming heart chears vp his burning eye,
His eye commends the leading to his hand;
His hand as proud of such a dignitie,
Smoaking with pride, marcht on, to make his stand
On her bare brefl, the heart of all her land;
V V hose ranks of blew vains as his hand did scale,
Left their round turrets deskitute and pale.

They mustring to the quiet Cabinet,
V W here their deare gouernesse and ladie lies,
Do tell her shee is dreadfullie beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries.
Shee much amaz'd breakes ope her lockt vp eyes,
V V hose peeping forth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dim'd and controld.

Imagine her as one in dead of night,
From forth dull sleepe by dreadfull fancie waking,
That thinkes shee hath beheld some gaietie sprite,
V V hose grim aspect sets euerie ioint a shaking,
V V hat terror tis: but shee in worser taking,
From sleepe disturbed, heedfullie doth view
The sight which makes suppos'd terror trew.

V V rapt
THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

V V rapt and confounded in a thousand fears, 
Like to a new-kild bird shee trembling lies: 
Shee dares not looke, yet winking there appeares 
Quicke-shifting Antiques vglie in her eyes.

"Such shadowes are the weake brains forgeries, 
V. Who angrie that the eyes die from their lights, 
In darknes daunts the with more dreadfull lights.

His hand that yet remaines vppon her brest, 
(Rude Ram to batter such an iuorie wall :) 
May seele her heart (poore Citizen) distrest, 
VVounding it selfe to death, rise vp and fall; 
Beating her bulke, that his hand shakes withall. 
This moves in him more rage and lesuer pittie, 
To make the breach and enter this sweet Citty.

First like a Trompet doth his tongue begin, 
To found a parlie to his heartlesse foe, 
VVho are the white sheet peers her whiter chin, 
The reason of this rash allarme to know, 
VVhich he by dum demeanor seekes to show. 
But shee with vehement prayers vrgeth still, 
Vnder what colour he committs this ill.

II. 456—476
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Thus he replies, the colour in thy face,
That euen for anger makes the Lilly pale,
And the red rose blush at her owne disgrace,
Shall plead for me and tell my louing tale.
Vnder that colour am I come to scale

Thy neuer conquered Fort, the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee vnto mine.

Thus I forseball thee, if thou meane to chide,
Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide,
My will that markes thee for my earths delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my might.

But as reprofe and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beautie was it newlie bred.

I see what crosses my attempt will bring,
I know what thornes the growing rose defends,
I thinke the honie garded with a stinging,
All this before-hand counsell comprehends.

But Will is deafe, and hears no heedfull friends,
Onely he hath an eye to gaze on Beautie,
And dotes on what he looks, gainst law or ducety.

ll. 477—497
The Rape of Lucrece.

I haue debated euen in my soule,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shal breed,
But nothing can affections course controull,
Or stop the headlong furie of his speed.
I know repentant teares inewe the deed,
Reproch, disdain, and deadly enmity,
Yet strue I to embrace mine infamy.

This said, hee shakes aloft his Romaine blade,
Which like a Faulcon towring in the skies,
Cowcheth the fowle below with his wings shade,
Whose crooked beake threats, if he mount he dies.
So vnder his insulting Fauchion lies
- Harmelesse Lucretia marking what he tells,
With trembling feare: as fowl hear Faulcos bels.

Lucretia, quoth he, this night I must enjoy thee,
If thou deny, then force must worke my way:
For in thy bed I purpose to destroie thee.
That done, some worthlesse swaue of thine ile slay.
To kill thine Honour with thy liues decaie.
And in thy dead armes do I mean to place him,
Swearing I slue him seing thee imbrace him.

E
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

So thy surviving husband shall remaine
The scornesfull marke ofuerie open eye,
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdaine,
Thy issue blur'd with namelesse bastardie;
And thou the author of their obloquie,
Shalt have thy trespass cited vp in rimes,
And sung by children in succeeding times.

But if thou yeld, I rest thy secret friend,
The fault vnknowne, is as a thought vnacted,
"A little harme done to a great good end,
For lawfull policie remaines enacted.
"The poysnous simple sometime is compacted
In a pure compound; being so applied,
His venome in effect is purified.

Then for thy husband and thy childrens sake,
Tender my suite, bequeath not to their lot
The shame that from them no deuise can take,
The blemish that will never be forgot:
V Vorse then a flauish wipe, or birth howrs blot,
For markes discried in mens natuiritie,
Are natures faultes, not their owne infamie,

Here

II. 519—539
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Here with a Cockatrice dead killing eye,
He rowseth vp himselfe, and makes a pause,
While shee the picture of pure pietie,
Like a white Hind under the grypes sharpe clauces,
Pleades in a wildernesse where are no lawes,
To the rough beast, that knowes no gentle right,
Nor ought obayes but his fowle appetite.

But when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth thret,
In his dim mist th'aspiring mountaines hiding:
From earth's dark-womb, some gentle gust doth get,
Which blow these pitchie vapours fro' their biding:
Hindring their present fall by this deuding,
So his unhallowed haft her words delayes,
And moodie Plutowinks while Orpheus playes.

Yet fowle night-waking Cat he doth but dallie,
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse pâeth,
Her lad behauiour feedes his vulture follic,
A swallowing gulfe that euen in plentie wanteth.
His eare her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her playning,
"Tears harden lust, though marble were with ray-
E 2 (ning.

II. 540—560
The Rape of Lucrece

Her pittie-pleading eyes are sadlie fixed
In the remorselesse wrinkles of his face.
Her modest eloquence with sighes is mixed,
Which to her Oratorie addes more grace.
Shee puts the period often from his place,
   And midst the sentence so her accent breakes,
That twise she doth begin ere once she speakes.

She coniures him by high Almightye loue,
By knighthood, gentrie, and sweete friendships oth,
By her untimely teares, her husbands loue,
By holic humaine law, and commoun troth,
By Heauen and Earth, and all the power of both:
   That to his borrowed bed he make retire,
   And stoope to Honor, not to sowe desire.

Quoth shee, reward not Hospitalitie,
With such black payment, as thou hast pretended,
Mudde not the fountaine that gaue drinke to thee,
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended.
End thy ill ayme, before thy shoote be ended.
   He is no wood-man that doth bend his bow,
   To strike a poore vnseasonable Doe.

My
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me,
Thy selve art mightie, for thine own sake leave me:
My selve a weakling, do not then insnare me.
Thou lookst not like deceit, do not deceive me.
My sighs like whirlwindes labor, hence to heave
If euer man were mou'd with womas mones, (thee.
Be moued with my teares, my sighs, my groans.

All which together like a troubled Ocean,
Beat at thy rockie, and wracke threatening heart,
To soften it with their continuall motion:
For stones dissolu'd to water do convert.
O if no harder then a stone thou art,
Melt at my teares and be compassionate,
Soft pittie enters at an iron gate.

In TARQUINS likenesse I did entertaine thee,
Hast thou put on his shape, to do him shame?
To all the Host of Heauen I complains me.
Thou wrongest his honor, wou'dst his princely name:
Thou art not what thou seem'st, and if the same,
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a God; a King;
For kings like Gods should gouerne every thing.
THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

How will thy shame be seeded in thine age?
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?
If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,
What dar'st thou not when once thou art a King?
O be remembered, no outrageous thing.

From vassall acts can be wiped away,
Then Kings misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

This deed will make thee only loud for feare,
But happy Monarchs still are feared for loue:
With fowle offenders thou perforce must beare,
When they in thee the like offences prove;
If but for feare of this, thy will remoue.

For Princes are the glasse, the schoole, the booke,
Where subjects ies do learn, do read, do looke.

And wilt thou be the schoole where lust shall learne?
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?
Wilt thou be glasse wherein it shall discern
Authority for sinne, warrant for blame?
To priviledged dishonor in thy name.
Thou backst reproch against long-living lawd,
And mak'st faire reputation but a bawd.

Haft

II. 603—623
THE RAPB OF LUCRECE.

Haft thou commaund by him that gaue it thee
From a pure heart commaund thy rebell will:
Draw not thy sword to gard iniquitie,
For it was lent thee all that broode to kill,
Thy Princelie office how canst thou fulfill?

When patternd by thy fault foule sin may say,
He learnt to sin, and thou didst teach the way.

Thinke but how vile a spectacle it were,
To view thy present trespass in another:
Mens faults do seldom to themselves appeare,
Their own transgressions partiallie they smother,
This guilt would seem death worthy in thy brother.

O how are they wrapt in with infamies,
That fro their own misdeeds askaunce their eyes?

To thee, to thee, my heau'd vp hands appeale,
Not to seducing lust thy rash reliuer;
Hue for exile'd maiesties repeale,
Let him returne, and flattering thoughts retire.
His true respect will prison false desire,
And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eien,
That thou shalt see thy state, and pittie mine.

II. 624—644
THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Haue done, quoth he, my uncontrolled tide
Turnes not, but swells the higher by this let.
Small lightes are soone blown out, huge fires abide,
And with the winde in greater furie fret:
The petty streames that pale a dailie det
To their salt soueraigne with their fresh fals haft,
Adde to his flowe, but alter not his tall.

Thou art, quoth shee, a sea, a soueraigne King,
And loe there fals into thy boundlesse flood,
Blacke luft, dilhonor, shameful, mis-gouerning,
Who seeke to staine the Ocean of thy blood.
If all these pettie ills shall change thy good,
Thy sea within a puddels wombe is hersed,
And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

So shall these slaues be King, and thou their slawe,
Thou noblie base, they baselie dignified:
Thou their faire life, and they thy fowler graue:
Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride,
The lesser thing should not the greater hide.
The Cedar stoopes not to the base shrubs foote,
But low-shrubs wither at the Cedars roote.

So
THE RAPE OF LV.,CRECE.

So let thy thoughts low vassals to thy state,
No more quoth he, by Heauen I will not heare thee.
Yeeld to my loue, if not inforced hate,
In steed of loues coy tutch shall rudelie teare thee.
That done, despitefullie I meane to beare thee
Vnto the base bed of some rascall groome,
To be thy partner in this shamefull doome.

This said, he sets his foote vpon the light,
For light and lust are deadlie enemies,
Shame folded vp in blind concealing night,
Vvhen most vnleene, then most doth tyrannize.
The wolfe hath ceazd his pray, the poor lamb cries,
Till with her own white fleece her voice controld,
Intombes her outcrie in her lips sweet fold.

For with the nightlie linnen that shee weares,
He pens her piteous clamors in her head,
Cooling his hot face in the chasteft teares,
That euer modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O that prone lust should staine so pure a bed,
The spots whereof could weeping purifie,
Her tears should drop on them perpetuallie.

F

II. 666—686
THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

But shee hath lost a dearer thing then life,
And he hath wonne what he would loose againe,
This forced league doth force a further strife,
This momentarie joy breeds months of paine,
This hot desire converts to colde disdaine;
Pure chastitie is rifled of her llore,
And lust the theeefefarre poorer then before.

Looke as the full-fed Hound, or gorged Hawke,
Vnapt for tender smell, or speedie flight,
Make slow pursuite, or altogether bauk,
The praise wherein by nature they delight:
So surfeet-taking TARQVIN fares this night:
His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
Deuoures his will that liu'd by fowle deuouring.

O deeper sinne then bottomlesse conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination!
Drunken Desire must vomite his receipt
Ere he can see his owne abomination.

While Lust is in his pride no exclamation
Can curbe his heat, or reine his rash desire,
Till like a Iade, self-will himselfe doth tire.

And

II. 687—707
And then with lanke, and leane discoulour'd cheeke,
With heauie eye, knit-brow, and strengthelesse pace,
Feeble desire all recreant poore and meeke,
Like to a banckrout begger wailes his case:
The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with grace;
For there it reuels, and when that decaires,
The guiltie rebell for remission praies.

So fares it with this fault-full Lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishiment so hotly chased,
For now against himselfe he sounds this doome,
That through the length of times he stands disgraced:
Besides his soules faire temple is defaced,
To whose weake ruines muste troopes of cares,
To aske the spotted Princesse how she fares.

Shee sayes her subjectts with soule insurrection,
Haue batterd downe her consecrated wall,
And by their mortall fault brought in subjection,
Her immortalitie, and made her thrall,
To liuing death and payne perpetuall.

Which in her prescience shee controlled still,
But her foresight could not forestall their will.
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

E'en in this thought through the dark-night he flees-
A captive victor that hath lost in gaine, (leth,
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scarre that will dispite of Cure remaine,
Leaving his spoile perplex in greater paine.
> She beares the lode of lust he left behinde,
> And he the burden of a guiltie minde.

Hee like a theeuish dog creeps sadly thence,
Shee like a wearied Lambe lies panting there,
He scowles and hates himselfe for his offence,
Shee desparat with her nailes her flesh doth teare.
He faintly flies sweating with guiltie feare;
> Shee staites exclaiming on the direfull night,
> He runnes and chides his vanisht loth'd delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite,
Shee there remains a hopelesse cast-away,
He in his speed lookes for the morning light:
Shee prays shee neuer may behold the day.
> For daie, quoth shee, nights scapes doth open lay,
> And my true eyes haue neuer practiz'd how
> To cloake offences with a cunning brow.

They
THE R A P E O F L U C R E C E.

They thinke not but that euery eye can see,
The same disgrace which they themselues behold:
And therefore would they still in darkenesse be,
To haue their vnseene sinne remaine vntold.
For they their guilt with weeping will vnfold,
And graue like water that doth eate in steale,
Upon my cheeks, what helpelesse shame I feele.

Here shee exclamies against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blinde,
Shee wakes her heart by beating on her brest,
And bids it leape from thence, where it maie finde
Some purer chest, to close so pure a minde.
Franticke with griefe thus breaths shee forth her
Against the vnseene secrecie of night. (spite,

O comfort killing night, image of Hell,
Dim register, and notarie of shame,
Blakke stage for tragedies, and murthers fell,
Vast sin-concealing Chaos, nourse of blame.
Blinde muffled bawd, darke harbier for defame,
Grim caue of death, whispring conspirator,
Vwith close-tong'd treason & the rauilher.

F 3

ll. 750—770
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

O hatefull, vaporous, and foggy night,
Since thou art guilty of my curelesse crime:
Muster thy mists to meete the Easterne light,
Make war against proportion'd course of time.
Or if thou wilt permit the Sunne to clime
    His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
Knit poysonous clouds about his golden head.

With rotten damps rauish the morning aire,
Let their exhal'd vnhold'dsome breaths make sicke
The life of puritie, the supreme faire,
Ere he arrive his wearie noone-tide pricke,
And let thy mustie vapours march so thicke,
    That in their smoakie rankes, his smother'd light
May set at noone, and make perpetuall night.

Where Tarquin night, as he is but nights child,
The siluer shining Queene he would distaine;
Her twincleling handmaids to(by him defil'd)
Through nights blacke bofom shuld not peep again.
So should I haue copartners in my paine,
    And fellowship in woe doth woe asswage,
    As Palmers chat makes short their pilgrimage.

WHERE
THE R A P E  O F L U C R E C E

Where now I have no one to blush with me,
To crosse their armes & hang their heads with mine,
To maske their browes and hide their infamie,
But I alone, alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showres of siluer brine;
Mingling my talk with tears, my greefe with grones,
Poore waiting monuments of lasting mones.

O night thou furnace of fowle reeking smoke!
Let not the jealous daie behold that face,
Which vnderneath thy blacke all-hiding cloke
Immodestly lies martird with disgrace.
Keepe still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy raigne are made,
May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade.

Make me not object to the tell-tale day,
The light will shew characterd in my brow,
The storie of sweete chastities decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlocke vowe.
Yea the illiterate that know not how
To cipher what is writ in learned bookes,
VWill cote my lothsome trespass in my lookes.
THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

The nurse to still her child will tell my storie,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquins name.
The Orator to decke his oratorie,
WILL couple my reproch to Tarquins shame.
Feast-finding minstrels tuning my desame,
WILL tie the hearers to attend each line,
HOW TARQUIN wronged me, I Colatine.

Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
For Colatines deare loue be kept unspotted:
If that be made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another roote are rotted;
And vndefertufd reproch to him alotted,
That is as cleare from this attainst of mine,
As I ere this was pure to Colatine.

O vnfeene shame, invisible disgrace,
O vnfelt sore, creft-wounding priuat scarre!
Reproch is stampt in Colatinvs face,
And Tarquins eye maie read themot a farre,
"How he in peace is wounded not in warre.
"Alas how manie beare such shamefull blowes,
Which not theselues but he that giues the knowes.
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

If Colatine, thine honor laye in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft:
My Honnie lost, and I a Drone-like Bee,
Have no perfection of my sommer left,
But rob'd and ransack't by injurious theft.
   In thy weake Hius a wandring waspe hath crept,
   And suck't the Honnie which thy chaft Bee kept.

Yet am I guiltie of thy Honors wracke,
Yet for thy Honor did I entertaine him,
Comming from thee I could not put him backe:
For it had beeene dishonor to disdaine him,
Besides of wearinesse he did complaine him,
   And talk't of Vertue (O vnlook't for euill,)
   When Vertue is prophan'd in such a Deuill.

V Why should the worme intrude the maiden bud?
Or hatefull Kuckcowes hatch in Sparrows nests?
Or Todes infect faire founts with venome mud?
Or tyrant follie lurke in gentle brests?
Or Kings be breakers of their owne behestes?

"But no perfection is so absolute,
That some impuritie doth not pollute.

G

II. 834—854
THE R A P E O F L U C R E C E.

The aged man that cossers vp his gold,
Is plagu'd with cramps, and gouts, and painfull fits,
And scarce bath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still pining T A N T A L V S he sits,
And vfeleffe barnes the harvest of his wits:

Hauing no other pleasure of his gaine,
But torment that it cannot cure his paine.

So then he hath it when he cannot vse it,
And leaues it to be maifred by his yong:
V Vho in their pride do presently abuse it,
Their father was too weake, and they too strong
To hold their cursed-blessed Fortune long.

"The sweets we wish for, turne to loathed fowrs,
"Euen in the moment that we call them ours.

Unruly blafts wait on the tender spring,
Unholome weeds take roote with precious flowrs,
The Adder hisses where the sweete birds sing,
V Vhat Vertue breedes Iniquity deuours:
V V We haue no good that we can say is ours,
But ill annexed opportunity
Or kils his life, or else his quality.
O opportunity thy guilt is great,
Tis thou that execut'st the traitors treason:
Thou sets the wolfe where he the lambe may get,
'Who euer plots the sinne thou point the season.
Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason,
And in thy shadie Cell where none may spie him,
Sits sin to ceaze the soules that wander by him.

Thou makest the vestall violate her oath,
Thou blowest the fire when temperance is thawd,
Thou smotherst honestie, thou murthrest troth,
Thou fowle abbetor, thou notorious bawd,
Thou plantest scandal, and displacest lawd.
Thou rauilher, thou traytor, thou false theefe,
Thy honie turnes to gall, thy joy to greefe.

Thy secret pleasure turnes to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a publicke faft,
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,
Thy sugred tongue to bitter wormwood taft,
Thy violent vanities can neuer laft.
How comes it then, vile opportunity
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

G 2

II. 876—896
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

When wilt thou be the humble suppliants friend
And bring him where his suit may be obtained?

When wilt thou sort an howre great strifes to end?
Or free that soule which wretchednes hath chained?
Give phisicke to the sicke, ease to the pained:

The poore, lame, blind, hault, creepe, cry out for
But they were meet with oportunitie. (thee,

The patient dies while the Phisitian sleepe,
The Orphane pines while the oppressor feedes.
Justice is feasting while the widow weepes.
Aduise is sporting while infection breeds.
Thou graunt'st no time for charitable deeds.

Wrath, enuy, treason, rape, and murthers rages,
Thy heinous houres wait on them as their Pages.

When Truth and Vertue have to do with thee,
A thousand crosses keepe them from thy aide:
They buie thy helpe, but sinne nere giues a fee,
He gratis comes, and thou art well apaide,
As well to heare, as graunt what he hath saide.

My Colatine would else haue come to me,
When Tarquin did, but he was staid by thee.
Guilty
THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Guilty thou art of murther, and of theft,
Guilty of perjurie, and subornation,
Guilty of treason, forgerie, and shift,
Guilty of incest that abomination,
An accessarie by thine inclination.

To all sinnes past and all that are to come,
From the creation to the generall doome.

Misshapen time, cophysmate of vgly night,
Swift subtle post, carrier of grieslie care,
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight:
Base watch of woes, sins packhorse, vertues snare.
Thou noursest all, and murtherest all that are.

O heare me then, iniurous shifting time,
Be guiltie of my death since of my crime.

Why hath thy seruant opportunity
Betraide the howres thou gau'ft me to repose?
Canceld my fortunes, and inchained me
To endlesse date of neuer-ending woes?
Times office is to fine the hate offoes,
To eate vp errours by opinion bred,
Not spend the dowrie of a lawfull bed.

G 3
THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Times glorie is to calme contending Kings,
To vnumaske fallhood, and bring truth to light,
To stampe the seale of time in aged things,
To wake the morn, and Centinell the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,
   To ruinate proud buildings with thy howres,
   And imeare with dust their glitring golden towrs.

To fill with worme-holes stately monuments,
To seede obliuion with decay of things,
To blot old bookes, and alter their contents,
To plucke the quils from auncient rauens wings,
To drie the old oakes sappe, and cherish springs:
   To spoile Antiquities of hammerd Steele,
   And turne the giddy round of Fortunes wheele.

To shew the beldame daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a childe,
To slay the tygre that doth liue by slaughter,
To tame the Unicorne, and Lion wild,
To mocke the subtle in themselves beguild,
   To cheare the Plowman with increasefull crops,
   And waft huge stones with little water drops.

VWhy

II. 939—959
THE RAPE OF LuCRECE.

V Why workst thou mischiefe in thy Pilgrimage,
Vnlesse thou couldst returne to make amends?
One poore retyring minute in an age
V Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him wit that to bad letters lends, (backe,
O this dread night, wouldst thou one howr come
I could preuent this storme, and shun thy wracke.

Thou cæsareusse lackie to Eternitie,
VVith some mischance crose Tarqvin in his flight.
Deuise extremes beyond extremitie,
To make him curse this cursed crimfull night:
Let gastiely shadowes his lewde eyes affright,
And the dire thought of his committed euill,
Shape every buth a hideous shapelesse euill.

Disturb be his howres of rest with restlesse trances,
Affict him in his bed with bedred grones,
Let there be chaunce him pitifull mischances,
To make him mone, but pitie not his mones:
Stone him with hardned hearts harder then stones,
And let milde women to him loose their mildeffe,
V Wilder to him then Tygers in their wildnesse.
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Let him have time to tear his curled hair,
Let him have time against himself to sue,
Let him have time of times help to despair,
Let him have time to live a loathed slave,
Let him have time a beggars ort to crave,
   And time to see one that by almes doth live,
   Disdaine to him disdained scraps to giue.

Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merrie fooles to mocke at him resorte:
Let him have time to marke how slow time goes
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of sullie, and his time of sport.
   And ever let his uncalling crime
   Haue time to waile th'abuling of his time.

O time thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill:
At his owne shadow let the theefe runne mad,
Himselfe, himselfe seeke everie howre to kill,
Such wretched hads such wretched blood shuld spill.
   For who so base would such an office haue,
   As sclandrous deaths-man to so base a slave.

The
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

The baser is he coming from a King,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate,
The mightier man the mightier is the thing
That makes him honord, or begets him hate:
For greatest scandall waits on greatest state.
The Moone being clouded, presently is mist,
But little stars may hide them when they lift.

The Crow may bath his coaleblacke wings in mire,
And vnperceau'd flie with the filth away,
But if the like the snow-white Swan desire,
The staine vpon his siluer Downe will stay.

Poore grooms are sightles night, kings glorious day,
Gnats are vnnoted wherefore they flie,
But Eagles gaz'd vpon with euerie eye.

Out idle wordes, servants to shal low fooles,
Unprofitable sounds, weake arbitrators,
Busie your selues in skill contending schooles,
Debate where leasure serues with dull debators:
To trembling Clients be you mediators,
For me, I force not argument a straw,
Since that my case is past the helpe of law.

H
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

In vain I rail on oportunitie,
At time, at TARQVIN, and vnhearsfull night,
In vain I cavill with mine insame,
In vain I spurne at my confirm'd despight,
This helpelesse smoake of words doth me no right:
The remedie indeede to do me good,
Is to let forth my fowle desiled blood.

Poore hand why quiuerst thou at this decree?
Honor thy selfe to rid me of this shame,
For if I die, my Honor liues in thee,
But if I liue thou liu'st in my desame;
Since thou could'st not defend thy loyall Dame,
And waft afeard to scratch her wicked Fo,
Kill both thy selfe, and her for yeelding so.

This said, from her betombled couch she starteth,
To finde some desp'rat Instrument of death,
But this no slaughter house no toole imparteth,
To make more vent for passage of her breath,
VWhich thronging through her lips so vanilheth,
As smoake from ETNA, that in aire consumes,
Or that which from discharged Cannon fumes. In

ll. 1023—1043
THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

In vaine (quoth shee) I liue, and seeke in vaine
Some happie meane to end a haplesse life.
I fear'd by Tarquins Fauchion to be slaine,
Yet for the selfe same purpose seeke a knife;
But when I fear'd I was a loyall wife,
So am I now, ô no that cannot be,
Of that true tipe hath Tarquin rifi red me.

O that is gone for which I sought to liue,
And therefore now I need not teare to die,
To cleare this spot by death (at least) I giue
A badge of Fame to slanders liuerie,
A dying life, to liuing infamie:
Poore helplesse helpe, the treasure stolne away,
To burne the guifllesse casket where it lay.

Well well deare Colatine, thou shalt not know
The stained raft of violated troth:
I will not wrong thy true affection so,
To flatter thee with an infringed oath:
This bastard graffe shall never come to growth,
He shall not boast who did thy stocke pollute,
That thou art doting father of his fruite.

H 2
THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state,
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought
Basely with gold, but stolen from forth thy gate.
For me I am the mistress of my fate,
   And with my trespasses never will dispense,
'Till life to death acquit my first offence.

I will not poison thee with my attain,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly coin'd excuses,
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false nights abuses.
My tongue shall utter all, mine eyes like sluices,
   As from a mountaine spring that feeds a dale,
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.

By this lamenting Philomela had ended
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,
And solemn night with slow sad gate descended
To ouglie Hell, when loe the blushing morrow
Lends light to all faire eyes that light will borrow.
   But cloudie LVCRECE shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night would cloistered be.

ll. 1065—1085
Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping,
To whom shee sobbing speakes, o eye of eyes, (ping,
V p your thee through my window leae the thee pee-
Mock with thy tickling beams, eies that are sleeping;
Brand not my forehead with thy percing light,
For day hath nought to do what's done by night.

Thus caulis shee with everie thing shee sees,
True griefe is fond and teftie as a childe,
V Vho wayward once, his mood with naught agrees,
Old woes, not infant sorrowes beare them milde,
Continuance tames the one, the other wilde,
Like an vnpractiz'd swimmer plunging stile,
V Vwith too much labour drouns for want of skill.

So shee deepe drenched in a Sea of care,
Holds disputation with ech thing shee vewes,
And to her selfe all sorrow doth compare,
No objected but her passions strength renewes:
And as one shiftes another straight inverse,
Somtime her griefe is dumbe and hath no words,
Sometime tis mad and too much talke affords.

H 3

ll. 1086—1106
THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

The little birds that tune their mornings joy,
Make her moneys mad, with their sweet melodie,
"For mirth doth search the bottome of annoy,
Sad soules are slaine in merrie companie,
"Grievce best is pleas'd with griefes societie;
"True sorrow then is feelinglie suffiz'd,
"When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd,

"Tis double death to drowne in ken off shores,
"He ten times pines, that pines beholding food,
"To see the faire doth make the wound ake more:
"Great grievce greeues moft at that wold do it good;
"Deepe woes roll forward like a gentle flood,

VWho being stopt, the bouding banks oreflowes,
. Grievce dallied with, nor law, nor limit knowes.

You mocking Birds (quoth he) your tunes intomb,
VWithin your hollow swelling feathered breasts,
And in my hearing be you mute and dumbe,
My restlesse discord loues no stops nor rests:
"A woefull Hostesse brookes not merrie guests.

Ralish your nimble notes to pleasing cares,
"Distres likes dups whê time is kept with teares.

Come

ll. 1107—1127
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Come Philomel that sing'st of rackishment,
Make thy sad group in my disheueld heare,
As the danke earth weepes at thy languishment:
So I at each sad straine, will straine a teare,
And with deepè grones the Diapason beare:
For burthen-wife ile hum on Tarquvyn still,
While thou on Terens descants better skill

And whiles against a thorne thou bearst thy part,
To keepe thy sharpe woes waking, wretched I
To imitate thee well, against my heart
V V ill fixe a sharpe knife to affright mine eye,
V V ho if it winke shall thereon fall and die.
These meanes as frets vpon an instrument,
Shal tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

And for poore bird thou sing'st not in the day,
As flaming anie eye should thee behold :
Some darke deepe desert seated from the way,
That knowes not parching heat, nor freezing cold
V V ill wee find out: and there we will vnfold
To creatures stern, sad tunes to change their kinds,
Since me proue beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

As the poor frightened Deare that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly,
Or one incompaft with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily:
So with her selfe is shee in mutinie,
   To live or die which of the twaine were better,
   When life is sham'd and death reproches better.

To kill my selfe, quoth shee, alacke what were it,
But with my body my poore soules pollution?
They that loose halfe with greater patience bear it,
Then they whose whole is swallowed in confusion.
That mother tries a merciless conclusion,
   When hauing two sweet babes, when death takes
   Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

My bodie or my soule which was the dearer?
When the one pure, the other made divine,
Who saue of eyther to my selfe was nearer?
When both were kept for Heauen and Colatine:
Ay me, the Barke pild from the loftie Pine,
   His leaues will wither, and his sap decay,
   So must my soule her barke being pild away.

Her
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Her house is sackt, her quiet interrupted,
Her mansion battered by the enemie,
Her sacred temple spotted, spoild, corrupted,
Groffie ingirt with daring infamie.
Then let it not be calld impietie,
   If in this blemisht fort I make some hole,
   Through which I may convoy this troubled soule.

Yet die I will not, till my COLATINE
Haue heard the cause of my untimelie death,
That he may vow in that sad houre of mine,
Reuenge on him that made me stop my breath,
My stained bloud to TARQVIN ile bequeath,
   Which for him taintcd,shall for him be spent,
   And as his due writ in my testament.

My Honor ile bequeath vnto the knife
That wounds my bodie so dishonored,
Tis Honor to deprive dishonord life,
The one will liue, the other being dead.
So ofshames ashes shall my Fame be bred,
   For in my death! murther shamefull scorne,
   My shame so dead,mine honor is new borne.

II. 1170—1190
THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Deare Lord of that deare iewell I haue lost,
What legacie shall I bequeath to thee?
My resolution loue shall be thy boist,
By whose example thou reueng'd mayst be.
How TARQVIN must be visd, read it in me,
My selse thy friend will kill my selse thy so,
And for my sake serue thou false TARQVIN so.

This briefe abridgement of my will I make,
My soule and bodie to the skies and ground:
My resolution Husband doe thou take,
Mine Honor be the knifes that makes my wound,
My shame be his that did my Fame confound;
And all my Fame that liues disburserd be,
To those that liue and thinke no shame of me.

Thou COLATINE shalt oversee this will,
How was I overseene that thou shalt see it?
My bloud shall wash the scander of mine ill,
My liues soule deed my lifes faire end shall free it.
Faint not faint heart, but stoutlie say so be it,
Yeeld to my hand, my hand shall conquer thee,
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.

This

II. 1191—1211
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

This plot of death when lady shee had layd,
And wip't the brinish peatle from her bright eies,
V With vintun'd tongue shee hoarstic cal's her mayd,
V Whose swift obedience to her mistresse lies.
"For fleet-wing'd duetie with thoughtes feathers flies,
Poore LUCRECE cheeks yato her maid seen so,
As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistresse shee doth giue demure good morrow,
V With soft flow-tongue, true marke of modestie,
And sorts a sad looke to her Ladies sorrow,
(For why her face wore sorrowes liuerie.)
But durst not aske of her audaciouslie,
V Why her two suns were clowd ecliped so,
Nor why her faire cheeks over-walht with woe.

But as the earth doth weepe the Sun being set,
Each flowre moistned like a melting eye:
Euen so the maid with swelling drops gan wet
Her circled eien inforst, by sympathie
Of those faire Suns set in her mistresse skie,
V Who in a salt wau'd Ocean quench their light,
V Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

A prettie while these prettie creatures stand,
Like iuorie conduits corall cesterns filling:
One iustlie weepes, the other takes in hand
No cause, but companie of her drops spilling.
Their gentle sex to weeppe are often willing,
Greeuing themselves to gelse at others smarts,
And the they drown their eies, or break their harts.

For men have marble, women waxen mindes,
And therefore are they formd as marble will,
The weake opprest, th'impression of strange kindes
Is formd in them by force, by fraud, or skill.
Then call them not the Authors of their ill,
No more then waxe shall be accounted euill,
Wherein is stampt the semblance of a Deuill.

Their smoothnesse, like a goodly champaine plaine,
Laiies open all the little wormes that creepe,
In men as in a rough-grownne grove remaine.
Caue-keeping euils that obscurely sleepe,
Through christall wals ech little more will peepe;
Though me ca couer crimes with bold stern looks,
Poore womenes faces are their owne faults books.

Il. 1233—1253
THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

No man inueigh against the withered flowre,
But chide rough winter that the flowre hath kild,
Not that deuour'd, but that which doth deuour
Is worthic blame, o let it not be hild
Poore womens faults, that they are so fulfilled
With mens abuses, those proud Lords to blame,
Make weak-made womé tenants to their shame.

The president whereof in LVCRECE view,
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might intue.
By that her death to do her husband wrong,
Such danger to resitance did belong:
That dying feare through all her bodie spred,
And who cannot abuse a bodie dead?

By this milde patience bid faire LVCRECE speake;
To the poore counterfaite of her complayning,
My girle, quoth thee, on what occasion breake.
Those tears fró thee, that downe thy cheeks are raig-
If thou dost wepe for griefe of my sustaining: (ning?
Know gentle wench it small auails my mood,
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

I 3
THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

But tell me girle, when went (and there shee staide,
Till after a deepe groane) TARQVIN from hence,
Madame ere I was vp (repli'd the maide,)
The more to blame my sluggish negligence.
Yet with the fault I thus farre can dilpence:
  My selfe was stirr'ng ere the breake of day,
  And ere I rose was TARQVIN gone away.

But Lady, if your maide may be so bold,
Shee would request to know your heauinesse:
(O peace quoth LVCRECE) if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it lesse:
  For more it is, then I can well expresse,
  And that deepe torture may be cal'd a Hell,
  When more is felt then one hath power to tell.

Go get mee hither paper, inke, and pen,
Yet faue that labour, for I haue them heare,
(What should I say) one of my husbands men
Bid thou be readie, by and by, to beare
A letter to my Lord, my Loue, my Deare,
  Bid him with speed prepare to carrie it,
  The cause craues haft, and it will soone be writ.

Her
THE R A P E O F L V C R E C E.

Her maide is gone, and shee prepares to write,
First houering ore the paper with her quill:
Conceipt and griefe an eager combat fight,
What wit sets downe is blotted straight with will.
This is too curious good, this blunt and ill,
   Much like a prelle of people at a dore,
   Throng her intenlion which shall go before.

At last shee thus begins: thou worthie Lord,
Of that vnworthie wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person, next, vouchsafe t'afford
(If ever loue, thy LVCRECE thou wilt see,)
Some present speed, to come and visite me:
   So I commend me, from our house in griece,
   My woes are tedious, though my words are brieie.

Here folds shee vp the tenure of her woe,
Her certaine sorrow writ uncertainely,
By this short Cedula Colatine may know
Her griece, but not her grieues true quality,
Shee dares not thereof make discouery,
   Left he should hold it her owne griece abuse,
   Ere she with bloud had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

ll. 1296-1316
THE R A P E O F L U C R E C E.

Besides the life and feeling of her passion,
She hoards to spend, when he is by to heare her,
When sighs, & groans, & tears may grace the fashio
Of her disgrace, the better to clear her
From that suspicio which the world might bear her.
To shun this blot, shee would not blot the letter
With words, till aaction might become the better.

To see sad sights, mouses more then heare them told,
For then the eye interpretes to the eare
The heauie motion that it doth behold,
When euerie part, a part of woe doth beare.
Tis but a part of sorrow that we heare,
Deep sounds make leffer noise the shallow soords,
And sorrow ebs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seald, and on it writ
At ARDEA to my Lord with more then hast,
The Post attends, and shee deliuers it,
Charging the fowr-fac'd groome, to high as fast
As lagging fowles before the Northerne blasts,
Speed more then speed, but dul & slow she deems,
Extremity still vrgeth such extremes.

The

II. 1317—1337
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

The homelie villainc cursies to her low,
And blushing on her with a stedfast eye,
Receaues the scroll without or yea or no,
And forth with bashfull innocence doth hie.
But they whose guilt within their bosomes lie,

Imagine euerie eye beholds their blame,

For Lucrece thought, he blusht to see her shame.

VWhen seelie Groome (God wot) it was defect
Offspirite, life, and bold audacitie,
Such harmlesse creatures haue a true respect
To talke in deeds, while others saucilie
Promise more speed, but do it leysurelie.

Euen so this patterne of the worse-out age,
Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duetie kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both their faces blazed,
She thought he blusht, as knowing Tarqyins luft,
And blushing with him, wiltlie on him gazed,
Her earnest eye did make him more amazed.

The more shee saw the bloud his checks replenishe,
The more she thought he spied in her som blemish.

K

ll. 1338—1358
THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

But long shee thinks till he returne againe,
And yet the dutious vassall scarce is gone,
The weary time shee cannot entertaine,
For now tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan,
So woe hath wearied woe, mone tired mone,
That shee her plaints a little while doth stay,
Pawling for means to mourn some newer way.

At last shee calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy,
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape, the Cittie to destroy,
Threatning cloud-kissing Illion with annoy,
Which the conceived Painter drew so proud,
As Heauen (it seem d) to kisse the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable obiects there,
In scorn of Nature, Art gave lifeless life,
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping teare,
Shed for the slauhtred husband by the wife.
The red bloud reek'd to thew the Painters strife,
And dying eyes gleem'd forth their ashie lights,
Like dying coales burnt out in tedious nights.

There

Ii. 1359—1379
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

There might you see the labouring Pyoner
Begim'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust,
And from the towers of Troy, there would appear
The verie eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little luft,
Such sweet observance in this worke was had,
That one might see those farre of eyes looke sad.

In great commaunders, Grace, and Maiestie,
You might behold triumphing in their faces,
In youth quick-bearing and dexteritie,
And here and there the Painter interlaces
Pale cowards marching on with trembling paces.
Which harslesse pealants did so well resemble,
That one would swear he saw them quake & tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, o what Art
Of Phisiognomy might one behold!
The face of eyther cypherd eythers heart,
Their face, their manners most expresslie told,
In Ajax eyes blunt rage and rigour told,
But the mild glance that Ulysses lent,
Shewed deepe regard and smiling government.

II. 1380—1400
THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
As'twere encouraging the Greekes to fight,
Making such sober action with his hand,
That it beguild attention, charm'd the sight,
In speech it seem'd his beard, all silver white,

V'Vag'd vp and downe, and from his lips did flie,
Thin winding breath which pur'd vp to the skie.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
V'Which seem'd to swallow vp his sound advice,
All joyntly lifting, but with seuerall graces,
As if some Marmaid did their ears intice,
Some high, some low, the Painter was so nice.
The scalpes of man shadied almost hid behind,
To iump vp higher seem'd to mocke the mind.

Here one mans hand leand on anothers head,
His nose being shadoowed by his neighbours care,
Here one being throng'd, bears back all boln, & red,
Another smotherd, seemes to pelt and swear,
And in their rage such signes of rage they beare,
As but for losse of Nestor's golden words,
It seem'd they would debate with angrie swords.

For
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

For much imaginarye worke was there,
Conceipt deceitfull, so compacte so kinde,
That for Achil·les image stood his speare
Grip't in an Armed hand, himselle behind
VVas left vnseene, safe to the eye of mind,
A hand, a foote, a face, a leg, a head
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong besieged Troy, (field,
VVhen their braue hope, bold Hector march'd to
Stood manie Troian mothers sharing ioy,
To see their youthfull sons bright weapons wield,
And to their hope they such odde action yeeld,
That through their light ioy seemed to appeare,
(Like bright things ftaund) a kind of heauie feare.

And from the strong of Dardan where they fought,
To Simois reddie bankes the red bloud ran,
VVhose waues to imitate the battaile fought
VVith swelling ridges, and their rankes began
To breake vpon the galled shore, and than
Retire againe, till meeting greater ranckes
They ioine, & shoot their fome at Simois bancks.

K 3

ll. 1422—1442
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

To this well painted piece is LUCRECE come,
To find a face where all distresse is stiled,
Manie shee sees; where cares haue carued some,
But none where all distresse and dolor dweld,
Till shee dispayring HEEVBA beheld,
  Staring on PRIM'S wounds with her old eyes,
  VVhich bleeding vnder PIRRHVS proud foot lies.

In her the Painter had anathomiz'd
Times ruine, beauties wracke, and grim cares raign,
Her cheeks with chops and wrinckes were disguiz'd,
Of what shee was, no semblance did remaine:
Her blew blood chang'd to blacke in every vaine,
  VWanting the spring, that those shrunke pipes had
Shew'd life imprison'd in a bodie dead. (fed,
On this sad shadow LUCRECE spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the Beldames woes,
VVho nothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruell Foes.
The Painter was no God to lend her those,
  And therefore LUCRECE swears he did her wrong,
To giue her so much griefe, and not a tong.

Poore

Il. 1443—1463
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

Poore Instrument (quoth shee) without a sound,
Let tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue,
And drop sweet Balme in Priams painted wound,
And raile on Pirrhvs that hath done him wrong;
And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long;
And with my knife scratch out the angrie eyes,
Of all the Greekes that are thine enemies.

Shew me the strumpet that began this tur,
That with my nailes her beautie I may teare:
Thy heat of lust fond Paris did incur
This lode of wrath, that burning Troy doth beare;
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here,
And here in Troy for trespass of thine eye,
The Sire, the sonne, the Dame, and daughter die.

V Why should the priuate pleasure of some one
Become the publicke plague of manie moe?
Let sinne alone committed, light alone
Vpon his head that hath transgressed so.
Let guiltllesse soules be freed from guilty woe,
> For ones offence why should so many fall?
> To plague a priuate sinne in generall.

Il. 1464—1484
THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Lo here weeps HECUBA, here PRIAM dies,
Here manly HECTOR saunt, here TROLY LVS sounds;
Here friend by friend in bloudie channel lies:
And friend to friend giues vnaduised wounds,
And one mans lust these manie liues confounds.

Had doting PRIAM checkt his sons desire,
TROY had bin bright with Fame, & not with fire.

Here feelingly she weeps TROYES painted woes,
For sorrow, like a heauie hanging Bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes,
Then little strength rings out the dolefull knell,
So LVCRECE set a worke, sad tales doth tell
To pencel'd pensiuenes, & colour'd sorrow, (row,
She lends them words, & she their looks doth bor-

Shee throwes her eyes about the painting round,
And who shee finds forlorn, shee doth lament:
At last shee sees a wretched image bound,
That piteous lookes, to Phrygian sheapheards lent,
His face though full of cares, yet shew'd content,
Onward to TROY with the blunt swains he goes,
So mild that patience seem'd to scorne his woes.

In

ll. 1485—1505
THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

In him the Painter labour'd with his skill
To hide deceit, and give the harmlesse show
An humble gate, calmc looks, eyes wayling still,
A brow vnvent that seem'd to welcome wo,
Cheeks neither red, nor pale, but minged so,
That blushing red, no guiltie instance gau,e,
Nor ashie pale, the fear that false hearts haue.

But like a constant and confirmed Deuill,
He entertain'd a shew, so seeming iust,
And therein so enstooct his secret euill,
That Jealousie it selfe could not mistrust,
False creeping Craft, and Periurie should thrust
Into so bright a daie, such blackface'd storms,
Or blot with Hell-born sin such Saint-like forms.

The well-skil'd workman this milde Image drew
For periur'd Sinon, whose inchaunting storie
The credulous old Priam after flew.
Vvhose words like wild fire burnt the shining glorie
Of rich-built Illion, that the skies were sore,
And little stars shot from their fixed places,
Vvhich their glass fell, wherin they view'd their faces.
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

This picture shee advisedly perus'd,
And chid the Painter for his wondrous skill:
Saying, some shape in Sinon was abus'd,
So faire a forme lodg'd not a mind so ill,
And still on him shee gaz'd, and gazing still,
Such signes of truth in his plaine face shee spied,
That shee concludes, the Picture was belied.

It cannot be (quoth she) that so much guile,
(She would have said) can lurke in such a looke:
But Tarquin's shape, came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue, can lurke, from cannot, tooke
It cannot be, shee in that fence forsooke,
And turn'd it thus, it cannot be I find,
But such a face should beare a wicked mind.

For euen as subtil Sinon here is painted,
So sober sad, so weareie, and so milde,
(As if with griefe or trauaile he had fainted)
To me came Tarquin armed to beguile
VVith outward honeltie, but yet desild
VVith inward vice, as Priam him did cherish:
'So did I Tarquin, so my Troy did perish.

Looke

II. 1527—1547
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Looke looke how lightning PRIAM wets his eyes,
To see those borrowed teares that SINON shedds,
PRIAM why art thou old, and yet not wise?
For euery teare he fals a Trojan bleeds:
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds,
Those roud clear pearls of his that move thy pitty,
Are bals of quenchlesse fire to burne thy City.

Such Deuils steale effects from lightlesse Hell,
For SINON in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold hot burning fire doth dwell,
These contraries such vnitie do hold,
Only to flatter fools, and make them bold,
So PRIAM stufle falle SINON teares doth flatter,
That he finds means to burne his Troy with water.

Here all inrag'd such passion her affailes,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast,
Shee tears the sencelesse SINON with her nailes,
Comparing him to that vahappie guest,
VWhose deede hath made her selue, her selue detest,
At last shee smilingly with this giues ore,
Foolfool, quoth she, his wounds wil not be sore.

L 2
THE R A P E O F L V C R E C E.

Thus ebs and flowes the currant of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complayning,
Shee looks for night, & then shee longs for morrow,
And both shee thinks too long with her remayning.

Short time seems long, in sorrows sharp sustayning,
Though wo be heauie, yet it seldom sleepeas,
And they that watch, see time, how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath ouerflipt her thought,
That shee with painted Images hath spent,
Being from the feeling of her own griefe brought,
By deepe surmise of others detriment,
Loosig her woes in sheys of discontent:

It easeth some, though none it euer cured,
To thinke their doolour others haue endured.

But now the mindful Messenger come backe,
Brings home his Lord and other companie.
Who finds his L V C R E C E clad in mourning black,
And round about her teare-distained eye
Blew circles stream'd, like Rain-bows in the skie.

These watergalls in her dim Element,
Foretell new stormes to those alreadie spent.

Which

II. 1569—1589
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Which when her sad beholding husband saw,
Amazedlie in her sad face he stares:
Her eyes though sod in tears look'd red and raw,
Her liuelie colour kil'd with deadlie cares,
He hath no power to aske her how shee fares,
Both stood like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondring each others chance.

At last he takes her by the bloudlesse hand,
And thus begins: what uncouth ill euent
Hath thee befalne, that thou dost trembling stand?
Sweet loue what spite hath thy faire colour spent?
Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?
Vnmaske deare deare, this moodie heauinesse,
And tell thy grievse, that we may giue redresse.

Three times with sighes shee giues her sorrow fire,
Ere once shee can discharge one word of woe:
At length addrest to answer his desire,
Shee modestlie prepares, to let them know
Her Honor is tane prisoner by the Foe,
VWhile Colatine and his consorted Lords,
VWith sad attention long to heare her words.
THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

And now this pale Swan in her watrie nest,
Begins the sad Dirge of her certaine ending,
Few words (quoth shee) shall fit the trespaue best,
V Vhere no excuse can giue the fault amending.
In me moe woes then words are now depending,
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poore tired tong.

Then be this all the taske it hath to say,
Deare husband in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay,
V Vhere thou waft wont to rest thy weareie head,
And what wrong else may be imagined,
By foule inforcement might be done to me,
From that (alas) thy LVCRECE is not free.

For in the dreadfull dead of darke midnight,
V Vith shining Fauchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature with a flaming light,
And softly cried, awake, thou Romaine Dame,
And entertaine my loue, else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflit,
If thou my loues desire do contradit.

For
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

For some hard faver'd Groome of thine, quoth he,
Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will
Ile murther straight, and then ile slaughter thee,
And sweare I found you where you did fulfill
The lothsome act of Lust, and so did kill
The lechers in their deed, this Act will be
My Fame, and thy perpetuall infamy.

With this I did begin to start and cry,
And then against my heart he set his sword,
Swearing, unlesse I tooke all patiently,
I should not liue to speake another word.
So should my shame still rest vpon record,
And never be forgot in mightie Roome
Th' adulterat death of Lucrece, and her Groome.

Mine enemy was strong, my poore selfe weake,
(And farre the weaker with so strong a scare)
My bloudie Judge forbod my tongue to speake,
No rightfull plea might plead for justice there.
His scarlet Lust came evidence to sweare
That my poore beautie had purloin'd his eyes,
And when the Judge is rob'd, the prisoner dies.
THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

O teach me how to make mine owne excuse,
Or (at the least) this refuge let me finde,
Though my grosse bloud be stain'd with this abuse,
Immaculate, and spotlesse is my mind,
That was not forc'd, that neuer was inclind
To accessarie yeeldings, but still pure
Doth in her poysion'd closet yet endure.

Lo heare the hopelesse Marchant of this losse,
VVith head declin'd, and voice dam'd vp with wo,
VVith sad set eyes and wretched armes acrosse,
From lips new waxen pale, begins to blow
The griefe away, that stops his answer so.
But wretched as he is he striues in vaine,
VVhat he breaths out, his breath drinks vp again.

As through an Arch, the violent roaring tide,
O utruns the eye that doth behold his haft:
Yet in the Edie boundeth in his pride,
Backe to the strait that forst him on so fast:
In rage sent out, recald in rage being past,
Euen so his sighes, his sorrowes make a saw,
To push griefe on, and back the same grieve draw.
VVhich

ll. 1653—1673
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

VHich speechlesse woe of his poore she attendeth,
And his untimelie frenzy thus awaketh,
Deare Lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
Another power, no floud by raining slaketh,
My woe too sensib[le thy passion maketh
    More feeling painfull, let it than suffice
To drowne on woe, one paire of weeping eyes.

And for my sake when I might charme thee so,
For shee that was thy LUCRECE, now attend me,
Be sodainelie reuenged on my Foe:
Thine, mine, his own, suppose thou dost defend me
From what is past, the helpe that thou shalt lend me
    Comes all too late, yet let the Traytor die,
    "For sparing Iustice feeds iniquitie.

But ere I name him, you faire Lords, quoth shee,
(Speaking to those that came with COLATINE)
Shall plight your Honourable faiths to me,
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine,
Fortis a meritorious faire designe,
    To chace iniquitie with reuengeful armes,
    Knights by their oaths should right poore Ladies
    (harmes.

II. 1674—1694
THE RAPE OF LVGRECE.

At this request, with noble disposition,
Each present Lord began to promise aide,
As bound in Knighthood to her imposition,
Longing to heare the hatefull Foe bewraide.
But shee that yet her sad taske hath not said,
The protestation stops, o speake quoth shee;
How may this forced staine be wip'd from me?

VVhat is the qualitie of my offence
Being constrayn'd with dreadfull circumstance?
May my pure mind with the fowle a& dispence
My low declined Honor to advance?
May anie termes acquit me from this chance?
The poysoned fountaine cleares it selfe againe,
And why not I from this compelled staine?

VVith this they all at once began to saie,
Her bodies staine, her mind vntainted cleares,
VVhile with a joyleffe smile, shee turnes awaie
The face, that map which deepe impression beares.
Of hard misfortune, caru'd it in with tears.

No no, quoth shee, no Dame hereafter living,
By my excuse shall claime excuses giuing.

Here.

II. 1695—1715
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Here with a sigh as if her heart would breake,
She throwes forth Tarquins name: he he, she saies,
But more then he, her poore tong could not speake,
Till after manie accents and delays,
Vntimelie breathings, sicke and short astaies,
Shee vptters this, he he faire Lords, tis he
That guides this hand to giue this wound to me.

Euen here she sheathed in her harmlesse breast
A harmfull knife, that thence her soule vnsheathed,
That blow did baile it from the deepe vnrest
Of that polluted prison, where it breathed:
Her contrite sighes into the clouds bequeathed
Her winged sprite, & through her wouds doth flie
Liues lasting date, from cancel'd destinie.

Stone still, astoniht with this deadly deed,
Stood COLATINE, and all his Lordly crew,
Till LUCRECE Father that beholds her bleed,
Himselfe, on her selfe-slaughtred bodie threw,
And from the purple fountaine BRVTVS drew
The murdrous knife, and as it left the place,
Her bloud in poore reuenge, held it in chafe.

M 2
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

And bubbling from her brest, it doth deuide
In two slow rivers, that the crimson bloud
Circles her bodie in on euerie side,
V Vho like a late sack't land vastlie stood
Bare and vnpeopled, in this fearfull flood.
- Some of her bloud still pure and red remain'd,
- And som look'd black, & that false Tarquyn stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that blacke bloud, a watrie rigoll goes,
V Which seemes to weep vpon the tainted place,
And euer since as pittyng LUCRECE woes,
Corrupted bloud, some waterie token showes,
- And bloud vntainted, still doth red abide,
- Blushing at that which is so putrified.

Daughter, deare daughter, old LUCRECE cries,
That life was mine which thou hast here depruied,
If in the childe the fathers image lies,
V Where shall I liue now LUCRECE is vnliued?
Thou waft not to this end from me depruied.
- If children predecease progenitours,
- VVe are their offspring and they none of ours.

Poore
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

Poore broken glasse, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance, my old age new borne,
But now that faire fresh mirror dim and old
Shewes me a bare bon'd death by time out-worne,
O from thy cheekes my image thou hast torne,
And thieved all the beautie of my glasse,
That I no more can see what once I was.

O time cease thou thy course and last no longer,
If they surcease to be that should suruie:
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
And leaue the foultring feeble soules aliue?

The old Bees die, the young possess their hive,
Then live sweet LUCRECE, live againe and see
Thy father die, and not thy father thee.

By this starts Colatine as from a dreame,
And bids LUCRECE give his sorrow place,
And than in key-cold LUCRECE bleeding streame
He fals, and bathes the pale feare in his face,
And counterfaits to die with her a space.

Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,
And live to be reuenged on her death.

M 3

ll. 1758—1778
THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

The deep vexation of his inward soule,
Hath seru'd a dumbe arrest vpon his tongue,
V Vho mad that sorrow should his vse controll,
Or keepe him from heart-easing words so long,
   Begins to talke, but through his lips do throng
-   V Veake words, so thick come in his poor harts aid,
   That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime Tarquin was pronounced plaine,
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore,
This windie tempest, till it blow vp raine,
Held backe his sorrowest tide, to make it more.
At last it raines, and busie windes giue ore,
Then sonne and father weep with equall strife,
   V Vho shuld weep most for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may possesse the claime they lay.
The father saies, shee's mine, & mine shee is
Replies her husband, do not take away
My sorrowes interest, let no mourner say
   He weepes for her, for shee was onely mine,
   And onelie must be wayl'd by Colatine.

O,

II. 1779—1799
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

O, quoth LUCRETIUS, I did give that life
Which shee to early and too late hath spill'd.

V Oe woe, quoth COLATINE, shee was my wife,
I owed her, and tis mine that shee hath kil'd.

My daughter and my wife with clamors fild
The dispers't aire, who holding LUCRECE life,
Answer'd their cries, my daughter and my wife.

BRUTUS who pluck't the knife from LUCRECE side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to cloath his wit in state and pride,
Burying in LUCRECE wound his follies how,
He with the Romains was esteemed so

As seelie icering idiots are with Kings,
For sportive words, and vutting foolish things.

But now he throwes that shallow habit by,
Wherein deepe pollicie did him disguise,
And arm'd his long hid wits advis'dlie,
To checke the teares in COLATINVS eies.

Thou wronged Lord of Rome, quoth he, arise,
Let my unsounded selfe suppos'd a foole,
Now let thy long experience'it wit to schoole.

II. 1800—1820
THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Why Colatine, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds help wounds, or grieve help greeuous
Is't reuenge to giue thy selfe a blow, (deeds?
For his foule Act, by whom thy faire wife bleeds?
Such childish humor from weake minds proceeds,
Thy wretched wife mistooke the matter so,
To slay her selfe that should haue slaine her Foe.

Couragious Romaine, do not steepe thy hart
In such relenting dew of Lamentations,
But kneele with me and helpe to beare thy part,
To rowse our Romaine Gods with invocations,
That they will suffer these abhominations.
(Since Rome her selfe in the doth stand disgraced,
By our strong arms fro forth her fair streets chaced.

Now by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chast bloud to vniustlie stained,
By heauens faire sun that breeds the fat earths store,
By all our countrey rights in Rome maintained,
And by chast LVCRECE soule that late complained
Her wrongs to vs, and by this bloudie knife,
We will reuenge the death of this true wife.

This
THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

This sayd, he strooke his hand vpon his breast,
And kist the fatall knife to end his vow:
And to his protestation vrg'd the rest,
VWho wondring at him, did his words allow.
Then ioyntlie to the ground their knees they bow,
   And that deepe vow which Brvtvs made before,
He doth againe repeat, and that they sware.

VWhen they had sworne to this aduised doome,
They did conclude to beare dead Lvcrece thence,
To shew her bleeding bodie thorough Roome,
And so to publish Tarqvis sowe offence;
VWhich being done, with speedie diligence,
   The Romaines plausibly did giue consent,
   To Tarqvis everlafting banishment.

FINIS.
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM
1599 FACSIMILE
LONDON
HENRY FROWDE, M.A.
PUBLISHER TO THE UNIVERSITY
OF OXFORD
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM

BEING A REPRODUCTION IN FACSIMILE OF

THE FIRST EDITION

1599

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AT BRITWELL

WITH INTRODUCTION AND BIBLIOGRAPHY

BY

SIDNEY LEE

OXFORD: AT THE CLARENDON PRESS
MDCCCCCV
OXFORD
PHOTOGRAPHS AND LETTERPRESS
BY HORACE HART, M.A.
PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY
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**FACSIMILE OF THE EDITION OF 1599**
The Passionate Pilgrim is a collection of fourteen lyrical pieces, with an appendix of six pieces of identical character which are introduced by the separate title: 'SONNETS To sundry notes of Musick.' The twenty pieces are of varied poetic merit. Many have a touch of that 'happy valiancy' of rhythm and sentiment which is characteristic of the Elizabethan temper, but very few betray that union of simple feeling with verbal melody which is essential to lyrical perfection. Several are little more than pleasant jingles describing phases of the tender passion with a whimsical artificiality. The poems are in varied metres. Nine take the form of regular sonnets or quatorzains; five are in the

1 The word 'sonnet' is here used in the common sense of 'song'. The musical composer, William Byrd, published in 1587 his Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs of Sadness and Pietie; but though he tells the reader that if he be disposed 'to bee merrie, here are Sonets', and heads a section of the book 'Sonets and Pastorales', no poem bearing any relation to the sonnet form is included. No 'quatorzain' is included in the Appendix to The Passionate Pilgrim, of which the title may be paraphrased as 'Songs set to various airs'. The 'sundry notes of Musick' are only extant in the case of two poems; but it may be inferred that, before publication, all the six 'Sonnets' were 'set' by contemporary composers. Oldys's guess, that John and Thomas Morley were the composers, is unconfirmed. Indirect evidence supports the conjecture that a lost edition of the Sonnets supplied the music. A poetic miscellany—'Strange Histories' by Thomas Deloney—of like character to The Passionate Pilgrim and with similar typographical ornaments, has at the head of each piece in the 1602 edition (unique copy at Britwell) a line of musical notes, which is absent from other known editions. Again, of the poetic collection entitled 'The Teares or Lamentations of a Sorrowfull Soule, by Sir William Leighton' two editions are known—one (1613) giving the words only, and another (1614) adding the music.

2 The total is usually given as twenty-one, but the pieces commonly numbered fourteen and fifteen form a single poem and are printed together in the 1640 edition of Shakespeare's Poems, under the single heading 'Loath to depart'. J. P. Collier's proposal to divide the last piece also into two has been wisely ignored by recent editors. In the original editions the separate pieces were not numbered. Malone, in his reprint of The Passionate Pilgrim in his Supplement (1780), was the first editor to introduce a consecutive numerical notation.
common six-line stanza which Shakespeare employed in his *Venus and Adonis*; two are in seven-syllabled riming couplets; one is in four-lined stanzas alternately rimed; and three are in less regular metres, which were specially adapted for musical accompaniment.

Internal and external evidence alike confute the assertion of the title-page that all the contents of the volume were by Shakespeare. No more than five poems can be ascribed with confidence to his pen. Of the remaining fifteen, five were assigned without controversy to other hands in Shakespeare's lifetime; two were published elsewhere anonymously; and eight, although of uncertain authorship, lack all signs of Shakespeare's workmanship. A study of the facts attending the volume's publication shows, moreover, that it was not designed by Shakespeare, and that in its production he had no hand.

*The Passionate Pilgrim* owed its origin to the speculative boldness of the publisher, William Jaggard, who, according to the title-page, caused the book to be printed. Jaggard deserves respectful mention by the student of Shakespeare in virtue of the prominent part he took in the publication of the First Folio Edition of Shakespeare's Plays in 1623. He was at the head of the syndicate of stationers who defrayed the cost of that noble undertaking, and at his press the great volume was printed. The enterprise of the First Folio was the closing episode in Jaggard's career. It belonged to the zenith of his prosperity. He died at the moment that the work was completed.1 *The Passionate Pilgrim* was a somewhat insolent tribute paid by Jaggard to Shakespeare's reputation

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1 Mr. William Jaggard, of Liverpool, who is engaged on a full biography of his namesake, kindly informs me that the Elizabethan publisher's will was dated March 28, 1623, and proved on November 17 following.
four and twenty years earlier. The publisher had just then begun business for himself, and his prospects were still insecure. Every detail in the history of the enterprise pertinently illustrates the unscrupulous methods which the customs of the trade encouraged the Elizabethan publisher to pursue. But it is erroneous to assume that it was reckoned by any extensive public opinion of the day personally discreditable in Jaggard to publish under Shakespeare’s name work for which the poet was not responsible. In all that he did Jaggard was justified by precedent, and he secured the countenance and active co-operation of an eminent member of the Stationers’ Company, whose character was deemed irreproachable.

William Jaggard, who was Shakespeare’s junior by some five years, having been born in 1569, enjoyed a good preliminary training as a publisher. His father, John Jaggard, citizen and barber-surgeon of London, died in William’s boyhood, and he and a brother, John, both apprenticed themselves on the same day, September 29, 1584, to two highly reputable printers and publishers, each of whom was in a large way of business and owned as many as three presses.1 Henry Denham, William’s master, twice Under-Warden of the Stationers’ Company, lived at the sign of the Star in Paternoster Row. John’s master was the veteran Richard Tottel, twice Master of the Stationers’ Company, who won lasting fame at the outset of his career by his production in 1557 of that first anthology of English verse which is commonly known as Tottel’s Miscellany.2 Tottel’s

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1 For the details and dates in the career of Jaggard and his brother I am indebted to Mr. Arber’s Transcript of the Stationers’ Registers.

2 The full title of this volume, of which *The Passionate Pilgrim* was a descendant, ran:—*Songes and Sonettes, written by the ryght honorable Lorde Henry Howard, late Earle of Surrey, and other.* Apud Richardum Tottel, 1557. The book reached an eighth edition in 1587.
place of business was at the sign of the Hand and Star in Fleet Street, within Temple Bar, between the two Temple gates, and there his young apprentice helped him in 1587 to prepare an eighth edition of his popular anthology.

In due course the brothers were admitted freemen of the Company, William on December 6, 1591, and John next year, on August 7, 1592. They were thus fully qualified to play their part in the history of English publishing, when Shakespeare was winning his earliest laurels.

John's career only indirectly concerns us here. He became assistant to his old master Tottel, and in 1597, four years after Tottel's death, was established in Tottel's well-seasoned house of business, the Hand and Star in Fleet Street. Though he did not acquire Tottel's printing-presses, and never printed for himself, he rapidly made a name as a publisher and bookseller. Among his publications were two editions of Fairfax's great translation of Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*, and the third, fourth, and fifth editions of Bacon's *Essays* (1606, 1612, 1613). He entered the livery of his Company July 3, 1602, and acted as Warden in 1619 and 1620.

William, whose rise was less rapid, was a rougher-tempered man than his brother, and never obtained office in his Company. He began business on his own account in 1594, acquiring premises, which have no ascertainable history, at the east end of the churchyard at St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, in Fleet Street. There, for eleven years, he published books on a limited scale. He owned no printing-press, and his operations were restricted. But in 1605 his position completely changed. He acquired a preponderating interest, which he soon converted into a sole interest, in the old-established printing business of James Roberts, in the Barbican. Thenceforth his fortunes were not in doubt. Between 1605 and 1623, the year of his death, he
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM

carried on one of the largest printing businesses in London, and produced and published many imposing folios besides the First Folio of Shakespeare's Plays. In 1611 he became printer to the City of London; in 1613 he purchased from his partner Roberts the right of printing 'the players' bills' or theatrical programmes; and in 1618 he issued 'A catalogue of such English Bookes as lately haue bene and now are in Printing for Publication', which he promised to continue half-yearly. The reputation of his press for typographical accuracy was never high, but he violently denounced any authors who were bold enough to complain of its defects.

The year 1599, during which Jaggard produced *The Passionate Pilgrim*, was long anterior to the prosperous period of his life, which opened in 1605 with the control of Roberts' press. Before 1599 he would seem to have published not more than two or three books. The first extant book, on the title-page of which his name figures, was a sermon preached by John Dove at St. Paul's Cross, Nov. 3, 1594, which came out before the close of that year. The title-page stated that it was printed 'by P. S. [i. e. Peter Short] for W. Jaggard'. Next year there was issued a new edition of the pedestrian verse of William Hunnis called *Hunnie's Recreations*. The imprint was the same, with the addition of Jaggard's address in Fleet Street.

The Stationers' Company granted no licence for the publication of either of these books, and in fact Jaggard obtained only one licence from the Company before the end of the sixteenth century. On January 23, 1597-8, he was duly authorized by the Company to publish an embroidery pattern book, called *The true perfection of Cuttworkes*, of which no copy has been met with.

Jaggard was no slave of legal formalities. It was the exception rather than the rule for him to seek a licence.
for the publication of a book. Though he published several books in the interval, he did not seek a second licence until March 16, 1603, when he obtained one for a work appropriately called *The Anatomie of Sinne*. He faced the risk of punishment for his defiance of the law, and, when a penalty was exacted, paid it without demur.¹

No extant book which bears Jaggard's name came out during the three years 1596, 1597, and 1598. In 1599 two volumes appeared with the intimation on the title-page that they were 'printed for W. Jaggard'.² In neither case was the Stationers' Company made officially cognizant of Jaggard's operations. Of these two volumes, one was Thomas Hill's *Schoole of Skil*, an astronomical treatise in black letter, which was stated to be 'printed for W. Jaggard' at the press of T. Judson. The other was *The Passionate Pilgrim*, the imprint of which declared that it was 'Printed for W. Jaggard, and are to be sold by W. Leake at the Greyhound in Paules Churchyard'.

William Leake's association with the venture guaranteed it against official censure. He was a prominent and respected member of the Stationers' Company. He had joined the livery the year before, and subsequently became assistant (1604) and Master (1618). Before associating himself with Jaggard's venture of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, he had given notable proof of interest in Shakespeare's work. On June 25, 1596, he had acquired the copyright of *Venus and Adonis* from John

¹ On October 23, 1600, William Jaggard and a kindred spirit, Ralph Blower, were fined by the Stationers' Company 6s. 8d. for 'printing without license and contrary to order a little booke of Sir Anthony Sherley's Travels', and all 'the said books so printed' were forfeited by the Company. The offenders were threatened with imprisonment in default of compliance with the judgement, but Jaggard cheerfully paid his share of the fine on Sept. 7, 1601, and purged his offence. Cf. Arber, ii. 831, 833.

² The preposition 'for' in the imprint of Elizabethan books usually precedes the name of the proprietor of the copyright.
Harrison, who had bought it from its first holder, Richard Field, three years before. Leake retained his property in Shakespeare's earliest printed book for nearly twenty-one years. His first edition of *Venus and Adonis* appeared in 1599, in the same year as the first edition of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, and on the title-pages of both volumes figured his address—"the Greyhound in Paules Churchyard." Thus in 1599, a year after Leake was clothed with the livery of his Company, two newly printed volumes, which were identified with Shakespeare's name and fame, adorned for the first time the shelves of his shop in St. Paul's Churchyard.

The unnamed printer of *The Passionate Pilgrim* was doubtless Peter Short, who had printed for Jaggard the only volume of verse which he is known to have undertaken previously, viz. *Hunnie's Recreations*, in 1595. Short also printed for Jaggard his first book, Dove's *Sermon*, in 1594. Short's printing office was at 'the Star on Bread Street Hill, near to the end of Old Fish St.'; his business was a large one and many volumes of verse came from his press. Not only had he printed recently the work of the poets Spenser and Daniel, but he had produced for Leake the two editions of *Venus and Adonis* which appeared respectively in 1599 and 1602, as well as Harrison's edition of Shakespeare's *Lucrece* in 1598. More than one song-book, with the literary contents of which *The Passionate Pilgrim* had close affinity, also came from his press—one in the same year as Jaggard's miscellany, viz. *Ayres for four Voyces* composed by Michael Cavendish.²

The typographical quality of the first edition of Jaggard's

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² These premises enjoyed a traditional fame. They had been long in John Harrison's occupation, until at the close of 1596 Leake took them over; he remained there till 1602.

miscellany is not high. Misprints abound. Numerous lines are as they stand barely intelligible. Such defects were mainly due to imperfections in the 'copy', but they bear witness, too, to hasty composition and to carelessness on the part of the press corrector. Few of the irregularities are beyond the ingenuity of a conscientious overseer to remove. In Poem IX, the second line of the sonnet is omitted. There is only one catchword in the whole volume, viz. 'Lord', at the foot of B 8 (recto). Capitals within the line are not very common, but are employed most capriciously. In Sonnet IV, three of the fourteen lines begin with small letters instead of capitals. At V, l. 7, 'cases' rimes with 'there'. Spelling eccentricities which are scarcely to be differentiated from misprints, include —II, l. 12, 'ghesse' for 'guess'; V, l. 1, 'deawy' for 'dewy'; XIII, l. 10, 'symant' for 'cement'; XIV, l. 15, 'scite' for 'cite'; 'scence' for 'sense' (the word 'sense' is correctly spelt VIII, l. 6); l. 19, 'ditte' for 'ditty'; XVII, l. 4, 'nenying' for 'renying'; l. 8, 'a nay' for 'annoy'; l. 12, 'wonen for 'women'; XVII, l. 34, 'prease' for 'press'; l. 51, 'th' are' for 'the ear'. The volume was a small octavo and the meagre dimensions of the 'copy' led the printer to set the type on only one side of the leaf in the case of twenty-five of the twenty-eight leaves of text. At the top and bottom of each page of text is an ornamental device of ordinary pattern — no uncommon feature in small volumes of verse of the period.

II

The part that Jaggard played throughout the enterprise followed abundant precedents. It was common practice for publishers to issue, under a general title of their own devising, scattered pieces of poetry of varied origin. His brother's master, Tottel, had inaugurated the custom in 1557,
and TottePs Miscellany had a numerous progeny. Nor was Jaggard the only publisher arbitrarily to assign the whole of a miscellaneous anthology to some one popular pen.

Opportunities for gathering material for such anthologies abounded. Printed books, for example, novels and plays, which were interspersed with songs, could always be raided with impunity. But it was from manuscript sources that the anthological publishers sought their most attractive wares. Short poems circulated very freely in manuscript copies through Elizabethan England. An author would offer a friend or patron a poetic effusion in his own handwriting. Fashion led the recipient to multiply transcripts at will as gifts for other worshippers of the Muses. There were amateurs who collected these flying leaves in albums or commonplace books. The author exerted no definable right over his work after the MS. left his hand. His name was frequently omitted from the transcript. A publisher, in search of 'copy', recognized no obligation to consult the writer of unprinted verse before he sent it to press. It might be to his interest to enlist the aid of an amateur collector in extending his collections, and to him he might be ready to make some acknowledgement. But the author's claim to mention was usually disregarded altogether. As often as not, both collector and publisher were in ignorance of the name of the author of unsigned poems which

1 Numerous manuscript collections of verse, which were formed by amateurs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, are extant in the British Museum, the Bodleian Library, and in private hands. Mr. Henry Huth printed for private circulation in 1870 interesting specimens of such collections in private hands, in the volume entitled Inedited Poetical Miscellanies, 1584-1700. Some Elizabethans seem to have collected with an eye to business, and to have deliberately handed their collections over to publishers for some unknown consideration. Such an one was John Bodenham, to whom the publishers of England's Helicon (1600), Belvedere (1600), and other miscellanies of the time, acknowledged indebtedness. Bodenham was hailed in a preliminary sonnet before Belvedere as 'First causer and collector of these flowers'.
fell into their hands. In that contingency, the publisher deemed it within his right to append in print what signature he chose.

Jaggard’s fraudulent methods of work as an anthologist are capable of almost endless illustration. A venture of the year in which Jaggard became a freeman of the Stationers’ Company precisely anticipates Jaggard’s conduct in printing in a single volume ‘small poems’ by various pens, which were ‘dispersed abroad in sundrie hands’, and in attributing them all on the title-page to one author who was only responsible for a few of them. A well-known stationer, Richard Jones, issued in 1591 an anthology which he called Brittons Bower of Delights. Jones represented this volume to be a collection of lyrics by Nicholas Breton, a poet who was just coming into fame. The poet had no hand in the publication, and was piqued to discover on perusing it that it was a miscellany of poems by many hands, in which the publisher had included two or three of his own composition from scattered manuscript copies. Next year, in the prefatory note of his Pilgrimage to Paradise, Breton stated the facts thus:—‘Gentlemen, there hath beene of late printed by one Richard Iloanes, a printer, a booke of english verses, entituled Bretons bower of delights: I protest it was donne altogether without my consent or knowledge, and many thinges of other mens mingled with a few of mine, for except Amoris Lachrimae: an epitaphe vpon Sir Phillip Sydney, and one or two other toies, which I know not how he vnhappily came by. I have no part of any of thc: and so I beseech yee assuredly beleue. But the author wasted his protest on the desert air. He had no means of redress.

1 Cf. Wither’s Scholars Purgatory (c. 1625), p. 121: ‘If he [i.e. the Stationer] gett any written Copy into his powre, likely to be vendible, whether the Author be willing or no, he will publish it; And it shall be continued and named alsoe, according to his owne pleasure: which is the reason, so many good Bookes come forth imperfect, and with foolish titles.’
The publisher Jones was indifferent to the complaint, and in 1594 he exposed the poet Breton to the like indignity for a second time. Very early in that year Jones published, with the licence of his Company, a new miscellany which he called ‘The Arbor of Amorous Devices ... by N. B. Gent.’ In a preliminary epistle To the Gentlemen Readers, he boldly called attention to the fact that ‘this pleasant Arbor for Gentlemen’ was ‘many mens workes, excellent Poets, and most, not the meanest in estate and degree’. Jones’ new miscellany consisted of thirty short poems. Breton was only responsible for six or seven of them, yet the title-page ascribed all of them to him.1

Two volumes of the utmost literary interest, which were also issued in 1591, illustrate how readily poetic manuscripts fell, without the knowledge of the author or his friends, into a publisher’s clutches. Firstly, in that year, Thomas Newman, a stationer of small account, discovering that Sidney’s sonnets were ‘spread abroad in written copies’, put them into print on his own initiative, together with an appendix of ‘sundry other rare Sonnets’, which he ascribed to divers anonymous ‘noblemen and gentry’. Samuel Daniel, the poet, soon discovered to his dismay that Newman, without giving him any hint of his intention, had made free in the

1 Of each of these miscellanies assigned to Breton only single copies are now known to be extant; they are even rarer than The Passionate Pilgrim. A unique copy of the Bower is at Britwell, and a unique copy of the Arbor (defective and without title-page) is in the Capell collection at Trinity College, Cambridge. Another example of the assignment by an adventurous publisher of a collection of miscellaneous poems to a single author, whereas the contents of the volume were from many pens, is offered by the second edition of Constable’s Diana, issued by James Roberts in 1594. The printer, Richard Smith, distributed twenty-one genuine sonnets by Constable, which he had brought out in a separate and authentic volume in 1592, through a collection of seventy-five sonnets, of which fifty-four were by ‘other honourable and learned personages’. Eight of the supplementary poems, which the publisher Smith connected with Constable’s name, were justly claimed for Sir Philip Sidney in the authorized collection of his works in 1598.
appendix with written copies of twenty-three sonnets by himself which had not been in print before; they appeared anonymously in Newman's volume.

Secondly, in 1591, William Ponsonby published a little collection of Spenser's verse, in a volume on which he and not the author bestowed the title of Complaints. In an address 'To the gentle Reader,' Ponsonby announced that he had 'endeavoured by all good means... to get into his handes such smale Poemes of the same Authors as he heard were disperst abroad in sundrie hands and not easie to bee come by by himselfe, some of them having been diverslie im-beziled and purloyned from him since his departure Oversea.' The printer expressed the hope that Complaints might be the forerunner of a second collection of 'some other Pamphlets looselie scattered abroad,' for which he was still searching.

Further illustration of various points in Jaggard's procedure may be derived from yet two other poetic anthologies, which came out a year later than The Passionate Pilgrim, viz. England's Helicon, an admirable collection of Elizabethan lyrics, four of which also find a place in Jaggard's volume; and Belvedere, or the Garden of the Muses, an ample miscellany of elegant extracts. In the address to the reader prefixed to England's Helicon reference is made to the grievance that another man's name was often put in such works to an author's poems, but the wrong done was treated by the publisher of England's Helicon as negligible. The Belvedere anthology indicates the superior

1 To the complaint of stationers, that their copies 'were robbed' and their copyright ignored by these collections, the compiler of England's Helicon makes answer that no harm can be done by quotation when the name of the author is appended to the extract, and the most eminent poets are represented in the miscellany. As the author's name was usually either omitted or given wrongly, the apologist for Jaggardian methods offers very cold comfort.
importance which the publishers attached to 'private', or unpublished pieces, above 'extant', or pieces which were already in print. The compiler of Belvedere claims credit for having derived his material not merely from printed books, but from 'private poems, sonnets, ditties and other witty conceits . . . according as they could be obtained by sight or favour of copying'. In the case of Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, Shakespeare, Marlowe, Barnfield, and many other living authors whom he named, he had drawn not merely 'from many of their extant (i.e. published) workes', but from 'some kept in private'. Of five recently dead authors he stated he had 'perused' not only their 'divers extant labours' but 'many more held back from publishing'.

In christening his volume, Jaggard illustrated the habit which George Wither had in mind when he wrote of the stationer that 'he oftentymes giues bookes such names as in his opinion will make them saleable, when there is little or nothing in the whole volume sutable to such a tytle'. The title which Jaggard devised has no precise parallel, but it does not travel very far from the beaten track. The ordinary names which were bestowed on poetic miscellanies of the day were variants of a somewhat different formula, as may be deduced from the examples 'Bower of Delights', 'Handful of Pleasant Delights', and 'Arbor of Amorous Devices'. The Affectionate Shepheard, a collection of poems by Richard Barnfield, which appeared in 1594, approaches Jaggard's designation more nearly than that of any preceding extant volume of verse.¹

¹ Scholars Purgatory (c. 1625), p. 122.
² The similitude is not quite complete. Although Barnfield's book includes many detached pieces, the title of the whole applies particularly to the opening and longest poem of the volume. Jaggard's general title does not apply to any individual item of the book's contents.
Jaggard used the word 'passionate' in the affected sense of 'amorous'. 'Passionate' in that signification was a conventional epithet of 'shepherd' and 'poet' in pastoral poetry. Two poems in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, which also appear in *England's Helicon*, were ascribed in the later anthologies to 'The Passionate Shepherd'. Biron's verses from *Love's Labour's Lost* were headed 'The Passionate Shepherd's Song', while Marlowe's poem 'Come, live with me' was headed 'The Passionate Shepherd to his Love'. A poetaster, Thomas Powell, entitled a volume of verse in 1601, *The Passionate Poet*, and described himself in the preface as the creature of 'passion'. In 1604 Nicholas Breton christened a miscellany of love-poems 'The Passionate Shepheard'; and named the concluding section 'Sundry Sweet Sonnets and *Passionate* Poems.' It was Jaggard's manifest intention to attract through the title those interested in amorous verse.

III

In 1599 Shakespeare was nearing the height of his fame. He had just produced the two parts of *Henry IV* in which

1 A detached love poem was often called 'a passion'. Thomas Watson gave his *Eκαρούμαλία* (1582), a well-known collection of love-poetry, the alternative title of 'Passionate Centurie of *Love*', and the work was described in the preliminary pages as 'this Booke of *Passionate Sonnetes*', while each poem was called a 'passion'. Cf. the title of the appendix to the love poem *Alcilia* (1595): 'The Sonnets following were written by the Author, after he began to decline from his *Passionate* Affection.'

2 Sir Walter Raleigh's familiar verses beginning, 'Give me my scalop shell of quiet', which circulated freely in MS., bore, perhaps with allusion to Jaggard's volume, the title of 'The *Passionate Mans Pilgrimage* when they were first published at the end of Scoloker's *Daiphantus*, 1604. In this connexion 'passionate' signifies 'sorrowful', as in Shakespeare's *King John*, ii. 1. 544, 'She [i.e. Constance] is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.' Raleigh was author of 'Loues answere', which Jaggard included in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, in No. xix.
Falstaff came into being, and in the previous autumn he had been hailed by the critic Meres as the greatest poet of his era. It was a natural ambition in a speculative publisher to parade Shakespeare’s name on the title-page of a conventional anthology. The customs of the trade and the unreadiness or inability of authors to make effective protest rendered the plan easy of accomplishment. Enough of Shakespeare’s undoubted work fell, moreover, into Jaggard’s hands to give a specious justification to the false assignment.

A year before *The Passionate Pilgrim* appeared, it was announced that poems by Shakespeare were circulating ‘in private’. Shakespeare’s appreciative critic, Francis Meres, did more than write admiringly in 1598 of Shakespeare’s narrative poems, *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, which were accessible in print, and of a dozen plays, which were familiar on the stage to the theatre-goer. He made specific reference to writings by the great poet which were ‘held back from publishing’ and ‘kept in private’. These were vaguely described by Meres as Shakespeare’s ‘sugred Sonnets among his private friends, etc.’ The productions which Meres cloaked under his ‘etc.’ are not with certainty identified, but two of Shakespeare’s ‘Sonnets’ strayed into Jaggard’s net.

There can be no doubt that Jaggard, like his colleagues in trade when designing a miscellany, made it his chief aim to secure ‘private poems, sonnets, ditties, and other witty

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1 It was not the first time that Shakespeare suffered such an experience, and the action of other publishers was even less justifiable than Jaggard’s. Already in 1595 *The Tragedie of Locrine* was attributed by the publisher, Thomas Creede, on the title-page to ‘W.S.’, with fraudulent intent. His surname figured on the title-pages of *The Life of Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600, *The London Prodigall*, 1605, *A Yorkshire Tragedie*, 1608, and ‘W. S.’ again in *Thomas Lord Cromwell*, 1602, and in *The Puritaine*, 1607. With none of these six plays had Shakespeare any concern. The worthless old play about King John was assigned to Shakespeare in revisions of 1611 and 1622.
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM

conceits' by popular authors which had been 'held back from publishing' and 'kept in private'. He depended for access to such treasures 'according as they could be obtained by sight on favour of copying'. 'Extant' work was not excluded from his piratical undertaking. Eight of his pieces were already in print, but it seems probable that even in those cases he had met with the text in stray manuscript copies, and that he mistook them for 'private' instead of 'extant' compositions. There is no question that he was successful in acquiring two of the 'private' pieces by Shakespeare, the existence of which had been publicly vouched for by Meres. Three other poems by Shakespeare, which he included, were already in print, imbedded in a published play. But Jaggard was probably ignorant of the fact, and derived his text of these pieces also from independent transcripts in 'private' hands.¹

On the opening pages of his volume Jaggard set out two of that collection of Shakespeare's sonnets which was not published until ten years later. The two sonnets are numbered, in the full edition of 1609, CXXXVIII and CXLIV respectively. Jaggard's text differs at many points from that of the later volume. He clearly derived his text from detached copies privately circulating among collectors of verse. Thereby, in spite of his insolent defiance of the author's rights or wishes, he rendered lovers of literature a genuine service.

Jaggard seems to have presented an earlier recension of the text than figured in the edition of 1609. The poet's second thoughts do not seem to have been always better than his

¹ Two careful analyses of the contents of The Passionate Pilgrim should be mentioned: one, by Mr. Charles Edmonds, is in the Isham Reprints—The Passionate Pilgrimage from the First Edition, 1870; the other, by Professor Dowden, is in the photo-lithographic facsimile of the First Edition (Shakespeare-Quarto facsimiles, No. 10).
first. The text of the second, at any rate, of Jaggard's sonnets is superior to that in Thorpe's collection. In Jaggard's first sonnet (No. CXXXVIII of 1609) he reads

Vnskilful in the worlds false forgeries (l. 4) for
Vnleamed in the worlds false subttilties.

Jaggard's lines 6-9 run:—

Although I know my yeares be past the best:
I smiling, credite her false-speaking toung,
Outfacing faults in Loue, with loues ill rest.
But wherefore sayes my loue that she is young?

These lines, if less polished, are somewhat more pointed than the later version:—

Although she knowes my dayes are past the best,
Simply I credit her false speaking tongue,
On both sides thus is simple truth supprest:
But wherefore sayes she not she is uniust?

Line 11,

O, Loues best habite is a soothing toung,
became in 1609,

O loues best habit is in seeming trust;

while the concluding couplet—

Therefore Ile lye with Loue, and Loue with me,
Since that our faults in Loue thus smother'd be;
appeared ten years later in the different but equally ambiguous form:—

Therefore I lye with her, and she with me,
And in our faults by lyes we flattered be.

Jaggard's second sonnet shows fewer discrepancies with The second sonnet.
that of 1609, and his version is on the whole the better of the two:—

line 8—

[1599] Wooing his purity with her faire pride.
[1609] Wooing his purity with her fowle pride.

line 11—

[1599] For being both to me: both to each friend,
[1609] But being both from me both to each friend,

line 13—

[1599] The truth I shall not know, but liue in doubt.
[1609] Yet this shal I nere know but liue in doubt,

Finally, Jaggard's text knows nothing of the 1609 misprint of 'sight' for 'side' in the important line 6:—

Tempteth my better angel from my side.

The three remaining poems which can be confidently assigned to Shakespeare are all to be found in his play of Love's Labour's Lost, which was published in 1598. Other plays of his had been published earlier, but this piece was the first to bear on the title-page Shakespeare's name as author (By W. Shakespeare). The variations from the text of the play are in all three pieces unimportant and touch single words or inflexions. But such as they are, they suggest that Jaggard again printed stray copies which were circulating 'privately', and did not find the lines in the printed quarto of the play. The distribution of the three excerpts through the miscellany suggests that Jaggard did not know that they all came from the same source. The first excerpt from Love's Labour's Lost—No. III—immediately follows Shakespeare's two sonnets. It is Longaville's sonnet to Maria, from Act iv, Sc. 3, ll. 58-71. The variations are as follow:—
The second excerpt from *Love's Labour's Lost* stands next No. V. but one to the first. It is Dumain's sonnet to 'most divine Kate' (in lines of six feet), from Act iv, Sc. 2, ll. 100-13. The different readings are:

*Love's Labour's Lost (1598)*  
1. 2. Ah  
1. 3. faithful  
1. 4. were oaks  
1. 6. Art would comprehend  
1. 11. Thy eye loues lightning bears  
1. 13. O pardon love this wrong  
1. 14. That sings

*Passionate Pilgrim (1599)*  
1. 2. O  
1. 3. constant  
1. 4. like Okes  
1. 6. Art can comprehend  
1. 11. Thine eye loues lightning seems  
1. 13. O, do not loue that wrong  
1. 14. To sing

The third excerpt from *Love's Labour's Lost* is Biron's No. XVI. verse-address to Rosaline, in seven-syllable rimeing couplets (beginning, 'On a day, alack the day'), from Act iv, Sc. 3, ll. 97-116. This poem is the sixteenth in Jaggard's volume, being the second of the appended 'Sonnets To sundry notes of Musicke', and the sole piece by Shakespeare in that portion of Jaggard's volume. The only difference worthy of record between Jaggard's version and the text of the play is the omission from the former of the eighth couplet of the latter, viz.:—
Do not call it sin in me
That I am forsworn for thee.¹

Jaggard did more than include five genuine poems by Shakespeare in order to vindicate his right to place the great poet’s name on the title-page. He introduced four sonnets on the theme of Venus and Adonis, which fill respectively the fourth, sixth, ninth, and eleventh places in his miscellany. Thus Jaggard thought to support the faith of the unwary in Shakespeare’s responsibility for the whole of the collection. His partner in the venture, Leake, who owned the copyright of Shakespeare’s popular poem, and brought out a new edition of it at the same time as he joined Jaggard in producing his anthology, naturally abetted Jaggard in encouraging the notion that Shakespeare was still at work on a topic which had proved capable of making a very powerful appeal to the Elizabethan public. How great was the importance which Jaggard attached to those portions of the volume which brought the subject of Venus and Adonis to the minds of readers, may be gauged from the circumstance that, in a new edition of The Passionate Pilgrim in 1612, he introduced into the title-page the alternative title: Certaine Amorous Sonnets betweene Venus and Adonis. But the poetic temper and phraseology of Jaggard’s four poems about Venus and Adonis sufficiently refute the pretensions to Shakespearean authorship which Jaggard, with Leake’s connivance, made in their behalf. All of them

¹ This piece was reprinted—for the third time in three years—in England’s Helicon, in 1600. Jaggard’s version was there followed, and it may have been transferred direct from The Passionate Pilgrim. It is succeeded in England’s Helicon, as in Jaggard’s miscellany, by ‘My flocks feed not’. But the editor of England’s Helicon bestowed on Biron’s verses the new heading ‘The Passionate Shepherds Song’, and subscribed them with the name ‘W. Shakespeare’.
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embody reminiscences of Shakespeare's narrative poem, but none show any trace of his workmanship.

All treat of Venus' infatuation for Adonis and of Adonis' bashful rejection of her advances. The insistence on the boyish modesty of Adonis is largely Shakespeare's original interpretation of the classical fable, and the emphasis newly laid upon the point in Jaggard's sonnets seems to indicate the source of their inspiration. No. IX, 'Faire was the morne, when the faire Queene of Love,' develops Venus' warning against the boar-hunt. No. XI, 'Venus with Adonis sitting by her,' works up ll. 97-114 in Shakespeare's poem, where Venus describes how she had been wooed by 'the stern and direful god of war'. In the two other sonnets (Nos. IV and VI) which open the series in Jaggard's volume, hints have been sought outside Shakespeare's poem, but the reference to Adonis in Shakespeare's Taming of the Shrew appears to have given the sonneteer his leading cue. No. IV ('Sweet Cytherea sitting by a Brooke') and No. VI ('Scarse had the Sunne dride vp the deawy morne'), in both of which the goddess is called Cytherea and is pictured by a brook, read like glosses on the passage in Shakespeare's Taming of the Shrew (Ind. Sc. 2, ll. 52-3), which tells of

Adonis painted by a running brook
And Cytherea all in sedges hid.

The episode of Adonis bathing, with which the second of these two sonnets deals, is unnoticed in Shakespeare's poem.

Of only two of these four poems is any trace found outside The Passionate Pilgrim. An early manuscript copy of No. IX was at one time in Halliiwell[-Phillipps]'s possession. It gives a different and very tame version of ll. 2-4. The manuscript reading runs:
The Passionate Pilgrim

Faire was the morne when the faire Queen of Louc,
   Hoping to meet Adonis in that place,
   Addrest her early to a certain grooue,
   Where he was wont ye savage Beast to chase.

Of No. XI alone (‘Venus with Adonis sitting by her’) is the authorship determinable beyond doubt. With verbal differences, the sonnet was already included in an ample collection entitled ‘Fidessa. . . . by B. Griffin Gent.?, which had been published three years before, in 1596. It filled the third place in Griffin’s little array of sixty-two quatorzains. The textual variations again point to Jaggard’s dependence for his version on a private transcript. Apart from such differences as ‘the warlike god’, in The Passionate Pilgrim, for ‘the wanton god’ in Fidessa, or ‘she clasped Adonis’ for ‘she clipt Adonis’, the two texts entirely disagree in regard to ll. 7-12. Jaggard presents them thus:

Euen thus (quoth she) the warlike god unlac’t me,
   As if the boy should vse like louing charmes;
Euen thus (quoth she) he seized on my lippes,
   And with her lips on his did act the seizure:
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
   And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.

In Griffin’s printed volumes of 1596 the passage runs thus:

But he a wayward boy refusde her offer,
   And ran away, the beautious Queene neglecting:
Showing both folly to abuse her proffer,
   And all his sex of cowardise detecting.
Oh that I had my mistres at that bay,
   To kisse and clipe me till I ranne away.

It is clear that Jaggard did not know Griffin’s work as it was printed in Griffin’s published Fidessa. Jaggard’s text was probably a trial version, which Griffin distributed among private friends, but finally excluded from his collection when
he sent it to press. The three other sonnets on the theme of Venus and Adonis in *The Passionate Pilgrim* have a strong family resemblance to that attributable to Griffin, and may well have been similar experiments of his Muse, which were withheld from the printer and circulated only in private.

Griffin is one of three contemporary poets whom Jaggard may be safely convicted of robbing. He was wise in laying somewhat heavier hands on the work of Richard Barnfield, whose lyric gift was more pleasing than Griffin’s. There is no question that two of Jaggard’s pieces—No. VIII, the sonnet beginning ‘If Musicke and sweet Poetrie agree’, and No. XX, the seven-syllable rining couplets at the extreme end of the volume, beginning ‘As it fell upon a day’—were from Barnfield’s pen. Both were published in 1598 in a poetical tract entitled *Poems: in diuers humours*, which formed the fourth section of a volume bearing the preliminary title, ‘The Encomion of Lady Pecunia, or the Praise of Money’, by Richard Barnfield, Graduate in Oxford.’ The whole book was published by William Jaggard’s brother John, at the Hand and Star in Fleet Street, and there is ground for believing that Jaggard, with his brother’s connivance, borrowed in this instance from a printed text.

‘Poems in diuers humours’ was the last of the four parts of the ‘Encomion’ and had, like each of the three preceding parts, a separate title-page. It was prefaced by a dedication in three couplets to the author’s friend ‘Maister Nicholas Blackleech of Grayes Inne’. There the writer described the poems which followed as ‘fruits of unriper years’. Barnfield’s claim to authorship of the ‘Poems in diuers humours’ cannot be justly questioned.

The opening piece in Barnfield’s tract is headed ‘Sonnet I.
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To his friend Maister R. L. in praise of Musique and Poetrie. This is the eighth poem of The Passionate Pilgrim. The texts are identical, though in Barnfield's publication capitals are more freely used than in The Passionate Pilgrim, while the proper names are in italics and not in roman letters as in the later volume.¹

¹ R. L., to whom Barnfield addressed the sonnet, is doubtless Richard Linche, author of a collection of sonnets called Diella which appeared in 1596. John Dowland, to whom Barnfield refers in line 5 of his sonnet, was the famous lutenist and musical composer, who had published a year before a valuable volume in folio, called 'The First Book of Songes, and Ayres of foure partes with Tablature for the Lute' (printed by Peter Short). The compliment to Spenser in lines 7-8 is repeated in Barnfield's volume in the next poem but one, a piece which is entitled 'A Remembraunce of some English Poets' and opens with the line: 'Live Spenser ever in thy Fairy Queene.' Already, in 1595, Barnfield had proved his admiration for Spenser by publishing a poem in the Spenserian stanza, called 'Cynthia', which he described in his preface as 'the first imitation of the verse of that excellent Poet Maister

¹ In a reprint of Barnfield's volume under the abbreviated title 'Lady Pecunia', in 1605, only two of the eight 'poems in diuers humours' were included. Among the omitted pieces were the two poems which figured in The Passionate Pilgrim. From this omission of the two pseudo-Shakespearean pieces Collier argued that Barnfield was not their author; that the claim to them advanced in behalf of Shakespeare by the compiler of The Passionate Pilgrim was justifiable, and that they were dropped by Barnfield in 1605, in deference to an imaginary protest on the part of the compiler of Jaggard's miscellany. Collier ignored the fact that not the two pseudo-Shakespearean pieces alone, but four other of the original eight 'poems in diuers humours' were excluded from the new edition of Barnfield's volume. So wholesale an exclusion undermines Collier's theory, apart from the internal evidence of poetic quality, which entirely negatives Shakespeare's responsibility for the two pieces in question. Cf. Collier's Bibliographical Account, i. 57-8; Grosart's Introduction to Barnfield's Poems (Roxburghe Club), pp. xiv seq.
Spenser in his Fayrie Queene'. In the last line of Barnfield's sonnet, the words 'One knight loves both' (i.e. Dowland and Spenser) refer to Sir George Carey, who in 1596 succeeded his father as second Baron Hunsdon. To Sir George, Dowland dedicated his First Book of Ayres in 1597, and his wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Spencer of Althorpe, was a friend and patroness of Spenser, who dedicated to her his 'Muiopotmos' (1590) by way of acknowledging her 'great bounty' to him as well as the tie of kindred between them.

The fourth item in Barnfield's 'Poems' of 1598 was headed 'An ode'. This is the concluding poem (No. XX), filling the last four pages, of The Passionate Pilgrim of 1599. The reproduction in the later volume is again verbatim, save for the substitution of roman letters for a few italics. Although Jaggard here employed a printed text, a private transcript of Barnfield's Ode seems to have strayed into circulation, and that was printed for the first time in England's Helicon. There we find a greatly abbreviated version of Barnfield's Ode. The last thirty lines, which figure in both Barnfield's Poems and in The Passionate Pilgrim, are omitted, and after the twenty-sixth line there is introduced a concluding couplet which is not found in either of the preceding volumes. These two lines run:

Even so, poor bird like thee,
None alive will pity me.

Of the twenty-six lines, which appear in all three books, the text in England's Helicon varies little from that in the other collections. England's Helicon in line 22 reads 'Ruthless beasts they will not cheer you', instead of 'Ruthless Beares', &c., as in both the earlier printed versions.¹

¹ There was a crude sort of justice in the attribution of Barnfield's verse to another. Thoroughly well read in contemporary poetry, Barnfield had
There is a likelihood that much else in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, besides the two poems which he included in his printed collection of poems, were by Barnfield. At any rate, the seventeenth poem in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 'My flocks feed not,' may be confidently set to his credit. In three twelve-line stanzas it had appeared anonymously with minor differences of text in 'Madrigals to 3, 4, 5, and 6 voyces' by the musical composer Thomas Weelkes, which was printed and published by Thomas Este (or East), in 1597. In no instance did Weelkes give the name of the author whose words he set to music. 'My flocks feed not' again appeared in *England's Helicon* (1600) with the new title 'The Unknown Shepherd's Complaint'. It was immediately already shown himself an unblushing plagiarist. His popular ode beginning 'As it fell upon a day' secretly levies heavy loans on a poem by a little-known versifier, Francis Sabie. In his 'Pan his Pipe: conteyning three pastorall Eglogues in Englyshe hexameter; with other delightfull verses' (London, Imprinted by Richard Jones, 1595, 4to) Sabie opens his volume thus:—

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It was the moneth of May,
All the fields now looked gay,
Little Robin finely sang,
With sweet notes each green wood rang;
Philomene, forgetfull then
Of her rape by Tereus done,
In most rare and joyfull wise
Sent her notes unto the skies:

Fish from chrystall waves did rise
After gnats and little flies:
Little lambs did leape and play
By their dams in medowes gay:
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Barnfield was also a silent debtor to Shakespeare, and in two of his earlier works—*The Affectionate Shepheard* (1594) and his narrative poem *Cassandra* (1595)—not merely adopted the common six-line stanza of *Venus and Adonis*, but borrowed many expressions and turns of phrase both from that poem and from Shakespeare's *Lucrece*, as well as apparently from some of Shakespeare's sonnets, which were as yet unpublished and were only circulating in private transcripts.
followed in that anthology by the first half (twenty-six lines out of fifty-six of Barnfield's fully accredited 'Ode'—"As it fell upon a day"), which bore the heading 'Another of the same shepherds'. Though the editor of *England's Helicon* appended to the fragment of Barnfield's 'Ode' the signature 'Ignoto', the authorship of those verses is not in doubt. 'The same shepherd' is Barnfield, and there is no valid ground for rejecting the attribution to his pen of the preceding poem, 'My flocks feed not.'

It seems unlikely that Jaggard drew the 'copy' of 'My flocks feed not' directly from Weelkes' volume. Apart from three misprints and minor differences in spelling for which Jaggard's printer may be held responsible (e.g. 'renying' for 'renying', l. 4; 'women' for 'women', l. 12; 'backe' for 'blacke', l. 28), there are textual discrepancies between his and Weelkes' versions which suggest that Jaggard employed 'copy' other than that which Weelkes followed. In neither volume are the words carefully printed, and the sense is in both texts difficult to follow. At the end of the first stanza (ll. 11-12), Weelkes reads:

For now I see inconstancie
More in women then *in many men to be*:

Jaggard reads:

For now I see, inconstancy,
More in wowen [i.e. women] then *in men remaine.*

Here the rime with 'dame', though not good, is improved by Jaggard.

In the second stanza, ll. 10-11 appear in Weelkes thus:

With howling *noyse* to see my dolfull plight;
How sighes resound through *barcklesse* ground.
Jaggard reads:—
In howling wise, to see my dolefull plight,
How sighes resound through hartles ground.

In the third stanza Jaggard’s text differs from that of Weelkes in nearly every line. For example:—

line 2, Weelkes: Lowde bells ring not cherefully;
Jaggard: Greene plants bring not forth their die.

line 4, Weelkes: Nimphes backcreping
Jaggard: Nimphes blacke [i.e. backe] peeping.

line 9, Weelkes: Farewell, sweet lasse, the like nere was.
Jaggard: Farewell sweet loue thy like nere was.

line 12, Weelkes: Other help for him I know ther’s none.
Jaggard: Other helpe for him I see that there is none.

The text of this poem in England's Helicon follows closely that of The Passionate Pilgrim, and was doubtless taken from the latter volume direct or from the same manuscript. Misprints are corrected. The only textual change of importance is in the last stanza, line 10, where ‘woe’ is replaced by ‘moane’ for the sake of the rime with ‘none’ in the concluding line.

The poem was clearly very popular, and was constantly copied in ‘private’ commonplace books. A transcript of it in a contemporary script in the British Museum, Harleian MS. 6910, fol. 156 b, without author’s name, supplies many readings which differ from the printed versions. These variations are often improvements and probably present the verse in the form that it left the writer’s hand. For example, in Stanza 1, l. 6, the four lines read in the manuscript:—

All my merry Jiggs are cleane forgot
All my layes of Love are lost God wot
Where my joyes were firmly linkt by love
There annoyes are placst without remove.
This makes far better sense than Jaggard's:

All my merry ligges are quite forgot,
All my Ladies love is lost (god wot)
Where her faith was firmly fixt in love,
There a nay is plac't without remoue.

So again in Stanza 2, ll. 9–10, the manuscript reading:

My sighes so deepe, doth cause him to wepe
With houling noyse to wayle my woeful plight.

is superior to Jaggard's:

With sighes so deepe, procures to wepe,
In howling wise, to see my dolefull plight.

In the following line the MS. is probably right in reading 'through Arcadia grounds' for 'through hartles' or 'harcklesse' of the printed copies. In Stanza 3, l. 4, 'nymphs looke peeping' is better than any of the printed readings (i.e. 'back creeping', 'blacke peeping', or 'backe peeping').

Finally, in l. 7,

Alle our evening sportes from greenes are fled

is more pictorial than:

All our euening sport from vs is fled.

Shakespeare's tutor in tragedy, Marlowe, may be safely credited with the authorship of the familiar lyric 'Come live with me and be my love', which is the nineteenth piece in the miscellany, and stands fifth in the appendix of 'Sonnets To sundry notes of Musicke'. It is in four alternately riming stanzas. To it is appended a single stanza of like metre, entitled 'Loues answere'; this stanza has been assigned on good grounds to Sir Walter Raleigh.

The four stanzas of the substantive poem reappear in

No. XIX.

Marlowe's lyric.

E 2
English's Helicon, with the addition of two stanzas in the fourth and sixth places, and the whole is signed 'Chr. Marlow'. The presence of these two new stanzas, and the slight variations between the two texts at other points¹, indicate that different manuscripts were employed by the two compilers, and that the editor of England's Helicon did not borrow direct from The Passionate Pilgrim.²

As in the case of the poem 'My flocks feed not', the air to

¹ For example, the two lines i and 20 in England's Helicon both open with the words 'Come liue with me', instead of with 'Liue with me' (line i) or 'Then liue with me' (line 16), as in The Passionate Pilgrim.

² The lyric enjoyed great popularity in Shakespeare's day. Marlowe somewhat derisively quotes two lines in his Jew of Malta where Ithamore addresses Bellamine:

Thou in those groves, by Dis above,
Shalt live with me and be my love.

Shakespeare also introduces a stanza into the Merry Wives of Windsor, iii. i, 17-29, where Sir Hugh Evans hums over the last two lines of the second stanza and the first two of the third. Sir Hugh sings:

To shallow rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.
There will we make our beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies.

There were numerous imitations of the song. One, entitled 'Another of the nature', in England's Helicon begins:

Come live with me and be my deare
And we will revill all the yeaere,
In plaines and groves, on hills and dales
Where fragrant ayre breeds sweetest gales.

Another by Dr. Donne was called 'The Bait', and opens thus:

Come liue with me and be my love
And we will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands and crystal brooks
With silken lines and silver hooks.


In his Poste with a packet of Mad Letters, 1637, 4to, Nicholas Breton attests the continuance of the piece's popularity:—'You shall heare the old song that you were wont to like well of, sung by the black browes with the cherrie-cheekte, under the side of the pide-cowe: "Come, live with me, and be my love": you know the rest, and so I rest,'
which the lyric was sung was very popular and still survives. A contemporary manuscript version, found by Sir John Hawkins, is given in Johnson and Steevens’ edition of Shakespeare (ed. 1793, vol. iii, p. 402). A ballad, entitled ‘Queen Elinor’, which is printed in a contemporary anthology, Strange Histories, or Songs and Sonets (assigned to the ballad writer Thomas Deloney), has the heading ‘To the tune of come live with me and be my love’, and the air is given in the 1602 edition of the work now at Britwell. One of the ‘Lessons for the Lyra Viole’ in a music-book of the day, Corkine’s Second booke of Ayres, 1612, has, as its heading, the first line of the song; only the musical notes follow (G 2 recto–H recto).

The four-line stanza which follows ‘Come live with me’ in The Passionate Pilgrim, and is called by Jaggard ‘Loues answere’, also reappears in England’s Helicon. It is printed there with a single textual variation: England’s Helicon reads in line 1 ‘If all the world’, instead of ‘If that the world’; but there are added five new stanzas and the whole is entitled ‘The Nymphs Reply to the Shepherd’. In the printed type the initials ‘S. W. R.’ (i.e. ‘Sir Walter Raleigh’) are attached, but these letters were pasted over with a blank slip of paper in most published copies of England’s Helicon, perhaps in deference to some exceptional protest on Sir Walter’s part to the unauthorized inclusion of the piece in the anthology.

To this pair of poems further interest attaches from their quotation (with some original additions) by Izaak Walton's quotations.

1 The 1607 edition, which the Percy Society reprinted, mentions the tune (p. 28) without the musical notation. Several contemporary ballads in the Roxburghe Collection are described as written ‘To the Tune of Live with me’ (cf. Roxburghe Collection, ed. Chappell, i. 162–3, 205). Marlowe’s lyric (in six stanzas) appeared as a broadside, headed ‘A most Excellent Ditty of the Lover’s promises to his beloved To a sweet new Tune called Live with me & be my Love’, together with Raleigh’s reply under the title ‘The Ladies prudent Answer to her Love To the same Tune’ (ibid. ii. 3).
Walton in the second chapter of his *Compleat Angler* (1653, pp. 66-7). Walton heads the first song 'The Milkmaid's Song' and describes it as 'that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe now at least 50 years ago'. Walton's version resembles that in *England's Helicon*, but to the six stanzas which figure there he added in the second (not in the first) edition of his *Compleat Angler* a seventh of his own invention.

The 'Answer', which Walton also cited in his *Compleat Angler*, he drew from *England's Helicon*, and gave it the new title 'The Milkmaid's Mother's Answer'. In the second edition of his *Compleat Angler* he added as in the former case a seventh stanza. Of the second poem Walton wrote that it 'was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days'. The two pieces, Walton adds, 'were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good'.

The lyric 'Crabbed age and youth', which fills the twelfth place in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, obtained little less popularity in Elizabethan England than 'Come live with me and be my love'. It was probably in print before Jaggard designed his miscellany. It forms with textual variations the first two stanzas of a long lyric of over one hundred lines in Deloney's *Garland of Good Will*. That anthology, which was of the normal type, was, according to Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron-Walden*, in existence in 1595. But no earlier edition than that of 1604 is now extant. The *Garland of Good Will* was repeatedly reissued during the seventeenth century, and the song 'Crabbed age and youth'

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1 Nashe wrote in 1595 (cf. his *Works*, ed. McKerrow, iii. 84): 'Euen as Thomas Deloney the Balletting Silke-weauer hath rime inough for all myrracles, & wit to make a Garland of good will.' Deloney died in 1600. Thomas Pavier, the publisher, received on March 1, 1602, an assignment of the copyright 'uppon condicon that yt be no others mans copie'; cf. Arber, iii. 202. Nevertheless Edward White published the edition of 1604.
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was reprinted with frequent alterations and additions. Jaggard's version was again drawn from a 'private' copy other than that used by Deloney in any extant edition. Jaggard's text is here the better. Line 4 in Jaggard's text, 'Youth like summer braue, Age like winter bare,' is omitted by Deloney. In line 6 Jaggard reads 'Youth is nimble' for Deloney's 'Youth is wild,' and in line 10 'my loue is young' for Deloney's 'my lord is young.' 'Crabbed age and youth' was set to music early, but the original air has not survived.

'It was a Lording's daughter,' a ballad or song for music, No. XV. opens the appended 'Sonnets To sundry notes of Musick,' and fills the fifteenth place in the miscellany. Nothing has been discovered respecting it. It narrates the struggle of a man of arms (an Englishman) with a tutor or man of learning for the hand of 'a Lording's daughter,' with the result that 'art with armes contending was victor of the day'. It is in the vein of Deloney's ballads and may possibly be from his somewhat halting pen.

The remaining five poems, numbered respectively VII, X, XIII, XIV, XVIII, are all in six-lined stanzas, the metre of Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis. They occupy ten of the thirty-one printed pages of the volume, and confirm the impression given by the four 'Venus and Adonis' sonnets, that Jaggard and Leake were anxious to bring their venture into close touch with Shakespeare's earliest poem. The metre is

1 Dramatists make frequent reference to the song. William Rowley notes in his play A Match at Midnight (1633), how 'the Widdow and my sister sung both one song, and what was't but Crabbed age and youth cannot live together?' (Act v, Sc. 1 (4to), Sign. I 2, back). John Ford imitated the song in his Fancies (Act iv, Sc. 1) in the lines:—

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot jump together;
One is like good luck,
T'other like foul weather.

The piece was included in Percy's Reliques (ed. Wheatley, i. 237).
not peculiarly Shakespearean. It is constantly met with not merely in contemporary narrative poetry, but in ballads and lyrics of the popular anthologies, as well as in 'words' for madrigals and part-songs in song-books. But Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* was the most notable example of its employment within Jaggard's and Leake's experience.

None of Jaggard's five poems in six-lined stanzas are met with in print elsewhere. All are pitched in a more or less amorous key, and treat without much individuality of the tritest themes of the Elizabethan lyrist.

No. VII ('Fair is my loue') is an indictment of a beautiful mistress's fickleness; No. X ('Sweet rose, faire flower') is an elegy on the premature death of a fair friend; No. XIII ('Beauty is but a vaine and doubtful good') is a lament on the evanescence of beauty; No. XIV ('Good night, good rest') is a lover's meditation at night and dawn; No. XVIII ('When as thine eye hath chose the dame') is an ironical lecture on the art of wooing. The sentiment and phraseology of each of these poems can be paralleled as easily as the metre. Greene, who wrote many songs in the six-line stanza, anticipates Jaggard's seventh and thirteenth poems in two lyrics which are inserted in two of his romances, respectively *Perimedes the Blacke-Smith* (1588) and *Alcida, Greene's Metamorphosis* (licensed for the press 1588). A song in the former romance begins with the same words as Jaggard's poem No. VII, viz. 'Fair is my loue', and continues in a like strain:

Faire is my loue for Aprill is her face,
Hir louely brests September claimes his part,
And lordly July in her eyes takes place,

1 In John Farmer's *First set of English Madrigals*, which appeared in 1599 at the same time as Jaggard's volume, twelve of the seventeen numbers, and in Weelkes' *Madrigals in six parts*, which came out a year later, seven of the ten numbers, are in six-line stanza.
But colde December dwelleth in her heart;
Blest be the months, that sets my thoughts on fire,
Accurst that Month that hindreth my desire.¹

In Greene’s second tract, Alcida, the verses beginning:—
Beauty is vaine, accounted but a flowre,
Whose painted hiew fades with the summer sunne.²

adumbrate Jaggard’s thirteenth poem:—
Beauty is but a vaine and doubtful good . . .
A flower that dies when first it ’gins to bud.³

Again, the ironical advice to the wooer, which constitutes Jaggard’s poem XVIII, is little more than a repetition of passages in two poems in the six-lined stanza, which were already in print.

² Greene’s Works, ed. Grosart, vii. 90. ³ Ib. ix. 87.
³ There are endless Elizabethan poems in the six-lined stanza which are in sentiment and phrase as well as metre hardly distinguishable from this effort of The Passionate Pilgrim. The stanza numbered xxxiii in the ‘Sonnets’ appended to J. C.’s Alcilia, which appeared in 1597, runs:—

Though thou be fair, think Beauty but a blast!
A morning’s dew! a shadow quickly gone!
A painted flower, whose colour will not last!
Time steals away, when least we think thereon.
Most precious time! too wastefully expended;
Of which alone the sparing is commended.

Cf. the sonnet attributed to Surrey in Totell’s Miscellany (p. 10), headed ‘The frailtie and hurtfulness of beautie’, which opens:—

Brittle beautie, that nature made so fraile,
Wherof the gift is small, and short the season.

In Davison’s Poetical Rhapsody (1602) was first printed ‘An invective against love’, which contains the stanza:—

Beauty the flower so fresh, so fair, so gay,
So sweet to smell, so soft to touch and taste,
As seems it should endure, by right, for aye,
And never be with any storm defaced;
But when the baleful southern wind doth blow,
Gone is the glory which it erst did show.

Davison assigns this poem to the unidentified contributor ‘A. W.’, and it was appropriated by the publisher of the second edition of England’s Helicon (1614).
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM

In 'Willobie his Auisa' (1594), canto 44, one 'W. S.' is represented as giving in the same metre identical counsel to a love-lorn friend 'H. W.':

Apply her still with dyuers thinges
(For giftes the wysest will deceave)
Sometymes with gold, sometymes with ringes,
No tyme nor fit occasion leaue,
Though coy at first she seeme and wylde,
These toyes in tyme will make her yielde.

The poem in The Passionate Pilgrim varies little:

And to her will frame all thy waies,
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there,
Where thy desart may merit praise
By ringing in thy Ladies eare,
The strongest castle, tower and towne,
The golden bullet beats it downe.

These five poems were certainly derived by Jaggard from 'private' manuscripts, and doubtless many transcripts were in existence in his day in unpublished poetical collections. Only one of these lyrics (No. XVIII) has survived in a contemporary 'copy', but the variations from Jaggard's version are numerous enough to show that he used another and less satisfactory manuscript. Before 1790 Dr. Samuel Lysons lent a contemporary manuscript poetical miscellany, containing a different version, to Malone, who in his edition of 1790 adopted many of its readings. At the sale of Benjamin

'A Sonnet' (in seven stanzas of six ten-syllabled lines) in the anthology known as Deloney's Strange Histories or Song of Sonettes (probably published in 1595, although no earlier edition than that of 1602 is extant) deals in much the same temper with the same topic:

Next, shew thyself that thou hast gone to schoole,
Commende her wit although she be a foole.
Speake in her prayse, for women they be proud;
Looke what she sayes for trothe must be aloude.
If she be sad, look thou as sad as shee;
But if that she be glad, then joy with merry glee.
Heywood Bright's library in 1884, the MS. passed to Halliwell, who gave in his Folio Shakespeare, vol. xvi, p. 466, a facsimile of the 'very early MS. copy of this poem with many variations'. Halliwell dated the compilation of the poetical miscellany 'some years before the appearance of The Passionate Pilgrim'. In the MS., stanzas 3 and 4 change places with stanzas 5 and 6.

For Jaggard's unintelligible l. 4,

As well as fancy (partyall might),
the MS. reads: As well as fancy, partial like.

In line 12 of the MS.,

And set thy person forth to sell
is an improvement on Jaggard's

And set her person forth to sale.

In l. 14 the MS. reads:—

Her cloudy lookes will clear ere night
for Jaggard's

Her cloudy lookes will calme yer night.

In ll. 43–6 the MS. gives:—

Think, women love to match with men,
And not to live so like a saint:
Here is no heaven; they holy then
Begin, when age doth them attaint.

Jaggard's less satisfactory version runs:—

Thinke Women still to striuue with men,
To sinne and neuer for to saint,
There is no heauen (by holy then)
When time with age shall them attaint.

Finally, in line 51 the MS. reads:—

She will not stick to ringe my eare
and Jaggard reads:—

She will not stick to round me on th' are.

The poem No. XIII (`Beauty is but a vaine') was printed in 1750 in the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. xx, p. 521, under the title `Beauty's Value by Wm. Shakespeare. From a corrected MS.' This was reprinted with what was claimed to be greater accuracy in the same periodical ten years later (vol. xxx, p. 39). The variations are not important, and have a too pronouncedly eighteenth-century flavour to establish their pretension to greater antiquity. In line 7, where Jaggard reads:

And as goods lost, are seld or never found.

the Gentleman's Magazine manuscript reads:—

As goods when lost are wond'rous seldom found.

To improve the rhymes `refresh' and `redress' (at the end of lines 8 and 10 respectively), the `corrected' manuscript reads awkwardly `excite' in the first case and `unite' in the second. There can be little question that search must be made elsewhere for any contemporary illustration of this poem of Jaggard's miscellany.

The authorship of these five poems, which Jaggard first printed from manuscript, can in the present state of the evidence be matter for conjecture only. It is very possible that they are from Barnfield's pen. Barnfield was a voluminous writer, and not all his verse found its way to the printing-press. Much of it circulated in manuscript only, and is still extant in that medium.¹ It is probable, moreover,

¹ Dr. Grosart printed in full, in his edition of Barnfield's Poems for the Roxburghe Club, a `manuscript' commonplace book bearing Barnfield's autograph, which was in the library of Sir Charles Isham of Lamport Hall. The volume contained some previously unprinted poems from Barnfield's pen together with transcripts of others' work. The first page gives, without indication of its
that much of it was entrusted to William Jaggard's brother John, who printed an ample but by no means exhaustive selection from it in 1598. Barnfield's imitative habit of mind rendered the six-lined stanza, which Shakespeare had glorified in his Venus and Adonis, a favourite instrument, and the internal quality of the many six-line stanzas in The Passionate Pilgrim justifies the theory that Barnfield was their author, at any rate of those of them that are in a serious vein.

IV

It may be assumed, although the indications are obscure, that despite its equivocal claims to respectful notice, Jaggard's venture met with success. There is small doubt that the compiler of the popular anthology called England's Helicon, which appeared next year, was influenced by the example of the publisher of The Passionate Pilgrim. The former printed four of Jaggard's 'Sonnets To sundry notes of Musicke', viz. XVI, 'On a day, alack the day', from Love's Labour's Lost; XVII, Barnfield's 'My flocks feed not'; XIX, Marlowe's lyric with the reply; XX, Barnfield's 'As it fell upon a day'. Although the editor of England's Helicon depended in most cases on different transcripts, the coincidence of his choice and the order which he followed in introducing these four pieces to his reader can hardly be regarded as fortuitous.

No copy of a second edition of The Passionate Pilgrim is extant, and there is no clue to the date of its issue. The poet Drummond of Hawthornden noted that he read the book in 1606, possibly in a second edition. A third edition source, a Latin quotation from Ovid's Fasti, ii. 771-7, which describes Tarquin's admiration of Lucrece's beauty. Shakespeare's poem of Lucrece no doubt suggested to Barnfield the transcription of these lines.

1 See p. 48, infra.
was undertaken by the unabashed Jaggard in 1612, when his prosperity was secure and he had become his own printer.

Exceptional interest attaches to the issue of the third edition of *The Passionate Pilgrim* in 1612. The volume was now printed at William Jaggard’s own press, which he had controlled only since 1605. Jaggard in this reissue bettered his earlier instruction. He enlarged the text to more than twice its original length by the addition of two somewhat long narrative poems in which Shakespeare had no hand. The third edition, in fact, grossly exaggerated the offence of the first in assigning to Shakespeare work by other hands. The additions to the third edition were from *Troia Britanica*, a collection of poetry by a well-known writer, Thomas Heywood. That volume Jaggard had himself published in 1609, contrary, as would appear, to the wish of the author. Heywood proved less complaisant than those whose name and rights were ignored in the first edition of *The Passionate Pilgrim*.

Jaggard obtained the licence for the publication of Heywood’s *Troia Britanica* on December 5, 1608, on somewhat peculiar conditions. The entry in the Stationers’ Company’s Register described the work, without mention of Heywood’s name, as ‘A booke called Brytans Troye’, and the exceptional provision was added ‘that yt any question or trouble growe hereof. Then he [i.e. Jaggard] shall answere and discharge yt at his owne losse and costes.’ When the book duly appeared, Heywood did not question Jaggard’s right to publish it, and no strictly legal ‘question or trouble’ seems to have ‘grown thereof’. But Heywood bitterly complained of Jaggard’s typographical carelessness. He requested Jaggard to insert a list of ‘the infinite faults escaped’. But Jaggard was obdurate and insolently retorted (according to Heywood’s statement) that

1Arber, iii. 397.
'hee would not publish his owne disworkemanship, but rather let his owne fault lye upon the neck of the author'.

Three years later, in 1612, Jaggard inflicted on Heywood the further indignity of filching from *Troia Britanica* translations in verse of two of Ovid's Epistles, which were first published in that volume. He added them to the third edition of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, all the contents of which Jaggard continued to assign on the title-page to Shakespeare's pen. Heywood was in no temper to suffer this new injury at Jaggard's hands in silence. In an address to another printer, Nicholas Okes, who published for him his prose *Apology for Actors*, in 1612 (soon after the appearance of the third edition of Jaggard's 'Passionate Pilgrim'), Heywood not only exposed Jaggard's misconduct, but claimed to have interested Shakespeare in the matter. His protest was issued (he declared) in the great dramatist's name as well as in his own. Heywood's words run: 'Here, likewise, I must necessarily insert a manifest injury done me in that worke [i.e. *Troia Britanica*] by taking the two epistles of Paris to Helen, and Helen to Paris, and printing them in a lesse volume (i.e. *The Passionate Pilgrim* of 1612) under the name of another, [i.e. Shakespeare], which may put the world in opinion I might steale them from him, and hee, to doe himselfe right, hath since published them in his owne name: but, as I must acknowledge my lines not worth his [i.e. Shakespeare's] patronage under whom he [i.e. Jaggard] hath publisht them, so the author, I know, much offended with M. Jaggard that altogether unknowne to him presumed to make so bold with his name.'

Jaggard was not, as we have seen ², the only publisher who had made 'so bold with' Shakespeare's name as to put it

¹ Heywood's *Apology for Actors*, 1612, Sh. Soc. 1841, p. 62.
² See p. 21, note 1.
to books in which he had no hand. But it was characteristic of Shakespeare to ignore the wrongs which Jaggard and Jaggard’s colleagues in trade were in the habit of doing himself and other authors. Heywood’s statement offers the only extant evidence that Shakespeare deigned to notice the nefarious practices in which the state of the law of copyright enabled Jaggard and his like to indulge with impunity. But Heywood’s exposure was not without effect. Jaggard stayed the issue of the volume with the statement on the title-page that all the contents were ‘By W. Shakespeare’. He cancelled that title-page and inserted in unsold copies a new one from which Shakespeare’s name was expunged. No name was suffered to take the vacant place.

Save for the expansion of the simple title of *The Passionate Pilgrim* for mercantile purposes by the addition of the words ‘or Certaine Amorous Sonnets betweene Venus and Adonis’ and a notification of the inclusion of the translation of Ovid’s Epistles, with a change of imprint and date, the old text reappeared in 1612 with very small alteration. The spelling and punctuation were slightly improved (cf. I. 4, ‘Spirit’ for ‘sperite’; XIV. 19, ‘ditty’ for ‘ditte’; 27, ‘each’ for ‘ech’; XVIII. 14, 18, ‘ere’ for ‘yer’; 20, ‘thee’ for ‘the’). But not all the misprints were removed. One or two new ones were introduced (cf. VIII. 7, ‘Spencer’ for ‘Spenser’). The greater number of the pages were left blank as before.¹

Once again *The Passionate Pilgrim* was reprinted in the seventeenth century, just twenty-four years after Shakespeare’s death. The ‘Poems: Written by Wil. Shake-speare. Gent.’ of 1640 contains not merely Shakespeare’s Sonnets in a different order from that followed in the previous edition of 1609, but scattered through these rearranged Sonnets are all

¹ See p. 14, *supra*.
the pieces in the 1612 edition of The Passionate Pilgrim, including Heywood's Epistles, and there are further poems by other pens. The poems of The Passionate Pilgrim are mingled with the sonnets and miscellaneous poems most capriciously. Each item is given a distinguishing title.

The Passionate Pilgrim was not published again during the seventeenth century. In 1709 it was reprinted from the first edition of 1599 by Bernard Lintott in his 'A Collection of Poems, viz. I. Venus and Adonis; II. The Rape of Lucrece; III. The Passionate Pilgrim; IV. Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Musick by Mr. William Shakespeare'. In this volume The Passionate Pilgrim and the 'Sonnets to

The three opening sonnets of Jaggard's miscellany, which appear in the 1640 volume in Jaggard's order and in Jaggard's text, are preceded by thirty-one of Shakespeare's sonnets of 1609. The first is headed 'False beleafe', the second 'A Temptation', and the third 'Fast and loose'. After three more of the sonnets of 1609, there come poems 4 and 5 of The Passionate Pilgrim, headed respectively 'A sweet provocation' and 'A constant vow'. These are separated by four more sonnets from Jaggard's poems 6 and 7, which are headed respectively 'Cruell Deceit' and 'The unconstant Lover'. Three more sonnets introduce consecutively Jaggard's Nos. 8 and 9, called respectively 'Friendly concord' and 'Inhumanitie'. After a set of five sonnets come from The Passionate Pilgrim Nos. 11, 'Foolish disdaine'; 12, 'Ancient Antipathy'; and 13, 'Beauties valuation'. Two sonnets intervene before No. 10 of Jaggard's series is reached under the title of 'Love's Losse'. Another five sonnets of 1609 appear before Jaggard's No. 14, 'Loath to depart', and yet nine sonnets more before his Nos. 15, 'A Duel'; 16, 'Love-sick'; 17, 'Love's labour's lost'; and 18, 'Wholesome counsell'. Seventeen sonnets of 1609 cut these off from No. 20, 'As it fell upon a day,' which is called 'Sympathizing love'. The remaining poem, No. 19, of Jaggard's volume (Marlowe's lyric) is separated altogether from its companions by the insertion of sixty-four sonnets; of The Tale of Cephalus and Procris; of two more of Shakespeare's sonnets; of five poems by another hand; of A Lover's Complaint, and of Heywood's two 'Epistles'. Jaggard's poem, No. 19, is then printed under the title of 'The Passionate Shepheard to his love', as in England's Helicon; the text follows that anthology and fills twenty-four lines; the reply follows also in the amplified text of England's Helicon, and is succeeded by a poem in imitation of Marlowe from the same source. The remaining twenty-two poems of the volume of 1640 have no concern with The Passionate Pilgrim.
Sundry Notes' were each introduced by a separate title-page, of which the imprint ran: 'London, Printed in the year 1599.' In the preliminary 'Advertisement' Lintott wrote: 'The Remains of Mr. William Shakespeare call’d The Passionate Pilgrimage & Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Musick (at the end of this collection) came into my hands in a little stitch’d Book, printed at London for W. Jaggard in the year 1599.' Lintott's 'Collection' was reissued next year, with the addition of a second volume supplying a reprint of the original 1609 edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets and A Lover's Complaint. The new title-page was curiously inaccurate as to the date of the first edition of Shakespeare's narrative poems and of The Passionate Pilgrim. The words ran: 'A Collection of Poems in TwoVolumes: being all The miscellanies of Mr. William Shakespeare, which were Publish’d by himself in the year 1609, and now correctly Printed from these Editions.' There were at least two impressions of this 'Collection in Two Volumes'. In one of these impressions The Passionate Pilgrim and 'Sonnets to Sundry Notes' bore the correct date of 1599. In another impression, the title-pages were reprinted with the date changed to 1609. There is no ground for assuming that Lintott knew of an edition, belonging to that year, of The Passionate Pilgrimage, or of the appended 'Sonnets to Sundry Notes'. The date was invented to agree with that of the first edition of the Sonnets.

Another collection of Shakespeare's poems followed independently in 1710. This edition formed an unauthorized 'Seventh' or supplementary volume to Rowe's more or less critical edition of Shakespeare's Plays of 1709. This supplement was undertaken by Edmund Curll, the notorious printer-publisher, with the editorial assistance of Charles Gildon. Rowe's publisher, Jacob Tonson, had
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM

no hand in the venture. The contents included, besides Venus and Adonis and Lucrece, miscalled ‘Tarquin and Lucrece’, the whole of the Poems of 1640, with its clumsy commingling of the Sonnets, The Passionate Pilgrim, A Lover’s Complaint, and generous extracts from the work of Heywood and others. Gildon bestowed on this part of his volume (pp. 111–256) the alternative titles of ‘His [i.e. Shakespeare’s] Miscellany Poems’ or ‘Poems on Several Occasions’. In a critical essay on Shakespeare’s poems (p. 449) he taunted Lintott’s ‘wise editor’ with the ‘absurd incoherency’ of his very accurate reprint of The Passionate Pilgrim. The censorious Gildon, ignorant of the existence of the original editions of The Passionate Pilgrim, denounced Lintott for throwing ‘into a heap without any distinction’, ‘a medley of Shakespeare’s [verses] tho’ they are on several and different subjects.’ A factitious value attached in Gildon’s eyes to the capricious order which was allotted to the contents of The Passionate Pilgrim in the 1640 edition of Shakespeare’s Poems, and to the separate titles which were there bestowed on the scattered items.

Gildon’s editorial procedure was followed in five succeeding reissues of Shakespeare’s Poems which were undertaken during the first three-quarters of the eighteenth century. The Passionate Pilgrim was published with the Sonnets and the usual mass of irrelevant verse, in the collection of the poems ‘revised by Dr. Sewell’, which formed a seventh volume supplementary to Pope’s edition of the plays in 1725; in a concluding seventh volume of an edition of Shakespeare’s Plays which appeared in Dublin in 16mo in 1771; in the concluding ninth volume of ‘Bell’s Edition of Shakespeare’s Plays’ (London, 1774, 12º), as well as in two independent publications: ‘Poems on several occasions by
Malone's restoration of the text of the original edition.

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Take, oh! take those lips away

(of which the first stanza in *Measure for Measure* is alone by Shakespeare, the second being by Fletcher) and the enigmatic poem on *The Phoenix and Turtle*, which was assigned to Shakespeare in Chester's *Loves Martyr*, 1601. Both these pieces had been included in the *Poems* of 1640 and the many re-issues of that volume. Of the eighteen pieces which Malone printed from the original edition of *The Passionate Pilgrim* he remarked: 'Most of these little pieces bear the strongest marks of the hand of Shakespeare,' though he admitted the possibility that one or two 'might have crept in that were

1 At page iv of his Advertisement in Vol. i Malone wrote:—'Though near a century and a half has elapsed since the death of Shakespeare, it is somewhat extraordinary, that none of his various editors should have attempted to separate his genuine poetical compositions from the spurious performances with which they have been so long intermixed, or taken the trouble to compare them with the earliest editions. Shortly after his death, a very incorrect impression of his poems was issued out, which in every subsequent edition has been implicitly followed.' Dr. Richard Farmer first pointed out in his *Essay on Shakespeare's Learning* (1766) that Heywood and not Shakespeare was the translator of Ovid's Epistles and of 'all the other translations which have been printed in the modern editions of the Poems of Shakespeare'.

52

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM

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not the production of our author. In most of the editions of Shakespeare subsequent to the appearance of Malone’s ‘Supplement’ *The Passionate Pilgrim* has been accorded an independent place at the end of the poems.

V

*The Passionate Pilgrim* reached three editions. Of the second no copy is known, and of the first and third only two in each instance are traceable. Of these four copies, two are in public libraries and two are in private hands. All are in England.

The first edition was issued in very small octavo. The signatures run A–D 8 in eights. Only A, A 3, A 4, B, B 3, C, D are noted. The leaves number thirty-two. There is no pagination. The first leaf, in the middle of which appears the signature A, and the last leaf, which is unsigned, are blank. A curious feature of the book is the circumstance that of the twenty-eight leaves which contain the text, twenty-five bear type on one side—the front side—only. The three concluding leaves, D 5, D 6, D 7, alone have type on both sides. On C 3 appears a second title:—SONNETS | To sundry notes of Musicke. | AT LONDON | Printed for W. Jaggard, and are | to be sold by W. Leake, at the Grey-hound in Paules Churchyard. | 1599. | As in many other small books of poetry of the period, each page of print has two linear ornaments—one above and another below the type.

Of the two extant copies of the first edition of 1599, one is in the Capell collection at Trinity College, Cambridge, and the other in the Christie Miller Library at Britwell.

The Capell copy measures 4\(\frac{1}{2}\)" × 3\(\frac{1}{2}\)". Its state is somewhat dirty, and the date on the second title-page has been
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM

cut off by the binder. With it is bound up the 1620 edition of *Venus and Adonis*, which it follows. There is an old MS. note at the end of the book running, 'Not quite perfect, see 4 or 5 leaves back: so it cost me but 3 Halfpence.' This copy, which once belonged to 'Honest Tom Martin' of Palgrave, the historian of Thetford (1697-1771), has his autograph signature. It was reproduced in photo-lithography in 1883 in the Shakspere-Quarto facsimiles, No. 10, with an introduction by Professor Dowden.

The Britwell copy was purchased in 1895 by Mr. Wakefield Christie Miller (died three years later) from Sir Charles Isham, Bart., of Lamport Hall, Northamptonshire. This copy was discovered by Mr. Charles Edmonds in an upper lumber-room at Lamport Hall in September, 1867. It is bound in a vellum cover, probably of contemporary date, between two other poetical tracts, viz.:—William Leake's 1599 edition of *Venus and Adonis*, of which no other copy is known, and an undated edition of 'The Epigrammes and Elegies by I. D. and C. M.' (i.e. Sir John Davies and Christopher Marlowe). This copy measures $4\frac{5}{8}'' \times 3\frac{1}{8}''$ and is in very clean condition. It is here reproduced in photographic facsimile for the first time by kind permission of Mrs. Christie Miller. A typed reproduction edited by Mr. Charles Edmonds was published in a limited edition of 131 copies, together with the two tracts with which it is bound up, in 1870.


The text of *The Passionate Pilgrim* was set up again with small alteration. Rather more italic type was used in the new composition. The signatures of the enlarged volume ran from A–H 8 in eights. The first and last leaves were blank,
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIME.

OR

Certaine Amorous Sonnets,
Betwenee Venus and Adonis,
newly corrected and augmented.

The third Edition.

Whereunto is newly added two Love-Epistles, the first from Paris to Helen, and Helen's answer bke backe againe to Paris.

Printed by W. Jaggard. 1612.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIME.

OR

Certaine Amorous Sonnets,
Betwenee Venus and Adonis,
newly corrected and augmented.

By W. Shakespeare.

The third Edition.

Whereunto is newly added two Love-Epistles, the first from Paris to Helen, and Helen's answer bke backe againe to Paris.

Printed by W. Jaggard. 1612.
and there was no pagination. The reprint of *The Passionate Pilgrim* followed the example of the original edition in leaving the *verso* of the leaves blank through the first three sheets A–C. Sheet D was differently treated. The type was set on both sides of the page, with the result that the text ended on the *verso* of D₅, and did not reach as in the first edition the *verso* of D₇. The second title reappears on C₃, with the altered date 1612, thus:

Sonnets: To sundry Notes of Musicke [scroll device]
At London Printed by W. Jaggard 1612.

The Bodleian copy, which measures 4\(\frac{7}{8}\)" × 3\(\frac{1}{6}\)"", is in the Malone collection. It is numbered Malone 328, and bears a manuscript note signed 'E. M.' and dated October 22, 1785. Malone there points out that Heywood's translations from Ovid were generally assumed to be by Shakespeare until Dr. Farmer noted their true authorship in 1766. The copy is peculiar in having two title-pages, of which one has the words *By W. Shakespeare*, in the central space, and the other is without them. There is no question that Shakespeare's name was removed by the publisher Jaggard, at the request either of Shakespeare or of Heywood, and that the title-page bearing Shakespeare's name was cancelled and another substituted to accompany late impressions of the book. By a happy accident the two titles survive together in Malone's copy. The title which lacks Shakespeare's name is not known to be extant anywhere else.

The second copy, which measures 4\(\frac{5}{6}\)" × 3\(\frac{1}{6}\)"", belongs to Mr. John E. T. Loveday of Williamscombe, near Banbury. The title-page has in the centre the words *By W. Shakespeare*. The existence of this copy was only made known in 1882. It was originally bound in rough calf with five other rare tracts of contemporary date. *The Passionate Pilgrim* occupied the second place. The volume bore on the fly-leaf the words:

'\(e\) libris Jac: Merrick\n\(e\) coll. Tr: Oxon\n\(1738\)'

The inscription is in the handwriting of the former owner,
James Merrick, fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, who made some reputation in his day as a religious poet and classical and biblical scholar. Merrick died in 1769, within three days of his forty-ninth birthday, and left this, with many other scarce and valuable books, to his friend John Loveday of Williamscoate (1711-89), great-grandfather of the present owner. The Passionate Pilgrim and the five accompanying tracts have been lately separately bound in morocco and are kept together in a case of the same material.¹

¹ Mr. Loveday, who carefully described his copy of The Passionate Pilgrim and the rare tracts (originally bound with them) in Notes and Queries (Aug. 12, 1882), sixth ser. vol. vi, kindly gave me the opportunity of making a personal examination of them. The accompanying tracts are in the order in which they were originally bound together, as follows:—


3. The Mirror of Martyrs, or the Life and death of that thrice valiant Capitaine, and most godly Martyr Sir John Oldcastle Knight Lord Cobham. Printed by V. S. for William Wood 1601.


5. Britain’s Ida. Written by that Renowned Poet, Edmond Spencer. London: Printed for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his shop at the Eagle and Child in Britaines Bursse. 1628.


The last three tracts have linear ornaments at the top and bottom of each page of text, as in The Passionate Pilgrim.
THE
PASSIONATE
PILGRIME.
By W. Shakespeare.

AT LONDON
Printed for W. Jaggard, and are
to be sold by W. Leake, at the Grey-
hound in Paul's Churchyard.
1599.
When my Loue sweares that she is made of truth,
I doe believe her (though I know she lies).
That she might thinke me some vntruthefull youth,
Unskillfull in the worlds false sorceries.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinkest me young,
Although I know my yeares be past the best:
I smiling, credit her false speaking tongue,
Outfacing faults in Loue, with loues ill reft.
But wherefore sayes my Loue that she is young?
And wherefore say not I, that I am old?
O, Loue's best habite is a soothing tongue,
And Age (in Loue) loues not to have yeares told.
Therefore lye with Loue, and Loue with me,
Since that our faults in Loue thus smother d be.

A 3
Two Loves I have, of Comfort, and Despaire,

That like two Spirits, do struggle me still:
My better Angell is a Man (right faire)
My worser sprite a Woman (colour'd ill.)
To winne me soone to hell, my Female cuill
Tempteth my better Angell from my side,
And would corrupt my Saint to be a Diuell,
Wooing his purity with her base pride.
And whether that my Angell be turned fiend,
Suspect I may (yet not directly tell):
For being both to me: both, to each friend,
I ghesse one Angell in another's hell:
The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad Angell fire my good one out.
Did not the heavenly Rhetorike of thine eie,
Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,
Perswade my hart to this false perjury:
Vowes for thee broke defence not punishment.
A woman I forswore: but I will proue
Thou being a Godlike, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love,
Thy grace being gaine, cure all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapor is,
Then thou faire Sun, that on this earth doth shine,
Exhale this vapor vow, in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what toole is not so wise
To breake an Oath, to win a Paradise?
Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a Brooke,
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh and green;
Did court the Lad with many a lovely look
Such lookes as none could looke but beauties queen.
She told him stories, to delight his ears
She shewed him favours, to allure his eye:
To win his heart, she touched him here and there,
Touches so soft still conquer chastitie.
But whether unripe yeares did want conceit,
Or he refused to take her figured proffer,
The tender nibler would not touch the bait,
But smile, and teaste, at every gentle offer:
Then fell she on her backe, faire queen, & toward
He rose and ran away, an foole too froward.
Louv make me forsworn, how shal I swere to love?
O, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed:
Though to my felte forsworn, to thee Ie constant prove,
thole thoughtes to me like Okes, to thee like Offer bowed.
Studdy his byes leaves, and makes his booke thine ears,
where all these pleasures lute, that Art can comprehend:
It knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice:
Well learned is that song that well can thee commend,
All ignorant that foule, that sees thee without wonder,
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:
Thyme eye loves lightning leems, thy voice his dreadful
which (not to anger bent) is musicke & sweet fire (thunder
Celestiall as thou art, O, do not love that wrong:
To sing heauens prais, with such an earthly song.
Carfc had the Sunne dride vp the deawy morn,
And scarfe the heard gone to the hedge for thistle:
When Cytherea (all in Loue to lorne)
A longing variance for Adonis made
Vnder an Olyer growing by a brooke,
A brooke, where Adon vide to coole his spleene:
Hot was the day, the hotter that did looke
For his approach, that oft en here had beene.
Anon he comes, and throwes his Mante by,
And flood starkie naked on the brookes greene briare:
The Sunne lookt on the world with glorious eie,
Yet not so westly, as this Queene on him:
Helpying her, bounft in (whereas he flood)
Oh Love (quoth she) why was not I a brood.
Aire is my louse, but not so faire as fickle,
Milde as a Doue, but neither true nor trystie,
Brighter then glassie, and yet as glassie is brittle,
Softer then waxe, and yet as Iron rustie:
A lilly pale, with damaske die to grace her,
None fairer, nor none faiser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she ioyned,
Between each kisse her othes of true lousyng:
How many tales to please me hath she coyned,
Dreading my louse, the losse whereof still fearing.
Yet in the mids of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her othes, her teares, and all were iestings.

She burnt with louse, as straw with fire flameth,
She burnt out louse, as soone as straw out burneth:
She fram'd the louse, and yet the soyl'd the framing,
She bad louse left, and yet she tell a turning.
Was this a louver, or a Letcher whether?
Bad in the bett, though excellent in neither.
If Musicke and sweet Poetic agree,
As they must needs (the Sister and the brother)
Then must the love be great twixt thee and me,
Because thou lovest the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly tuch
Upon the Lute, dooth rauish humane sense:
Spenser to me, whose deede Conceit is such,
As passing all conceit, needs no deface.
Thou lovest to heare the sweet melodious sound,
That Phoebus Lute (the Queene of Musicke) makes:
And I in deede Delight: am chiefly drownd,
When as himselfe to singing he betakes.
One God is God of both (as Poets faine)
One Knight loves Both, and both in thee remaine.
Faire was the morn, when the faire Queen of love,
Pale for sorrow then her milke white Doe,
For Adonis sake, a youngster proud and wilde,
Her stand she takes vp on a steepe vp hile.
Anon Adonis comes with horne and hounds,
She sily Queen, with more then loues good will,
Forbad the boy he should not passe those grounds,
Once (quoth she) did I see a faire sweet youth
Here in these brakes, deepe wounded with a Boare,
Deepe in the thigh a spectacle of ruth,
See in my thigh (quoth she) here was the sore,
She shewed hers, he saw more wounds then one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.
Sweet Rose, faire flower, vntimely pluckt, soon vaded;
Pluckt in the bud, and vaded in the spring:
Bright orient pearle, alacke too timely shreded,
Faire creature kilde too soon by Deaths sharpe sting:
Like a greene plumbe that hanges upon a tree,
And falls (through winde) before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I haue,
For why: thou lefits me nothing in thy will:
And yet thou leits me more then I did crave,
For why: I craued nothing of thee still:
O yes (deare friend) I pardon craue of thee,
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.
Venus with Adonis sitting by her,
Under a little shade began to woo him,
She told the youngling how god Mars did trie her,
And as he fell to her, she fell to him.
Even thus (quoth she) the warlike god embrac't me;
And then she clipt Adonis in her armes:
Even thus (quoth she) the warlike god vnlac't me,
As if the boy should vse like loving charmes:
Even thus (quoth she) he seiz'd on my lippes,
And with her lips on his did aft the seizure:
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.
Ah, that I had my Lady at this bay:
To kisse and clip me till I run away,
Crabbed age and youth cannot live together,
Youth is full of pleasures, Age is full of care,
Youth like summer morn, Age like winter weather,
Youth like summer bough, Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport, Age's breath is short,
Youth is nimble, Age is lame
Youth is hot and bold, Age is weak and cold,
Youth is wild, and Age is tame.

Age I do abhor thee, Youth I do adore thee,
O my love, my love is young:
Age I do dislike thee, Oh sweet Shepheard he thee:
For me thinks thou stayest too long.
Beauty is but a vaine and doubtfull good,
A flurrie glosse, that vaeth sodainly,
A flower thit dies, when first it gins to bud,
A bristle glosse, that is broken prettely.
A doubtfull good, a glosse, a glosse, a flower,
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an houre.

And as goods lost, are feld or never found,
As vaded glosse, no rubbing will refresh:
As flowers dead, he withered on the ground,
As broken glosse no syman can redeffle.
So beauty gleam'd on re, for ever lost,
In ipse or phisick, paining, paine and cot.
Good night, good rest, ah neither be my care,
She bad good night, this kept my rest away,
And daie me to a cabbem hangle with care:
Do detect on the doubt of my decay,
Farewell (quoth the) and come agane to morrow
Fare well I could not, for I lept with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did the smile,
In scorn or friendship, will I confite whether
I may be the joyd to resit at my exile,
I may be agane, to make me wander thither.
Wander (a word) for shadowes like my tale,
As take the paine but cannot plucke the pelie.
Lord how mine eyes throw gazes to the East,
My hart doth charge the watch, the morning rise
Doth seize each moving scence from idle rest,
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes.
While Philomela fits and sings, I sit and mark,
And with her layes were tuned like the lark.

For the doth welcome daylight with her dite,
And drives away darke dreaming night.
The night to packe, I post into my pretty,
Hart hath his hope, and eies their wufed light,
Sorrow changed to solace, and solace mixt with sorrow,
For why, the light, and bad me come to morrow.

C
Were I with her, the night would past too soon,
But now are minutes added to the hours:
To spite me now, each minute seems an hour;
Yet, not for me, shine sun to sue our flowers.
Back night, peep day, good day of night now borrow;
Short night to night, and length thy life to morrow.
SONNETS

To sundry notes of Musicke.

AT LONDON
Printed for W. Laggard, and are
to be sold by W. Leake, at the Grey-
hound in Paules Churchyard.
1599.
IT was a Lordings daughter, the fairest one of three
That liked of her master, as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Englishman, the fairest that she could
Her fancy fell a turning.
Long was the combat doubtfull, that love with love did:
To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight
To put in practice either, alas it was a spite
Unto the silly damself.
But one must be refused, more mickle was the paine,
That nothing could be vied, to turne them both to gain
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with darts
Alas she could not helpe it.
Thus art with arms contending, was victor of the day
Which by a gift of learning, did bare the mard away,
Then lullaby the learned man hath got the Lady gay,
For now my song is ended.
ON a day (alacke the day)
Loute whole month was cuer May.
Spied a blofome passinge fair,
Playing in the wanton ayre,
Through the vellvet leaues the wind
All vnlenee gan passage find,
That the latter (hike to death)
Whit himselfe the heavens breath,
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheeckes may blowe
Ayre, would I might triumph bo
But (alas) my hand hath sworne,
Nere to plucke thee from thy throne,
Vow (alacke) for youth vanieth,
Youth, so apt to plucke a sweet,
Thou for whomne Ioue would sweare,
Iuno but an Ethiope were
And deny himselfe for Ioue
Turning mortall for thy Loute.
My flocks feede not, my Ewes breed not,  
My Rams bred not, all is amast.  
Love is dying, Fashions defying,  
Harts nemyng, causer of this.  
All my merry ligges are quite forgot,  
All my Lades loues lost (god wot).  
Where her face was firmely fixt in love,  
There a nay is plac't without remove.  
One silly crosse, wrought all my lost,  
O frowning fortune cursed fickle dame,  
For now I see, inconstancy,  
More in woman then in men remaine.
In blake morn, all feares fororne I,
Loure hath forlorne me, luing in th' all:
Hart is bleeding, all helpe needeinge,
O cruell speedinge, fraughted with gall.
My shepheards pipe can found no deale,
My weathers bell rings dolefull knell,
My curtail dogge that wont to hate plaid,
Plaies not at all but seemes afraid.
With tighes so deep, procures to weep,
In howling wepe, to see my dolefull plight,
How tighes redound through hartles ground
Like a thousand vanquish't men in blode fight.
Chase well spring not, sweete birds sing not;
Greene plant, bring not to thine their die,
Heards stands weeping, flocks all sleepeing,
Nymphes blacke peeping fearfully:
All our pleasure knowne to vs poore swaine;
All our merrie meettins on the planes,
All our evening sport from us fled,
All our loue is lost, for loue is dead,
Farewell sweet loue thy like here was,
For a sweet content the cause of all my woe,
Poore Coridon must live alone,
Other helpe for him I see that there is none.
When as thine eye hath chose the Dame,
   And frakst the desire that thou shouldest strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy (party all night).
   Take counsell of some wiser head,
Neither too young, nor yet vnwed,

And when then comest thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talke;
Leave the some subtrull practice stilled,
A Cripple soone can finde a halt,
   But plainly say thou loust her well,
And set her person forth to sale.
What though her frowning browes be bent
Her cloudy looks will ealne yet night,
And then too late the will repent,
That thus dissembled her delight.
And twice desire yet to be daw,
That which with sorne the part away.

What though the fritue to try her strength,
And ban and braule, and say the nay;
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say:
Had women beene so strong as men
In faith you had not had it then.
And to her will frame all thy waies,
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there,
Where thy delart may merit praise
By ringiug in thy Ladies care,
The strongest castle, tower and towne,
The golden bullet beats it downe,

Serve alwaies with assured trust,
And in thy fute be humble true,
Unlesse thy Lady prove vntrust,
Preste neuer thou to chuse a new:
When time shall serve, be thou not flacke,
To proffer though she put thee back.
The wiles and guiles that women worke,
Dissimble with an outward shew:
The tricks and toyes that in them lurke,
The Cock that treads the (shall not know,
Have you not heard it said full oft,
A Woman's may doth stand for nought.

Thinker Women still to strive with men,
To fame and neuer for to taunt,
There is no heaven (by holy then)
When time with age (shall them attaint,
Were kisses all the toyes in bed,
One Woman would another wed.

But soft enough, too much I fear,
Leaft that my auntresse heare my long,
She will not sticke to round me on th'are,
To teach my young to be so long:
Yet will the blueth, here be it said,
To heare her secretts so bewraid.
Lue with me and be my Loue,
And we will all the pleasures proce.
That hilles and vallies, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountaines yeeld.

There will we sit upon the Rocks,
And see the Shepheards feed their flockes,
By shallow Rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing Madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of Roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a Kirtle
Imbodied all with leaves of Mirth.
A belt of flax and Yuye buds,
With Corall Claps and Amber studs,
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my Love.

Love's answer.

If that the World and Love were young,
And truth in every shepheard's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move,
To live with thee and be thy Love.
As it fell upon a Day,
In the merry Month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade,
Whieh a grove of Myrtle's made,
Beaftes did leape, and Birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and Plants did spring;
Every thing did banish mone,
Save the Nightingale alone.
Shee poore Bird as all tor borne,
Leand her breaste vp-till a thorne,
And there sung the dolfuls Ditty,
That to heare it was great Pitty,
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry
Teru, Teru, by and by:
That to hear her so complain,
Scarcely could from tears refrain:
For her griefs so lively thronged,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,
None takes pity on thy pain:
Seneffe's Trees, they cannot hear thee,
Ruthless Beares, they will not weep thee.
King Pandion, he is dead:
All thy friends are lapt in Lead.
All thy fellow Birds do sing,
Carekiffe of thy sorrowing.
Whilst as fickle Fortune smilde,
Thou and I, were both beguild.
Every one that flatters thee,
Is no friend in miserie.
Words are ease, like the wind,
Faithfull friends are hard to find:
Every man will be thy friend,
Whilst thou hast where with to spend:
But if store of Crownes be scarce,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigall,
Bountifull they will him call:
And with such-like flattering,
Pitty but he were a King.
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly hum, they will intice,
It to Women her be bent,
They have at Commandement,
But if Fortune once doe frowne,
Then farewell his great renowne:
They that sawnd on him before,
We his company no more.
Hee that is thy friend indeede,
Hee will helpe thee in thy needes.
If thou sorrow, he will wepe:
If thou wake, hee cannot sleepe:
Thus of every griefe, in hart.
Hee, with thee, doeth bear a part.
These are certaine signes, to know
Faithfull friend, from flart'ring toe,
SHAKESPEARES SONNETS

BEING A REPRODUCTION IN FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST EDITION 1609

FROM THE COPY IN THE MALONE COLLECTION IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY

WITH INTRODUCTION AND BIBLIOGRAPHY

BY

SIDNEY LEE

OXFORD: AT THE CLARENDON PRESS MDCCCCCV
OXFORD
PHOTOGRAPHS AND LETTERPRESS
BY HORACE HART, M.A.
PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY
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INTRODUCTION TO SONNETS—

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ILLUSTRATIVE TITLE-PAGE—

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FACSIMILE OF THE EDITION OF 1609
THOUGH Shakespeare's sonnets are unequal in literary merit, many reach levels of lyric melody and meditative energy which are not to be matched elsewhere in poetry. Numerous lines like

Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy

or

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought

seem to illustrate the perfection of human utterance. If a few of the poems sink into inanity beneath the burden of quibbles and conceits, others are almost overcharged with the mellowed sweetness of rhythm and metre, the depth of thought and feeling, the vividness of imagery, and the stimulating fervour of expression which are the finest fruits of poetic power.¹

¹ This preface mainly deals with the bibliographical history of the sonnets, and the problems involved in the circumstances of their publication. In regard to the general significance of the poems—their bearing on Shakespeare's biography and character or their relations to the massive sonnet literature of the day, at home and abroad—I only offer here a few remarks and illustrations supplementary to what I have already written on these subjects in my Life of Shakespeare, fifth edition, 1905, or in the Introduction to the Elizabethan Sonnets, 1904 (Constable's reissue of Arber's English Garner). The abundant criticism which has been lavished on my already published comments has not modified my faith in the justice of my general position or in the fruitfulness of my general line of investigation. My friend Canon Beeching has, in reply to my strictures, ably restated the 'autobiographic' or 'literal' theory in his recent edition of the sonnets (1904), but it seems to me that he attaches insufficient weight to Shakespeare's habit of mind elsewhere, and to the customs and conventions of contemporary literature, especially to those which nearly touch the relations commonly subsisting among Elizabethan authors, patrons, and publishers. Canon Beeching's
The sonnets, which number 154, are not altogether of homogeneous character. Several are detached lyrics of impersonal application. But the majority of them are addressed to a man, while more than twenty towards the end are addressed to a woman. In spite of the vagueness of intention which envelops some of the poems, and the slenderness of the links which bind together many consecutive sonnets, the whole collection is well calculated to create the illusion of a series of earnest personal confessions. The collection has consequently been often treated as a self-evident excerpt from the poet’s autobiography.

In the bulk of the sonnets the writer professes to describe his infatuation with a beautiful youth and his wrath with a disdainful mistress, who alienates the boy’s affection and draws him into dissolute courses. But any strictly literal or autobiographic interpretation has to meet a formidable array of difficulties. Two general objections present themselves on the threshold of the discussion. In the first place, the autobiographic interpretation is to a large extent in conflict with the habit of mind and method of work which are disclosed in the rest of Shakespeare’s achievement. In the second place, it credits the poet with humiliating experiences of which there is no hint elsewhere.

On the first point, little more needs saying than that Shakespeare’s mind was dominated and engrossed by genius for drama, and that, in view of his supreme mastery of dramatic

comments on textual or critical points, which lie outside the scope of the controversy, seem to me acute and admirable.

1 It is not clear from the text whether all the sonnets addressed to a man are inscribed to the same person. Mingled, too, with those addressed to a man, are a few which offer no internal evidence whereby the sex of the addressee can be determined, and, when detached from their environment, were invariably judged by seventeenth and eighteenth-century readers to be addressed to a woman.
power, the likelihood that any production of his pen should embody a genuine piece of autobiography is on a priori grounds small. Robert Browning, no mean psychologist, went as far as to assert that Shakespeare 'ne'er so little' at any point of his work left his 'bosom's gate ajar', and declared him incapable of unlocking his heart 'with a sonnet-key'. That the energetic fervour which animates many of Shakespeare's sonnets should bear the living semblance of private ecstasy or anguish, is no confutation of Browning's view. No critic of insight has denied all tie of kinship between the fervour of the sonnets and the passion which is portrayed in the tragedies. The passion of the tragedies is invariably the dramatic or objective expression, in the vividest terms, of emotional experience, which, however common in human annals, is remote from the dramatist's own interest or circumstance. Even his two narrative poems, as Coleridge pointed out, betray 'the utter aloofness of the poet's own feelings from those of which he is at once the painter and the analyst'. Certainly the intense passion of the tragedies is never the mere literal presentment of the author's personal or subjective emotional experience, nor does it draw sustenance from episodes in his immediate environment. The personal note in the sonnets may well owe much to that dramatic instinct which could reproduce intuitively the subtlest thought and feeling of which man's mind is capable.

The particular course and effect of the emotion, which Shakespeare portrayed in drama, were usually suggested or prescribed by some story in an historic chronicle or work of fiction. The detailed scheme of the sonnets seems to stand on something of the same footing as the plots of his plays. The sonnets weave together and develop with the finest poetic and dramatic sensibility themes which
had already served, with inferior effect, the purposes of poetry many times before. The material for the subject-matter and the suggestion of the irregular emotion of the sonnets lay at Shakespeare's command in much literature by other pens. The obligation to draw on his personal experiences for his theme or its development was little greater in his sonnets than in his dramas. Hundreds of sonneteers had celebrated, in the language of love, the charms of young men—mainly by way of acknowledging their patronage in accordance with a convention which was peculiar to the period of the Renaissance. Thousands of poets had described their sufferings at the hands of imperious beauty. Others had found food for poetry in stories of mental conflict caused by a mistress's infidelity or a friend's coolness. The spur of example never failed to incite Shakespeare's dramatic muse to activity, and at no period of literary history was the presentation of amorous adventures more often essayed in sonnets than by Shakespeare's poetic contemporaries at home and abroad during the last decade of the sixteenth century. It goes without saying that Shakespeare had his own experience of the emotions incident to love and friendship or that that experience added point and colour to his verse. But his dramatic genius absolved him of the need

1 The conflicts between the claims of friend and mistress on the affections, and the griefs incident to the transfer of a mistress's attentions to a friend—recondite topics which are treated in Shakespeare's sonnets—seem no uncommon themes of Renaissance poetry. Clement Marot, whose work was very familiar to Spenser and other Elizabethan writers, in complicated verse headed 'A celle qui souhaite Marot aussi amoureux d'elle qu'un sien Amy' (Œuvres, 1565?, p. 437), describes himself in a situation resembling that which Shakespeare assigns to the 'friend' of his sonnets. Being solicited in love by his comrade's mistress, Marot warns her of the crime against friendship to which she prompts him, and, less complacent than Shakespeare's 'friend', rejects her invitation on the ground that he has only half a heart to offer her, the other half being absorbed by friendship.
of seeking his cue there exclusively. It was not in his nature (to paraphrase Browning again) to write merely for the purpose of airing his private woes and perplexities.

Shakespeare acknowledged in his plays that 'the truest poetry is the most feigning'. The exclusive embodiment in verse of mere private introspection was barely known to his era, and in these words the dramatist paid an explicit tribute to the potency in poetic literature of artistic impulse and control contrasted with the impotency of personal sensation, which is scarcely capable of discipline. To few of the sonnets can a controlling artistic impulse be denied by criticism. The best of them rank with the richest and most concentrated efforts of Shakespeare's pen. To pronounce them, alone of his extant work, free of that 'feigning', which he identified with 'the truest poetry', is tantamount to denying his authorship of them, and to dismissing them from the Shakespearean canon.

The second general objection which is raised by the theory of the sonnets' autobiographic significance can be stated very briefly. A literal interpretation of the poems credits the poet with a moral instability which is at variance with the tone of all the rest of his work, and is rendered barely admissible by his contemporary reputation for 'honesty'. Of the 'pangs of despised love' for a woman, which he professes to suffer in the sonnets, nothing need be said in this connexion. But a purely literal interpretation of the impassioned protestations of affection for a 'lovely boy', which course through the sonnets, casts a slur on the dignity of the poet’s name which scarcely bears discussion. Of friendship of the healthy manly type, not his plays alone, but the records of his biography, give fine and touching examples. All his dramatic writing, as well as his two narrative poems and the testimonies of his intimate associates in life, seems to prove
him incapable of such a personal confession of morbid infatuation with a youth, as a literal interpretation discovers in the sonnets.

It is in the light not merely of aesthetic appreciation but of contemporary literary history that Shakespeare's sonnets must be studied, if one hopes to reach any conclusions as to their precise significance which are entitled to confidence. No critic of his sonnets is justified in ignoring the contemporary literary influences to which Shakespeare, in spite of his commanding genius, was subject throughout his extant work. It is well to bear in mind that Elizabethan sonneteers, whose number was legion, habitually levied heavy debts not only on the great masters of this form of verse in Italy and France, who invented or developed it, but on contemporary foreign practitioners of ephemeral reputation. Nor should it be forgotten that the Elizabethan reading public repeatedly acknowledged a vein of artificiality in this naturalized instrument of English poetry, and pointed out its cloying tendency to fantastic exaggeration of simulated passion.

Of chief importance is it to realize that the whole vocabulary of affection—the commonest terms of endearment—often carried with them in Renaissance or Elizabethan poetry, and especially in Renaissance and Elizabethan sonnets, a poetic value that is wholly different from any that they bear to-day. The example of Tasso, the chief representative of the Renaissance on the continent of Europe in Shakespeare's day, shows with singular lucidity how the language of love was suffered deliberately to clothe the conventional relations of poet to

1 Impatience was constantly expressed with the literary habit of 'Oiling a saint with supple sonneting,' which was held to be of the essence of the Elizabethan sonnet (cf. J. D.'s Epigrammes, 1598, Sonnet II at end, headed 'Ignoto,' and the other illustrations of contemporary criticism of sonnets in my Life of Shakespeare, pp. 111-12).
a helpful patron. Tasso not merely recorded in sonnets an apparently amorous devotion for his patron, the Duke of Ferrara, which is only intelligible in its historical environment, but he also carefully describes in prose the precise sentiments which, with a view to retaining the ducal favour, he sedulously cultivated and poetized. In a long prose letter to a later friend and patron, the Duke of Urbino, he wrote of his attitude of mind to his first patron thus: ‘I confided in him, not as we hope in men, but as we trust in God.... It appeared to me, so long as I was under his protection, fortune and death had no power over me. Burning thus with devotion to my lord, as much as man ever did with love to his mistress, I became, without perceiving it, almost an idolater. I continued in Rome and in Ferrara many days and months in the same attachment and faith.’ With illuminating frankness Tasso added: ‘I went so far with a thousand acts of observance, respect, affection, and almost adoration, that at last, as they say the courser grows slow by too much spurring, so his [i.e. the patron’s] goodwill towards me slackened, because I sought it too ardently.’ There is practical identity between the alternations of feeling which find touching voice in many of the sonnets of Shakespeare and those which colour Tasso’s confession of his intercourse with his Duke of Ferrara. Both poets profess for a man a lover-like idolatry. Both attest the hopes and fears, which his favour evokes in them, with a fervour and intensity of emotion which it was only in the power of great poets to feign.

That the language of love was in common use in Elizabethan England among poets in their intercourse with those who appreciated and encouraged their literary genius, is convincingly illustrated by the mass of verse which was addressed

to the greatest of all patrons of Elizabethan poetry—the Queen. The poets who sought her favour not merely commended the beauty of her mind and body with the semblance of amorous ecstasy; they carried their professions of ‘love’ to the extreme limits of realism. They seasoned their notes of adoration with reproaches of inconstancy and infidelity, which they couched in the peculiarly intimate vocabulary that is characteristic of genuinely thwarted passion.

Sir Walter Raleigh offers especially vivid evidence of the assurance with which the poetic client offered his patron the homage of varied manifestations of amoristic sentiment. He celebrated his devotion to the Queen in a poem, called Cynthia, consisting of twenty-one books, of which only the last survives. The tone of such portion as is extant is that of ecstatic love which is incapable of restraint. At one point the poet reflects

[How] that the eyes of my mind held her beams
In every part transferred by love’s swift thought;
Far off or near, in waking or in dreams
Imagination strong their lustre brought.
Such force her angelic appearance had
To master distance, time or cruelty.

Raleigh’s simulated passion rendered him
intensive, wakeful, and dismayed,
In fears, in dreams, in feverous jealousy.

The date of Raleigh’s composition is uncertain; most of the poem was probably composed about 1594. ‘Cynthia’ is the name commonly given the Queen by her poetic admirers. Spenser, Barnfield, and numerous other poets accepted the convention.

With some of the italicized words, passages in Shakespeare’s sonnets may be compared, e.g.:—

xxvii. 9–10. . . . my soul’s imaginary sight

Prep tuning thy shadow to my sightless view.

xliii. 11–12. When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay.
SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE

15

The obsequious dependant and professional suitor declares himself to be a sleepless lover, sleepless because of the cruelty

 xliv. 1–2. If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
 Injurious distance should not stop my way.

 lxI. 1–2. Is it thy will thy image should keep open
 My heavy eyelids to the weary night?

Similarly Spenser wrote of Queen Elizabeth in 1591 in his Colin Clouts come home again with a warmth that must mislead any reader who closes his ears and eyes to the current conventions of amorous expression. Here are some of his assurances of regard (ll. 472–80):

To her my thoughts I daily dedicate,
To her my heart I nightly martyrize;
To her my love I lowly do prostrate,
To her my life I wholly sacrifice:
My thought, my heart, my love, my life is she,
And I hers ever only, ever one:
One ever I all vowed hers to be,
One ever I and others never none.

As in Raleigh’s case, Spenser draws attention to his sufferings as his patron’s lover by night as well as by day. To take a third of a hundred instances that could be adduced of the impassioned vein of poetic addresses to Queen Elizabeth, Richard Barnfield wrote a volume of poems called (like Raleigh’s poem) Cynthia, in honour of his sovereign (published in 1595). In a prefatory address he calls the Queen ‘his mistress’. Much high-strung panegyric follows, and he reaches his climax of adoring affection in a brief ode attached to the main poem. There he describes how, after other adventures in the fields of love, ‘Eliza’ has finally written her name on his heart ‘in characters of crimson blood’. Her fair eyes have inflicted on him a fatal wound. The common note of familiarity in a poet’s addresses to patrons is well illustrated by the fluency of style in which Barnfield professes his affection for the Queen:

 Her it is, for whom I mourne;
 Her, for whom my life I scorne;
 Her, for whom I weepe all day;
 Her, for whom I sigh, and say,
 Either She, or els no creature,
 Shall enjoy my loue: whose feature
 Though I never can obtaine,
 Yet shall my true loue remaine:
 Till (my body turned to clay)
 My poore soule must passe away,
 To the heauens; where (I hope)
 Hit shall finde a resting scope:
 Then since I loued thee (alone)
 Remember me when I am gone.
of his mistress in refusing him her old favours. In vain he
tries to blot out of his mind the joys of her past kindness
and to abandon the hopeless pursuit of her affection. He is
'a man distract', who, striving and raging in vain to free
himself from strong chains of love, merely suffers 'change of
passion from woe to wrath'. The illusion of genuine passion
could hardly be produced with better effect than in lines like
these:—

The thoughts of past times, *like flames of hell*,
Kindled afresh within my memory
The many dear achievements that befell
In those prime years and infancy of love.

It was in the vein of Raleigh's addresses to the Queen
that Elizabethan poets habitually sought, not her countenance
only, but that of her noble courtiers. Great lords and great
ladies alike—the difference of sex was disregarded—were
repeatedly assured by poetic clients that their mental
and physical charms excited in them the passion of love.
Protestations of affection, familiarly phrased, were clearly
couraged in their poetic clients by noble patrons.1 Nashe,
a typical Elizabethan, who was thoroughly impregnated
with the spirit and temper of the times, bore (in 1595)
unqualified witness to the poetic practice when he wrote of
Gabriel Harvey, who religiously observed all current con-
ventions in his relations with patrons:—

1 I haue perused yeares of his, written vnder his owne
hand to *Sir Philip Sidney*, wherein he courted him as he were
another *Cyprissus* or *Ganimede*; the last *Gordian* true loues
knot or knitting up of them is this:—

1 The two sonnets which accompanied Nashe's gift to the young Earl of
Southampton of an obscene poem called *The choosing of Valentines*, sufficiently
indicate the tone of intimacy which often infected 'the dedicated words which
writers used' when they were seeking or acknowledging patrons' favours.
Sum iecur, ex quo te primum, Sydneie, vidi;
Os oculosque regit, cogit amare iecur.

All liver am I, Sidney, since I saw thee;
My mouth, eyes, rule it and to loue doth draw mee.'

All the verse, which Elizabethan poets conventionally affirmed to be fired by an amorous infatuation with patrons, was liable to the like biting sarcasm from the scoffer. But no satiric censure seemed capable of stemming the tide of passionate adulation, in what Shakespeare himself called 'the liver vein', which in his lifetime flowed about the patrons of Elizabethan poetry. Until comparatively late in the seventeenth century there was ample justification for Sir Philip Sidney's warning of the flattery that awaited those who patronized poets and poetry: 'Thus doing you shall be [hailed as] most fair, most rich, most wise, most all; thus doing, you shall dwell upon superlatives; thus doing, your soul shall be placed with Dante's Beatrice.' There can be little doubt that Shakespeare, always prone to follow the contemporary fashion, yielded to the prevailing tendency and penned many sonnets in that 'liver vein' which was especially calculated to fascinate the ear of his literature-loving and self-indulgent patron, the Earl of Southampton. The illusion of passion which colours his verse was beyond the scope of other contemporary 'idolaters' of patrons, because it was a manifestation of his superlative and ever-active dramatic power.

1 'Have with you to Saffron-Walden' (O 3 verso), in Nashe’s Works, ed. McKerrow, vol. iii, p. 92.
2 On the conventional sonnet of adoration Shakespeare himself passed derisively the same sort of reflection as Nashe when, in Love’s Labour’s Lost (iv. 3. 74 seq.), he bestows on a love-sonnet the comment:—

This is the liver vein, which makes flesh a deity,
A green goose a goddess; pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out of the way.
II

It is not known for certain when Shakespeare's sonnets were written. They were probably produced at various dates, but such external evidence as is accessible assigns the majority of them to a comparatively early period of Shakespeare's career, to a period antecedent to 1598. Internal evidence is on this point very strongly corroborative of the external testimony. The language and imagery of the sonnets closely connects them with the work which is positively known to have occupied Shakespeare before 1595 or 1596. The passages and expressions which are nearly matched in plays of a later period are not unimportant, but they are inferior in number to those which find a parallel in the narrative poems of 1593 and 1594, or in the plays of similar date. Again, only a few of the parallels in the later work are so close in phrase or sentiment as those in the earlier work.

Two leading themes of the sonnets are very closely associated with Shakespeare's poem of *Venus and Adonis* and the plays that were composed about the same date. The first seventeen poems, in which the poet urges a beautiful youth to marry, and to bequeath his beauty to posterity, repeat with somewhat greater exuberance, but with no variation of sentiment, the plea that Venus thrice fervently

Almost every play of Shakespeare offers some parallels to expressions in the sonnets. Canon Becching (pp. xxv–xxvii) has collected several (which are of great interest) from *Henry IV* and *Hamlet*, but they are not numerous enough to justify any very large conclusion. It does not seem to have been noticed that the words 'Quietus' (*Hamlet*, iii. 1. 75, and *Sonnet CXXVI. 12*) and 'My prophetic soul' (*Hamlet*, i. 5. 40, and *Sonnet CVII. 1*) come in *Hamlet* and the sonnets, and nowhere else. The sonnets in which they occur may be of comparatively late date, but the evidence is not conclusive in itself.
urges on Adonis in Shakespeare's poem (cf. ll. 129-32, 162-74, 1751-68). The plea is again developed by Shakespeare in Romeo and Juliet, i. i. 218-28. Elsewhere he only makes slight and passing allusion to it—viz. in All's Well, i. i. 136, and in Twelfth Night, i. 5. 273-5. The bare treatment, which the subject receives in these comparatively late plays, notably contrasts with the fullness of exposition in the earlier passages.

An almost equally prominent theme of Shakespeare's sonnets—the power of verse to 'eternize,' the person whom it commemorated—likewise suggests early composition. The conceit is of classical origin, and is of constant recurrence in Renaissance poetry throughout Western Europe. The French poet, Ronsard, never tired of repeating it in the odes and sonnets which he addressed to his patrons, and Spenser, Daniel, and Drayton, among Elizabethan poets, emulated his example with energy. Shakespeare presents the theme in much the same fashion as his English contemporaries, and borrows an occasional phrase from poems by them, which were in print before 1594. But the first impulse to adopt the proud boast seems to have come from his youthful study of Ovid. Of all Latin poets, Ovid gave the pretension most frequent and most frank expression. Sonnet LV, where Shakespeare handles the conceit with

\[\text{None ever lived by self-love; others' good}
\]  
\[\text{Is th' object of our own. They living die}
\]  
\[\text{That bury in themselves their fortunes' brood.}\]
gorgeous effect, assimilates several lines from the exultant outburst at the close of Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*. To that book, which Shakespeare often consulted, he had especial recourse when writing *Venus and Adonis*. Moreover, a second work of Ovid was also at Shakespeare’s hand, when his first narrative poem was in process of composition. The Latin couplet, which Shakespeare quoted on the title-page of *Venus and Adonis*, comes from that one of Ovid’s *Amores* (or ‘Elegies of Love’) in which the Latin poet with fiery vehemence expatiates on the eternizing faculty of verse.¹ Ovid’s vaunt in his ‘Elegies’ had clearly caught Shakespeare’s eye when he was engaged on *Venus and Adonis*, and the impression seems to be freshly reflected in Shakespeare’s treatment of the topic through the sonnets.²

No internal evidence as to the chronological relations of two compositions from the same poet’s pen is open to less dispute than that which is drawn from the tone and texture of the imagery and phraseology. The imagery and

¹ To the many instances I have adduced of the handling of this topic by Spenser and other Elizabethan poets, may be added this stanza from Roydon’s *Elegie* on Sir Philip Sidney, where he refers to the sonnets which Sidney, in the name of Astrophel, addressed to Lady Rich, in the name of Stella:—

Then Astrophill hath honour’d thee [i.e. Stella];
For when thy body is extinct,
Thy graces shall eternally be,
And live by vertue of his inke;
For by his verses he doth give
To short-livde beautie aye to live.

² Cf. *Mortale est, quod quae ris, opus; mihi fama perennis Quaeritur, in toto semper ut orbe canar.* *(Ovid’s ‘Amores’, i, xv. 7–8.)*

The *Venus and Adonis* motto is immediately preceded in Ovid’s ‘Amores’ (i. xv. 35–6) by these lines:—

Ergo cum silices, cum dens patientis aratri,
Depereant aerio, carmina morte carent.
Cedant carminibus reges regumque triumphi,
Cedat et auriferi ripa benigna Tagi. *(31–4.)*
phraseology of great poets suffer constant flow. Their stores are continually replenished in the course of their careers. Whenever, therefore, any really substantial part of the imagery and phraseology in two or more works is of identical tone and texture, no doubt seems permissible that they belong to the same epoch in the poet’s career. Application of these principles to Shakespeare’s sonnets can lead to no other result than that the bulk of them are of the same date as the earliest plays.

Probably Shakespeare’s earliest comedy, Love’s Labour’s Lost, offers a longer list of parallels to the phraseology and imagery of the sonnets than any other of his works. The details in the resemblance—the drift of style and thought—confirm the conclusion that most of the sonnets belong to the same period of the poet’s life as the comedy. Longaville’s regular sonnet in the play (iv. 3. 60-73) closely catches the tone that is familiar to readers of Shakespeare’s great collection. Like thirty-four of Shakespeare’s collected quatorzains, it begins with the rhetorical question:—

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,  
‘Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,  
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?  
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.

But apart from syntactical or metrical forms, the imagery in Love’s Labour’s Lost is often almost identical with that of the sonnets.

The lyric image of sun-worship in Sonnet VII. 1-4:—

Lo, in the Orient when the gracious light  
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye

2 Cf. Mr. C. F. McClumpha’s papers on the relation of the sonnets (1) with Love’s Labour’s Lost, and (2) with Romeo and Juliet, respectively, in Modern Language Notes, vol. xv, No. 6, June, 1900, pp. 337-46, and in Shakespeare-Jahrbuch, xl. pp. 187 seq. (Weimar, 1904).
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty,
reappears in heightened colour in Biron's speech in Love's
Labour's Lost (iv. 3. 221-8):

Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
That like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous East,
Bows not his vassal head, and strucken blind
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?

Only here and in another early play—Romeo and Juliet—is the imagery of sun-worship brought by Shakespeare into the same relief.

Another conceit which Shakespeare develops persistently, in almost identical language, in both the sonnets and Love's Labour's Lost, is that the eye is the sole source of love, the exclusive home of beauty, the creator, too, of strange delusions in the minds of lovers.

1 Cf. Romeo and Juliet, i. 1. 124-5: the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east.

2 Cf. Sonnet xiv. 9:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive.

L. L. L. iv. 3. 350:
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive, &c.

Sonnet xvii. 5-6:
If I could write the beauty of your eyes
And in fresh numbers number all your graces.

L. L. L. iv. 3. 322-3:
Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enriched you with.

Cf. again Sonnet cxiv. 2-7 with L. L. L. v. 2. 770-5. For a curious parallel use of the law terms 'several' and 'common' see Sonnet cxxxvii. 9, 10, and L. L. L. ii. 1. 223.
Furthermore, the taunts which Biron’s friends address to him on the black or dark complexion of his lady love, Rosaline, are in phrase and temper at one with Shakespeare’s addresses to his ‘dark lady’ in the sonnets. In the comedy and in the poems Shakespeare plays precisely the same fantastic variations on the conventional controversy of Renaissance lyricists, whether a black complexion be a sign of virtue or of vice.

Hardly briefer is the list of similarities of phrase and image offered by Shakespeare’s earliest romantic tragedy Romeo and Juliet. The following four examples are representative of many more:—

**Son. xxv. 5–6:**

> their fair leaves spread

> But as the marigold at the sun’s eye.

**Rom. and Jul. i. 157–8:**

> [bud] can spread his sweet leaves to the air,

> Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

**Son. xcviii. 2–3:**

> When proud-pied April, dress’d in all his trim,

> Hath put a spirit of youth in everything.

**Rom. and Jul. i. 2. 16–7:**

> Such comfort as do lusty young men feel

> When well-apparel’d April . . .

**Son. cxxxvi. 8–9:**

> Among a number one is reckn’d none:

> Then in the number let me pass untold.

**Rom. and Jul. i. 2. 32–3:**

> Which on more view of many, mine being one

> May stand in number, though in reckoning none.

**Son. lxxxiv. 5–6:**

> Lean penury within that pen doth dwell

> That to his subject lends not some small glory.

**Rom. and Jul. i. 3. 70–1:**

> That book in many eyes doth share the glory

> That in gold clasps locks in the golden story.

One of the most perfect utterances of the sonnets (XXXIII. 4), the description of the glorious morning sun,

> Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy,
Words peculiar to sonnets and early plays.

At many points, characteristic features of Shakespeare's vocabulary in the sonnets are as intimately associated with the early plays as the imagery. Several uncommon yet significant words in the sonnets figure in early plays and nowhere else. Such are the epithet 'dateless', which is twice used in the sonnets—XXX. 6 and CLIII. 6, and is only used twice elsewhere, in two early plays, Richard II, i. 3. 151, and Romeo and Juliet, v. 3. 115; the two words 'compile' (LXXVIII. 9), or 'compil'd' (LXXXV. 2), and 'filed' (in the sense of 'polished'), which only appear in the sonnets and in Love's Labour's Lost (iv. 3. 134; v. 2. 52 and 896; v. i. 12); the participial 'Out-worn' in sonnets LXIV. 2 'Out-worn buried age', and LXVIII. 1 'days out-worn', which is only met with in Lucrece, 1350, 'the worn-out age', and 1761, 'time out-worn'; the epithet 'world-without-end', Sonnet LVII. 5, which is only found elsewhere in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 799; 'wires' for 'hair' (CXXX, 4), a favourite word with Elizabethan sonneteers between 1590 and 1597, which is only found elsewhere in the epithet 'wiry' for 'hairy' in King John, iii. 4. 64; and 'idolatry' ('Let not my love be called idolatry') in CV. 1, which is used elsewhere in five plays—one alone, Troilus and Cressida (ii. 2. 56), being of later period.

is closely akin to the lines in yet another early play, Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 391-3, where we read how

the Eastern gate, all fiery red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,

*Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.*

1 Cf. Son. xxx. 6:
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night.

Rom. and Jul. v. 3. 115:

A dateless bargain to engrossing death!

2 Viz. Two Gentlemen, iv. 4. 207; Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 75; A Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1. 109; Romeo and Juliet, ii. 2. 114; and Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 56.
Three rare words which testify to Shakespeare's French reading—'rondure' (XXI. 8), 'couplement' (XXI. 9), and 'carcanet', i.e. necklace (LII. 8)—are only found elsewhere respectively in King John, ii. 1. 259, in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 535, and in Comedy of Errors, iii. 1. 4.

One or two quotations or adaptations of lines of the sonnets in work by other pens, bring further testimony to the comparatively early date of composition. In these instances the likelihood that Shakespeare was the borrower is very small. The whole line (XCIV. 14)—

Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds appeared before 1595 in the play of 'Edward III' (ii. 1. 451), together with several distinctive phrases.¹ The poet Barnfield, who, in poems published in that and the previous year, borrowed with great freedom from Venus and Adonis and Lucrece, levied loans on the sonnets at the same time.²

¹ Two are especially noteworthy, viz. 'scarlet ornaments', of the lips or cheeks (Son. CXLIII. 6 and Edw. III, ii. 1. 10), and 'flatter', applied to the effect of sunlight (Son. XXXIII. 2 and Edw. III, i. 2. 142).

² In Sonnet LXXXV Shakespeare uses together the rare words 'compiled' and 'filed' (in the sense of 'polished') when he writes of

comments of your praise, richly compiled, ...

And precious phrase by all the Muses filed.

Barnfield, in his Cassandra, which was ready for publication in January, 1595, writes on the same page of his heroine's lover that 'his tongue compiles her praise', and subsequently of 'her filed tongue'. The collocation of the expressions is curious. Barnfield's descriptions in his Affectionate Shepheard (1594) of his youth's 'amber locks trust up in golden tramels', 'which dangle adowne his louely cheekes', with the poet's warning of 'th' indecencie of mens long haire', and the appeal to the boy, 'Cut off thy Locke, and sell it for gold wier' (Affectionate Shepheard, I. ii; II. xix, xxiii), may comment on Shakespeare's sonnet LXVIII, where the youth is extravagantly complimented on the beauty of his 'golden tresses', which 'show false art what beauty was of yore'. In Shakespeare's sonnet XCVIII, lines 8-12—

Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those,
In two sonnets (published in Jan. 1595) Barnfield depreciated the beauty of heroes of antiquity compared with his own fair friend. Sonnet XII begins:

Some talke of Ganymede th' Idalian Boy
And some of faire Adonis make their boast,
Some talk of him [i.e. Castor], whom louely Laeda
[i.e. mother of Helen] lost . . .

Sonnet XVII opens:

Cherry-lipt Adonis in his snowie shape,
Might not compare with his pure luorie white.

Both seem crude echoes of Shakespeare's sonnet LIII:

Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you.

III

All occasional poetry, and especially poetry for patrons 'in the liver vein', was usually 'kept in private' in the possibly reflect Barnfield's lines in the Affectionate Shepheard (I. iii):

His Ivory-white and Alabaster skin
Is staind throughout with rare Vermillion red,
But as the Lillie and the blushing Rose,
So white and red on him in order grows.

It is curious to note that this is the only place in all his works where Shakespeare uses the word 'vermilion'. It is not uncommon in Elizabethan literature; cf. Sidney's Astrophel, cii. 5, 'vermillion dyes'; Daniel's Rosamond (1592), l. 678, 'vermilion red' (of roses); J. C.'s Alciitia (1596), 'vermillion hue' (in Elizabethan Longer Poems, p. 361). But it is far more frequent in sixteenth-century French and Italian poetry (vermeil and vermelio). It is used in all the early Italian poems concerning Venus and Adonis which were accessible to Shakespeare. Cf. Dolce's Il Favola d'Adone, iv. 7:

Quivi tra Gigli le vermiglie Rose
Si dimostraro ogn' hor liete e veggose.

In both Dolce's La Favola d'Adone (83, 8) and Tarchagnota's L'Adone (72, 6 and 74. 2) Adonis' dead body is metamorphosed into 'uno vermiglio fiore' or 'quel fior vermiglio', the flower assuming 'vermiglio color del sangue'.
SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE

Elizabethan era. It was 'held back from publishing'. It circulated only among the author’s or the patron’s friends. The earliest known reference to the existence of any collection of sonnets by Shakespeare indicates that he followed the fashion in writing them exclusively for private audiences.

In 1598 the critic, Francis Meres, by way of confirming the statement that 'the sweet, witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare', called to 'witness his Venus and Adonis, his Lucrece, his sugared Sonnets among his private friends etc.' There can be little question that Meres refers to sonnets by Shakespeare which were in circulation among his private friends, and were, in the critic's mind, chiefly distinguished from Shakespeare's two narrative poems by being unpublished and in private hands. Meres' language is too vague to press very closely. The use of the common and conventional epithet 'sugared' suggests that Shakespeare's sonnets were credited by the writer with the ordinary characteristics of the artificial sonneteering of the day.

1 Of the specimens of adulatory verse to which reference has been made above, neither the work of Raleigh, nor of Nashe, nor of Harvey was printed in the authors' lifetime. Harvey's confession of love for Sir Philip Sidney is not known to be extant. The manuscript copies in which Raleigh's and Nashe's verse declared their passion for their patrons were printed for the first time in our own day.

2 Manuscript poems written for and circulating among an Elizabethan poet's friends rarely reached his own hand again. In 1593 the veteran poet, Thomas Churchyard, when enumerating in his Challenge unpublished pieces by himself which had been 'gotten from me of some such noble freends as I am loath to offend ', includes in his list 'an infinite number of other Songs and Sonets, giuen where they cannot be recouered, nor purchase any fauour when they are craued'.

3 The conventional epithet 'sugared' was often applied to poetry for patrons. In the Returne from Parnassus (1600?), a poverty-stricken scholar, who seeks the favour of a rich patron, is counselled to give the patron 'some sugar candy tearms' (ll. 1377–8), while to the patron's son 'shall thy piping poetry and sugar endes of verses be directed' (l. 1404). In the same piece (l. 243) Daniel was congratulated on his 'sugared sonneting'. Cf. 'sugred
Meres’ evidence as to the ‘private’ circulation of a number of Shakespeare’s sonnets in 1598 received the best possible corroboration a year later, when two sonnets, which were undoubtedly by Shakespeare, were printed for the first time in the poetic miscellany, The Passionate Pilgrim. That volume was compiled piratically by the publisher, William Jaggard, from ‘private’ manuscripts, and although its contents were from various pens, all were ascribed collectively to Shakespeare on the title-page.

There are indications that separate sonnets by Shakespeare continued to be copied and to circulate in MS. in the years that immediately followed. But ten years elapsed before Shakespeare’s sonnets were distinctly heard of in public again. Then as many as 154 were brought together and were given to the world in a quarto volume.

On May 20, 1609, the grant of a licence for the publication of Shakespeare’s sonnets was thus entered in the Registers of the Stationers’ Company: ‘Entred [to Thomas Thorpe] for his copie under th’ andes of master Wilson and master Lownes Warden, a Booke called Shakespeares sonnetes vi’d.’

A knowledge of the career and character of Thomas Thorpe, who was owner of the copyright and caused the sonnets to be published, is needful to a correct apprehension

talk’, Fletcher’s Licia, 1593, Sonnet 52, l. 1; ‘sugred terms’, R. L.’s Diella, 1596, Sonnet 4; ‘Master Thomas Watson’s sugred Amintas’ in Nashe’s preface to Greene’s Menaphon, 1589. ‘Sucré’ is similarly used in French literature of the same date.

Eleazar Edgar, a small publisher, who took up his freedom on June 26, 1597, obtained from the Stationers’ Company on January 3, 1600, a licence for the publication of ‘Amours, by J. D., with Certen Oy’ (i.e. other) sonnetes by W. S.’ No book corresponding to this title seems to have been published. There is small ground for identifying the W. S. of this licence with Shakespeare. There was another sonneteer of the day, William Smith, who had published a collection of sonnets under the title of Chloris, in 1596. Edgar may have designed the publication of another collection by Smith.
of the manner in which they reached the printing-press or to a right apprehension of the order in which they were presented to the reading public. The story has many points of resemblance with that of William Jaggard's publication of *The Passionate Pilgrim* in 1599.

Thorpe, a native of Barnet in Middlesex, where his father kept an inn, was at Midsummer, 1584, apprenticed for nine years to an old-established London printer and stationer, Richard Watkins, whose business premises were at the sign of Love and Death in St. Paul's Churchyard. Nearly ten years later he took up the freedom of the Stationers' Company. He seems to have become a stationer's assistant. Fortune rarely favoured him, and he held his own with difficulty for some thirty years in the lowest ranks of the London publishing trade.

In 1600 there fell into his hands a 'private' written copy of Marlowe's unprinted translation of the first book of *Lucan*. Thorpe, who was not destitute of a taste for literature—he knew scraps of Latin and recognized a good MS. when he saw one—interested in his find Edward Blount¹, then a stationer's assistant like himself, but with better prospects. Through Blount's good offices, Peter Short printed Thorpe's MS. of Marlowe's *Lucan*, and Walter Burre sold it at his shop in St. Paul's Churchyard.

As owner of the MS., Thorpe chose his patron and supplied the dedicatory epistle. The patron of his choice was his friend Blount. The style of the dedication was somewhat flamboyant, but Thorpe showed a literary sense.

¹ Blount had already achieved a modest success in the same capacity of procurer or picker-up of neglected 'copy'. In 1598 he became proprietor of Marlowe's unfinished and unpublished *Hero and Leander*, and found among better-equipped friends in the trade both a printer and a publisher for his treasure-trove.
when he designated Marlowe 'that pure elemental wit', and a good deal of dry humour in offering to 'his kind and true friend', Blount, 'some few instructions' whereby he might accommodate himself to the unaccustomed rôle of patron. Thorpe gives a sarcastic description of a typical patron. 'When I bring you the book,' he advises Blount, 'take physic and keep state. Assign me a time by your man to come again.... Censure scornfully enough and somewhat like a traveller. Commend nothing lest you discredit your (that which you would seem to have) judgment. One special virtue in our patrons of these days I have promised myself you shall fit excellently, which is to give nothing.' Finally Thorpe, adopting the conventional tone, challenges his patron's love 'both in this and, I hope, many more succeeding offices'.

Three years later he was able to place his own name on the title-page of two humbler literary prizes—each an insignificant pamphlet on current events. Thenceforth for a dozen years his name reappeared annually on one, two, or three volumes. After 1614 his operations were few and far between, and they ceased altogether in 1624. He seems to have ended his days in poverty, and has been identified with the Thomas Thorpe who was granted an alms-room in the hospital of Ewelme, Oxfordshire, on December 3, 1635.

Thorpe was associated with the publication of twenty-nine volumes in all, including Marlowe's Lucan; but in almost all his operations his personal energies were confined, as in his initial enterprise, to procuring the manuscript. For a short period in 1608 he occupied a shop, the Tiger's Head, in St. Paul's Churchyard, and the fact was duly announced on the title-pages of three publications which he issued in that year. But his other undertakings were described on their
title-pages as printed for him by one stationer and sold for him by another, and when any address found mention at all, it was the shopkeeper's address, and not his own. He merely traded in the 'copy', which he procured how he could—in a few cases by purchase from the author, but in more cases through the irregular acquisition of a 'private' transcript of a work that was circulating at large and was not under the author's 'protection'. He never enjoyed in permanence the profits or dignity of printing his 'copy' at a press of his own, or selling books on premises of his own. In this homeless fashion he pursued the well-understood profession of procurer of 'dispersed transcripts' for a longer period than any other known member of the Stationers' Company.

Besides Thorpe, there were actively engaged in the publication of the first edition of Shakespeare's sonnets the printer George Eld and two booksellers, John Wright and William Aspley, who undertook the sale of the impression. The booksellers arranged that one-half of the copies should bear one of their names in the imprint, and the other half should bear the other's name. The even distribution of the two names on the extant copies suggests that the edition was precisely halved between the two. The practice was not uncommon. In 1606 the bookseller Blount acquired the MS. of the long unpublished *A Discourse of Civill Life*, by Lodowick

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1 Very few of his wares does Thorpe appear to have procured direct from the authors. It is true that between 1605 and 1611 there were issued under his auspices some eight volumes of genuinely literary value, including, besides Shakespeare's sonnets, three plays by Chapman (of which the text is very bad), four works of Ben Jonson (which his old friend Blount seems to have procured for him), and Coryat's *Odcombian Banquet*, a piratical excerpt from Coryat's *Crudities*. Blount acquired the copyright of Ben Jonson's *Sejanus* on November 2, 1604, and assigned it to Thorpe on August 6, 1605. Thorpe did not retain the property long. He transferred his right in *Sejanus*, as well as in Jonson's *Volpone*, to Walter Burre on October 3, 1610.
Bryskett, the friend of Spenser and Sidney. One-half of the edition bore the imprint, 'London for Edward Blount,' and the other half, 'London for W. Aspley.'

Thorpe's printer, Eld, and his bookseller, Aspley, were in well-established positions in the trade. George Eld, who had taken up his freedom of the Stationers' Company on January 13, 1600, married in 1604 a widow who had already lost in rapid succession two husbands—both master-printers. The printing-press, with the office at the White Horse, in Fleet Lane, Old Bailey, which she inherited from her first husband Gabriel Simson (d. 1600), she had handed over next year to her second husband Richard Read (d. 1604). On Read's death in 1604, she straightway married Eld and her press passed to Eld. In 1607 and subsequent years Eld was very busy both as printer and publisher. Among seven copyrights which he acquired in 1607 was that of the play called *The Puritaine*, which he published with a title-page fraudulently assigning it to W. S.—initials which were clearly intended to suggest Shakespeare's name to the unwary.

Aspley, the most interesting of the three men engaged in producing Thorpe's venture, was the son of a clergyman of Royston, Cambridgeshire. After serving an apprenticeship with George Bishop, he was admitted a freeman on April 11, 1597. He never owned a press, but held in course of time the highest offices in the Company's gift, finally dying during the year of his mastership in 1640. His first shop was at the sign of the Tiger's Head in St. Paul's Churchyard, where Thorpe carried on business temporarily a few years later, but in 1603 he succeeded Felix Norton in the more important premises at the sign of the Parrot in the same locality. It was

1 There are two copies in the British Museum with the two different imprints.
there that half of Thorpe's edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets was offered for sale in 1609. Aspley had already speculated in Shakespeare's work. He and a partner, Andrew Wise, acquired in 1600 copyrights of both the Second Part of Henry IV and Much Ado about Nothing, and published jointly quarto editions of the two. In the grant to Aspley and his friend of the licence for publication of these two plays, the titles of the books are followed by the words 'Wrytten by master Shakespere'. There is no earlier entry of the dramatist's name in the Stationers' Company Registers. In 1623 Aspley joined the syndicate which William Jaggard inaugurated for printing the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays, and he lived long enough to be a member of the new syndicate which was formed in 1632 to publish the Second Folio. Aspley had business relations with Thorpe, and with Thorpe's friend Blount, long before the issue of the Sonnets, and probably supplied Thorpe with capital.

John Wright, the youngest of the associates in the enterprise of the Sonnets, had been admitted a freeman per patrimonium on June 28, 1602. His business was largely concerned with chap-books and ballads, but he was fortunate enough to acquire a few plays of interest. The most interesting publication in which he took part before the Sonnets, was the pre-Shakespearean play on the subject of King Lear, the copyright of which he took over from a printer (Simon Stafford) on May 8, 1605, on condition that he employed

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1 On June 23, 1600, Thorpe and Aspley were granted jointly a provisional licence for the publication of 'A letar written to ye governors and assistantes of ye E[a]st Indian Merchantes in London Concerning the estat[e] of ye E[a]st Indian flete etc.' The licence was endorsed: 'This is to be their copy gettinge authourity for [it].' The book was ultimately published by Thorpe, and was the earliest publication on the title-page of which his name figured. A similar provisional licence, granted to the two men on the same day, came to nothing, being afterwards cancelled owing to the official recognition of another publisher's claim to the copy concerned (cf. Arber's Registers, iii. 37).
Stafford to print it, which he did. In 1611 he published a new edition of Marlowe's *Faustus*, which came from Eld's press, and bore the same imprint as his impression of Shakespeare's sonnets. At a later period—on May 7, 1626—he joined the printer, John Haviland, in purchasing the copyright of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*. His residence, described as 'at Christ Church Gate', was near Newgate. After 1612 he removed to the sign of 'the Bible without Newgate'.

There are many signs, apart from the state of the text, which awaits our inquiry, that Shakespeare had no more direct concern in Thorpe's issue of his 154 sonnets in 1609, than in Jaggard's issue of his two sonnets, with the other miscellaneous contents of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, ten years before. The exceptionally brusque and commercial description of the poems, both in the entry of the licence in the Stationers' Company Register, and on the title-page, as 'Shakespeares Sonnets' (instead of 'Sonnets by William Shakespeare'), is good evidence that the author was no party to the transaction. The testimony afforded by the dedication to 'Mr. W. H.', which Thorpe signed with his initials on the leaf following the title-page, is even more conclusive. Only when the stationer owned the copyright and controlled the publication, did he choose the patron and sign the dedication. Francis Newman, the stationer who printed 'dispersed transcripts' of Sir Philip Sidney's sonnets for the first time in 1591, exercised the customary privilege. Thorpe had already done so himself when issuing Marlowe's *Lucan* in 1600.

1 The nearest parallel is in the title of *Brittons Bourse of Delights* (1591), a poetic miscellany piratically assigned to the poet Nicholas Breton by the publisher Richard Jones. See *Passionate Pilgrim*, Introduction, p. 16.

2 Initials, instead of full names, were commonly employed when the dedicatee was a private and undistinguished friend of the dedicator.
There is no ground for the common assumption that 'T. T.' in addressing the dedication of Shakespeare's sonnets to 'Mr. W. H.', was transgressing the ordinary law affecting publishers' dedications, and was covertly identifying the 'lovely' youth whom Shakespeare had eulogized in his sonnets. A study of Elizabethan and Jacobean bibliography can alone interpret the situation aright. In all probability Thorpe in the dedication of the Sonnets followed the analogy of his dedication of Marlowe's Lucan in 1600. There he selected for patron Blount, his friend-in-trade, who had aided him in the publication. His chosen patron of the edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets in 1609 was doubtless one who stood to him in a similar business relation.

Although Thorpe's buoyant and self-complacent personality slightly coloured his style, his dedicatory address to 'Mr. W. H.' followed, with slight variations, the best recognized and most conventional of the dedicatory formulae of the day. He framed his salutation of 'Mr. W. H.' into a wish for his patron's 'all happiness' and 'eternity'.' All

1 The formula was of great antiquity. Dante employed it in the dedication of his Divina Commedia, which ran: 'Domino Kani Grandi de Scala devotissimus suus Dante Aligherius... vitam optat per tempora diuturna felicem, et gloriosi nominis in perpetuum incrementum.' The Elizabethan dedicatory formulae commonly 'wished' his patron 'all happiness' and 'eternity' (or periphrases to that effect) by way of prelude or heading to a succeeding dedicatory epistle, but numerous examples could be adduced where the dedicator, as in Thorpe's case, left the 'wish' to stand alone, and where no epistle followed it. Thorpe's dedicatory procedure and choice of type was obviously influenced by Ben Jonson's form of dedication before the first edition of his Volpone, which Thorpe published for Jonson in 1607 and which Eld printed. On the first leaf, following the title, appears in short lines (in the same font of large capitals as that used in Thorpe's dedication to 'Mr. W. H.') these words: 'To the Most Noble | and Most Aequall | Sisters | The Two Famos | Universities | For their Love | And | Acceptance | Shewn | To his Poeme | in the Presentation | Ben: Jonson | The Gratefvl! Acknowledger | Dedicates | Both It and Himselfe |.' In very small type, at the right-hand corner of the
happiness', 'health and eternall happinesse', 'all perseverance with soules happiness', 'health on earth temporall and higher happiness eternall', 'the prosperity of times successe in this life, with the reward of eternitie in the world to come' are variants of the common form, drawn from books that were produced at almost the same moment as Shakespeare's sonnets. The substantives are invariably governed by the identical inflexion of the verb—'wisheth'—which Thorpe employed.

By attaching to the conventional complimentary mention of 'eternity' the ornamental phrase 'promised by our ever-living poet' (i.e. Shakespeare), Thorpe momentarily indulged in that vein of grandiloquence of which other dedications from his pen furnish examples. 'Promises' of eternity were showered by poets on their patrons with prodigal hands. Shakespeare in his sonnets had repeated the current convention with much fervour when addressing a fair youth. Thorpe's interweaving of the conventional 'wish' of the ordinary bookmaker, with an allusion to the conventional 'promise' of the panegyrizing poet, gave fresh zest and emphasis to the well-worn phrases of complimentary courtesy. There is no implication in Thorpe's dedicatory greeting of an ellipse, after the word 'promised', of the word 'him', i.e. 'Mr. W. H.' Thorpe 'wisheth' 'Mr. W. H.' 'eternity', no less grudgingly than 'our ever-living poet' offered his own friend the 'promise' of it in his sonnets.

Almost every phrase in his dedicatory greeting of 'Mr. W. H.' has a technical significance, which has no bearing on Shakespeare's intention as sonneteer, but exclusively concerns Thorpe's action and position as the publisher. In accordance with professional custom, Thorpe dubbed himself page, below this dedication, are the words: 'There follows an Epistle if you dare venture on the length.' The Epistle begins overleaf.


the well-wishing adventurer in setting forth', and thereby claimed sole and exclusive responsibility for the undertaking. His fellow-publisher, William Barley, called himself his patron's 'faithful well-willer' when, in 1595, he dedicated a book, the manuscript of which he had picked up without communication with the author, to Richard Stapar, a Turkey merchant of his acquaintance. Similarly, when the dramatist John Marston in 1606 undertook to issue for himself his play named 'Parasitaster or the Fawne', he pointed out in a prose preface that he (the author) was the sole controller of the publication, and was on this occasion his own 'setter out': 'Let it therefore stand with good excuse that I have been my own setter out.'

To the title which Thorpe bestows on Mr. W. H., 'the onlie begetter of these insuing sonnets,' a like professional significance attaches. In this phrase Thorpe acknowledges the services of 'Mr. W. H.' in 'procuring' and collecting in his behalf the 'private' transcripts, from which the volume was printed. To 'Mr. W. H.'s' sole exertions the birth of the publication may be attributed. 'Mr. W. H.' filled a part which is familiarly known in the history of Elizabethan publishing as 'procurer of the copy'. In Elizabethan English there was no irregularity in the use of 'begetter' in its primary sense of 'getter' or 'procurer', without any implica-

1 Barley saluted his patron (before Richard Hasleton's report of his 'Ten years' Travels in foreign countries') thus: 'Your worship's faithful well-willer, W[illiam] Barley, wiseth all fortunate and happy success in all your enterprises, with increase of worldly worship; and, after death, the joys unspeakable.' A rare copy of the tract is at Britwell. It is reprinted in Arber's Garner. The stationer Thomas Walkley in 1622, in his preface to the Second Quarto of Beaumont and Fletcher's Philaster, wrote that 'he had adventured to issue a revised edition knowing how many well-wishers it had abroad'. Another 'stationer', Richard Hawkins, who published on his own account the third edition of the same play in 1628, described himself in the preliminary page as 'acting the merchant adventurer's part'.

' The onlie begetter.'
tion of that common secondary meaning of 'breed' or 'generate', which in modern speech has altogether displaced the earlier signification.¹

¹ 'Beget' came into being as an intensive form of 'get', and was mainly employed in Anglo-Saxon and Mediaeval English in the sense of 'obtain'. It acquired the specialized signification of 'breed' at a slightly later stage of development, and until the end of the seventeenth century it bore concurrently the alternative meanings of 'procure' (or 'obtain') and 'breed' (or 'produce'). Seventeenth-century literature and lexicography recognized these two senses of the word and no other. 'Begetter' might mean 'father' (or 'author') or it might mean 'procurer' (or 'acquirer'). There is no suggestion that Thorpe meant that Mr. W. H. was 'author' of the sonnets. Consequently doubt that he meant 'procurer' or 'acquirer' is barely justifiable. The following are six examples of the Elizabethan use of the word in its primary significance of 'procure':—

(1) The mightier [sc. the] man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honour'd, or begets [i.e. procures] him hate. *(Lucrece, 1004–5.)*

(2) We could at once put us in readiness,
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends as Time in Padua shall beget [i.e. procure]. *(Taming of the Shrew, i. 43–5.)*

(3) 'In the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion . . . acquire and beget a temperance.' *(Hamlet, iii. 2. 6.)* Hamlet in this sentence colloquially seeks emphasis by repetition, and the distinction of meaning to be drawn between 'acquire' and 'beget' is no more than that to be drawn between the preceding 'torrent' and 'tempest.'

(4) 'I have some cousins german at Court [that] shall beget you (i.e. procure for you) the reversion of the Master of the King's Revels.' *(Dekker's Satiromastix, 1602; cf. Hawkins' Origin of English Drama, iii. 156.)*

(5) '[This play] hath beget itself (i.e. procured for itself or obtained) a greater favour than he (i.e. Sejanus) lost, the love of good men.' *(Ben Jonson's dedication before Sejanus, 1605, which was published by Thorpe.)*

(6) '[A spectator wishes to see a hero on the stage] 'kill Paynims, wild boars, dun cows, and other monsters; beget him (i.e. get him) a reputation, and marry an Emperor's daughter for his mistress'. *(Ben Jonson's Magnetic Lady (1632), Act i, Epilogue.)*

It should be borne in mind that in the Variorum edition of 1821 James Boswell the younger, who there incorporated Malone's unpublished collections, appended to T. T.'s dedication the note: 'The word begetter is merely the person who gets or procures a thing, with the common prefix be added to it.' After quoting Dekker's use of the word as above (No. 4), Boswell adds that W. H. probably 'furnished the printer with his copy'. Neither Steevens nor Malone, who were singularly well versed in Elizabethan bibliography,
A very few years earlier a cognomen almost identical with 'begetter' (in the sense of procurer) was conferred in a popular anthology, entitled *Belvedere or the Garden of the Muses*, on one who rendered its publisher the like service that Mr. W. H. seems to have rendered Thorpe, the publisher of Shakespeare's *Sonnets*. One John Bodenham, filling much the same rôle as that assigned to Mr. W. H., brought together in 1600 a number of brief extracts ransacked from the unpublished, as well as from the published, writings of contemporary poets. Bodenham's collections fell into the hands of an enterprising 'stationer', one Hugh Astley, who published them under the title *Belvedere or The Garden of the Muses*. After an unsigned address from the publisher 'To the Reader' in explanation of the undertaking, there follows immediately a dedicatory sonnet inscribed to John Bodenham, who had brought the material for the volume together, and had committed it to the publisher's charge. The lines are signed in the publisher's behalf, by A. M. (probably the well-known writer, Anthony Munday). Bodenham was there apostrophized as

First causer and collectour of these floures.

In another address to the reader at the end of the book, which is headed 'The Conclusion', the publisher again refers more prosaically to Bodenham, as 'The Gentleman who

recognized that 'begetter' could be interpreted as 'inspirer'—an interpretation of which no example has been adduced. Daniel used the word 'begotten', in the common sense of 'produced', in the dedicatory Sonnet to the Countess of Pembroke, before his collection of sonnets called *Delia* (1592). He bids his patroness regard his poems as her own, as 'begotten by thy hand and my desire'; she is asked to treat them as if they were literally produced by, or born of, her hand or pen, at the writer's request. The countess was herself a writer of poetry, a circumstance which gives point to Daniel's compliment. The passage is deprived of sense if 'begotten by thy hand' be accorded any other meaning.
was the cause of this Collection’ (p. 235). When Thorpe called ‘Mr. W. H.’ the onlie begetter of these insuing sonnets, he probably meant no more than the organizers of the publication of the book called Belvedere, in 1600, meant when they conferred the appellations ‘first causer’ and ‘the cause’ on John Bodenham, who was procurer for them of the copy for that enterprise.¹

IV

The corrupt state of the text of Thorpe’s edition of 1609 fully confirms the conclusion that the enterprise lacked authority, and was pursued throughout in that reckless spirit which infected publishing speculations of the day. The character of the numerous misreadings leaves little doubt that Thorpe had no means of access to the author’s MS. The procurer of the ‘copy’ had obviously brought together ‘dispersed transcripts’ of varying accuracy. Many had accumulated incoherences in their progress from pen to pen.² The ‘copy’ was constructed out of the papers circulating in private, and often gave only a hazy indication of the poet’s

¹ What was the name of which W. H. were the initials cannot be stated positively. I have given reasons for believing them to belong to one William Hall, a freeman of the Stationers’ Company, who seems to have dealt in unpublished poems or ‘dispersed transcripts’ in the early years of the seventeenth century and to have procured their publication; cf. Life of Shakespeare, p. 418 seq.

² Like Sidney’s sonnets, which long circulated in ‘private’ MSS., Shakespeare’s collection ‘being spread abroad in written copies, had gathered much corruption by ill writers (i.e. scriveners)’. Cf. the publisher Thomas Newman’s dedicatory epistle before the first (unauthorized) edition of Sidney’s Astrophel and Stella (1591). Thorpe’s bookselling friend, Edward Blount, when he gathered together, without the author’s aid, the scattered essays by John Earle, which Blount published in 1628 under the title of Micro-cosmographie, described them as ‘many sundry dispersed transcripts, some very imperfect and surreptitious’.
meaning. The compiler had arranged the poems roughly in order of subject. The printer followed the manuscript with ignorant fidelity. Signs of inefficient correction of the press abound, and suggest haste in composition and press-work. The book is a comparatively short one, consisting of forty leaves and 2,156 lines of verse. Yet there are probably on an average five defects per page or one in every ten lines.

Of the following thirty-eight misprints, at least thirty Misprints. play havoc with the sense:—

xii. 4. And sable curls or siluer’d ore with white:
       (for all).
xxiii. 14. To heare wit eies belongs to loues fine wiht:
          (for with and wit).
xxvi. 11. And puts apparrell on my tottered lousing: (for tattered).
xxviii. 14. And night doth nightly make greefes length
              seeme stronger: (for strength).
xxxix. 12. Which time and thoughts so sweetly dost
t            deceiue: (for doth).
xl. 7. But yet be blam’d, if thou this selfe deceauest:
       (for thy).
xliv. 13. Receiving naughts by elements so sloe.
xlvii. 11. For thou nor farther then my thoughts canst moue:
          (for not or no).
l. 10. Therefore desire (of perfects love being made).
liv. 14. When that shall vade, by verse distils your
        truth: (for my).
lvi. 13. As cal it Winter, which being ful of care:
          (for or).
lxiii. 2. With times iniurious hand crusht and ore-worne: (for crusht’d).
LXV. 12. Or who his spoile or beautie can forbid
(for of).

LXIX. 3. All toungs (the voice of soules) giue thee that
end: (for due).

LXXIII. 4. Bare ruin’d quiers, where late the sweet birds
sang: (for ruin’d).

LXXVI. 7. That euer y word doth almost fell my name:
(for tell).

LXXVII. 10. Commit to these waste blacks, and thou shalt
finde: (for blanks).

LXXXVIII. 1. When thou shalt be dispose to set me light:
(for disposed).

XC. 11. But in the onset come, so stall I taste: (for
shall).

XCl. 9. Thy loue is bitter then high birth to me:
(for better).

XCIV. 4. Unmooued, could, and to temptation slow:
(for cold).

XCVI. 11. How many gazers mightst thou lead away:
(for mightest).

XCV. 9. Our blushing shame, an other white dispaire:
(for One).

CII. 7-8. As Philomell in summers front doth singe,
And stops his pipe in growth of riper daies:
(for her).

CVI. 12. They had not still enough your worth to
sing: (for skill).

CVIII. 3. What’s new to speake, what now to register:
(for new).

CXII. 14. That all the world besides me thinkest y’are
dead: (for methinks are dead).

CXIII. 6. Of bird, of flowre, or shape which it doth
lack: (for latch).
cxxvii. 9. Therefore my *Mistersse eyes* are Rauen blacke: Misprints,  
(for *Mistress's brows*).

cxxix. 9. *Made In* pursut and in possession so: (for *mad in pursuit*).

9-11. Had, hauing, and in quest, to haue extreame  
A blisse in profe and *proud and very wo:*  
(for *prov'd a*).

cxxxii. 2. Knowing thy heart *torment* me with disdaine:  
(for *torments*).

9. As those two *morning eyes* become thy face:  
(for *mourning*).

cxl. 13. That I may not be so, nor thou *be lyde:* (for *belied*).

cxliv. 2. Which like two spirits do *sugiest* me still:  
(for *suggest*).

6. *Tempteth my better angel from my sight:* (for *side*).

cxlii. 13. For I haue sworne thee faire: more periurde  
eye: (for *I*).

cxlili. 14. *Where Cupid got new fire; my mistres eye:*  
(for *eyes rhyming with lies*).

The discrepancies in spelling may not exceed ordinary limits, but they confirm the impression that the compositors followed an unintelligent transcript. 'Scythe' appears as  
'sieth' (XII. 13 and C. 14), and as 'syeth' (CXXIII. 14);  
'Minutes' appears as 'mynuits' (XIV. 5 and LXXVII. 2),  
as 'mynuit' (CXXVI. 8), and as 'minuites' (LX. 2); 'False'  
appears as 'false' (XX. 4, 5), as 'faulse' (LXVIII. 14), and  
as 'falce' (LXXII. 9, XCI. 14, XCI. 7). More than forty  
other orthographical peculiarities of like significance, few of  
which are distinguishable from misprints, are:—'accumulate'  
for 'accumulate' (CXVII. 10); 'a floate' for 'afloat'  

Confusion in spelling.
SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE

(LXXX. 9); 'alaied' for 'allayed' (LVI. 3); 'are' (in 'thou are') for 'art' (LXX. 1); 'Asconce' for 'Askance' (CX. 6); 'Alcumie' for 'alchemy' (C XIV. 4); 'bale' for 'bail' (CXXXIII. 10); 'beare' for 'bier' (XII. 8); 'binne' for 'been' (CXVII. 5); 'boure' for 'bower' (CXXVII. 7); 'coopelement' for 'coupement' (XXI. 5); 'Croe' for 'crow' (CXIII. 12); 'cryttick' for 'critic' (CXII. 11); 'culler' for 'colour' (XCIX. 14); 'Currall' for 'Coral' (CXXX. 2); 'deceaued' for 'deceived' (CIV. 12); 'denide' for 'denied' (CXLII. 14); 'dome' for 'doo'm' (CXLV. 7); 'Eaues' for 'Eves', i.e. 'Eve's' (XCIII. 13); 'ethers' for 'eithers', i.e. 'either's' (XXVIII. 5); 'fild' for 'filled' (LXIII. 3 and LXXXVI. 13); 'foles' for 'fools' (CXXVII. 13); 'grose' for 'gross' (CLI. 6); 'hight' for 'height' (CXVI. 8); 'Himne' for 'hymn' (LXXXV. 7); 'hower' for 'hour' (CXXVI. 2); 'hunny' for 'honey' (LXV. 5); 'I' for 'Ay' (CXXXVI. 6); 'jealous' for 'jealous' (LVII. 9); 'inhearce' for 'inhearse' (LXXXVI. 3); 'marjerm' for 'marjoram' (XCIX. 7); 'naigh' for 'neigh' (LI. 11); 'nere' for 'ne'er', i.e. 'never' (CXVIII. 5); 'of' for 'off' (LXI. 14); 'pertake' for 'partake' (CXLIX. 2); 'pibled' for 'pebbled' (LX. 1); 'pray' for 'prey' (LXXIV. 10); 'randon' for 'random' (CXLVII. 12); 'renu'de' for 'renewed' (CXI. 8); 'sawsie' for 'saucy' (LXXX. 7); 'shall' for 'shalt' (LXXXVIII. 8); 'thether' for 'thither' (CLIII. 12); 'vnstayined' for 'unstained' (LXX. 8); 'woes' for 'woos' (XLI. 7); 'yawes' for 'jaws' (XIX. 3); 'y'hauc' for 'you have' (CXX. 6); 'Yf' for 'If' (CXXXIV. 1).

'Their' for 'thy'.

The substitution, fifteen times, of their for thy or thine, and once of there for thee, even more forcibly illustrates the want of intelligent apprehension of the subject-matter of the
poems on the part of those who saw the volume through the press. Few works are more dependent for their due comprehen-
sion on the correct reproduction of the possessive pro-
nouns, and the frequent recurrence of this form of error is
very damaging to the reputation of the text.

The following is a list of these puzzling confusions:—

xxvi. 12. To show me worthy of their sweet respect:
(for thy).

xxvii. 10. Presents their shaddoe to my sightles view:
(for thy).

xxx. 8. But things remou'd that hidden in there lie:
(for thee).

xxxv. 8. Excusing their sins more then their sins are:
(for thy and thy).

xxxvii. 7. Intitled in their parts, do crowned sit: (for thy).

xl. 11. When in dead night their faire imperfect shade: (for thy).

xliv. 12. Of their faire health, recounting it to me:
(for thy).

xlvi. 3. Mine eye, my heart their pictures sight would barre: (for thy).

8. And sayes in him their faire appearance lyes:
(for thy).

13. As thus, mine eyes due is their outward part:
(for thine).

14. And my hearts right, their inward loue of heart: (for thine).

lxxii. 5. Their outward thus with outward praise is crownd: (for Thy).

lxx. 6. Their worth the greater beeing woo'd of time: (for Thy).
XXXVIII. 11. Ore whome their fingers walke with gentle gate: (for thy).

14. Give them their fingers, me thy lips to kisse: (for thy).

The like want of care, although of smaller moment, is apparent in the frequent substitution of the preposition to for the adverbial too:—

XXXVIII. 3. Thine owne sweet argument, to excellent.

LXI. 14. From me farre of, with others all to neere.

LXXIV. 12. To base of thee to be remembred.

LXXXIII. 7. How farre a moderne quill doth come to short.

LXXXVI. 2. Bound for the prize of (all to precious) you.

The reverse mistake appears in—

CXXXV. 2. And Will too boote: (for to boot).

At least thrice were is confused with wear:—

LXXVII. 1. Thy glasse will shew thee how thy beauties were: (for wear).

XCVIII. 11. They weare but sweet, but figures of delight: (for were).

CXL. 5. If I might teach thee witte better it weare: (for were).

The following proofs of carelessness admit of no classification, but give additional proof of the want of discrimination on the part of those who have credited the volume with exceptional typographical accuracy.¹

¹ There are some trifling discrepancies between various copies of the edition which illustrate the common practice among Elizabethan printers of binding up an uncorrected sheet, after the sheet has been corrected, and after other copies have been made up with the corrected version. The 'Ellesmere' copy has, in LXXVIII. 6, the unique misreading—flee (for flye)—which is corrected in other copies. As in the British Museum copy, it has, too, at F3 (recto) the wrong catchword The for Speake, which is set right in the Bodleian copy.
There was an obvious error in the 'copy' of the first two lines of Sonnet CXLVI. 1, 2:—

Poore soule the center of my sinfull earth,
My sinfull earth these rebell powres that thee array.
The repetition of the three last words of line 1 at the beginning of line 2 makes the sense and metre hopeless.

Sonnet CXVI is wrongly headed 119.

The first word of Sonnet CXXII, Thy, appears as TThy. The initial W of Sonnet LXXIX is from a wrong fount. The catchwords are given more correctly in some copies than in others, but nine errors are found in all. At C3 (recto) To appears instead of Thou; at C4 (verso) Eternall for Eternal; at E (recto) Crawls for Crawles; at D2 (recto), E3 (recto), F (verso), G2 (verso), H3 (verso), and I2 (recto), Mine, That, I grant, When, My, and Loue appear instead of the numerals 46, 70, 82, 106, 130, and 142, which are the headings respectively of the next pages (the numeral is given correctly in like circumstances in seven other places).

The appearance of two pairs of brackets, one above the other, enclosing blank spaces, at the end of Sonnet CXXVI is a curious irregularity, due probably for once to the printer's scruples, albeit mistaken. The poem is not a regular sonnet: it consists of six riming couplets—twelve lines in all. But it is complete in itself, and it is not uncommon to find poems of the same kind and length inserted in sonnet-sequences of the day. The printer, however, imagined that it was a sonnet with the thirteenth and fourteenth lines missing, and for these he clumsily left a vacant space which he vaguely expected to fill in subsequently.¹

¹ The suggestion that the printer intended the empty brackets to denote the close of the first section of the sonnets, most of which were addressed to a man, and the opening of a second section, most of which were addressed
Punctuation shows, on the whole, no more systematic care than other features of composition. Commas are frequent, both in and out of place. At times they stand for a full stop. At times they are puzzlingly replaced by a colon or semicolon, or again they are omitted altogether. Brackets are occasionally used as a substitute for commas, but not regularly enough to justify a belief that they were introduced on a systematic plan.¹

Considerable irregularity characterizes the use of capital letters within the line or of italic type. Both appear rarely and at the compositor’s whim. It was the natural tendency to italicize unfamiliar or foreign words and names and to give them an initial capital in addition. But the printer of the sonnets usually went his own way without heed of law or custom.²

to a woman, is unsupported by authority or by the precise position of the brackets. They are directly attached to the single sonnet (CXXVI), and point to some imagined hiatus within its limits.

¹ Brackets, in the absence of commas, are helpful in such lines as these:
   Whilst I (my soueraine) watch the clock for you LVI. 6.
   Oh let me suffer (being at your beck) LVII. 5.
   O if (I say) you looke vpon this verse LXXI. 9.
   When I (perhaps) compounded am with clay 10.
   Or (being wrackt) I am a worthlesse bote LXXX. 11.

Brackets are wrongly introduced in lines like:—
   But since your worth (wide as the Ocean is) LXXX. 5.
   Bound for the prize of (all to precious) you, LXXXVI. 2.

The absence of all punctuation within the line in such lines as these is very perplexing:—
   Which vsed liues th’ executor to be, IV. 14.
   Sings this to thee thou single wilt proue none, VIII. 14.

In several places a mark of interrogation takes the place of one of exclamation with most awkward effect.

² ‘Rose’ is used twelve times: it is italicized once (I. 2); the names of other flowers are not italicized at all (cf. XXV. 6, XCV. 14, XCVIII. 9, XCIX. 6). ‘Alchemy’ (alumie) is used twice: it is once italicized (CXIV. 4) and once not (XXXIII. 4). ‘Audite’ is used thrice, and is twice italicized. ‘Autumn’ appears twice, and is once italicized: ‘spring’, ‘summer’, and ‘winter’ are never thus distinguished. The following are the other italicized words in the sonnets: Abisme (CXII. 9); Adonis (LIII. 7); Alien (LXXVIII. 3);
SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE

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To Thorpe's 'copy' of the sonnets was appended a poem which had no concern with them. It consisted of 329 lines in the seven-line stanza of Lucrece, and was entitled 'A Lovers Complaint.' By William Shake-speare. The piece is a poetic lament by a maiden for her betrayal by a deceitful lover. The title constantly recurs in Elizabethan poetry. The tone throughout is conventional. The language is strained, and the far-fetched imagery exaggerates the worst defects of Shakespeare's Lucrece. Such metaphors as the following are frequent:

-Sometimes her levell’d eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the spheres intend. (ll. 22-3.)

This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were levell’d on my face. (ll. 281-2.)

A very large number of words which are employed in the poem are found nowhere else in Shakespeare's work. Some of these seem invented for the occasion to cover incapacity of expression. The attribution of the poem to Shakespeare may

Cupid (CLIII. 1 and 14); Dyans (CLIII. 2); Eaues (XCIII. 13); Grecian (LII. 8); Hellens (LII. 7); Heriticke (CXXIV. 9); Hewes (XX. 7); Informer (CXXV. 13); Intrim (LVI. 9); Mars (LV. 7); Philomell (CII. 7); Quietus (CXXXI. 12); Satire (C. 11); Saturne (XCVIII. 4); Statues (LV. 5); Syren (CIX. 1); Will (CXXXV. 1, 2, 11, 12, 14; CXXXVI. 2, 5, 14; CXLIII. 13). In A Lover's Complaint only a single word throughout is italicized—Alloes, in l. 273. The following words of like class to those italicized in the sonnets lack that mark of distinction: Orient (VII. 1); Phenix (XIX. 4); Muse (XXXII. 10 et al. loc.); Ocean (LV. 5); Epitaph (LXXXII. 1); Rhethorick (LXXII. 10); Charter (LXXXVII. 3); cryttick (CXXI. 11); cherubines (CXXIV. 6); Phisitions (CXL 8).

1 Two poems called 'A Lovers Complaint' figure in Breton's Arbor of Amorous Devises (1597).
2 The following are some of the once-used words in A Lover's Complaint: 'Acture' (l. 185); 'annexions' (208); 'bat' [i.e. stick] (64); 'credent' (279); 'encrimson'd' (201); 'ender' (222); 'enpatron' (124); 'enswathed' (49); 'extinction' (294); 'fluxive' (50); 'impleach'd' (205); 'inundation' (290); 'invised' (212); 'laundering' (17); 'lover'd' (320); 'maund' (36); 'pensived' (219); 'phraseless' (225); 'plenitude' (302); 'sawn' [= seen] (91); 'sheaved' hat (31); 'termless' (94).
well be disputed. It was probably a literary exercise on a very common theme by some second-rate poet, which was circulating like the sonnets in written copies, and was assigned to Shakespeare by an enterprising transcriber. The reference to—

Deep-brained sonnets, that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality,

(ll. 209-10.)

combines with the far-fetched conceits to suggest that the writer drew much of his inspiration from that vast sonnet literature, which both in France and England abounded in affected allusions to precious gems. The typography of the poem has much the same defects as the sonnets. Among the confusing misprints are the following:—'a sacred Sunne' for 'nun' (260); 'Or cleft effect' for 'O' (293); 'all straung formes' for 'strange' (303); 'sounding palenesse' for 'swounding' or 'swooning' (305); 'sound' for 'swound' or 'swoon' (308).

Ronsard, and all the poets of the Pléiade, were very generous in their comparison of their mistress' charms to precious stones. The practice, which was freely imitated by Elizabethan sonneteers, received its most conspicuous illustration in the work of Remy Belleau, in his Les Amours et nouveaux eschanges des pierres precieuses, vertus et proprietez d'elles, which was first published at Paris in 1576, and figuratively describes, with amorous application, the amethyst, the diamond, the loadstone, the ruby, onyx, opal, emerald, turquoise, and many other precious stones. Shakespeare proves his acquaintance with poems of the kind, when he refers in his sonnets to the sonneteers' habit of

Making a couplement of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems.

(Sonnet XXI.)

In Sonnet CXXX he again derides the common convention:—

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red.
Thorpe’s edition of the Sonnets does not seem to have been received by the public with enthusiasm. Edward Alleyn, the actor, purchased a copy of the book for fivepence, in June, 1609, within a month of its publication. Another copy, in the John Rylands Library (No. VI, below), was clearly purchased at the same price for a gift-book, near the same date. Yet a third extant copy (No. VII, below) bears indication that it was acquired in very early days by Milton’s patron, the Earl of Bridgewater. But there is no sign that Shakespeare’s sonnets were widely read. A single edition answered the demand. The copyright proved of no marketable value. Thorpe retained it till he disappeared in 1625, and then no one was found to take it off his hands.

Contemporary references to Shakespeare’s sonnets in the printed literature of the day are rare. The poet, Drummond of Hawthornden, seems to have studied them, though he failed to note the purchase of Thorpe’s volume in the list which he prepared of the English books bought by him up to the year 1614. Many reminiscences of Shakespeare’s sonnets figure in Drummond’s early sonnets and poems, which were first collected in 1616. He borrowed, too, some lines from A Lover’s Complaint, which was appended to Thorpe’s edition of the Sonnets.

1 Warner’s Dulwich Manuscripts, p. 92.
2 Cf. Drummond’s Poems, pt. ii, Sonnet xi, 2nd impression, Edinb. 1616:

That I this Tribute pay thee from mine Eye,
And that (these posting Houres I am to live)
I laundre thy faire Figures in this Brine.

A Lover’s Complaint (15–18):

Oft did she heave her Napkin to her eye,
Which on it had conceited characters,
Laundring the silken figures in the brine
That season’d woe had pelleted in teares.
Some twenty years later, Shakespeare's earnest admirer and imitator, Sir John Suckling, literally reproduced many expressions from Shakespeare's sonnets, in his *Tragedy of Brennoralt*.¹

There seems little doubt that Shakespeare's sonnets continued to circulate in manuscript as separate poems, with distinct headings, after, no less than before, Thorpe's publication of the collection. Many copies of detached sonnets appear in extant manuscript albums, or in commonplace books of the early years of the seventeenth century. The textual variations from Thorpe's edition indicate that these transcripts were derived from a version still circulating in manuscript, which was distinct from that which Thorpe procured. In a manuscript commonplace book in the British Museum, which was apparently begun about the year 1610, there is a copy of Sonnet VIII ², with the heading not found anywhere else: 'In laudem

¹ Shakespeare's *Sonnet XLVII*:

> Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is tooke,
> And each doth good turnes now vnto the other,
> *When that mine eye is famisht for a look*,
> Or heart in love with sighes himselfe doth smother;
> With my loues picture then my eye doth feast,
> *And to the painted banquet bids my heart.*

clearly suggested such a passage in Suckling's play (v. 18-21) (cf. *Fragmenta Aurea*, 1646, p. 44), as:

> *Iphigen*], Will you not send me neither,
> Your picture when y' are gone?
> *That when my eye is famisht for a looke*,
> It may have where to feed,
> *And to the painted Feast invite my heart.*

² Cf. Add. MS. 15,226, f. 4 b. This volume contains many different handwritings belonging to various periods of the seventeenth century. It opens with a poem which does not seem to have been printed, entitled *Rawlyghs Cauget to Secure Courtiers*, beginning, 'I speak to such if anie such there be.' Towards the end of the volume is a copy of a tract on the Plague of London of 1665, and, in a far earlier hand, copies of Heywood's translation of the two Epistles of Ovid, which appear in *The Passionate Pilgrim* of 1612.
There is no sign that the poem was recognized as forming part of any long sequence of sonnets. The variant readings are not important, but they are numerous enough, combined with differences in spelling, punctuation, and the use of capital letters, to prove that the copyist did not depend on Thorpe's text. In the manuscript the two quatrains and the concluding sestain are numbered '1', '2', and '3' respectively. The last six lines appear in the manuscript thus:

3.
Marke howe one stringe, sweet husband to another
Strikes each on each, by mutuall orderinge
Resemblinge Childe, and Syer, and happy Mother
w.ch all in one, this single note dothe singe
whose speechles songe beeinge many seeming one
Sings this to thee, Thou single, shalt prove none.

W: Shakspeare

In Thorpe's edition these lines run thus:

Marke howe one stringe sweet husband to an other,
Strikes each in each by mutuall ordering;
Resembling sier, and child, and happy mother,
Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechlesse song being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee thou single wilt prove none.

The superior punctuation of the last line of the manuscript is noticeable.

In like manner, Sonnets LXXI and XXXII, which, closely connected in subject, meditate on the likelihood that the poet will die before his friend, appear as independent poems in a manuscript commonplace book of poetry apparently kept by an Oxford student about 1633.1

1 This MS., formerly belonging to Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, is now in the library of Mr. Marsden J. Perry, of Providence, U.S.A. Mr. Winship,
SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE

No less than thirty-one years elapsed before a second publisher repeated Thorpe's experiment. In 1640, John Benson, a publisher of St. Dunstan's Churchyard, Fleet Street, where Jaggard's memory still lingered, brought out a volume called 'Poems written by Wil. Shakespeare Gent.' It is a miscellaneous collection of verse by several hands, of Providence, has kindly sent me a transcript. The text of the two sonnets only differs from Thorpe's edition in points of spelling and in the substitution of 'me' for 'you' in LXXI. 8, and of 'love' for 'birth' in XXXII. 11. Thorpe's readings are the better. In a volume of MS, poetry now belonging to Mr. Bertram, of London, the well-known critic and bookseller, and dating about 1630, Sonnet II appears as a separate poem with a distinct title, which is not met with elsewhere. The textual variations from Thorpe's text induce Mr. Dobell to regard it as a transcript of a copy which was not accessible to Thorpe. Most of the poems in Mr. Dobell's manuscript volume bear their writers' names. But this sonnet is unsigned, and the copyist was in apparent ignorance that it was Shakespeare's work. In another similar MS, collection of poetry, which belonged to Mr. Dobell, and is now the property of an American collector, there figured several fragmentary excerpts from Shakespeare's sonnets in an order which is found nowhere else. The handwriting is of the early part of the seventeenth century, and shows slight variations in point of words, spelling, and punctuation from the printed text. In two instances distinct titles are given to the poems. One of these transcripts, headed 'Cruel,' runs thus:—

Thou, Contracted to thine owne bright cys,  
Feedst thy light flame with selfe substantial fewell,  
Making a famine, where abundantance lies,  
Thy selfe thy fooe to thy sweet selfe too cruell.  
Thou that art now the worlds fresh ornament,  
And onely herauld to ye Gaudy spring,  
Within thine owne Bud Buriest thy Contend,  
And tender Churle makes wast in niggarding.  
Pitty ye world or Els this Glutton bec  
To Eat ye worlds due by ye world & thee.  
When forty winters shall besiege thy brow  
And Dig deep tranches in thy beautyes field,  
Thy youths Proud liuery so gazd on now  
Wil be A totterd weed of small worth held.  
The Canker bloomes haue ful as deepe a dy  
As ye Perfumed tincture of ye roses.

The first ten lines correspond with Sonnet I. 5–14, the next four with Sonnet II. 1–4, and the last two with Sonnet LIV. 5–6.
but its main contents are 146 of Shakespeare's sonnets interspersed with all the poems of Jaggard's *Passionate Pilgrim* in the third edition of 1612, and further pieces by Heywood and others. A short appendix presents 'an addition of some excellent poems ... by other gentlemen' which are all avowedly the composition of other pens.

There is no notice in the Stationers' Register of the formal assignment of the copyright of either Shakespeare's *Sonnets* or Jaggard's *Passionate Pilgrim* to Benson. But Benson duly obtained a licence on November 4, 1639, for the publication of the appendix to his volume. The following entry appears in the Stationers' Company's Register under that date:

Entred [to John Benson] for his Copie under the hands of doctor Wykes and Master ffetherston warden *An Addicion of some excellent Poems to Shakespeares Poems* by other gentlemen. *vj.* His *mistris drawne. and her mind* by Beniamin Johnson. *An Epistle to Beniamin Johnson* by Ffrancis Beau-mont. | His *Mistris shade* by R. Herrick. etc. *vj*.

The volume came from the press of Thomas Cotes, the printer who was at the moment the most experienced of any in the trade in the production of Shakespearean literature. Cotes had bought in 1627 and 1630 the large interests in Shakespeare's plays which had belonged respectively to Isaac Jaggard and Thomas Pavier. He printed the Second Folio of 1632 and a new edition of *Pericles* in 1635. The device which figured on the title-page of his edition of *Pericles*, as well as on that of Pavier's edition of that play in 1619, reappeared on Benson's edition of the *Poems* in 1640.

But, closely associated as the *Poems* of 1640 were, through the printer Cotes, with the current reissues of

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1 Arber, iv. 461.
Shakespeare's works, it may be doubted whether Benson depended on Thorpe's printed volume in his confused impression of the sonnets. The word 'sonnets', which loomed so large in Thorpe's edition, finds no place in Benson's. In the title-pages, in the head-lines, and in the publisher's 'Advertisement', Benson calls the contents 'poems' or 'lines'. He avows no knowledge of 'Shakespeare's Sonnets'. Thorpe's dedication to Mr. W. H. is ignored. The order in which Thorpe printed the sonnets is disregarded. Benson presents his 'poems' in a wholly different sequence, and denies them unity of meaning. He offers them to his readers as a series of detached compositions. At times he runs more than one together, without break. But on each detachment he bestows an independent descriptive heading. The variations from Thorpe's text, though not for the most part of great importance, are numerous.

The separate titles given by Benson to the detached sonnets represent all the poems save three or four to be addressed to a woman. For example, that which Thorpe numbered CXXII is entitled by Benson, 'Vpon the receit of a Table Booke from his Mistris,' and that which Thorpe numbered CXXV is headed, 'An intreatie for her acceptance.' A word of the text is occasionally changed in order to bring it into accord with the difference of sex. In Sonnet CIV. 1, Benson reads 'faire love' instead of Thorpe's 'faire friend', and in CVIII. 5, 'sweet love' for Thorpe's 'sweet boy'.

Benson's preface 'To the Reader' is not very clearly phrased, but he gives no indication that the poems, which he now offers his public, were reprinted from any existing publication. His opening words run:—

'I here presume (under favour) to present to your view, some excellent and sweetely composed Poems, of Master William Shakespeare, Which in themselves appeare of the same purity, [as those which] the Author himselfe then living avouched; they had not the fortune by reason of their Infancie in his death, to have the due accomodatiō of proportionable glory, with the rest
But it is surprising how rare is any alteration of this kind necessary in order to adapt the sonnets to a woman's fascinations. Sonnet XX, which is unmistakably addressed to a man, is headed 'The Exchange', and Sonnet XXVI, which begins 'Lord of my love', is headed 'A dutiful message'. But such other headings as, 'In Praye of his Love,' 'An address to his scornefull Loue,' 'Complaint for his Loues absence,' 'Self-flattery of her beauty,' &c., which are all attached to sonnets in what is known as the first section of Thorpe's volume, present no inherent difficulty to the reader's mind. The superscriptions make it clear that Benson did not distinguish the sonnets from amatory poems of a normal type.

Benson's text seems based on some amateur collection of pieces of manuscript poetry, which had been in private circulation. His preface implies that the sonnets and poems in his collection were not among those which he knew Shakespeare to have 'avouched' (i.e. publicly acknowledged) in his lifetime. By way of explaining their long submergence, he hazards a guess that they were penned very late in the dramatist's life. John Warren, who contributes new commendatory lines ('Of Mr. William Shakespear') for Benson's edition, writes of the sonnets as if the reader was about to make their acquaintance for the first time. He says of them that they

\[ \text{Will make the learned still admire to see} \]
\[ \text{The Muses' gifts so fully infused on thee.} \]

of his everliving Workes.' 'Everliving'—the epithet which Thorpe applied to Shakespeare—was in too common use as a synonym for 'immortal' to make it needful to assume that Benson borrowed it from Thorpe (cf. Shakespeare, \[1\] Henry VI, iv. 3. 51, 'That ever-living man of memorie Henry the Fifth').

\[ ^{1} \text{The other piece of commendatory verse by Leonard Digges confines itself to an enthusiastic account of Shakespeare's continued hold on the stage, and to the playgoer's preference of his work over that of Ben Jonson.} \]
The theory that the publisher Benson sought his copy elsewhere than in Thorpe’s treasury is supported by other considerations. *Sonnets CXXXVIII and CXLIV*, which take the thirty-first and thirty-second places respectively in Benson’s volume, ignore Thorpe’s text, and follow that of Jaggard’s *Passionate Pilgrim* (1599 or 1612). The omission of eight sonnets tells the same tale. Among these are one of the most beautiful, ‘Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day?’ No. XVIII, and the twelve-lined lyric numbered CXXVI, which some critics have interpreted as intended by Shakespeare to form the envoy to the sonnets addressed to the man. It is difficult to account for the exclusion of these two poems, and six others (Nos. XIX, XLIII, LVI, LXXV, LXXVI, and XCVI), except on the assumption that Benson’s compiler had not discovered them.

Whatever may have been the source of Benson’s text, his edition of them, although it was not reprinted till 1710, practically superseded Thorpe’s effort for more than a hundred years. The sonnets were ignored altogether in the great editions of Shakespeare which appeared in the early years of the eighteenth century. Neither Nicholas Rowe, nor Pope, nor Theobald, nor Hanmer, nor Warburton, nor Capell, nor Dr. Johnson, included them in their respective collections of Shakespeare’s plays. None of these editors, save Capell, showed any sign of acquaintance with them. In collections of ‘Shakespeare’s Poems’ forming supplementary volumes to Rowe’s and Pope’s edition of the plays,

1 In 1654 there was issued a catalogue of books ‘printed for Humphrey Moseley and are to be sold at his Shop at the Prince’s Armes in St. Paule’s Churchyard’. Among the books noticed is ‘Poems written by Mr. William Shakespeare Gent.’ The entry suggests that Moseley caused to be printed and published a new issue of Shakespeare’s poems, but there is no trace of any such edition.
which came out under independent editorship in the years 1710 and 1725 respectively, and were undertaken by independent publishers, the whole of Benson’s volume of 1640 was reprinted; the sonnets were not separated from the chaff that lay about them there. The volumes which were issued in the middle of the century under such titles as ‘Poems on several occasions, by Shakespeare’ (1750?) or ‘Poems. Written by Mr. William Shakespeare’ (1775), again merely reproduce Benson’s work.

Only one publisher in the early years of the century showed any acquaintance with Thorpe’s version. In 1710 Bernard Lintott included an exact reprint of it in the second volume of his ‘A Collection of Poems (by Shakespeare)’. But no special authority attached to Lintott’s reprint in the critical opinion of the day, and even Lintott betrayed the influence of Benson’s venture by announcing on his title-page that ‘Shakespeare’s one hundred and fifty-four Sonnets’ were ‘all in praise of his mistress’.

It was not until 1766 that the critical study of Shakespeare’s sonnets can be said to have begun. In that year Steevens included an exact reprint, of his copy of Thorpe’s edition of 1609 (with the Wright imprint), in the fourth volume of his ‘Twenty of the Plays of Shakespeare, Being the whole Number printed in Quarto During his Life-time, or before the Restoration, Collated where there were different Copies and Publish’d from the Originals’. The only comment that Steevens there made on the

1 Charles Gildon, the editor of the supplementary volume of 1710, whose work was freely appropriated by Dr. Sewell, the editor of the supplementary volume of 1725, denied that any of Shakespeare’s poems were sent to press before 1640, and refuted doubts of their authenticity on internal evidence only. Of the sonnets or ‘Epigrams’, as he calls them, he remarks: ‘There is a wonderful smoothness in many of them that makes the Blood dance to its numbers’ (p. 463).
sonnets was that 'the consideration' that they made their appearance with Shakespeare's name, and in his lifetime, 'seemed to be no slender proof of their authenticity'. Of their literary value, Steevens announced shortly afterwards a very low opinion. He excluded them from his revision of Johnson's edition of the plays which came out in 1778.

Malone produced the first critical edition of the sonnets in 1780, in his 'Supplement to the Edition of Shakespeare's Plays published in 1778', vol. i. This revision of Thorpe's text proved of the highest value. Steevens supplied some notes and criticisms, and in the annotations on Sonnet CXXVII, Malone and he engaged in a warm controversy, which occupied nearly six pages of small type, regarding the general value of Shakespeare's sonnets. A year before Steevens borrowed of Malone a volume containing first editions of the Sonnets and Lucrece. On returning it to its owner, he pasted on a blank leaf a rough sketch in which Shakespeare is seen to be addressing William Atkinson, Malone's medical attendant, in these words:—

If thou couldst, Doctor, cast
The water of my sonnets, find their disease,
Or purge my editor, till he understood them,
I would applaud thee, &c.  

Steevens now insisted that 'quaintness obscurity and tautology' were inherent 'in this exotik species of com-

1 The volume containing this drawing is in the Malone collection in the Bodleian Library (Mal. 34). It contains the following note in Malone's handwriting:—'Mr. Steevens borrowed this volume from me in 1779 to peruse The Rape of Lucrece in the original edition, of which he was not possessed. When he returned it, he made this drawing. I was then confined by a sore throat, and was attended by Mr. Atkinson, the Apothecary, of whom the above figure, whom Shakespeare addresses, is a caricature.—E. M.'
position'. Malone, in reply, confessed no enthusiasm for Shakespeare's sonnets, but claimed for their 'beautiful lines' a rare capacity for illustrating the language of the plays. He agreed that their ardent expressions of esteem could alone, with propriety, be addressed to a woman.

About the same date, Capell, who gave Malone some assistance, carefully revised in manuscript Thorpe's text, as it appeared in Lintott's edition of 1710. But his revised text remains unpublished in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. Steevens was to the end irreconcilable, and in an Advertisement prefixed to his last edition of Shakespeare, 1793, he justified his continued exclusion of the sonnets from Shakespeare's works on the ground that the 'strongest Act of Parliament that could be framed would fail to compel readers into their service'. The sonnets figured in Thorpe's text, revised by Malone, in the latter's edition of Shakespeare's works of 1790, in the Variorum of 1803, and in all the leading editions of Shakespeare's works that have been published since.

The reasoned and erudite appreciation, which distinguished eighteenth-century criticism of Shakespearean drama, gives historic interest to its perverse depreciations or grudging commendations of the Sonnets. Not till the nineteenth century was reached, did the tones of apology or denunciation cease. Nineteenth-century critics of eminence with a single exception soon reached a common understanding in regard to the transcendent merit of the poetry. Hazlitt, alone of

1 Steevens added: 'These miscellaneous poems have derived every possible advantage from the literature and judgement of their only intelligent editor, Mr. Malone, whose implements of criticism, like the ivory rake and golden spade in Prudentius, are on this occasion disgraced by the objects of their culture. Had Shakespeare produced no other works than these, his name would have reached us with as little celebrity as time has conferred on that of Thomas Watson, an older and much more elegant sonneteer.'
the great Shakespearean critics of the past century, declined to commit himself without damaging reserves to the strain of eulogy. At the same time differences have continued to prevail as to the precise significance of the poems, even amongst those whose poetic insight entitle their opinion to the most respectful hearing. Coleridge and Robert Browning refused to accept the autobiographic interpretation which commended itself to Wordsworth and Shelley. Great weight was attached to Hallam's censure of the literal theory: 'There is a weakness and folly in all excessive and misplaced affection, which is not redeemed by the touches of nobler sentiments that abound in this long series of sonnets.' The controversy is not yet ended. But the problem, in the present writer's opinion, involves in only a secondary degree vexed questions of psychology or aesthetics. The discussion must primarily resolve itself into an historical inquiry respecting the conditions and conventions which moulded the literary expression of sentiment and passion in Elizabethan England.

VI

Copies of the 1609 edition of the Sonnets are now very scarce. A somewhat wide study of sale catalogues of the past 150 years reveals the presence in the book market of barely a dozen during that period. Many years have passed since a copy was sold at public auction, and the only recent evidence of the selling value of the book is the fact that the copy No. IX, infra, which was sold by public auction in 1864 for £225 15s. od., was acquired privately, a quarter of a century later, by a collector of New York for a thousand pounds. Of the eleven traceable copies which are enumerated below, one lacks the title-page,
and two have facsimile title-pages; of the remaining eight, three have the Aspley imprint and five the Wright imprint. Of the eleven copies, eight are in England, and three in private libraries in America. Of the British copies six are in public collections. The Earl of Ellesmere and Mr. Huth seem to be the only private English owners.¹

The original edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets appeared with two title-pages varying in the name of the bookseller in the imprint. One issue ran:

SHAKE-SPEARES | SONNETS | Neuer before Imprinted. | AT LONDON | By G. Eld for T. T. and are | to be solde by William Aspley. | 1609.

The title-page of the other issue ran:

SHAKES-SPEARES | SONNETS | Neuer before Imprinted. | AT LONDON | By G. Eld for T. T. and are | to be solde by John Wright, dwelling | at Christ Church gate. | 1609.

The volume is printed in quarto, containing in all forty leaves. Signature A, consisting of two leaves only, contains the title-page and dedication. The text of the Sonnets begins on signature B and ends on K recto. On K verso begins 'A Louers complaint. | By | William Shake-speare', and it ends with the close of the volume on L² verso. Thus the signatures run:—A (two leaves), B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, K in fours, and L (two leaves). There is no pagination; the leaves A₁, A₂, C₄, D₄, E₄, F₄, G₄, H₄, I₄, are unsigned.

Of the copies in the British Museum, that in the Grenville

¹ It is impossible to determine whether the three copies mentioned in the following sale catalogues can be rightly identified with any of the eleven enumerated copies, or whether they had, and have, a separate existence:

1. A copy in the library of Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, which was sold by the bookseller Osborn, of Gray's Inn, in 1742.
3. A copy in the collection of James Boswell the younger, which was sold in 1825 for £38 17s. od.
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collection (G. 11181), measuring $6\frac{5}{8}'' \times 4\frac{5}{8}''$ and bound in red morocco, is in fine condition. This has the Aspley imprint. A few pages are stained. This is possibly the copy with Aspley imprint, priced at £30 in Messrs. Longman’s sale list, Bibliotheca Anglo-Poetica, 1815, p. 301, which fetched £40 19s. od. at the sale of a portion of John Bellingham Inglis’s library in June, 1826.

The second Museum copy (C. 21. c. 44), which measures $7\frac{1}{6}'' \times 5\frac{3}{4}''$, has the title-page and last leaf in a dirty condition, but otherwise it is a good copy. Some pages are mended. It is bound in yellow morocco. It was apparently sold with the library of B. H. Bright in 1845 for £34 10s. od. It has the Wright imprint. It was reproduced in Shakspeare-Quarto Facsimiles, No. 30, by Charles Praetorius in 1886.

Of the two copies in the Bodleian Library, the one which is reproduced here belongs to the Malone collection and is bound up with the first edition of Lucrece. It has the Aspley imprint, and measures $7\frac{5}{16}'' \times 5\frac{3}{4}''$, being inlaid on paper measuring $9\frac{5}{8}'' \times 7\frac{7}{8}''$. Malone acquired the volume in April, 1779, paying twenty guineas for the two quartos. He lent the volume to Steevens in the same year. Malone subsequently inlaid and bound up the two tracts with quarto editions of Hamlet (1607), of Love’s Labour’s Lost (1598), of Pericles (1609 and 1619), and A Yorkshire Tragedy (1608). The whole volume was labelled ‘Shakespeare Old Quartos, Vol. III.’ It is now numbered Malone 34.

The second Bodleian copy was presented by Thomas Caldecott, and is now numbered Malone 886. The volume is bound up with 1594 editions of Venus and Adonis and Lucrece, which it follows. It has several manuscript notes in Caldecott’s handwriting, chiefly dealing with misprints and illustrations from the plays. The copy has been cut down by the binder. It measures $6\frac{3}{4}'' \times 4\frac{5}{6}''$, and the date of the title-page, which bears Wright’s name, has been cut off.

A copy in the Capell collection at Trinity College, No. V.

The Earl of Charlemont’s MSS., i. 343 (in Hist. Comm. MSS. Report).

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Cambridge, is defective, wanting eight leaves (A₁–₂, B₁, K₂–L₂) including the title. The missing pages are supplied in manuscript by Capell, who transcribed a Wright title-page. The volume measures 7½" × 5¼".

The John Rylands Library, in Manchester, contains a very fine copy which was acquired with Lord Spencer's Althorp collection, in 1892. It measures 7½" × 5¼", and has the Wright imprint. Earl Spencer purchased it in 1798, at the sale of Dr. Richard Farmer's library, for £8. It is in excellent condition, and is bound by Roger Payne in green morocco. Two peculiarities give the copy exceptional interest. On the last page of the volume, below the ornament, is the following manuscript note, in a somewhat ornamental handwriting of the early seventeenth century:—Comendacons to my very kind & approved freind 23: M:'. The numeral and capital at the end of the inscription may be the autograph of the donor in cipher, or may indicate the date of gift, March or May 23. Nothing is known of the history of this inscription, and there is no internal or external evidence to associate it in any way with Shakespeare. The copy was clearly presented by one friend to another about the date of publication. Another manuscript note in the volume is of more normal character. At the top of the title-page—to the left above the ornament—is the symbol '5d' written in the same hand as the inscription at the end. There is no doubt that this represents the cost of the volume, and it is curious to note that Edward Alleyn records in his account-book for June, 1609, that he paid fivepence for a copy of Shakespeare's Sonnets. The suggestion based on this fact that the Spencer copy originally belonged to Alleyn seems hazardous.

An interesting history attaches to the copy in the library of the Earl of Ellesmere at Bridgewater House. Originally acquired by the second Earl of Bridgewater, it was sold by

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1 Cf. Dibdin's *Aedes Althorpianae*, i. 194. Mr. Guppy, the librarian of the John Rylands library, has kindly given me a very full description of this volume and careful tracings of the manuscript inscriptions.
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the last Duke of Bridgewater in 1802, apparently on the erroneous assumption that he owned another copy. It was then bought by George Chalmers for £1. At the sale of Chalmers' library, in 1842, it was repurchased for the library at Bridgewater House by the first Earl of Ellesmere, grandfather of the third Earl, the present owner, for £105. This copy was reproduced in photo-zincography, under the direction of Sir Henry James, in 1862. It has the Aspley title-page. It is in eighteenth-century binding. The measurements are 7½" × 5½".

The copy belonging to A. H. Huth has the Wright imprint. It was for many years in the Bentinck library at Varel, near Oldenburg, and formed part of a volume of tracts which had been bound together in 1728. The volume was first noticed by Professor Tycho Mommsen in 1857, when the Bentinck library was dispersed by sale. It was purchased by Halliwell-[Phillipps], but was sold at a sale of his books in 1858, when it was acquired by Henry Huth, father of the present owner, (through the bookseller Lilly) for £154 7s. 6d. The copy is somewhat dirty, the top margins are cut close, and some of the print in the headlines is shaved.

Of the copies in America, the most interesting belongs to Mr. E. Dwight Church of New York. It has the Wright imprint, is bound in brown morocco by Charles Lewis, and measures 6½" × 5". At the end of the seventeenth century it was purchased by Narcissus Luttrell for one shilling. It subsequently belonged to George Steevens, whose autograph it bears, and it was sold in 1800 at the sale of Steevens' library for £3 19s. 6d. It was then acquired by the Duke of Roxburghe, at the sale of whose library in 1812 it fetched

1 A copy of Shakespeare's 'Poems and Sonnets' dated 1609 is mentioned in the manuscript catalogue of the library of Earl Howe, at Gopsall, Leicestershire. The library was bequeathed, with the Gopsall property, to Lord Howe's ancestor, William Penn Assheton Curzon, by Charles Jennens, the virtuoso, and friend of Handel, in 1773. But the earliest edition of the Sonnets in Lord Howe's library at Gopsall proves on examination (which Lord Howe invited me there to make) to be Lintott's edition of 1710—in which the title-page of the 1609 edition of the Sonnets is reproduced.
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The Edition of 1609.

£21 10s. 0d. It was again sold at Evans' sale rooms in a valuable collection of 'Books of a Gentleman gone abroad', on Jan. 25, 1830, for £29 10s. 6d., and was afterwards acquired by George Daniel, whose monogram G. D. is stamped on the cover. It fetched at the Daniel sale of 1864 £225 15s. 0d., and afterwards passed into the collection of Almon W. Griswold of New York. Mr. Church purchased it of Mr. Griswold through Dodd, Mead & Co. of New York in 1889 for £1,000 (50,000 dollars). The title-page is reproduced in facsimile in the Grolier Club's 'Catalogue of original and early editions', 1895, p. 185.

Mr. F. R. Halsey, of New York, is the owner of the copy formerly belonging to Frederick Locker Lampson, of Rowfant, which was sold to Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. of New York in Jan. 1905. This copy has the Aspley imprint. It seems to be the 'imperfect' copy sold at the Jolley sale in London in 1844 for £33; and successively in the libraries of Edward Vernon Utterson, at whose sale in 1852 it fetched £30 5s. 0d.; of J. O. Halliwell[-Phillipps], who sold it for £41 in 1856, when it was acquired by Sir William Tite. At the Tite sale in 1874 it seems to have been bought by Messrs. Ellis & White for the late Frederick Locker Lampson for £15 10s. 0d. The title and dedication are supplied in admirable facsimile by Harris. The volume is bound in extra-morocco by J. Clarke.

A third copy in America, which belongs to Mr. W. A. White of Brooklyn, also has the title-page and dedication in facsimile. It measures 6¾ x 5¼. The volume was bound by Charles Lewis and acquired by the present owner in New York in 1887.

The edition of 1640 is an octavo of ninety-seven leaves without pagination, and is made up in two distinct parts—

1 Dibdin writes somewhat mysteriously of Jolley's copy, despite its imperfections, thus: 'The history of the acquisition of the Jolley copy is one of singular interest, almost sufficient to add another day to a bibliographical decameron. The copy is in pristine condition, and looks as if snatched from the press.' Bound up with the Venus and Adonis of 1594 (see Venus and Adonis, Census No. II, British Museum copy), it was acquired by Jolley for a few pence in a Lancashire ramble.
the first of five leaves and the second of ninety-two. The first part, of five leaves, is supplementary to the rest of the work. On the third and fourth leaves are respectively the signatures *2, *3, a form of signature which indicates that the sheet to which it is attached was prepared and printed after the rest of the volume was ready for the press. These supplementary pages contain a frontispiece facing the title, presenting a carefully-elaborated cut of the Droeshout engraving of the First Folio signed 'W. M. Sculpsit'. The engraver was William Marshall, an artist of repute. The lower half of the plate is occupied by eight lines of verse, of which the first six consist of three couplets drawn at haphazard from Ben Jonson's eulogy in the First Folio. The concluding couplet—

For ever live thy fame, the world to tell,
Thy like no age shall ever parallel.

alone seems original.1 The title-page of the supplementary leaves runs:—

don by Tho. Cotes, and are | to be sold by John Benson, dwelling in | St. Dunstan's Church-yard. 1640.

On leaf *2 begins 'Address to the Reader', signed I. B., i.e. John Benson, the publisher and bookseller. On leaf *3 begins a piece of commendatory verse 'Vpon Master William Shakespeare, the Deceased Authour, and his Poems' occupying three pages and signed 'Leon. Digges'. On the back of leaf *4 are seven commendatory couplets headed 'Of Mr. William Shakespeare' and signed John Warren. There the first part of the volume ends.

The second and substantive portion of the volume follows immediately. It begins with a second title-page, identical at all points with the first, save for the omission of the date, 1640, in the last line. This title is printed on

1 The first three couplets are respectively Jonson's lines 17, 18, 47, 48, and 3, 4.
the first leaf of a sheet bearing the signature A. The text begins on a leaf which is signed A₂, and headed 'Poems by Wil. Shake-speare, Gent.' Thenceforth the signatures are regularly marked, viz. A₂, A₃-M₄ in eights. The contents become very miscellaneous and are by many hands after leaf G (recto), on which appears Shakespeare's last sonnet, CLIV. After an interval of four leaves, on G₅ (verso) begins A Lovers Complaint, which finishes on H₂ (verso), and is succeeded by Heywood's two 'Epistles' from The Passionate Pilgrim of 1612 (H₃ recto-K₄ recto). The following leaves down to L₁ (verso) are successively occupied by Marlowe's poem, 'Lieue with me and be my loue', with Raleigh's reply (in the text, not of The Passionate Pilgrim but of England's Helicon); another [reply] of the same nature (from England's Helicon); 'Take oh take those lippes away' (from Fletcher's Bloody Brother in two stanzas, of which the first only appeared in Measure for Measure, iv. i. 1-6); 'Let the bird of lowest lay' with the 'Threnes' (from Chester's Loves Martyr, 1601, where it is assigned to Shakespeare); 'Why should this a Desart be' (from As You Like It, iii. 2. 133-62); Milton's Epitaph from the Second Folio; Basse's sonnet from the First Folio; and a previously unprinted 'Elegie on the death of that famous Writer and Actor, Mr. William Shakespeare'. On signature L₂ (recto) is introduced a new section headed: 'An addition of some excellent poems, to those precedent, of renowned Shakespeare, by other gentlemen.' Sixteen separate poems follow with the following titles: 'His Mistresse Drawne', signed B. L.; 'Her minde', signed B[en] I[sonson]; 'To Ben. Johnson', signed F[rancis] B[eaumont]; 'His Mistris Shade' (from Herrick's Hesperides); 'Lavinia walking in a frosty morning'; 'A Sigh sent to his Mistresse'; 'An Allegorical allusion of melancholy thoughts to Bees', signed I. G.; 'The Primrose' (from Herrick's Hesperides); 'A Sigh' (by Thomas Carew); 'A Blush'; 'Orpheus Lute'; 'Am I dispis'd because you say' (from Herrick's Hesperides); 'Vpon a Gentlewoman walking on the Grasse'; 'On his Love going to Sea' (assigned to Carew); and 'Aske me no more where Ioue
SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE

bestovves’ (by Carew). A typed facsimile of the volume was issued by Alfred Russell Smith in 1885.

The volume is comparatively common. The earliest mention of its sale by auction was in 1683, but the price it fetched is unknown. It sold for a shilling at Dr. Francis Bernard’s sale in 1688. Just a century later a copy fetched 9s. at Thomas Pearson’s sale. The highest price it has yet reached at public auction is £106, which was realized at the Turner sale in June, 1888. Since that date a dozen copies, in varying condition, have been publicly sold at lower prices. Copies are in the following public libraries in England: The British Museum, two copies (one in Grenville collection, measuring $5\frac{2}{6}'' \times 3\frac{9}{16}''$, and one, C. 39. a. 40, without portrait); Bodleian Library, Oxford, Malone collection; Trinity College, Cambridge, Capell collection, measuring $5\frac{1}{4}'' \times 3\frac{3}{8}''$; the Shakespeare Memorial Library, Birmingham; and the Shakespeare Memorial Library, Stratford-on-Avon.

In America the public libraries possessing copies include: New York Public Library (Lenox collection), Boston Public Library (Barton collection).

Among private owners in America Mr. Robert Hoe of New York owns the very fine copy, bound by Charles Lewis, measuring $5\frac{9}{6}'' \times 3\frac{3}{4}''$, which fetched £106 at the sale in London at Sotheby’s on June 18, 1888, of the library of Robert Samuel Turner. Heber’s (imperfect) copy is now the property of Mr. H. H. Furness of Philadelphia.
SHAKE-SPEARES
SONNETS.
Neuer before Imprinted.

AT LONDON
By G. Eld for T. T. and are
tobe solde by william Aspley.
1609. 2 4
TO. THE. ONLIE. BEGETTER. OF.
THESE. INSving. SONNETS.
MR. W. H. ALL. HAPPINESSE.
AND. THAT. ETERNITIE.
PROMISED.

BY.

OVR. EVER. LIVING. POET.

WISHETH.

THE. WELL-WISHING.
ADVENTURER. IN.
SETTING.
FORTH.

T. T.
F rom fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauties Rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou contracted to thine owne bright eyes,
Feed'st thy lights flame with selfe substantiall swell,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thy selfe thy foe, to thy sweet selfe too cruel:
Thou that art now the worlds fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine owne bud buriest thy content,
And tender charie mak'st wait in niggarding:
Pitty the world, or else this glutton be,
To eate the worlds due, by the grave and thee.

VVhen fortie Winters shall besiege thy brow,
And digge deep trenches in thy beauties field,
Thy yuthes proud liuery so gaz'd on now,
Wil be a totter'd weed of small worth held;
Then being ask't, where all thy beautie lies,
Where all the treasur of thy lusty daies;
To say within thine owne deepse sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame, and thristlesse praise.
How much more praife deserv'd thy beauties vice,
If thou couldst answere this faire child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse
Proouing his beautie by succession thine.
Shakespeare

This were to be new made when thou art ould,
And see thy blood warme when thou seest it cold,

Look in thy glasse and tell the face thou viewest,
Now is the time that face should forme an other,
Whose fresher paire if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost not beguile the world, vnbleste some mother.
For where is she so faire whose vn-cerd wombe
Disdaines the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond will be the tombe,
Of his selfe love to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mothers glasse and she in thee,
Calls backe the louely Aprill of her prime,
So thou through windowes of thine age shalt see,
Dispite of wrinkles this thy goulden time.
But if thou liue remembred not to be,
Die single and thine Image dies with thee.

Vnthrifty loueliness why dost thou spend,
Upon thy selfe thy beauties legacy?
Natures bequest giues nothing but doth lend,
And being franke he lends to those are free:
Then beautious nigard why dost thou abuse,
The bountious largesse giuen thee to giue?
Profides vsuer why dost thou vse
So great a summe of summes yet canst not liue?
For hauing traffike with thy selfe alone,
Thou of thy selfe thy sweet selfe dost deceave,
Then how when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable Audite canst thou leave?
Thy vnus d beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which vnst liues th'executor to be.

Those howeres that with gentle worke did frame,
The louely gaze where every eye doth dwell
Will play the want to the very fame.

And
SONNETS.

And that vnfaire which fairely doth excell:
For neuer resting time leads Summer on,
To hidious winter and confounds him there,
Sap checkt with frost and lustie leave's quite gon.
Beauty ore-snow'd and barrenes euerly where,
Then were not summers distillation left
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glasse,
Beaties effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it nor noe remembrance what it was.
But flowers distil'd though they with winter meane,
Lesse but their show,their substance still lies sweet.

Then let not winters wragged hand deface,
In thee thy summer ere thou be distil'd:
Make sweet some viall;treasure thou some place,
With beauties treasure ere it be selfe kil'd:
That vie is not forbidden verry,
Which happies those that pay the willing lone,
That's for thy selfe to breed an ether thee,
Or ten times happier be it ten for one,
Ten times thy selfe were happier then thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refirg'd thee,
Then what could death doe if thou shoul'dst depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?
Be not selfe-wild for thou art much too faire,
To be deaths conquest and make wormes shine heire.

Oe in the Orient when the gracious light,
Lifts vp his burning head,each vnder eie.
Doth homage to his new appearing light,
Serving with lookes his sacred malefty,
And hauing clumb'd the stepe vp heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortall lookes adore his beauty still,
Attending on his goulden pilgrimage:
But when from high-mott pich with very car,

Like.
Like seabe age he reeleth from the day,
The eyes (fore duteous) now conuered are
From his low tract and looke an other way:
   So thou, thy selfe out-going in thy noon:
   Unlok'd on death vnleffe thou get a sonne.

Mvick to heare, why heare'st thou musick sadly,
Sweets with sweetes warre not, joy delights in joy:
Why lou'st thou that which thou receaueft not gladly,
Or else receauft with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concert of well tuned sounds,
By vnions married do offend thine eare,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singlenesse the parts that thou shouldest beare:
Marke how one string sweet husband to an other,
Strikes each in each by mutuall ordering;
Resembling sire, and child, and happy mother,
   Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
   Whose speechlesse song being many, seeming one,
   Sings this to thee thou single wilt prove none.

Is it for seare to wet a widdowes eaye,
That thou consum'st thy selfe in single life?
Ah! if thou issulest shalt hast to die,
The world will waile thee like a makeleffe wise,
The world wilbe thy widdow and still wepe,
That thou no forme of thee haft left behind,
When every priuat widdow well may kepe,
By childrens eyes, her husbands shape in minde:
Looke what an vnthrift in the world doth spend:
Shifts but his place, for still the world inoyes it
But beauties waste, hath in the world an end,
And kept vnside the yer so destroyes it:
   No loue toward others in that bosme sits
   That on himselfe such murdrous shame commits.
SONNETS.

10
For shame deny that thou beart'\'t lone to any
Who for thyself art so unprouident
Grant if thou wilt, thou art belou'd of many,
But that thou none lou'st is most evident:
For thou art so poffest with murdrous hate,
That gainst thy selfe thou stick'st not to conspire,
Seeking that beauteous rooste to ruinate
Which to repaire should be thy chiefe desire:
O change thy thought, that I may change my minde,
Shall hate be fairer log'd then gentle loue?
Beast thy presence is gracious and kind,
Or to thy selfe at least kind harted prove,
Make thee an other selfe for louse of me,
That beauty still may liue in thine or thee.

11
As fast as thou shalt wane so fast thou grow'lt,
In one of thine, from that which thou departest,
And that fresh bloud which yongly thou beftow'lt,
Thou maist call thine, when thou from youth conuertest,
Herein lines wisdome, beauty, and increase,
Without this sorigie, age, and could decay,
If all were minded so, the times should cease,
And three-score yeare would make the world away:
Let those whom nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featurelefe, and rude, barrenly perrish,
Looke whom she best indow'd, she gaue the more;
Which bountious gift thou shouldst in bounty cherrish,
She caru'd thee for her scale, and ment therby,
Thou shouldst print more, not let that coppy die.

12
Wen I doe count the clock that tels the time,
And see the braue day funck in hidious night,
When I behold the violet past prime,
And fable curls or siluer'd ore with white:
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which eft from heat did canopic the herd.
And Sommers greene all girded vp in sheaves
Borne on the beare with white and bristly beard:
Then of thy beauty do I question make
That thou among the wastes of time must goe,
Since sweetes and beauties do them-selves forfake,
And die as fast as they see others grow,
And nothing gainst Times fieth can make defence
Saue breed to braue him, when he takes thee hence.

O That you were your selfe, but loure you are
No longer yours, then you your selfe here liue.
Against this cumming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other giue,
So should that beauty which you hold in sheepe
Find no determination, then you were
You selfe again after your selfes decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet forme should beare.
Who lets so faire a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might vphold,
Against the stormy guls of winters day
And barren rage of deaths eternall cold?
O none but vnthrifts, deare my loure you know,
You had a father, let your son say so.

Nor from the stars do I my judgement plucke,
And yet me thinkes I haue Astronomy,
But not to tell of good, or euill lucke,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons quality,
Nor can I fortune to breefe mynuits tell;
Pointing to each his thunder, taine and winde,
Or say with Princes if it shal go wel
By oft predict that I in heauen finde,
But from thine eies my knowledge I deriue,
And constant stars in them I read such art
As truth and beautie shal together thrive
If from thy selfe, to store thou wouldst convert.
SONNETS.

O carue not with thy howers my loues faire brow,
Nor draw noe lines there with thine antique pen.
Him in thy course untainted doe allow,
For beauties patterne to succeeding men.
Yet doe thy worstould Time dispight thy wrong,
My loue shall in my verse euer live young.

Womans face with natures owne hand painted,
Haft thou the Master Mithris of my passion,
A womans gentle hart but not acquainted
With shifting change as is false womens fashion,
An eye more bright then theirs,lesse false in rowling:
Gilding the object where-upon it gazeth,
A man in hew all Hun in his controwling,
Which steales mens eyes and womens soules amaseth.
And for a woman wert thou first created,
Till nature as she wrought thee fell a dotinge,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But since the prickt thee out for womens pleasure,
Mine bethy loue and thy loues vfe their treasure.

O is it not with me as with that Muse,
Stirde by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heaven it selfe for ornament doth vse,
And euery faire with his faire doth rehearse,
Making a coopelment of proud compare
With Sunne and Moone,with earth and seas rich gems:
With Aprills first borne flowers and all things rare,
That heavens ayre in this huge rondure hems,
O let me true in loue but truly write,
And then beleue me,my loue is as faire,
As any mothers childe,though not so bright
As those gould candells fixt in heavenes ayer.
Let them say more that like of heare-say well,
I will not praye that purpose not to fell.
My glasse shall not perswade me I am ould,
So long as youth and thou art of one date,
But when in these times forrues I behould,
Then look I death my daies should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth couer thee,
Is but the seemely rayment of my heart,
Which in thy brest doth liue, as thine in me,
How can I then be elder then thou art?
O therefore loue be of thy selue so wary,
As I not for my selue, but for thee will,
Bearing thy heart which I will keepe so chary
As tender nurse her babe from fasting ill,
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slaine,
Thou gau't me thine not to give backe againe.

An unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his feare is put besides his part;
Or some fierce thing replaet with too much rage,
Whose strengthes abundance weakens his owne heart;
So I for feare of truth, forget to say,
The perfect ceremony of loues right,
And in mine owne loues strength scene to decay,
Ore-charg'd with burthen of mine owne loues might:
O let my books be then the eloquence,
And domb prefagers of my speaking brest,
Who please for loue, and look for recompence,
More then that tongue that more hath more exprest.
O learne to read what silent loue hath writ,
To heare wit eies belongs to loues fine wihte.

The eye hath play'd the painter and hath steeld,
 Thy beauties forme in table of my heart,
My body is the frame wherein tis held,
And perspective it is best Painter's art.
For through the Painter must you see his skill,

Shake-SpeareS

22

24
SONNETS.

To finde where your true Image pictur'd lies;
Which in my bosomes shop is hanging stil,
That hath his windowes glaz'd with thine eyes:
Now see what good-turnes for eies have done,
Mine eyes have drawne thy shape, and thine for me
Are windowes to my brest, where-through the Sun
Delights to peep'to gaze therein on thee
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art
They draw but what they see, know not the hart.

25

Et those who are in favor with their stars,
Of publike honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I whose fortune of such triumph bars:
Vuolook to joy in that I honour oft;
Great Princes favorites their faire leaves spread,
But as the Marigold at the sun ye's eye,
And in them-selues their pride lies buried,
For at a frowne they in their glory die.
The painefull warrier famoed for worth,
After a thousand victories once solde,
Is from the booke of honour rased quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toild:
Then happy I that loue and am beloved
Where I may not remove, nor be removed.

26

Ord of my loue, to whom in vassilage
Thy merit hath my outie strongly kniit;
To thee I send this written ambaflage
To witnesse duty, not to shew my wit.
Duty so great, which wit so poore as mine
May make seeme bare, in wanting words to shew it;
But that I hope some good concei't of thine
In thy soules thoughts (all naked) will beftow it;
Til whatsoever star that guides my mouing,
Points on me graciously with faire aspect,
And puts apparell on my tottered louing,

C 2

To
Sir, may I dare to boast how I do love thee, Til then, not show my head where thou maist prove me.

Early with toyle, I haste me to my bed, The deare repose for limes with travaill tired, But then begins a journey in my head To worke my mind, when boddies work's expired. For then my thoughts (from far where I abide) Intend a zelous pilgrimage to thee, And keepe my drooping eye-lids open wide, Looking on darknes which the blind doe see. Sure that my soules imaginary sight Presents their shadkoe to my sightles view, Which like a ewell (hunge in gathly night) Makes blacke night beautious, and her old face new. Loe thus by day my limes, by night my mind, For thee, and for my self, noe quiet finde.

How can I then returne in happy plight That am debar'd the benefitt of rest? When daies oppression is not eas'd by night, But day by night and night by day oppress. And eache (though enimes to ethersaigne) Doe in content shake hands to torture me, The one by toyle, the other to complaine. How far I toyle, still farther off from thee. I tell the Day to please him thou art bright, And do't him grace when clouds doe blot the heauen: So flatter I the swart complextionond night, When sparkling stars twiere not thou guilft th' eauen, But day doth daily draw my sorrowes longer (stronger And night doth nightly make greefes length seeme

When in disgrace with Fortune and mens eyes, I all alone beweepe my out-cast state,
SONNETS.

And trouble death heaven with my bootless cries,
And looke upon my selfe and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Feature'd like him, like him with friends posset,
Desiring this mans art, and that mans skope,
With what I most enjoy contented least,
Yet in these thoughts my selfe almost despising,
Haply I thinke on thee, and then my state,
(Like to the Larke at break of daye arising.)
From fullen earth sings hims at Heavens gate,
For thy sweet love remember'd such welch bringes,
That then I skorne to change my state with Kings.

30

When to the Sessions of sweet silent thought,
I summon vp remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lacke of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new waile my deare times waste:
Then can I drowne an eye (vn-vl'd to flow)
For precious friends hid in deaths dateles night,
And wepe a fresh loves long since canceld woe,
And more the expence of many a vanisht sight.
Then can I greeue at greeuances fore-gon,
And heauily from woe to woe tell ore
The sad account of fore-bemoned mone,
Which I knew pay as if not pay'd before.
But if the while I thinke on thee (deare friend)
All losse is restor'd, and sorrowes end.

31

Thy bosome is indeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking haue supposed dead,
And there reignes Loue and all Loues loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buryed.
How many a holy and obsequious teare
Hath deare religious love stolne from mine eye,
As interest of the dead which now appeare,
But things remou'd that hidden in there lie.

C 3 To
THOU art the grave where buried loue doth liue,
Hung with the trophies of my louers gon,
Who all their parts of me to thee did giue,
That due of many, now is thine alone.
Their images I lou'd, I view in thee,
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

If thou suruive my well contented daie,
When that churle death my bones with dust shall cover
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey:
These poore rude lines of thy deceased Louer:
Compare them with the better ring of the time,
And though they be out-stript by every pen,
Referue them for my loue, not for their time,
Exceded by the hight of happier men.
On then youstaye me but this loving thought,
Had my friends Muse growne with this growing age,
A dearer birth then this his loue had brought:
To march in ranckes of better equipage:
But since he died and Poets better prue,
Thiers for their stile ile read, his for his loue.

FVll many a glorious morning haue I seene,
Flatter the mountaine tops with soueraine cie,
Kissing with golden face the meddowes greene;
Guilding pale streames with heauenly alcumy:
Anon permit the basest cloudes to ride,
With ougly rack on his celestiall face,
And from the for-lorne world his vilage hide
Stealing vnseene to west with this disgrace:
Euen so my Sunne one early morn did shine,
With all triumphant splendor on my brow,
But out alack, he was but one houre mine,
The region cloude hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this, my loue no whit disdaineth,
Suns of the world may staine, whose heauens sun staineth.
Sonnets

34

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me trouble forth without my cloake,
To let base clouds ere take me in my way,
Hiding thy brau'ty in their rotten smoke.
Tis not enough that through the cloude thou breake,
To dry the raine on my storme-beaten face,
For no man well of such a faue can speake,
That heales the wound, and cures not the disgrace:
Nor can thy shame giue phisicke to my grieue,
Though thou repent, yet I have still the losse,
Th'offenders sorrow lends but weake reliefe;
To him that bears the strong offensyes losse,
Ah but those teares are pearle which thy loue shedds,
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deedes.

35

No more bee greeu'd at that which thou haft done,
Roses have thornes, and sliter fountaines mud,
Cloudes and eclipses staine both Moone and Sunne,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and euen I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare;
My selfe corrupting saluing thy amisse,
Excusing their sins more then their sins are:
For to thy sensual fault I bring in fence,
Thy aduerse party is thy Adovacate,
And gainst my selfe a lawfull plea commence,
Such civill war is in my loue and hate,
That I an accessory needs must be,
To that sweet theefe which sourely robs from me,

36

Let me confesse that we two must be twaine,
Although our undeuided loues are one:
So shall those blots that do with me remaine,
Without thy helpe, by me be borne alone.
In our two loues there is but one respect,

Though
Though in our liues a seperable spight,
Which though it alter not loues sole effect,
Yet doth it steale sweet houre from loues delight,
I may not euer-more acknowledge thee,
Leaft my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,
Nor thou with publike kindnesse honour me,
Vnlesse thou take that, honour from thy name:
But doe not so, loue thee in such folt,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

As a decrepit father takes delight,
To see his actiuie childe do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by Fortunes dearest spight,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.
For whethre beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more
Intitled in their parts, do crowned sit,
I make my loue ingrafted to this store:
So then I am not lame, poore, nor dispris'd,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance giue,
That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,
And by a part of all thy glory live:
Looke what is best, that best I wish in thee,
This wish I have, then ten times happy me.

How can my Muse want subject to inuent
While thou dost breath that poore'st into my verse,
Thine owne sweet argument, to excellent,
For every vulgar paper to rehearse:
Oh giue thy selfe the thankes if ought in me,
Worthy perusall stand against thy sight,
For who's so dumbe that cannot write to thee,
When thou thy selfe dost giue invention light?
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Then those old nine which rimer inuocate,
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth

Eternall
SONNETS.

Eternal numbers to out-live long date.
If my flight Muse doe please these curious dais,
The paine be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

Oh how thy worth with manners may I singe,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine owne praise to mine owne selfe bring;
And what is't but mine owne when I praise thee,
Euen for this, let vs deuided liue,
And our deare loue loose name of single one,
That by this seperation I may giue:
That due to thee which thou deserv't alone:
Oh absence what a torment wouldst thou proue,
Were it not thy foure leisur gaue sweet leave,
To entertaine the time with thoughts of loue,
Which time and thoughts so sweetly dost deceive,
And that thou teachest how to make one twaine,
By praising him here who doth hence remaine.

Take all my loues, my loue, yea take them all,
What haft thou then more then thou hadst before?
No loue, my loue, that thou maist true loue call,
All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more:
Then if for my loue, thou my loue receiuet,
I cannot blame thee, for my loue thou vsest,
But yet be blam'd, if thou this selfe deceauest
By wilfull taste of what thy selfe refuselst,
I doe forgiue thy robb'rie gentle these,
Although thou steale thee all my pouertie,
And yet loue knowes it is a greater griefe
To beare loues wrong, then hates knowne iniury,
Lasciuious grace, in whom all il wel shoues,
Kill me with spights yet we must not be foes.

Hope pretty wrong that liberty commits,
When I am some-time absent from thy heart,

Thy
Thy beautie, and thy yeares full well besis,
For full temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be woman,
Beautious thou art, therefore to be assailed.
And when a woman woe, what woman's sonne,
Will so easily leave her till he haue prevailed.
Ay me but yet thou mightst my seat forebear,
And chide thy beauty, and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forst to breake a two-fold truth:
Hers by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine by thy beautie being false to me.

That thou haft her it is not all my griefe,
And yet it may be said I lou'd her deerely,
That she hath thee is of my wayling sheere.
A losse in loute that touches me more neerely.
Lowing ofendors thus I will excuse thee,
Thou dost loue her, because thou knowst I loue her,
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approoue her,
If I loose thee, my losse is my loutes gaine,
And looing her, my friend hath found that losse,
Both finde each other, and I loose bothe twaine,
And both for my sake lay on me this crose,
But here's the ioy, my friend and I are one,
Sweete flattery, then she loues but me alone.

When most I winke then doe mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things vnrespected,
But when I sleepe, in dreams they looke on thee,
And darkely bright, are bright in darke directed,
Then thou whose shadowes doth make bright,
How would thy shadowes forme, forme happy shoue,
To the cleere day with thy much cleerer light,
When to va-seeing eyes thy shade shines so?

How.
SONNETS.

How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made,
By looking on thee in the living day?
When in dead night their faire imperfect shade,
Through heavy sleepe on sightlesse eyes doth stay?
All dayes are nights to see till I see thee,
And nights bright daies when dreams do shew thee me,

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Inurious distance should not stop my way,
For then dispight of space I would be brought,
From limits farre remote, where thou dost stay,
No matter then although my foote did stand
Upon the farthest earth remot from thee,
For nimble thought can jumpe both see and land,
As soone as thinke the place where he would be.
But ah, thought kills me that I am not thought
To leape large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend, times lesure with my mone.
Receiving naughts by elements to floe,
But beaute teares, badges of others woe.

The other two, slight ayre, and purging fire,
Are both with thee, where ever I abide,
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker Elements are gone
In tender Embassie of love to thee,
My life being made of foure, with two alone,
Sinkes downe to death, oppresst with melancholie.
Yet still lines composition be recur'd,
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who euen but now come back againe assur'd,
Of their faire health, recounting it to me.
This told, I joy, but then no longer glad,
I send them back againe and straight grow sad.

D 2 Mine
Mine eye and heart are at a mortall warre,
How to deuide the conquest of thy fight,
Mine eye, my heart their pictures Right would barre,
My heart, mine eye the freedome of that right,
My heart doth plead that thou in him doost lye,
(A closet neuer pearst with chritstall eyes)
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And sayes in him their faire appearance lyes.
To side this title is impannelled
A quest of thoughts, all tennants to the heart,
And by their verdict is determined
The cleere eyes moytie, and the deare hearts part.
As thus, mine eyes due is their outward part,
And my hearts right, their inward loue of heart.

Erwixt mine eye and heart a league is tooke,
And each doth good turnes now vnto the other,
When that mine eye is famisht for a looke,
Or heart in loue with sighes himselfe doth smother;
With my loues picture then my eye doth feast,
And to the painted banquet bids my heart:
An other time mine eye is my hearts guest,
And in his thoughts of loue doth share a part.
So either by thy picture or my loue,
Thy seife away, are present still with me,
For thou nor farther then my thoughts canst movie,
And I am still with them, and they with thee.
Or if they sleepe, thy picture in my fight
Awakes my heart, to hearts and eyes delight.

Ow carefull was I when I tooke my way,
Each trifle vnder truest barres to thrust,
That to my vse it might vn-vsed stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust?
But thou, to whom my ieweles trifles are,
SONNETS.

Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grieve,
Thou best of dearest, and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
How have I not locked up in any chest,
Save where thou art not though I seek thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou must come and part,
And even thence thou wilt be flowne I feare,
For truth provest thee unfaith for a prize so deare.

Against that time (if euer that time come)
When I shall see thee browne on my defects,
When as thy loue hath cast his viomost summe,
Cauld to that audite by admir'd respects,
Against that time when thou shalt strangely passe,
And scarcely greete me with that sunne thine eye,
When loue converted from the thing it was
Shall reasons finde of seeter grauntse.
Against that time do I insconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine owne defart,
And this my hand, against my selfe vpreare,
To guard the lawfull reasons on thy part,
To leaue poore me, thou haif the stregthe of lawes,
Since why to loue, I can alledge no caufe.

How heauie doe I journey on the way,
When what I seek (my wearie travells end)
DOTH teach that ease, and that repos to say
Thus farre the miles are meaurd from thy friend.
The beast that beares me, tired with my woe,
Plods duly on, to beare that waight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider lou'd not speed being made from thee:
The bloody spurre cannot provoke him on,
That some-times anger thrurts into his hide,
Which heauly he answers with a grone,

D 3 More
SHAKESPEARE.

More sharpe to me then spurring to his side,
For that same grope doth put this in my mind,
My greefe lies onward and my joy behind.

Thus can my loue excuse the slow offence,
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed,
From where thou art, why should I hast me thence,
Till I returne of posting is noe need.
O what excuse will my poore beast then find,
When swift extremity can trempe but slow,
Then should I spurre though mounted on the wind,
In winged speed no motion shal i know,
Then can no horse with my desire keepe pace,
Therefore desire (of perfects loue being made)
Shall naught noe dull flesh in his fiery race,
But loue, for loue, thus shall excuse my laide,
Since from thee going, he went willfull slow,
Towards thee ile run, and giue him leaue to goe.

So am I as the rich whose blessed key,
Can bring him to his sweet vp-locked treasure,
The which he will not eu'ry hower suruay,
For blunting the fine point of seldome pleasure,
Therefore are feasts so sollemne and so rare,
Since seldom coming in the long yeares set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captaine lewells in the carconce.
So is the time that kee pes you as my chest,
Or as the ward-robe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special blest,
By new unfouling his imprison'd pride.
Blessed are you whose worthinesse giues skope,
Being had to tryumph, being lackt to hope.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shaddowes on you tend?

Since
SONNETS.

Since every one, hath every one, one shade,
And you but one, can every shadow lend:
Describe Adonis and the counterfeit,
Is poorly imitated after you,
On Hellens checke all art of beautie set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
Speake of the spring, and soyonz of the yeare,
The one death shadow of your beautie show,
The other as your beantie doth appeare,
And you in every blessed shape we know.
In all externall grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you for constant heart.

O H how much more doth beautie beautious seeme,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth giue,
The Rose lookes faire, but fairer we it deeme
For that sweet odor, which death in it liue:
The Canker bloomes haue full as deepe a die,
As the perfumed tinture of the Roses,
Hang on such thornes, and play as wantonly,
When sommers breath their masked buds discloses:
But for their virtue only is their show,
They liue vnwoode, and vnrespected fade,
Die to themselves. Sweet Roses doe not so,
Of their sweet deaths, are sweetest odors made:
And so of you, beautious and louely youth;
When that shall vade, by verse distills your truth.

Not marbel, nor the guilded monument,
Of Princes shall out-lie this powrefull rime,
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Then vnswpt stone, bemeere'd with sluttish time.
When wastefull warre shall Staines overt-torne,
And broiles roote out the worke of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword, nor warres quick fire shall bume:
The living record of your memory.
Gainst death, and all obliuous enmity
Shall you pace forth, your praise shall still finde roome,
Euen in the eyes of all posterity
That weare this world out to the ending doome.
So till the judgement that your selfe arise,
You live in this, and dwell in louers eies.

Sweet loue renew thy force, be it not said
Thy edge should blunter be then apetite,
Which but too daie by feeding is alaid,
To morrow sharpened in his former night,
So loue be thou, although too daie thou fill
Thy hungrie eies, euen till they winck with fulness,
Too morrow see againe, and doe not kill
The spirit of Loue, with a perpetual dulness:
Let this sad Intrim like the Ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new,
Come daily to the banckes, that when they see:
Returne of loue, more blest may be the view.
As cal it Winter, which being ful of care,
Makes Somers welcome, thrice more wish'd, more rare:

Being your slave what should I doe but tend,
Upon the houres, and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at al to spend;
Nor seruices to doe til you require.
Nor dare I chide the world without end houre,
Whilst I (my soueraine) watch the clock for you,
Nor thinke the bitterness of absence fowre,
When you have bid your servant once adieu.
Nor dare I question with my icalous thought.
Where you may be, or your affaires suppose,
But like a sad slave stay and thinke of nought
Sauc where you are, how happy you make those.
So true a fool is loue, that in your Will,
(Though you doe any thing) he thinke's no ill.
SONNETS.

58
That God forbid, that made me first yourslave,
I should in thought controule your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand th' account of hours to crave,
Being your vassail bound to flaye your leisure.
Oh let me suffer (being at your beck)
Th' imprison'd absence of your libertie,
And patience tame, to sufferance bide each check,
Without accusing you of injury.
Be where you list, your charter is so strong,
That you your selfe may priviledge your time
To what you will, to you it doth belong,
Your selfe to pardon of selfe-doing crime.
I am to waite, though waiting so be hell,
Not blame your pleasure be it ill or well.

59
If their bee nothing new, but that which is,
Hath beene before, how are our braines beguil'd,
Which laboring for invention bearre amisse
The seconed burthen of a former child?
Oh that record could with a back-ward looke,
Euen of one hundredth courses of the Sunne,
Show me your image in some antique booke,
Since minde at first in carreeter was done.
That I might see what the old world could say,
To this compos'd wonder of your frame,
Whether we are mended, or where better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.
Oh sure I am the wits of former daies,
To subiects worse haue giuen admiring praise.

60
Like as the waues make towards the pibled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end,
Each changing place with that which goes before;
In sequent toile all forwards do contend.
Natiuity once in the maine of light.
Crawies to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses gainst his glory fight,
And time that gaue, doth now his gift confound.
Time doth tranfife the florish set on youth,
And detiles the paraleis in beauties brow.
Feedes on the rarities of natures truth,
And nothing stands but for his fith to now.
And yet to times in hope, my verse shall stand
Praising thy worth, disfight his cruell hand.

Is it thy wils, thy Image should keepe open
My heavie eies to the weary night?
Doft thou defire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadowes like to thee do mocke my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So farre from home into my deeds to priye,
To find out shames and idle houres in me.
The skope and tenure of thy Ielousie?
No, thy loue though much, is not fo great.
It is my loue that keepe mine eie awake,
Mine owne true loue that doth my reft defeat,
To plaie the watch-man euer for thy sake.
For the watch I, whilst thou doft wake elsewhere.
From me farre of, with others all to neere.

Sinne of selfe-loue possesseth al mine eie.
And all my soule, and al my eery part;
And for this finne there is no remedie,
It is fo grounded inward in my heart.
Me thinkes no face fo gratious is as mine,
No shape fo true, no truth of such account,
And for my selfe mine owne worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surprmount.
But when my glaffe shewes me my selfe indeed
Beate and chopt with rind antiquiteit,
Mine owne selfe loue quite contrary I read

Selfe
SONNETE

Selfe, so selfe loving were iniquity,
Tis thee (my selfe) that for my selfe I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy daies;

Against my loue shall be as I am now
With times injurious hand chruft and ore-worne,
When hours have dreind his blood and fild his brow
With lines and wrinkles, when his youthfull morn
Hath travailed on to Ages sleepie night,
And all those beauties whereof now he's King
Are vanishing, or vanish out of light,
Stealing away the treasure of his Spring.

For such a time do I now fortifie
Against confounding Ages cruelk knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet loues beauty, though my louers life,
His beautie shall in these blacke lines be scene,
And they shall live, and he in them till greene.

When I have scene by times fell hand defaced
The rich proud coat of outworne buried age,
When sometime loftie towers I see downe rased,
And brafe eternall slawe to mortall rage,
When I have scene the hungry Ocean gaine
Advantage on the Kingdome of the shoare,
And the flame foile win of the watry maine,
Increasing store with loste, and loste with store,
When I have scene such interchange of state,
Or state it selfe confounded, to decay,
Ruine hath taught me thus to ruminate
That Time will come and take my loue away.

This thought is as a death which cannot choose
But weeping to haue, that which it feares to loose.

Since brafe, nor stone, nor earth nor boundless seas,
But sad mortality ore-swears their power,
How with this rage shall beautie hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger then a flower?
O how shall summers hunny breath hold out,
Against the wrackfull edge of battring dayes,
When rocks impregnable are not so stoute,
Nor gates of steel so strong but time decayes?
O fearfull meditation, where alack,
Shall times best jewel from times chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift soote back,
Or who his spoile or beautie can forbid?
O none, vnleffe this miracle haue might,
That in black inck my loue may still shine bright.

Tyr'd with all these for restfull death I cry,
As to behold desert a begger borne,
And needle Nothing trimd in iollitie,
And purest faith unhappily forsworne,
And gilded honor shamefully misplast,
And maiden vertue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping s'way disabled,
And arte made t'ing-tide by authoritie,
And Folly (Doctor-like) controuling skill,
And simple-Truth misconde Simplicitie,
And captive-good attending Captaine ill.
Tyr'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
Sawe that to dye, I leave my loue alone.

A H wherefore with infection should he liue,
And with his presence grace impietie,
That sinne by him advantage should atchiue,
And late it selfe with his societie?
Why should false painting immitate his cheeke,
And steale dead seeing of his liuing hew?
Why should poore beautie indirecly seeke,
Roses of shadow, since his Rose is true?
Why should he liue, now nature banckrout is,
Beggerd of blood to blush through litely vaines,
For the hath no exchecker now but his,
And proud of many, liues vpon his gaines?
O him she stores, to show what welth she had,
In daies long since, before these last so bad.

Thus is his cheeke the map of daies out-worne,
When beauty liu'd and dy'ed as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signes of faire were borne,
Or durft inhabit on a liuing brow:
Before the goulden trefses of the dead,
The right of sepulchers, were shorne away,
To liue a second life on second head,
Ere beauties dead fleece made another gay:
In him those holy antique howers are scene,
Without all ornament, it selfe and true,
Making no summer of an others greene,
Robbing no ould to dresse his beauty new,
And him as for a map doth Nature store,
To shew faulce Art what beauty was of yore.

Those parts of thee that the worlds eye doth view,
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend:
All toungs (the voice of soules) giue thee that end,
Vetring bare truth, even so as foes commend.
Their outward thus with outward praisse is crownd,
But those same toungs that giue thee so thine owne,
In other accents doe this praisse confound
By seeing farther then the eye hath showne.
They looke into the beauty of thy mind,
And that in guesse they measure by thy deeds,
Then churls their thoughts (although their eies were kind)
To thy faire flower ad the rancke smell of weeds,
But why thy odor matcheth not thy show,
The solye is this, that thou dost not common grow.

E 3
That thou are blam'd shall not be thy defect,
For flanders marke was ever yet the faire,
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A Crow that flies in heauens sweetest ayre.
So thou be good, flander doth but approve,
Their worth the greater being blood of time,
For Canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present it a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast past by the ambush of young daies,
Either not assay'd or victor being charg'd,
Yet this thy praise cannot be foe thy praise,
To tye vp enuy, cuemore enlarged,
If some suspect of ill maskt not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

Not longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Then you shall heare the sourly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world with wildest wormes to dwell:
Nay if you read this line remember not,
The hand that writ it for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O if (I say) you looke vpon this verse,
When I (perhaps) compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poore name relerne;
But let your love even with my life decay.
Leaft the wise world should looke into your mone,
And mocke you with me after I am gon.

Leaft the world should ta ke you to recite,
What merit liu'd in me that you should love
After my death (deare love) for get me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove.
Valeste you would deuise some vertuous lye,
S O N N E T S.

To doe more for me then mine owne desert,
And hang more praise vpon deceased I,
Then nigard truth would willingly impart:
O leaft your true loue may seeme false in this,
That you for loue speake well of me vntrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And liue no more to shame nor me, nor you.
For I am shamed by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to loue things nothing worth.

T HAT time of yeear thou maist in me behold,
When yellow leaues, or none, or few doe hange
Vpon those boughes which shake against the could,
Bare mv'ld quiers, where late the sweet birds sang,
In me thou seest the twi-light of such day,
As after Sun-set fadeth in the West,
Which by and by blacke night doth take away,
Deaths second selfe that seals vp all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lye,
As the death bed, whereon it must expire,
Confum'd with that which it was nurritfht by.
This thou percei'ft, which makes thy loue more strong,
To loue that well, which thou must leave ere long.

B Ve be contented when that fell arest,
With out all bayle shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorall still with thee shall stay.
When thou reveuest this, thou doest reveue,
The very part was confecrate to thee,
The earth can haue but earth, which is his due,
My spirit is thine the better part of me,
So then thou haft but lost the dregs of life,
The pray of wormes, my body being dead,
The coward conquest of a wretches knife,
Shake'speares

To base of thee to be remembred,
    The worth of that, is that which it containes,
    And that is this, and this with thee remains.

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
    Or as sweet season'd showers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife,
As twixt a miser and his wealth is found.
Now proud as an inioyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure,
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then betterd that the world may see my pleasure,
Some-time all ful with feasting on your light,
And by and by cleane starued for a looke,
Possessing or pursuing no delight
Saue what is had or must from you be tooke.
    Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
    Or gluttoning on all, or all away,

Why is my verse so barren of new pride?
    So far from variation or quicke change?
Why with the time do I not glance aside
To new found methods, and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keepe invention in a noted weed,
That euer word doth almost fel my name,
Shewing their birth, and where they did procede?
O know sweet loue I alwaies write of you,
And you and loue are still my argument:
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending againe what is already spent:
    For as the Sun is daily new and old,
    So is my loue still telling what is told,

Thy glasse will shew thee how thy beauties were,
Thy dyall how thy precious mynuits waste,
SONNETS.

The vacant leaves thy mindes imprint will beare,
And of this booke, this learning maist thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glasse will truly shew,
Of mouthed graves will giue thee memorie,
Thou by thy dyal shady health maist know,
Times theeu thou progresse to eternitie.
Looke what thy memorie cannot containe,
Commit to these waste blocks, and thou shalt finde
Those children nurst, deliuerd from thy braine,
To take a new acquaintance of thy minde.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt looke,
Shall profite thee, and much inrich thy booke.

78
So oft haue I invok'd thee for my Muse,
And found such faire assistence in my verse,
As euer Alien pen hath got my vse,
And vnder thee their poesie dispere.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumbe on high to sing,
And heavie ignorance aloft to flie,
Haue added tethers to the learneds wing,
And giuen grace a double Maiestie.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine, and borne of thee,
In others workes thou dosta but mend the title,
And Arts with thy sweete graces graceited be.
But thou art all my art, and dost advance
As high as learning, my rude ignorance.

79
Whilst I alone did call upon thy ayde,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace,
But now my gracious numbers are decayde,
And my sick Muse doth giue an other place.
I grant (sweet loue) thy louely argument
Deserves the travaile of a worthie pen,
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
He robs thee of, and payes it thee againe.
SHAKESPEARE

He lends thee vertue, and he stole that word,
From thy behaviour, beautie doth he give:
And found it in thy cheekes: he can afford
No praise to thee, but what in thee doth liue;
Then thanke him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee, thou thy selfe doost pay.

O

How I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth vse your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me young-tide speaking of your fame,
But since your worth (wide as the Ocean is)
The humble as the proudest faile doth beare,
My sawtie barke (inferior farre to his)
On your broad maine doth wilfully appeare.
Your shaloweest helpe will hold me vp a floare,
Whilst he vpon your soundlesse deepe doth ride,
Or (being wrackt) I am a worthlesse bofe,
He of all building, and of goodly pride.
Then If he thrive and I be cast away,
The worst was this, my loue was my decay.

O

Or I shall liue your Epitaph to make,
Or you suruive when I in earth am rotten,
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortall life shall haue,
Though I (once gone) to all the world must dye,
The earth can yeeld me but a common graue,
When you intombed in mens eyes shall lye,
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall ore-read,
And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead,
You still shall liue (such vertue hath my Pen)
Where breath most breaths, even in the mouths of men.

I grant
SoNNETS.

83

Grant thou wert not married to my Muse,
And therefore made without attain'd ore-looke
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their faire subject, blessing every booke.
Thou art as faire in knowledge as in heau,
Finding thy worth a limmit past my praise,
And therefore art inform'd to seekk anew,
Some fresher flampe of the time bettering dayes.
And do so loose, yet when they have devised,
What trained touches Rhethorick can lend,
Thou truly faire, wert truly sympathiz'd,
In true plaine words, by thy true telling friend.
And their grosse painting might be better w'd,
Where checkes need blood, in thee it is abus'd.

83

Of ever saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your faire no painting set,
I found (or thought I found) you did exceed,
The barren tender of a Poets debt:
And therefore have I slept in your report,
That you your selfe being extant well might show,
How farre a moderne quill doth come to short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow,
This silence for my sinne you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory being dombe,
For I impaire not beautie being mute,
When others would glue life, and bring a tombe.
There liues more life in one of your faire eyes,
Then both your Poets can in praise devise.

84

Who is it that sayes most, which can say more,
Then this rich praise, that you alone, are you,
In whose confine immured is the store,
Which should example where your equal grew,
Leane penurie within that Pen doth dwell,

F a

That
Shakespeare

That to his subject lends not some small glory,
But he that writes of you, if he can tell,
That you are you, so dignifies his story.
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counter-part shall fame his wit,
Making his title admired everywhere,
You to your beautiful blessings ade a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

My young-tide Muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise richly compile'd,
Referue their character with gouden quill,
And precious phrase by all the Muses fitt'd.
I think good thoughts, whilst other write good wordes,
And like unhetered clarkes still erie Amen,
To every Himne that able spirit affords,
In polisht forme of well refined pen.
Hearing you praised, I say 'tis so, 'tis true,
And to the most of praise ade some-thing more,
But that is in my thought, whose love to you
(Though words come hind-most) holds his ranke before,
Then others, for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dombe thoughts, speaking in effect.

As it the proud full saile of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of (all to precious) you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my braine inheare,
Making their tombe the wonbe wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit by spirits taught to write,
Aboue a mortall pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compiers by night
Giving him ayde, my verse astonished.
He nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors of my silence cannot boast,
Sonnets.

I was not sick of any feare from thence.
But when your countenance fild vp his line,
Then lackt I matter, that infceebd mine.

87

Are well thou art too deare for my possesing,
And like enough thou knowst thy estimate,
The Chaft of thy worth gues thee releasr.
My bonds in thee are all determinalate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting,
And for that riches where is my desieruing?
The caufe of this faire guift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back againe is swerving.
Thy faile thou gau't thy owne worth then not knowing,
Or mee to whom thou gau't it,else mistaking,
So thy great guift vpon misprision growing,
Comes home againe, on better judgement making.
This haue I had thee as a dreame doth flatter,
In sleepe a King, but waking no such matter.

88

When thou shalt be diapode to set me light,
And place my merrit in the eie of skorne,
Vpon thy side, against his selfe file fight,
And provest thee virtuous, though thou art foriworne:
With mine owne weakeenesse being best acquainted,
Vpon thy part I can set downe a story
Of faults conceaUd, wherein I am attainted:
That thou in looing me, shall win much glory:
And I by this will be a gainer too,
For bendtng all my longing thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to my selfe I doe,
Doing thee vantage, double vantage me,
Such is my loue, to thee I doe belong,
That for thy right, my selfe will bare all wrong.

89

Say that thou didst for sake mee for some falt,
And I will comment vpon that offence,

Speake
Shares of my lameness, and I straight will halt:
Against thy reasons making no defence,
Thou canst not (loose) disgrace me half so ill,
To set a forme upon desired change,
As all my felce disgrace, knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle and looke strange;
Be absent from thy walkes and in my tongue,
Thy sweet beloued name no more shall dwell,
Leaft I (too much prophane should) do it wronge:
And haplic of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, against my selfe ile vow debate,
For I must here loue him whom thou dost hate.

Then hate me when thou wilt, if euer now,
Now while the world is bent my deeds to crotle,
Loyne with the spight of fortune, make me bow,
And doe not drop in for an after losse:
Ah do not, when my heart hath scapt this sorrow,
Come in the rereward of a conquerd woe,
Give not a windy night a raine morrow,
To linger out a purposed over-throw.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other pettie griefes haue done their spight,
But in the onset come, so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortunes might,
And other strains of woe, which now seeme woe,
Compar'd with losse of thee, will not seeme so.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their bodies force,
Some in their garments though new-sanged ill:
Some in their Hawkes and Hounds, some in their Horse.
And every humor hath his adiunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest.
But these particularles are not my measure,
All these I better in one general best.
SONNETS.

Thy love is bitter then high birth to me,
Richer then wealth, prouder than garments cost,
Of more delight then Hawkes or Horfes bee:
And having thee, of all mens pride I boast;
Wretched in this alone, that thou must take,
All this away, and me most wretched make,

But doe thy worst to steal thy selfe away,
For tarme of life thou art assured mine,
And life no longer then thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to feare the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end,
I see, a better face to me belongs
Then that, which on thy humor doth depend.
Thou canst not vex me with inconstancy,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie,
Oh what a happy title do I finde,
But what's so blessed faire that fears no blot,
Thou must be false, and yet I know it not.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceiv'd husband so loves face,
May still seeme love to me, though alter'd new:
Thy lookes with me, thy heart in other place,
For their can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change,
In manie lookes, the false hearts history
Is writ in moods and frounes and wrinkles strange.
But heauen in thy creation did decree,
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell,
What ere thy thoughts, or thy hearts workings be,
Thy lookes should nothing thence, but sweetnesse tell,
How like Eneas apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweete vertue answer not thy show.
Shake-Speare's

They that have power to hurt, and will do none,
That do not do the thing, they most do shew,
Who moving others, are themselves as stone,
Wounded, could, and to temptation flow:
They rightly do inherit heavens graces,
And husband natures riches from expense,
They are the Lords and owners of their faces,
Others, but stewards of their excellence:
The sommer's flowre is to the sommer sweet,
Though to itself, it only live and die,
But if that flowre with base infection meet,
The basest weed out-braues his dignitie:
For sweetest things turne basest by their deeds,
Lillies that fester, smell far worse then weeds.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the frame,
Which like a canker in the fragrant Rose,
Doth spot the beautie of thy budding name?
Oh in what sweetes dost thou thy finnes inclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy daies,
(Making lasciviouse comments on thy sport)
Cannot dispraise, but in a kinde of praise,
Naming thy name, blesses an ill report.
Oh what a mansion haue those vices got,
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauties vaile doth couer every blot,
And all things turnes to faire that eyes can see!
Take heed (deare heart) of this large priviledge,
The hardest knife wil doth loose his edge.

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonesse,
Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport,
Both grace and faults are lou'd of more and lesse:
Thou makst faults graces, that to thee ressort:
As on the finger of a throned Queene,

The
Sonnets.

The basest jewell will be well esteem'd:
So are those errors that in thee are seen,
To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.
How many Lambs might the sterner Wolfe betray,
If like a Lamb he could his looks translate,
How many gazers might thou lead away,
If thou wouldest use the strength of all thy state?
But do not so, I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

How like a Winter hath my absence beene
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting yeare?
What freezings haue I felt, what darke daies seen?
What old Decembers bare nestle every where?
And yet this time remou'd was sommers time,
The teeming Autumnne big with ritch increase,
Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,
Like widdowed wombes after their Lords decease:
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me,
But hope of Orphans, and vn-fathered fruite,
For Sommer and his pleasures waite on thee,
And thou away, the very birds are mute,
Or if they sing, it is with so dull a cheere,
That leaves looke pale, dreading the Winters neere.

From you haue I beene absent in the spring,
When proud pride Aprill (drift in all his trim)
Hath put a spirit of youth in euery thing:
That heauie Summer laught and leapt with him.
Yet nor the laies of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odor and in hew,
Could make me any summers story tell:
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the Lillies white,
Nor praise the deepè vermilion in the Rose,
They wear but sweet, but figures of delight:

Ravne
Drawn, after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it, Winter still, and you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

The forward violet thus I chide,
Sweet theesse whence didst thou steal thy sweet that

If not from my loues breath, the purple pride,
Which on thy soft cheeke for complexion dwells?

In my loues veins thou hast too grossely died,
The Lillie I condemned for thy hand,
And bude of marierom had stolne thy haire,
The Roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
Our blushing shame, an other white disaire:
A third nor red, nor white, had stolne of both,
And to his robbry had annex't thy breath,
But for his theft in pride of all his growth
A vengfull canker eate him vp to death.

More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet, or culler it had stolne from thee.

Here art thou Muse that thou forgetst so long,
To speake of that which gives thee all thy might?

Spendst thou thy furie on some worthless longe,
Darkning thy powre to lend base subiects light.

Returne forgetfull Muse, and straight redeeme,
In gentle numbers time so idely spent,
Sing to the eare that doth thy laies esteeme,
And giues thy pen both skill and argument.

Rise revly Muse, my loues sweet face suruay,
If time haue any wrinkle grauen there,
If any, be a Summer to decay,
And make times spoiles dispis'd every where.

Giue my loue fame faster then time wafts life,
So thou preuenft his fiirth and crooked knife.

O truam: Muse what shalbe thy amends,
SONNETS.

For thy neglect of truth in beauty did?
Both truth and beauty on my soure depends:
So dost thou too, and therein dignifi'd:
Make answer Muse, wilt thou not haply saie,
Truth needs no collour with his collour fixt,
Beautie no pensell, beauties truth to lay:
But best is best, if never intermixt.
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so, for't lies in thee,
To make him much out-liue a gilded tombe:
And to be praiid of ages yet to be.

Then do thy office Muse, I teach thee how,
To make him seeme long hence, as he showes now.

102

My soure is strengthened though more weake in see-
I love not lesse, though lesse the show appeare, (ming
That soure is marchandiz'd, whose ritch esteeming,
The owners tongue doth publish every where.
Our soure was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my laies,
As Philomell in summers front doth singe,
And stops his pipe in growth of ripen daies:
Not that the summer is lesse pleasant now
Then when her mournefull hymns did hush the night,
But that wild musick burthens evry bow,
And sweetes growne common loole their deare delight.
Therefore like her, I some-time hold my tongue:
Because I would not dull you with my songe.

103

A lack what pouerty my Muse brings forth,
That having such a skope to shew her pride,
The argument all bare is of more worth
Then when it hath my added praiie beside.
Oh blame me not if I no more can write!
Looke in your glasse and there appeares a face,
That our-goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
Were it not tins full then striving to mend,
To marre the subject that before was well,
For to no other pale my verses tend,
Then of your graces and your gifts to tell.
And more, much more then in my verse can fit,
Your owne glasse shewes you, when you looke in it.

To me faire friend you never can be old;
For as you were when first your eye I saw,
Such seems your beautie still:
Three winters cold,
Hath from the forrests shooke three summers pride,
Three beautious springs to yellow Autumnne turn'd,
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three Aprill perfumes in three hot lunes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh which yet are greene.
Ah yet doth beauty like a Dyall hand,
Steale from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd,
So your sweete hew, which me thinkes still doth flame.
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived.
For fear of which, hearce this thou age vnbred,
Ere you were borne was beauties summer dead.

Let not my loue be call'd Idolatrie,
Nor my beloued as an Idoll shew,
Since all alike my songs and prais'es be
To one, of one, still such, and euer so.
Kind is my loue to day, to morrow kinde,
Still constant in a wondrous excellency,
Therefore my verse to constance confin'de,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
Faire, kinde, and true, is all my argument,
Faire, kinde and true, varying to other words,
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three theems in one, which wondrous scope afford.
Faire, kinde, and true, have often liu'd alone.
Which three till now, never kept scate in one.


SONNETS.

W
hen in the Chronicle of wasted time,
I see descriptions of the fairest weights,
And beautie making beautifull old time,
In praise of Ladies dead and louely Knights,
Then in the blazon of sweet beauties best,
Of hand, of foote, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique Pen would have express,
Euen such a beauty as you maifter now.
So all their praises are but prophesies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring,
And for they look'd but with deuining eyes,
They had not still enough your worth to sing:
For we which now behold these present dayes,
Haue eyes to wonder, but lack toungs to praise.

N
ot mine owne feares, nor the prophetick soule,
Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the leafe of my true loue controule,
Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doome.
The mortall Moone hath her eclipse indur'de,
And the sad Augurs mock their owne praffle.
Incertenties now crowne them-selues asfur'de,
And peace proclaimes Oliues of endlesse age.
Now with the drops of this most balmeic time,
My loue lookes fresh, and death to me subscribes;
Since spight of him I lie liv'd in this poore time,
While he insults ore dull and speachlesse tribes.
And thou in this shalt finde thy monument,
When tyrants crefts and tombs of braffe are spent.

V
hat's in the braine that Inck may chara^er
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit,
What's new to speake, what now to regifter,
That may express my loue, or thy deare merit?
Nothing sweet boy, but yet like prayers diuine,
SHAKESPEARES.

I must each day say o'er the very same,
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine.
Euen as when first I hallowed thy faire name,
So that eternall love in loues fresh case,
Waighes not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquitie for aye his page,
Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward forme would shew it dead.

0 never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to quallifie,
As easie might I from my selfe depart,
As from my soule which in thy breth doth lye :
That is my home of love, if I haue rang'd,
Like him that travels I returne againe,
Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,
So that my selfe bring water for my staine,
Never beleue though in my nature reign'd,
All frailties that besiege all kindes of blood,
That it could so p'eposteriouslie be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy summe of good:
For nothing this wide Vniuersfe I call,
Save thou my Rose, in it thou art my all.

Las'tis true, I haue gone here and there,
And made my selfe a motley to the view,
Gor'd mine owne thoughts, fold cheap what is most deare,
Made old offences of affections new.
Most true it is, that I haue lookt on truth
As once and strangely: But by all aboue,
These blenches gau'e my heart an other youth,
And worse essai'd proud shee my best of love,
Now all is done, haue what shall have no end,
Mine appetite I neuer more will grin'de
On newer proofes, to trie an older friend,
A God in love, to whom I am confin'd.

Then
SONNETS.

Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Euen to thy pure and most most loving breast:

O For my sake doe you with fortune chide,
The guiltie goddesse of my harmfull deeds,
That did not better for my life proouide,
Then publick meanes which publick manners breeds.
Then comes it that my name receueth a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdu’d
To what it workes in, like the Dyers hand,
Pitty me then, and wish I were renu’d,
Whilst like a willing pacient I will drinke,
Potions of Eye’s ill gaineft my strong infection,
No bitterness that I will bitter thinke,
Nor double pennisance to correct correction.
Pitty me then deare friend, and I affure yee,
Euen that your pittie is enough to cure mee.

Your loue and pittie doth th’impression fill,
Which vulgar scandal stamp’d upon my brow,
For what care I who calles me well or ill,
So you are-greene my bad, my good alow?
You are my All the world, and I must truie,
To know my shames and praises from your tounges,
None else to me, nor I to none aliue,
That my steeld fence or changes right or wrong,
In so profound Abisime I throw all care
Of others voyces, that my Adders fence,
To cryttick and to flatterer flopped are:
Mark how with my neglect I doe diisence.
You are so stronly in my purpose bred,
That all the world besides me thinkes y’are dead.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my minde,
And that which governes me to goe about,
Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
Seemés seeing, but effectually is out:
For it no forme deliuerers to the heart
Of bird, of flowre, or shape which it doth lack,
Of his quick objects hath the minde no part,
Nor his owne vision houlds what it doth catch:
For if it see the rud'ft or gentlest sight,
The most sweet-sauor or deformedst creature,
The mountaine, or the sea, the day, or night:
The Croe, or Doue, it shapes them to your feature.
   Incapable of more releat, with you,
   My most true mind thus maketh mine vntrue.

O R whether doth my minde being crown'd with you
   Drinke vp the monarks plague this flattery?
Or whether shall I say mine eie faith true,
And that your loue taught it this Alcumie?
To make of monsters, and things indigest,
Such cherubines as your sweet selfe resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best
As fast as objects to his beames assemble:
Oh tis the first, tis flatry in my seeing,
And my great minde most kingly drinkes it vp,
Mine eie well knowes what with his gust is greeing,
And to his pallat doth prepare the cup.
   If it be poison'd, tis the lesser sinne,
   That mine eye loues it and doth first beginne.

THofe lines that I before haue writ doe lie,
   Euen those that said I could not loue you deerer,
Yet then my judgement knew no reason why,
My most full flame shou'd afterwards burne cleerer.
But reckening time, whose milliond accidents
Creepe in twixt vowes, and change decrees of Kings,
Tan sacred beautie, blunt the sharpst intents,
Diuert strong mindes to th' courfe of altering things:
Alas why fearing of times tiranie,
Might I not then say now I love you best,
When I was certaine or in-certainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest:
Love is a Babe, then might I not say so
To give full growth to that which still doth grow.

Let me not to the marriage of true mindes
Admit impediments, love is not lone
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O no, it is an euer fixed marke
That lookes on tempefts and is neuer shaken;
It is the star to every wandring barke,
Whose worths vnknowne, although his high be taken.
Loue’s not Times foole, though rose lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickles compass come,
Loue alters not with his breefe houres and weekes,
But bearas it out euen to the edge of doome:
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man euer loued.

A moue me thus, that I haue scanted all,
Wherein I shoulde your great deserts repay,
Forgot upon your dearest loue to call,
Whereto al bonds do tie me day by day,
That I haue frequent binne with vnknown mindes,
And giuen to time your owne deare purchas’d right,
That I haue hoyfted faile to all the windes
Which shoulde transport me farthest from your sight.
Booke both my wilfulness and errors downe,
And on iust prooue surmise, accumulate,
Bring me within the leuel of your frowne,
But chuote not at me in your wakened hate:
Since my appeale faies I did truste to prooue
The constancy and virtue of your loue

SONNETS.
Like as to make our appetites more keene
With eager compounds we our pallat vrgè,
As to prevent our malladies vnseene,
We sicken to shun sickness when we purge,
Euen so being full of your nere eloying sweetnesse,
To bitter fawces did I frame my feeding;
And sicke of wel-sare found a kind of meetnesse,
To be diseasd ere that there was true needes.
Thus politic in loue t'anticipate
The ills that were,not grew to faults athurd,
And brought to medicine a healthfull state
Which rancke of goodnesse would by ill be cured.
But thence I learne and find the leccion true,
Drugs poysen him that so fell sicke of you.

What potions haue I drunke of Syren teares
Dishtèd from Lymbeccks foule as hell within,
Applying feares to hopes, and hopes to feares,
Still loosing when I saw my selfe to win?
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whill? it hath thought it selfe so blessed neuer?
How haue mine eies out of their Sphcares bene fitted
In the distraction of this madding feuer?
O benefit of ill, now I find true
That better is, by euil still made better.
And ruin'd loue when it is built anew
Growes fairer then at first, more strong, far greater.
So I returne rebukt to my content,
And gaine by ills thrisfe more then I haue spent.

That you were once vnkind be-friends mee now,
And for that sorrow, which I then didde feele,
Needes must I vnder my transgression bow,
Vnlesse my Nerues were brasse or hammered steale.
For if you were by my vnkindnesse shaken

As
Sonnets.

As I by yours, ye haue past a hell of time,
And I a tyrant haue no leasure taken
To weigh how once I suffered in your crime.
O that our night of wo might haue remembred
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
And soone to you, as you to me then tendred
The humble false, which wounded bosemes hits!
But that your trespaue now becomes a see,
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransome mee.

121

This better to be vile then vile esteemed,
When not to be, receives reproach of being,
And the iust pleasure lost, which is so deemed,
By our seeing, but by others seeing.
For why should others false adulterat eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are srailer spies;
Which in their wits count bad what I think good?
Noe, I am that I am, and they that lueell
At my abuses, reckon up their owne,
I may be straight though they them-selves be beuel
By their rancke thoughtes, my deedes must not be shown
Vnlesse this generall euill they maintaine,
All men are bad and in their badnesses raigne.

122

Thy guist, thy tables, are within my braine
Full charachterd with lasting memory,
Which shall aboue that idle rancke remaine
Beyond all date euen to eternity.
Or at the least, so long, as braine and heart
Hauing facultie by nature to subsist,
Til each to raz'd obliuion yeld his part
Of thee, thy record neuer can be mift:
That poore retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies thy deare love to skore,
Therefore to giue them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more,
To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

NO! Time, thou shalt not boast that I doe change,
Thy pyramids built vp with newer might
To me are nothing nouell, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight:
Our dates are breefe, and thence we admire,
What thou doeft foyst vpon vs that is ould,
And rather make them borne to our desire,
Then thinke that we before haue heard them tould:
Thy registres and thee I both desie,
Not wondering at the present, nor the past,
For thy records, and what we see doth lye,
Made more or les by thy continuall haft:
This I doe vow and this shall euer be,
I will be true dispite thy fyeth and thee.

YF my deare loue were but the childe of state;
It might for fortunes bastard be vnfathered,
As subiect to times loue, or to times hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gatherd,
No it was buylde far from accident,
It suffers not in smilinge pomp, nor falls
Vnder the blow of thralled discontent,
Whereeto th'inviting time our fashion calls:
It feares not policy that Heritike,
Which workes on leaves of short numbered howeres,
But all alone stands hugely politicke,
That it nor growes with heat, nor drownes with showres.
To this I witness call the soles of time,
Which die for goodnes, who have liu'd for crime.

Er't ought to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honoring.
Sonnets.

Or layd great bafes for eternity,
Which proues more short then waft or ruining?
Have I not see ne dwellers on forme and fa vor
Lose all, and more by paying too much rent
For compound sweet; Forgoing simple fa vor,
Pittifull thriuors in their gazing spent.
Noe, let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poore but free,
Which is not mixt with seconds, knows no art,
But mutuall render, onely me for thee.

Hence, thou subborned Informer, a trew foule
When most impeacht, stands leaft in thy controule.

126

O Thou my louely Boy who in thy power,
Doeft hould times sickle glasse, his sickle, hower:
Who haft by wayning growne, and therein thou'ft,
Thy louers withering, as thy sweet selfe grow'ft.
If Nature (soueraine misteres ouer wrack)
As thou goest onwards still will plucke thee backe,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill.
May time disgrace, and wretched mynuft kill.
Yet feare her O thou minnion of her pleasure,
She may detaine, but not still kepe her trefure!
Her Audite (though delayd) answer'd must be,
And her Quiet is to render thee.

127

In the oulsd age blake was not counted faire,
Or if it weare it bore not beauties name:
But now is blake beauties successiue heire,
And Beautie sandlerd with a bastard shame,
For since each hand hath put on Natures power,
Fairing the foule with Arts faulfe borrow'd face,
Sweet beautie hath no name no holy boure,
But is prophan'd, if not liues in disgrace.

Therefore
Therefore my Master's eyes are Raven blacke,
Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seeme,
At such who not borne faire no beauty lack,
Standing Creation with a false esteem,
Yet so they mourn becoming of their woe,
That every young saies beauty should looke so.

How oft when thou my museke musike playst,
Vpon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers when thou gently swayst,
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I enuie those Jackes that nimble leape,
To kisse the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poore lips which should that harvest reape,
At the woods bouldnes by thee blushing stand.
To be so tickled they would change their state,
And situation with those dancing chips,
Ore whose their fingers walke with gentle gate,
Making dead wood more blest then living lips,
Since saufie Jackes so happy are in this,
Give them their fingers, me thy lips to kiffe.

The expence of Spirit in a waste of shame
Is luft in action, and till action, luft
Is periurd, murdrous, bloudy full of blame,
Sauage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,
Injoyd no sooner but dispis'd straight,
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had
Past reason hated as a swallowed bayt,
On purpose layd to make the taker mad.
Made In pursuit and in possession so,
Had, having, and in quest, to have extreme,
A bliss in proofe and proud and very wo,
Before a joy proposed behind a dreame,
All this the world well knowes yet none knowes well,
To shun the heauen that leads men to this hell.
My Mistres eyes are nothing like the Sunne,
Currall is farre more red, then her lips red,
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun:
If haires be wiers, black wiers grow on her head:
I have scene Roses damask't, red and white,
But no such Roses see I in her cheekes,
And in some perfumes is there more delight,
Then in the breath that from my Mistres reekes.
I love to heare her speake, yet well I know,
That Musicke hath a farre more pleasing sound:
I graunt I never saw a goddesse goe,
My Mistres when shee walkes treads on the ground,
And yet by heauen I thinke my loue as rare,
As any she beli'd with false compare.

Thou art as tiranous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;
For well thou know'st to my deare doting hart
Thou art the fairest and most precious Jewell.
Yet in good faith some say that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make loue grone;
To say they erre, I dare not be so bold,
Although I sweare it to my selfe alone.
And to be sure that is not false I sweare
A thousand grones but thinking on thy face,
One on anothers necke do witnesse beare
Thy blacke is fairest in my judgements place.
In nothing art thou blacke saue in thy deeds,
And thence this slander as I thinke proceeds.

Thine eies I love, and they as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torment me with duelliae,
Hauce put on black, and louing mourners bee,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my paine.

And
Shake-speare's

And truly not the morning Sun of Heauen
Better becomes the gray cheeks of th' East,
Nor that full Starre that shines in the Eauen
Doth hale that glory to the sober West
As those two morning eyes become thy face:
O let it then as well beleeve thy heart
To mourne for me since mourning doth thee grace,
And fute thy pitty like in every part.
Then will I sware beauty her selfe is blacke,
And all they foule that thy complextion lacke.

B

Efhrew that heart that makes my heart to groane
For that deepe wound it giues my friend and me;
It'st not enough to torture me alone,
But slawe to slauer my sweet friend must be.
Me from my selfe thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next selfe thou harder hast ingrossed,
Of him, my selfe, and thee I am forfaken,
A torment thrice three-fold thus to be crossed:
Prison my heart in thy steel bosomes warde,
But then my friends heart let my poore heart bale,
Who ere keepes me, let my heart be his garde,
Thou canst not then vs rigor in my maile.
And yet thou wilt, for I being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine and all that is in me.

S

So now I haue confesst that he is thine,
And I my selfe am morgag'd to thy will,
My selfe Ile forseit, so that other mine,
Thou wilt restore to be my comfort still:
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art coutous, and he is kinde,
He learnt but suretie-like to write for me,
Vnder that bond that him as fast doth binde.
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usuruer that put'st forth all to vs,
SONNETS.

And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake,
So him I loose through my vnkinde abuse.
    Him haue I lost, thou haft both him and me,
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

I35

WHow euer hath her wish, thou haft thy will,
And will too boote, and will in outer-plus,
More then enough am I that vexe thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine,
Shall will in others seeme right gracious,
And in my will no faire acceptance shine:
The sea all water, yet receivs raine still,
And in aboundance addeth to his store,
So thou beeing rich in will add to thy will,
One will of mine to make thy large will more.
Let no vnkinde, no faire besiechers kill,
Think all but one, and me in that one will.

I36

If thy soule check thee that I come so neere,
Sweare to thy blind soule that I was thy will,
And will thy soule knowes is admitted there,
Thus farre for louse, my louse-sute sweet fullfil.
Will, will fulfill the treasure of thy louse,
I fill it full with wils, and my will one,
In things of great receit with ease we prooue,
Among a number one is reckon'd none.
Then in the number let me passe vntold,
Though in thy stores account I one must be,
For nothing hold me, so it plesse thee hold,
That nothing me, a somthing sweet to thee.
    Make but my name thy louse, and louse that still,
And then thou loueft me for my name is will.

I37

Thou blindefoole louse, what doost thou to mine eyes?
That
That they behold and see not what they see:
They know what beautie is, see where it liyes,
Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.
If eyes corrupt by over-partiall lookes,
Be anchor'd in the baye where all men ride,
Why of eyes falsehood hast thou forged hookes,
Where to the judgement of my heart is tide?
Why should my heart thinke that a seuerall plot,
Which my heart knowes the wide worlds common place?
Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not
To put faire truth vpon so seule a face,
In things right true my heart and eyes haue erred:
And to this false plague are they now transferred.

When my loue sweares that she is made of truth,
I do believe her though I know she liyes,
That she might thinke me some vntuterd youth,
Unlearned in the worlds false subtleties.
Thus vainely thinking that she thinke me young,
Although she knowes my dayes are past the best,
Simply I credit her false speaking tongue,
On both sides thus is simple truth supprest:
But wherefore sayes she not she is vniust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O loues best habit in seeming truft,
And age in loue, loues not the vear yeares told:
Therefore I lye with her, and she with me,
And in our faults by liyes we flattered be.

Call not me to iustifie the wrong,
That thy vnkindnesse layes vpon my heart,
Wound me not with thine eye but with thine young,
We power with power, and slay me not by Art,
Tell me thou loue it else-where, but in my sight,
Deare heart forbear to glance thine eye aside,
What needst thou wound with cunning when thy might.
Is more then my ore-pris defence can bide?
Let me excuse thee, ah my loue well knowes,
Her prettie lookes haue beeene mine enemies,
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they else-where might dart their injuries:
Yet do not so, but since I am neere flaine,
Kill me out-right with lookes, and rid my paine.

B E, wise as thou art cruel, do not presse
My young-tide patience with too much disdaine;
Leafe sorrow lend me words and words expressse,
The manner of my pittie wanting paine.
If I might teach thee wittie better it weare,
Though not to loue, yet love to tell me so,
As testie sick-men when their deaths be neere,
No newes but health from their Phestions know.
For if I should despire I should grow madde,
And in my madnesse might speake ill of thee,
Now this ill wresting world is grown so bad,
Madde flunderers by madde eares beleued be.
That I may not be so, nor thou be lyde,
(whate)
Beare thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart goe

IN faith I doe not loue thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note,
But 'tis my heart that loues what they despise,
Who in dispight of view is pleas'd to dote.
Nor are mine eares with thy tounge tune delighted,
Nor tender feeling to base touches prone,
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be inuited
To any senfuall feast with thee alone:
But my sute wits, nor my sute fences can
Divide one foolish heart from seruing thee;
Who leaves vnswai'd the likenesse of a man,
Thy proud hearts flaine and vassall wretch to be:
Onely my plague thus farre I count my gaine,
That she that makes me smaie, awaies me paine.

Lowe
142

LOue is my siune, and thy deare vertue hate,
Hate of my siune, grounded on sinfull louing,
O but with mine, compare thou thine owne flate,
And thou shalt finde it metrits not reproouing,
Or if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That haue prophan'd their scarlet ornaments,
And seal'd false bonds of loue as oft as mine,
Robd others beds reuenues of their rents.
Be it lawfull I loue thee as thou lou'st those,
Whome thine eyes woue as mine importune thee,
Roote pittie in thy heart that when it growes,
Thy pitty may deferue to pittied bee.
If thou doest seeke to haue what thou doest hide,
By selve example mai't thou be denide.

143

LOe as a carefull huswife runnes to catch,
One of her feathers creatures broake away,
Sets downe her babe and makes all swift dispatch.
In pursuite of the thing she would have fly:
Whilst her negleected child holds her in chace,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent,
To follow that which flies before her face:
Not prizing her poore infants discontent;
So runst thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chace thee a farre behind,
But if thou catch thy hope turne back to me:
And play the mothers part kisse me, be kind.
So will I pray that thou mai't haue thy will,
If thou turne back and my loude crying still.

144

Two loues I haue of comfort and despaire;
Which like two spirits do sugiest me still,
The better angell is a man right faire:
The worsel spirit a woman collour'd il.
To win me soone to hell my femall cuill,
Tempteth my better angel from my sight,  
And would corrupt my faint to be a duell:  
Wooing his purity with her fowle pride.  
And whether that my angel be turn'd finde,  
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell,  
But being both from me both to each friend,  
I guess one angel in an others hel.  
Yet this shal I never know but live in doubt,  
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.  

Heate lips that Loues owne hand did make,  
Breath'd forth the sound that said I hate,  
To me that languish't for her sake:  
But when she saw my wofull state,  
Straight in her heart did mercie come,  
Chiding that tongue that ever sweet,  
Was vide in guing gentle dome:  
And tought it thus a new to greeete:  
I hate the altered with an end,  
That follow'd it as gentle day,  
Doth follow night who like a fiend  
From heauen to hell is flowne away,  
I hate, from hate away she threw,   
And sau'd my life faying not you.  

Oore soule the center of my sinfull earth,  
My sinfull earth these rebell powres that thee array,  
Why doft thou pine within and suffer death?  
Painting thy outward walls so costlie gay?  
Why so large cost hauing so short a leafe,  
Doft thou vpon thy fading mansion spend?  
Shall wormes inheritors of this excess,  
Eate vp thy charge? is this thy bodies end?  
Then soule liue thou vpon thy servants losse,  
And let that pine to aggrauat thy store;  
Buy teares divine in selling houres of drosse:  

Within
Shakespeare

Within be fed, without be rich no more,
So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And death once dead, there's no more dying then.

My love is as a feather longing still,
For that which longer nurses the disease,
Feeding on that which doth preserue the ill,
Th' uncertaine sicklie appetite to please:
My reason the Phisition to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve,
Desire is death, which Phisick did except.
Past cure I am, now Reasone is past care,
And frantick madde with ever-more unrest,
My thoughts and my discourse as mad mens are,
At random from the truth vainely express.
For I haue sware thee faire, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as darke as night.

O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight,
Or if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be faire whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote,
Love's eye is not so true as all mens: no,
How can it? O how can love's eye be true,
That is so vexed with watching and with tears?
No maruaile then though I mistake my view,
The sunne it selfe sees not, till heauen cleares,
O cunning love, with tears thou keepest me blinde,
Least eyes well seeing thy soule faults should finde.

Anst thou O cruel, say I love thee not,
When I against my selfe with thee pertake:

Doe
Sonnet

Doe I not thinke on thee when I forgot
Am of my selfe, all tyrant for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I doe call my friend,
On whom stroun't thou that I doe faine upon,
Nay if thou lowrst on me doe I not spend
Revenge upon my selfe with present mone?
What merit do I in my selfe respect,
That is to pride thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes.
But loue hate on for now I know thy minde,
Those that can see thou loue't, and I am blind.

Oh from what powre hast thou this powrefull might,
With insufficiency my heart to sway,
To make me gue the lie to my true light,
And sære that brightnesse doth not grace the day?
Whence haist thou this becoming of things il,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds,
There is such strength and warrantie of skill,
That in my minde thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me loue thee more,
The more I heare and see just cause of hate,
Oh though I love what others doe abhor,
With others thou shouldst not abhor my hate.
If thy unworthiness raiseth love in me,
More worthy I to be belou'd of thee.

One is too young to know what conscience is,
Yet who knowes not conscience is borne of loue,
Then gentle cheater vrgen not my amisse,
Least guile of my faults thy sweet selfe proue.
For thou betraying me, I doe betray
My nobler part to my grose bodies treason,
My soule doth tell my body that he may,
Triumph in loue, flesh flares no farther reason.

But
But rysing at thy name doth point out thee,
As his triumphant prize, proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poore drudge to be
To stand in thy affaires, fall by thy side.

No want of conscience hold it that I call,
Her loue, for whose deare loue I rise and fall.

In louing thee thou know\(\textit{st}\) I am forsworne,
But thou art twice forsworne to me loute swearing,
In act thy bed-vow broake and new faith torne,
In vowing new hate after new loute bearing:
But why of two othes breach doe I accuse thee,
When I breake twenty: I am periu'd most,
For all my vowes are othes but to misuse thee:
And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
For I haue sworne deepe othes of thy deepe kindnesse:
Othes of thy loue, thy truth, thy constancie,
And to inlighten thee gaue eyes to blindness,
Or made them swere against the thing they see.
For I haue sworne thee faire: more periu'de eye,
To swere against the truth so soule a lie.

\textit{Cupid} laid by his brand and fell a sleepe,
A maide of Dyans this advantage found,
And his loue-kindling fire did quickly sleepe
In a could valley-fountaine of that ground:
Which borrowd from this holie fire of loue,
A datelesiely heat still to indlure,
And grew a seething bath which yet men proue,
Against strang malladies a soueraigne cure:
But at my mistres eie louses brand new fired,
The boy for triall needes would touch my brest,
I sick withall the helpe of bath defired,
And thether hied a sad disstemperd guest.
But found no cure, the bath for my helpe lies,
Where \textit{Cupid} got new fire; my mistres eye.
SONNET

The little Loue-God lying once a sleepe,
Laid by his side his heart inflaming brand,
Whilst many Nymphes that you'd chaft life to keep,
Came tripping by, but in her maiden hand,
The fayrest votary tooke vp that fire,
Which many Legions of true hearts had warm'd,
And so the Generall of hot desire,
Was sleeping by a Virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quench'd in a coole Well by,
Which from loues fire tooke heat perpetuall,
Growing a bath and healthfull remedy,
For men diseas'd, but I my Misstriffe thrall,
Came there for cure and this by that I proue,
Loues fire heates water, water cooles not loue.

FINIS.
A Louers complaint.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

From off a hill whose concave wonbe reworded,
A plaintfull story from a sifting vale
My spirits t'attend this doble voyce accorded,
And downe I laid to lift the sad tun'd tale,
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale
Tearing of papers breaking rings a twaine,
Storming her world with forrowes, wind and raine.

Upon her head a plattid hiue of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the Sunne,
Whereon the thought might thinke sometime it saw
The carckas of a beauty spent and donne,
Time had not fithed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit, but spight of heauens fell rage,
Some beauty peeps, through lattice of fear'd age.

Oft did she heave her Napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited charactes:
Laundring the silken figures in the brine,
That seasoned woe had pelleted in tears,
And often reading what contents it beares:
As often striking vndistinguishd wo,
In clamours of all size both high and low.

Some-times her leueld eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the spheres intend:
Sometime diuerted their poore balls are tide,
To th'orbed earth; sometimes they do extend,
Their view right on, anon their gales lend,
To every place at once and no where fixe,
The mind and sight distractedly commit.

Her haire nor loose nor ti’d in formall plat,
Proclaimd in her a careless hand of pride;
For some untuck’d descended her sheu’d hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheeke beside,
Some in her threeden fillet still did bide,
And trew to bondage would not breake from thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand savours from a maund she drew,
Of amber christall and of bedded jet,
Which one by one she in a river throw,
Upon whose weeping margent she was set,
Like vifery applying wet to wet,
Or Monarches hands that lets not bounty fall,
Where want cries some, but where excesse begs all.

Of folded schedulls had she many a one,
Which she perus’d, sigh’d, tore and gaued the fluid,
Crackt many a ring of posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their Sepulchers in mud,
Found yet mo letters sadly pend in blood,
With fleided silke, seate and affectedly
Enswath’d and seald to curious secrecy.

These often bath’d she in her fluxiue eies,
And often kist, and often gaued to teare,
Cried O false blood thou register of lies,
What vnapprovd witnes doost thou beare!
Inke would have seem’d more blacke and damned heare!
This said in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent, so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz’d his cattell ny,
A LOVERS

Sometime a bluerer that the ruffle knew
Of Court of Cittie, and had let go by
The swiftest houres observed as they flew,
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew:
And priviledg’d by age desires to know
In breefe the grounds and motiues of her wo.

So slides he downe vpon his greynd bat;
And comely distant sits he by her side,
When he againe desires her, being fatte,
Her grecuance with his hearing to deuide:
If that from him there may be ought applied
Which may her suffering extasie affwage
Tis promit in the charitie of age.

Father she saies, though in mee you behold
The injury of many a blasting houre;
Let it not tell your judgement I am old,
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power;
I might as yet have bene a spreading flower
Fresh to my selfe, if I had feltie applied
Loue to my selfe, and to no Loue beside.

But wo is mee, too early I attended
A youthfull suit it was to gaine my grace;
One by natures outwards so commended,
That maidens eyes stucke ouer all his face,
Loue lackt a dwelling and made him her place,
And when in his faire parts shee didde abide,
Shee was new lodg’d and newly Deified.

His browny locks did hang in crooked curles,
And euerie light ocasion of the wind
Vpon his lippes their silken parcels hurles,
Whats sweet to do, to do wil aptly find,
Each ey that saw him did inchaunt the minde.
Complaint

For on his visage was in little drawne,
What largeness thinkes in paradice was sawne.

Small shew of man was yet upon his chinne,
His phenis downe began but to appeare
Like vynhoorne velure, on that termlesse skin
Whose bare out-brag'd the web it seem'd to were.
Yet shewed his visage by that soft more deare,
And nice affections wauering flood in doubt
If best were as it was, or belte without.

His qualities were beatious as his forme,
For maiden tongu'd he was and thereof free;
Yet if men mou'd him, were he such a forme
As oft twixt May and Aprill is to see,
When windes breath sweet, vntruly though they bee.
His rudensse so with his authoriz'd youth,
Did liuer falsenesse in a pride of truth.

Wel could hee ride, and often men would say
That horse his mettell from his rider takes
Proud of subjection, noble by the swaie,
What rounds, what bounds, what course what stope he
And controversie hence a question takes,
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his mannad'g, by'eth wel doing Steed.

But quickly on this sde the verdict went,
His reall habitude gaue life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplisht in him-selfe not in his case:
All sayd them-selues made fairer by their place,
Can for addicions, yet their purpoze trimme
Peece'd not his grace but were al grac'd by him.

So on the tip of his subduing tongue
A Lover's

All kinds of arguments and question deep,
All replication prompt, and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep,
To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weeper.
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will.

That hee didde in the general bosome raigne
Of young, of old, and sexes both enchanted,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remaine
In personal duty, following where he hauntes,
Content's bewitcht, ere he desire have granted,
And dialogu'd for him what he would say,
Askt their own wils and made their wils obey.

Many there were that did his picture gette
To serue their eies, and in it put their mind,
Like fools that in th' imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd,
And labouring in more pleasures to bestow them,
Then the true gouty Land-lord which doth owe them.

So many haue that never toucht his hand
Sweetly suppos'd them mistresse of his heart:
My wosfull selfe that did in freedome stand,
And was my owne see simple (not in part)
What with his art in youth and youth in art
Throw my affections in his charmed power,
Refer'd the stalkes and gave him at my flower.

Yet did I not as some my equals did
Demand of him, nor being desired yeilded.
Finding my selfe in honour so forbidde,
With safest distance I mine honour sheelded,
Experience for me many but warkes builded
Of proofs new bleeding which remaind the soile
Of this false jewell, and his amorous spoile.

But ah who euer shun'd by precedent,
The destru't dill she must her selfe assay,
Or for'd examples gainst her owne content;
To put the by-past perils in her way?
Counsaile may stop a while what will not stay:
For when we rage, advice is often seen
By blunting vs to make our wits more keene.

Nor giues it satisfaction to our blood,
That wee must curbe it vpon others proofe,
To be forbod the sweets that seemes so good,
For feare of harmes that preach in our behoofe;
O appetite from judgement stand aloofe!
The one a pallate hath that needs will taste,
Though reason wepe and cry it is thy laft.

For further I could say this mans vntrue,
And knew the patternes of his soule beguiling,
Heard where his plants in others Orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were guilded in his smiling,
Knew vowe, wer euer brokers to defiling,
Thought Characters and words meerly but art,
And bastards of his soule adulterat heart.

And long vpon these termes I held my City,
Till thus hee gan besiege me: Gentle maid &
Haue of my suffering youth some feeling pity
And be not of my holy vowees afraid,
Thats to ye sworne to none was euer said,
For feasts of love I haue bene call'd vnto
Till now did here inuite nor neuer vovv.

All my offences that abroad you see

Ase
A Lovers

Are errors of the blood none of the mind?
Loue made them not, with a sure they may be,
Where neither Party is nor trew nor kind,
They sought their shame that so their shame did find,
And so much leste of shame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproch containes,

Among the many that mine eyes haue seene,
Not one whose flame my hart so much as warmed,
Or my affection put to th, smallest seeene,
Or any of my leiturers euer Charmed,
Harme haue I done to them but none was harmed,
Kept hearts in liueries but mine owne was free,
And raignd commandung in his monarchy.

Looke heare what tributes wounded fancies sent me,
Of palyd pearles and rubies red as blood;
Figuring that they their passions like wise lent me
Of greefe and blushes, aptly understand;
In bludleffe white, and the encrimson'd mood,
Effects of terror and deare modesty,
Encampt in hearts but fighting outwardly.

And Lo behold these tallents of their heir,
With twishted mettle amorously empeach:
I haue receau'd from many a feueral faire,
Their kind acceptance, weepingly beseecch,
With th'annexions of faire gems inricht,
And deepe brain'd sonnets that did amplifie:

The Diamond? why twas beautifull and hard,
Where to his inuirt'd properties did tend,
The deepe greene Emitral in whose fresh regard,
Weake sights their sickly radience do amend.
The heauen hewed Saphir and the Opall blend

With
With objects manyfold; each severall stone,
With wit well blazond smil'd or made some more.

Lo all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensiu'd and sobdew'd desirest the tender,
Nature hath charg'd me that I hoard them not,
But yeld them vp where I my selfe must render:
That is to you my origin and ender:
For these of force mus your oblaiions be,
Since I their Aulters, you enpatrone me.

Oh then advance (of yours) that phraseles hand,
Whose white weigthes downe the airy scale of praise,
Take all these families to your owne command,
Hollowed with signes that burning lungen did raise:
What me your minister for you obaiies
Workes vnder you, and to your audit comes
Their diuert parcells, in combined summes.

Lo this device was sent me from a Nun,
Or Sister sanctified of holiest note,
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest hauings made the blossoms dote,
For she was sought by spirits of richeft cote,
But kept cold distance, and did thence remoue,
To spend her liuing in eternall loue.

But oh my sweet what labour is to leave,
The thing we haue not, mastring what not strives,
Playing the Place which did no forme receive,
Playing patient sports in vnconstraine giues,
She that her fame so to her selfe contriuces,
The scarres of battaile scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

Oh pardon me in that my boast is true,
ALOYVERs

The accident which brought me to her eie,
Upon the moment did her force subdew, 
And now she would the caged cloister flie:
Religious love put out religions eye:
Not to be tempted would she enur'd,
And now to tempt all liberty procure.

How mightie then you are, Oh heare me tell, 
The broken bosoms that to me belong,
Have emptied all their fountaines in my well:
And mine I powre your Ocean all amonge: 
I strong ore them and you ore me being strong, 
Must for your victorie vs all conget,
As compound love to philick your cold brest.

My parts had powre to charme a sacred Sunne, 
Who disciplin'd I dixted in grace, 
Belecu'd her eies,when they t'affaile begun, 
All vowes and consecrations giuing place: 
O most potentiall love,vowe, bond, nor space 
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confines
For thou art all and all things els are thine.

When thou impressest what are precepts worth 
Of stale example?when thou wilt inflame, 
How coldly those impediments stand forth 
Of wealth of filiall feare,lawe, kindred fame, (shame 
Loues armes are peace, gainst rule, gainst fence, gainst 
And sweetens in the suffring pangues it beares, 
The Alloes of all forces, shockes and feares.

Now all these hearts that doe on mine depend, 
Feeling it breake,with bleeding groanes they pine, 
And supplicant their sighes to you extend 
To leae the battrie that you make gainst mine, 
Lending lost audience, to my sweet designe, 

And
COMPLAINT.
And credent soule, to that strong bonded oth,
That shall preferv, and undertake my troth.

This said, his wakre eyes he did dismount,
Whose sightses till then were leaueld on my face,
Each cheeke a river running from a fount,
With brynlel current downe-ward flowed a pace:
Oh how the channell to the streame gave grace!
Who glaz'd with Christall gate the glowing Roses,
That flame through water which their hew incloses,

Oh father, what a hell of witch-craft lies,
In the small orb of one particular tear?
Put with the invndation of the eies:
What rocky heart to water will not weare?
What breft so cold that is not warmed hear,
Or cleft effect, cold modesty hot wrath:
Both fire from hence, and chill extinguere bath.

For loe his passion but an art of craft,
Euen there resolu'd my reason into teares,
There my white stole of chastity I daft,
Shooke off my sober gardes, and euill teares,
Appeare to him as he to me appeares:
All melting, though our drops this difference bore,
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

In him a plentitude of subtle matter,
Applied to Cauntills, all straing formes receive,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or sounding paleness; and he takes and leaues,
In eithers aptnesse as it best deceives:
To blush at speeches ranck, to wepe at woes
Or to turne white and found at tragick showes.

That not a heart which in his leuell came,
The Lovers

Could escape the hate of his all hurting'ayme,
Shewing faire Nature is both kinde and tame:
And vaile in them did winne whom he would make,
Against the thing he sought, he would exclaime,
When he most burnt in hart-wisht luxurie,
He preacht pure maide, and praisd old chastitie.

Thus meerely with the garment of a grace,
The naked and concealed feind he couerd,
That th' vnexperient gaue the tempter place,
Which like a Cherubin aboue them houerd,
Who young and simple would not be so louerd.
Aye me! I fell, and yet do question make,
What I should doe againe for such a snake.

O that infected moysture of his eye,
O that false fire which in his cheeke so glowed,
O that for'd thunder from his heart did flye,
O that sad breath his spunge lungs bestowed,
O all that borrowed motion seeming owed,
Would yet againe betray the fore-betrayed,
And new peruert a reconciled Maide.

FINIS.
LONDON
HENRY FROWDE, M.A.
PUBLISHER TO THE UNIVERSITY
OF OXFORD
SHAKESPEARES
PERICLES

BEING A REPRODUCTION IN FACSIMILE OF
THE FIRST EDITION
1609

FROM THE COPY IN THE MALONE COLLECTION
IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY

WITH INTRODUCTION AND BIBLIOGRAPHY

BY

SIDNEY LEE

OXFORD: AT THE CLARENDON PRESS
MDCCCCCV
OXFORD
PHOTOGRAPHS AND LETTERPRESS
BY HORACE HART, M.A.
PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY
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ILLUSTRATIVE TITLE-PAGE—

| The Edition of 1611                               | 40   |

FACSIMILE OF THE EDITION OF 1609
The play of *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, dramatizes a tale of great antiquity and world-wide popularity. The fiction deals with the adventurous travels of an apocryphal hero, called Apollonius of Tyre, who in the play is re-christened Pericles. The vein is frankly pagan. The story was doubtless first related in a Greek novel of the first or second century A.D. The incidents of a father's incestuous love for his daughter, of adventures arising from storms at sea, of captures by pirates, of the abandonment for dead of living persons, are very common features of Greek novels of the period. But the Greek text has not survived. It is in a Latin translation that the story enjoyed its vogue through the Middle Ages. More than a hundred mediaeval manuscripts of the Latin version are extant, of which one at least dates from the ninth century.\(^1\) The Latin version was printed about 1470 for the first time, but the volume has no indication of place or date of production.\(^2\)

Meanwhile the Latin tale was rendered into almost all the vernacular languages of Europe—not only into Italian, Its European vogue.

\(^1\) There are eleven in the British Museum.

\(^2\) A vast amount of energy has been devoted in Germany to a study of the story of Apollonius of Tyre in the Latin version, and of its developments and analogues in modern languages. A useful summary of results, with a good account of the vast German literature on the subject, will be found in Mr. Albert H. Smyth's *Shakespeare's Pericles and Apollonius of Tyre: a study in comparative literature*, Philadelphia, 1898. A valuable paper by N. Delius on the play 'Ueber Shakespeare's *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*', in *Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft*, 1868 (iii), pp. 175-204, should be read with papers by Mr. F. G. Fleay (in his *Shakespeare Manual*, 1878, pp. 299-23), and by Mr. Robert Boyle on 'Wilkins' share in the play called *Pericles*, 1882.
Spanish, Provençal, French, and English, but also into German, Danish, Swedish, Dutch, and mediaeval Greek. It found its way into cyclopaedias of mediaeval learning like Godfrey de Viterbo's *Pantheon* (c. 1186), and into the popular collection of stories, *Gesta Romanorum*, in which it figured from the fourteenth century onwards. A version was included in Belleforest's *Histoires tragiques* (t. vii, Histoire cxviii, pp. 113-206, 1604), a French compendium of popular fiction which had an universal vogue; it was there described as 'une histoire tirée du grec'.

In English the earliest version belongs to the eleventh century. A manuscript of that date is in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. At the end of the fourteenth century the poet Gower introduced an original English rendering into his *Confessio Amantis*. An English translation of a French prose version was made by Robert Copland, and was printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1510. In 1576 the tale was again 'gathered into English [prose] by Laurence Twine, gentleman?', under the title: 'The Patterne of painefull Aduentures, Containing the most excellent, pleasant, and variable Historie of the strange accidents that befell vnto Prince Apollonius, the Lady Lucina his wife and Tharsia his daughter. Wherein the vncertaintie of this world, and the fickle state of mans life are liuely described. Gathered into English by Lavrence Twine Gentleman. Imprinted at London by William How. 1576.'

The book was licensed by the Stationers' Company to the printer and publisher, William How, July 17, 1576, thus: 'Willm Howe. Receyved of him, for his licence to ymprint a booke intituled the most excellent pleasant and variable historie of the strange adventures of prince Apollonius, Lucina his wife, and Tharsa his Daughter.... viijd.' No copy of How's edition is known. Only a copy of the third edition now seems accessible. This is in the Bodleian Library, and has the imprint, 'Printed at London by Valentine Sims, 1607.' The second undated edition bore the imprint, 'Imprinted at London
volume was twice reissued (about 1595 and in 1607) before the play was attempted. The translator, Laurence Twine, a graduate of All Souls College, Oxford, performed his task without distinction.

The reissue in 1607 of Twine’s English rendering of the old Latin story of Apollonius of Tyre may have suggested the dramatization of the theme. But those who were responsible for the effort did not seek their material alone in Twine’s verbose narrative. They based their work on the earlier, briefer, and more spirited version in Gower’s *Confessio Amantis*. That poem, which was first printed by Caxton in 1483, was twice reprinted in the sixteenth century by Thomas Berthelet in 1532 and 1554, and the latest edition was generally accessible at the beginning of the seventeenth century. A prominent feature of the Shakespearean play is ‘the chorus’ or ‘presenter’ who explains the action before or during the acts. The ‘chorus’ takes the character of the poet Gower. Of his eight speeches (filling in all 305 lines), five (filling 212 lines) are in the short six- or seven-syllable rhyming couplets of Gower’s *Confessio*. Abundant internal details corroborate the professed claim of the writers to dramatize Gower’s version of the ancient story. Twine’s volume only furnished occasional embellishment. Most of the characters bear the names which figure in Gower’s story. All differ materially from those in Twine’s version.

Not that the drama fails to deviate on occasion from the path which Gower followed. At three points the nomenclature of the play differs from all the authorities. In Gower

by Valentine Simmes for the Widow Newman’; a copy was formerly in E. V. Utterson’s library and sold at his sale in 1854 for £7 7s. cd.; this was reprinted in Collier’s *Shakespeare’s Library*, 1843, i. 182–257 (re-edited by W. C. Hazlitt, pt. i, vol. iv, 247–334).
Pericles' wife has no name, and the daughter is called Thaisé. In Twine the wife is called Lucina and the daughter Tarsia. In the Shakespearean play the wife is called Thaisa, and the daughter is christened Marina—a cognomen for which there is no suggestion in the old narratives. But the most notable change of all is in the name of the hero. Throughout the previous literature on the subject he is known solely as Apollonius of Tyre. The name of Pericles naturally suggests the Athenian statesman, who would be familiar to any reader of Plutarch. The Pericles of the drama seems, by way of justifying his Athenian designation, to emphasize his 'education in arts and arms' (ii. 3. 82). But the name is something more than an echo of Athenian history. It is a reminiscence of Pyrocles, one of the heroes of Sidney’s romance of Arcadia. In the early scenes of the play, too, many expressions reflect a recent study of Sidney’s romance.

The play, whatever literary merit attaches to a small portion of it, proves, as a whole, that the old story of Apollonius' travels is ill adapted to drama. The action is far too multifarious to present a homogeneous effect. The scene rambles confusedly by sea from Antioch to Tyre, Tarsus, Mytilene, Ephesus, and Pentapolis. The events cover too long a period of time to render them probable or indeed intelligible in representation. At least nine months separate the last scene of Act ii, where the hero’s marriage is celebrated, from the first scene of Act iii, where his first child is born; a year elapses between Scenes 2 and 3 of the latter Act, and as many as fourteen years pass between its close, where the child figures as an infant of one year, and the opening of...

1 Richard Flecknoe, writing of the play in 1650, called the hero Pyrocles. Musidorus, the other hero of Sidney’s romance, had already supplied the title of another romantic play, Mucedorus, which appeared in 1595.
PERICLES

Act iv, where she is a full-grown woman. The choruses, which are themselves interrupted by dumb-shows, supply essential links in the narrative. They ‘stand i’ the gaps to teach the stages of the story’. The whole construction gives the impression of clumsy incoherence.\(^1\) Dryden, when defending the construction of his own play, *The Conquest of Granada*, in 1672, instanced *Pericles* and the ‘Historical Plays of Shakespeare’ as illustrative of the awkward practice of dramatists of the past in working on ‘some ridiculous, incoherent story, which in one play many times took up the business of an age’. The censure is fully applicable to *Pericles*.

The play was produced in the spring of 1608 at the Globe Theatre by the King’s Company of players, of which Shakespeare was a member. On May 20 of that year a licence was secured for its publication. The drama was published, with a title-page bearing the date 1609\(^2\) and assigning the authorship to ‘William Shakespeare’.

II

The literary quality of the bulk of the play, and some external evidence, refute the assertion of the title-page of 1609 that Shakespeare was sole author of the drama. Such testimony as the title-page offers counts in itself for little. There are several instances of the appearance of Shakespeare’s

\(^1\) In 1656 Richard Flecknoe, in his *Diarium*, p. 96, has the epigram:—

‘On the play of the life and death of Pyrocles.’

*Ars longa, vita brevis, as they say,*

*But who inverts that saying made this play.*

\(^2\) The conjecture that there was an edition of 1608 is uncorroborated. The statement that the Duke of Roxburghe’s copy of the First Quarto (now in the Boston Public Library, No. VII infra) bore the date 1608 is untrue. Some sentences in the fishermen’s talk in *Pericles*, Act ii, Sc. 1, are closely copied in John Day’s comedy called *Law Tricks*, which was undoubtedly published in 1608. But the fishermen’s talk was generally reproduced in Wilkins’ novel of 1608, and Day might have read it there.
name on volumes with which he had no concern. Apart from the poetic anthology called *The Passionate Pilgrim* (1599), which was described on the title-page as 'by William Shakespeare', the initials 'W. S.' had been fraudulently paraded on the title-page of the play *Locrine* as early as 1595, and they had reappeared with no greater justification on the title-pages of the plays, *Lord Cromwell* and *The Puritaine*, in 1602 and 1607 respectively. Furthermore, Shakespeare's full surname had adorned the title-pages of no less than three plays for which others were responsible. In 1600 *The first part of the true & honourable history of the life of Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham*, which was printed for T. P. (i.e. Thomas Pavier), bore the words on the title-page, 'Written by William Shakespeare.' Five years later a comedy entitled, *The London Prodigall*, which was printed by T. C. for Nathaniel Butter, bore on its title-page the words, 'By William Shakespeare.' Finally, in 1608, the year in which *Pericles* was licensed for the press, *A Yorkshire Tragedy* was 'printed by R. B. for Thomas Pavier', and bore on the title-page the words, 'Written by W. Shakespeare.' That Shakespeare had any hand in any of these six pieces to which his initials or his full name were attached may be confidently denied. The introduction of his name was a publisher's device, and was intended to deceive the unwary.

The assignment of the whole play of *Pericles* to Shakespeare in 1609 was a transaction in the vein of the publisher of *The Passionate Pilgrim*. It was less reprehensible than such ventures as *Locrine, Lord Cromwell, The Puritaine, Sir John Oldcastle, The London Prodigall*, and *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, because there is good evidence that while Shakespeare had no hand in full two-thirds of the piece, he and he alone was responsible for the remaining one-third. The greater part of Acts iii and v and some portions of Act iv may without much hesitation
be assigned to Shakespeare's pen. A scattered line or two here and there at other points of the play have a Shakespearean ring, but nowhere else is there any sustained evidence of Shakespeare's handiwork. Most of the other scenes are penned in a "clipt jargon" which lacks his literary feeling.

All the Shakespearean scenes deal with the story of Pericles' daughter, Marina. They open with the tempest at sea during which she is born, and they close with her final restoration to her parents and her betrothal. The language is throughout in Shakespeare's latest manner. The ellipses are often puzzling. The condensed thought is intensely vivid, and glows with strength and insight. The blank verse adapts itself, in defiance of strict metrical law, to every phase of sentiment. The themes of Shakespeare's contributions to the play anticipate many of those which occupied him in his latest work. The tone of Marina's appeals to Lysimachus and Boult in the brothel resembles that of Isabella's speeches in *Measure for Measure*. Thaisa, whom her husband Pericles imagines to be dead, shares some of the experiences of Hermione in *The Winter's Tale*. The picture of the shipwreck which accompanies Marina's birth adumbrates the opening scene of *The Tempest*; and there are ingenuous touches in the portrayal of Marina herself which suggest the girlhood of Perdita.

The most reasonable explanation of the manner of Shakespeare's association with the piece is suggested by Coleridge. According to Coleridge, *Pericles* illustrated "the way in which Shakespeare handled a piece he had to refit for representation. At first he proceeded with indifference, only now and then troubling himself to put in a thought or an image, but as he advanced he interested himself in his employment, and [large portions of the last three acts] are almost
entirely by him'. This explanation absolves Shakespeare's responsibility for the choice of the intractable plot and for the piece's clumsy construction. The effect of his own work is impaired by such dominant features as those. The dramatic intensity, which colours the scenes in which Pericles recognizes his long-lost daughter and wife, is weakened by the duplication, which the plot requires, of the motive within very narrow limits of space. Shakespeare's interposition failed to relieve materially the strain of improbability which is inherent in the ancient story. The play as a whole fills a secondary rank in any catalogue raisonné of dramatic literature.

There seems good ground for assuming that the play of Pericles was originally penned by George Wilkins, and that it was over his draft that Shakespeare worked. Wilkins was a dramatist of humble attainments who had already produced, either alone or in collaboration with others, plays for the King's Company at the Globe Theatre, which included Shakespeare among its members and first produced Pericles. In 1607 Wilkins had published under his own name a piece called The Miseries of Inforst Mariage—a popular domestic tragi-comedy, of which the plot was treated anew in the following year in A Yorkshire Tragedy, one of the pieces fraudulently assigned by publishers to Shakespeare. Both The Miseries and A Yorkshire Tragedy were performed by Shakespeare's company of actors at the Globe. Although the characters and plot are very different from those of Pericles, there is sufficient resemblance between the rhetorical vehemence and syntactical incoherence of passages in the non-Shakespearean part of Pericles and in Wilkins' Miseries to render it possible that both came from the same pen.¹

¹ The suggestion that the prose portions of the brothel scenes were from the pen of a third coadjutor rests on more shadowy ground. Some critics
One curious association of Wilkins with the play of *Pericles* is attested under his own hand. He published in his own name a novel in prose which he plainly asserted to be based upon the play. The novel preceded the publication of the drama. The evidence of the filial relation in which the romance stands to the play is precisely stated alike in the title-page of the former and in ‘The Argument to the Whole Historie’. The title runs:—*The Painfull Adventures of Pericles Prince of Tyre. Being the true History of the Play of Pericles*, as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient Poet John Gower. *At London* | *Printed by T. P. for Nat: Butter*, | 1608.  

In the Argument the reader is requested to receive this Historie in the same manner as it was under the habite of ancient Gower, the famous English Poet, by the King’s Maiesties Players excellently presented.

Wilkins’ novel follows the play closely in its general outline. The preliminary ‘Argument’ of the whole ‘Historie’ precisely summarizes the plot. There follows a list of the scenes, which Wilkins assigns to William Rowley, a professional collaborator who contributed scenes to a large number of plays designed by others. Rowley was undoubtedly capable of the *Pericles* brothel scenes, but they do not seem beyond the scope of Wilkins, who treats them with considerable fullness in the novel which he based on the play of *Pericles*.

In the centre of the title-page is a rough woodcut portrait of the poet Gower. Only two copies of the novel are known, and of these only one is quite perfect. Some fragments of a third copy belonged to John Payne Collier. The copy in the British Museum, which formerly belonged to Nassau and Heber successively, lacks the dedication which is addressed to Master Henry Fermor, one of the Justices of the Peace for the County of Middlesex, and is signed ‘George Wilkins’. The other copy, which is quite perfect, is in the public library at Zürich, and was reprinted at Oldenburg by Prof. Tycho Mommsen in 1857, with an introduction by John Payne Collier. The Zürich copy seems to have been purchased in London about 1614 by Johann Rudolph Hess, of Zürich (1588-1655). It subsequently belonged to a Swiss poet, Martin Usteri (1741-1827). The ‘T. P.’ by whom the novel was printed (‘Printed by T. P. for Nat: Butter’) was the printer Thomas Purfoot, junior. He must not be confused with the bookseller Thomas Pavier, who published under the same initials, ‘T. P.’, the 1619 edition of the play of *Pericles*.  

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Pericles
'dramatis personae' headed 'The names of the Personages mentioned in the Historie', which is not to be found in the play but seems to belong to it. But there are places in which the novel develops incidents which are barely noticed in the play, and elsewhere the play is somewhat fuller than the novel. At times the language of the drama is exactly copied, and, though it is transferred to prose, it preserves the rhythm of blank verse.'

The novel is far more carefully printed than the play, and corrects some of the manifold corruptions of the printed text of the latter. One or two phrases which have the Shakespearean ring are indeed found alone in the play. The novel may be credited with embodying some few lines from Shakespeare's pen, which exist nowhere else.²

But this point cannot be pressed very far. The discrepancies and resemblances between the two texts alike suggest that Wilkins followed a version of the play, which did not embody the whole of Shakespeare's revision. There is much in Wilkins' prose which appears to present passages

¹ Take, for example, Pericles' account of himself in the novel and the play. The passage runs in the play thus (ii. 3. 81-5):—

A Gentleman of Tyre, my name Pericles,
My education beene in Artes and Armes:
Who looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough Seas reft of Ships and men,
and after shipwracke, druen vpon this shore.

In the novel the passage runs (in the third person) as follows:—A gentleman of Tyre, his name Pericles, his education been in arts and arms, who, looking for adventures in the world, was by the rough and unconstant seas, most unfortunately bereft both of ships and men, and, after shipwreck, thrown upon that shore.'

² When Pericles greets his new-born babe Marina on shipboard (iii. 1. 30 sqq.), he exclaims in the play:—

Thou art the rudelyest welcome to this world,
That ever was Prince's Child.

In the novel his speech opens thus:—'Poor Inch of nature, thou art as rudely welcome to the world as ever Princesse Babe was,' &c. 'Poor Inch of nature' is undoubtedly a Shakespearean touch which the transcriber of the play for the press overlooked.
from the play in a state anterior to Shakespeare's final revision.
If we assume Wilkins to be author of the greater part of the play, we must conclude that in the novel he paraphrased his own share more thoroughly than the work of his revising coadjutor, or that he retained in the novel passages which his collaborator cut out or supplantled in the play. ¹

III

Of the popularity of the piece, both on the stage and among readers, there is very ample evidence. There were at least six editions issued within twenty-six years of its production, two in 1609, and one in each of the years 1611, 1619, 1630, and 1635. The title-page of the early editions, all of which announced the work to be by Shakespeare, described it as 'the late and much admired play', and noted that it had 'been diuers and sundry times acted'. Not more than six plays of Shakespeare were printed more frequently in quarto within the same period of time. It was, however, excluded from the First Folio of 1623 and from the Second Folio of 1632. Together with the six spurious plays which had been fraudulently assigned to Shakespeare in his lifetime, it was appended to a reissue of

¹ For example, Marina's appeals to Lysimachus and to Boult in the brothel scene, iv. 6, are far longer in the novel than in the play, yet they obviously come from the latter, at an earlier stage of its development than that which is represented by the printed text. One of Marina's speeches in the novel (p. 66) ends thus:—'O my good Lord, kill me, but not deflower me, punish me how you please, so you spare my chastitie, and since it is all the dowry that both the Gods haue giuen, and men haue left to me, do not you take it from me; make me your seruant, I will willingly obey you; make mee your bondwoman, I will accompt it freedome; let me be the worst that is called vile, so I may liue honest, I am content: or if you think it is too blessed a happinesse to haue me so, let me even now, now in this minute die, and Ie accompt my death more happy than my birth.' A very slight transposition of the words, with an occasional omission, would restore this passage to the blank verse from which it was obviously paraphrased.
the Third Folio in 1664 and to the Fourth Folio of 1685. Some doubt clearly lurked in the minds of Shakespeare's earliest editors as to the extent of his responsibility for the piece.

 Numerous references to the piece in contemporary literature attest the warm welcome which the public extended to its early representations. As early as 1609 some popular doggerel entitled 'Pimlyco or Runne Red-cap. Tis a mad world at Hogsdon' (Sig. C i, line 6) included the lines:—

 Amazde I stood, to see a Crowd Of Civill Throats stretchd out so lowd; (As at a New-play) all the Roomes Did swarme with Gentiles mix'd with Groomes, So that I truly thought all These Came to see Shore¹ or Pericles.

 In the prologue to Robert Tailor's comedy, The Hogge hath lost his Pearle, 1614, the writer says of his own piece:—

 If it prove so happy as to please, Weele say 'tis fortunate like Pericles.

 On May 24, 1619, the piece was performed at Court on the occasion of a great entertainment in honour of the French ambassador, the Marquis de Trenouille. The play was still popular in 1630 when Ben Jonson, indignant at the failure of his own piece, The New Inn, sneered at 'some mouldy tale like Pericles' in his sour ode beginning 'Come leave the lothed stage'. On June 10, 1631, the piece was revived before a crowded audience at the Globe Theatre 'upon the cessation of the plague'. At the Restoration

¹ Shore may be the play by Thomas Heywood, printed in 1600, entitled The first and second parts of King Edward the Fourth &c. It presents the whole story of Jane Shore.
Pericles renewed its popularity in the theatre, and Betterton was much applauded in the title rôle.

From an early date critics were divided as to its merits. An admirer, Samuel Sheppard, in 1646, in *The Times Displayed* blindly instanced the piece as that work of 'great Shakespeare' wherein he outran the powers of Aristophanes. Owen Feltham, in 1630, wrote more intelligibly of 'th' unlikely plot' of pieces that 'do displease As deep as *Pericles*'. Another poet, John Tatham, who personally approved the play, quoted in 1652 some current censure which condemned *Pericles* as one of Shakespeare's conspicuous failures:—

But *Shakespeare*, the *Plebean Driller¹*, was Founder'd in's *Pericles*, and must not pass.

A greater critic, Dryden, took a low view of the piece, although he never doubted Shakespeare's responsibility. He wrongly excused the incompetence that he detected in it on the ground that it was Shakespeare's first experiment in drama (Prologue to Charles Davenant's *Circe, 1684*):—

*Shakespeare's own Muse her *Pericles* first bore,
The Prince of *Tyre* was elder than the *Moore*.

Although the exclusion of the piece from the Folios of 1623 and 1632 may have been due to suspicion of Shakespeare's full responsibility, the belief that Shakespeare was author, not of the whole play, but only of those scenes which are dominated by Marina, was not expressly stated till 1738. On August 1 in that year the dramatist George Lillo produced at Covent Garden Theatre an adaptation of the later portions of the drama in a piece entitled *Marina; a play in three Acts*. In the prologue the author, although no professional critic,

¹ Driller is probably a misprint for 'droller'.

C 2
displayed a saner judgement regarding Shakespeare's part in
the composition of Pericles than any previous writer:—

We dare not charge the whole unequal play
Of Pericles on him; yet let us say,
As gold though mix'd with baser matter shines,
So do his bright inimitable lines
Throughout those rude wild scenes distinguish'd stand,
And shew he touch'd them with no sparing hand.

Dr. Farmer was the earliest professed critic to accept
Lillo's suggestion. In 1766 he pronounced Shakespeare's hand
to be visible in certain scenes and in those only. He as
stoutly opposed the attribution of the whole to Shakespeare
as the complete withdrawal of the piece from his record.
No subsequent Shakespearean commentator of repute has
questioned in substance the justice of Dr. Farmer's verdict.

IV

Much mystery surrounds the original publication of the
play in 1609. The Stationers' Registers show that on
May 20, 1608, Edward Blount, the most cultivated publisher
of the day, obtained a licence for its publication. The
entry runs:—

[1608] 20 Maij
Entred [to Edward Blount] for his copie under thandes
of Sir George Buck knight and Master Warden Seton A booke
called. The booke of Pericles prync of Tyre vjd.¹

On the same day Blount also obtained a licence for 'A
booke Called Anthony and Cleopatra'. In spite of these grants
Blount had no hand in publishing Pericles. Nor is Antony and
Cleopatra known to have been published till seventeen years

¹ Arber, iii. 378.
had passed away, when it appeared in the First Folio of 1623, of which Blount was one of the syndicate of five publishers.

Pericles was published in 1609 by Henry Gosson. Gosson was an undistinguished 'stationer', although his family had been for some time closely connected with the trade. He was apprenticed to his father, Thomas Gosson, who was in active business from 1579 to 1600, and died early in 1601. Henry was admitted a freeman of the Company *per patrimonium* on August 3, 1601, his widowed mother, Alice Gosson, standing surety. In 1603 he established himself at the sign of the 'Sun' in Paternoster Row, where Pericles was published six years later. He mainly confined himself to chapbooks, pamphlets of news, and ballads, but most of the occasional works of John Taylor, the Water Poet, were issued by him.

Gosson employed many printers, and it is not easy to identify the press to which he entrusted his 'copy' of Pericles. But there is some ground for assuming that it came from that of William Jones, in Ship Alley, Red Cross Street. Jones, who served his apprenticeship with a man of position in the trade, John Windet, took up his freedom in 1596, and carried on a small printing business from 1601 to 1626. The form of imprint on the title-page of Gosson's edition of Pericles associates it nearly with a quarto pamphlet in prose by George Wilkins, which Jones printed for Gosson (without date) about 1605.\(^1\)

\(^1\) The elder Gosson took up his freedom on February 4, 1577, as the apprentice of Thomas Purfoote. Besides Henry, he had two sons, Edward and Richard, both apprenticed to the Stationers; but they never reached the rank of freemen of the Company.

\(^2\) The pamphlet is entitled 'Three Miseries of Barbary', and the imprint runs: 'Printed by W. I. for Henry Gosson, and are to be sold in Pater Noster Rowe at the signe of the Sunne.' There is a copy in the British Museum. All excepting the prefatory page is in black letter. In 1606 Gosson employed the veteran, James Roberts, to print for him in quarto a prose
There is no notice in the Stationers’ Register of a transfer of the copyright of *Pericles* from Blount to Gosson. It may be that Gosson issued the work in defiance of Blount’s just claim to it, or that Blount tacitly withdrew his pretensions owing to inability to obtain an authentic copy of the piece. The incoherence of the text in the first edition, the carelessness with which it was printed and produced, indicates that the ‘copy’ followed some hasty and unauthorized transcript, and that the type was not corrected by an intelligent proof-reader. Malone asserted with truth—‘There is I believe no play of our author’s, perhaps I might say in the English language, so incorrect as this. The most corrupt of Shakespeare’s other dramas, compared with *Pericles*, is purity itself.’

That the text was not derived from an authentic manuscript is proved most clearly by the circumstance that a very large portion of the blank verse is printed as prose, or is cut up into lines of unequal length (each beginning with a capital letter), which ignores all metrical characteristics. In the last two acts, in which figure many speeches from Shakespeare’s pen, very little of the verse escapes the disguise of prose.

translation from the Italian ‘Newes from Rome’, and in 1608 he commissioned Robert Raworth to print a new quarto edition in black letter of his father’s copyright, ‘The Contention betweene three brethren. The Whore-Monger, the Drunkard, and the Dice-Player.’ Raworth’s press had just reopened, after a temporary suppression on account of his endeavour to infringe Leake’s copyright by printing an unauthorized edition of Shakespeare’s *Venus and Adonis*. But such small evidence as exists suggests that William Jones was responsible for *Pericles*, rather than either Roberts or Raworth.


2. Act iii, Sc. 3 offers a good example of the method of printing blank verse. It is a short scene, consisting, when printed properly, of no more than forty-one lines. Not one line is printed in accordance with the requirements of the metre. A dozen of the blank verse lines are printed as prose. All the others are combined in different lengths, each beginning with a capital, and are robbed of metrical significance. Cf. also iii. 4. 4–11; iv. 1. 1–8, 31–42, 72–81; iv. 6. 101–27 (the scene of Marina with Lysimachus).
All Marina's verse in Act iv is so disguised. In some of the early scenes blank verse is suffered suddenly to masquerade as prose, and then resumes its correct garb. At other times two lines are run into one (cf. ii. 3. 60-1; ii. 5. 4-5, 42-3); or one line is set out in two (cf. ii. 4. 25). Elsewhere prose is printed as irregular verse. The second fisherman’s final speech (ii. 1. 174-6) is printed thus:—

Wee’le sure prouide, thou shalt haue  
My best Gowne to make thee a paire;  
And Ile bring thee to the Court my selfe.

How Gosson acquired the corrupt ‘copy’ is not easily determined. The practice of taking down a piece in shorthand from the actor’s lips was not uncommon.\(^1\) There is

1 Plays were often ‘copied by the ear’. Thomas Heywood included in his Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas, 1637 (pp. 248-9), a prologue for the revival of an old play of his concerning Queen Elizabeth, called ‘If you know not me, you know Nobody’, of which he revised the acting version. Nathaniel Butter had published the first and second editions of the piece in 1605 and 1608, and Thomas Pavier the third in 1610. In a prose note preceding the new prologue the author denounced the printed edition as ‘the most corrupted copy, which was published without his consent’. In the prologue itself, Heywood declared that the piece had on its original production on the stage pleased the audience:

So much that some by stenography drew  
The plot, put it in print, scarce one word true.  
And in that lameness it hath limpt so long  
The Author now to vindicate that wrong  
Hath took the pains, upright upon its feet,  
To teach it walk, so please you sit and see’st.

Sermons and lectures were frequently described on their title-page as ‘taken by characterie’. (Cf. Stephen Egerton’s Lecture, 1589, and Sermons of Henry Smith, 1590 and 1591.) The popular system of Elizabethan shorthand was that devised by Timothy Bright in his ‘Characterie: An arte of shorte scriphte, and secrecte writing by character’, 1588. In 1590 Peter Bales devoted the opening section of his ‘Writing Schoolmaster’ to the ‘Arte of Brachygraphy’. In 1612 Sir George Buc, in his ‘Third Vniversitie of England’ (appended to Stow’s Chronicle), wrote of ‘the much-to-be-regarded Art of Brachygraphy’ (chap. xxxix), that it ‘is an Art newly discovered or newly recovered, and is of very good and necessary use, being well and honestly exercised, for, by the means and helpe thereof, they which know it can readily take a Sermon, Oration, Play, or any long speech, as they are spoke, dictated, acted, and uttered in the instant’. 

* A shorthand transcript.
a likelihood that Gosson commissioned a shorthand writer to report the piece in the theatre, or that at any rate he purchased a shorthand writer's notes. Many incoherences may be attributed to confused hearing, and the failure to respect the just metrical arrangements is hardly explicable in any other way.

Several of the least intelligible passages in the early editions can be with certainty restored to sense by reference to the corresponding passage in Wilkins' novel. A comparison of the shape that many words take respectively in novel and play shows beyond doubt that the play's incoherences are errors of the ear. In i. 4. 39 in the speech, in which Cleon, governor of Tarsus, describes the straits to which his subjects are put by the pending famine, a hopeless line runs:

Those pallats who not yet too sauers younger,
Must haue inuentions to delight the tast.

The novel shows the correct words are:

Those palates who not yet two summers younger, &c.

In Act ii, Prologue, 22 it is said of Helicanus, Pericles' deputy at Tyre, that he

Sau'd one of all that haps in Tyre.

The novel reads in like context that 'Helicanus let no occasion slip wherein hee might send word to Tharsus of what occurrents socuer had happened'. Sau'd one is an ignorant mishearing of 'sends word'.

In iii. 3. 29 Pericles vows:

All unsisterd shall this heyre of mine remayne.

The novel relates how Pericles vows that his 'head should grow unsisserd'.

The quotations in foreign languages are hopelessly mis-

1 In the novel it is said of the famine-stricken city that she 'not yet two summers younger did excell in pompe'. 
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printed from the same cause. In the Spanish motto (ii. 2. 27) the words 'Piu' and 'que' appear as 'Pue' and 'kee' respectively, and in the Latin motto (ii. 2. 30) the word 'pompae' is disguised as 'Pompey'.

Pericles was printed at least eight times in the course of the seventeenth century. Each edition differs from the other in minute points of typography. But no endeavour was made by the editors or printers to give intelligibility to the corrupted text or to respect the metrical intention of the authors until 1709, when Pericles was included in Nicholas Rowe's collection of Shakespeare's plays. Small literary interest attaches to the successive seventeenth-century editions. They present a curious picture of the progressive degradation of a text which was at the outset inexcusably corrupt.

Two editions were produced by Gosson in 1609, and it is difficult to determine which is the earlier. It is obvious that they are nearly related to one another. They closely resemble each other in their general incompetence. The title-pages are at all points identical. But the variations in spelling and typographic detail, which from the literary point of view are unimportant, are sufficiently numerous to prove that they represent two settings of the type, one of which followed the other with slight arbitrary changes. The ornamental initial letter 'T', at the opening of the text, is of different pattern in each edition. An occasional correction was introduced in the second setting, but it was usually balanced by the insertion elsewhere of a new misprint or misspelling, so that it is not easy to state that the text of one edition of 1609 is better than that of the other. The one is easily distinguished from the other by the first stage-direction, which in the one appears correctly 'Enter Gower', and in the other is misprinted 'Enter Gower'. The copy in the Malone collection in the
Bodleian Library, which is reproduced here in facsimile, has the 'Enter Gower' opening. Although certainty on the point is impossible, the 'Enter Gower' opening seems to be the mark of the first setting of the type.

The actual differences of reading are few. But on the whole the compositor of the 'Enter Gower' edition, who may be judged to have worked direct from the corrupt manuscript, seems to have been more careful than the compositor of the 'Enter Gower' edition, who worked from his colleague's proof.

Some of the misprints of the first compositor were avoided by the second. But the obvious misprints are more numerous in the second setting than in the first. Thus, where the first prints rightly *poison* (i. 2. 68), the other misprints *portion*. Similar examples are:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>In the 'Enter' (first) edition.</th>
<th>In the 'Enter' (second) edition.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>i. 1. 41. thee</td>
<td>hee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>i. 2. 55. plants</td>
<td>planets</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>93. spares</td>
<td>feares</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>iii. Chor. 53. fell</td>
<td>selfe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>iii. 1. 5. gently</td>
<td>dayly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60. give</td>
<td>bring</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>iii. 2. 91. there</td>
<td>their</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>iii. 3. 19. still</td>
<td>dayly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>iv. 1. 21. keep</td>
<td>weepc</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

* The 'Enter' copy has throughout on the left-hand page (even on the last left-hand page, which has no right-hand companion) the headline, 'The Play of; and on the right-hand 'Pericles, Prince of Tyre'; while the 'Enter' copy, which has on the right-hand page throughout the same heading ('Pericles, Prince of Tyre'), repeats those words on nineteen of the thirty-four left-hand pages of the text, and only on the remaining fifteen left-hand pages does 'The Play of' appear.
In the two following places neither text is right. But the ‘Enter’ (first) text is nearer the right reading than the ‘Enèer’ (second). In iii. 2. 93–4 the sense requires ‘warmth breathes’. The ‘Enter’ copy gives ‘warmth breath’, the ‘Enèer’ copy ‘warne breath’. In v. 1. 47 the sense requires ‘deafened’. The ‘Enter’ copy gives ‘defend’, the ‘Enèer’ copy ‘defended’.

At least three necessary words are omitted in the ‘Enèer’ copy, viz. ii. 1. 134 ‘to’; v. 71 ‘say’; iii. 1. 9 ‘as’.

Only one omission, and that a stage direction, is noticeable in the ‘Enèer’ copy, viz. ii. 5. 13 ‘Exit’.

The cases where the ‘Enèer’ (second) goes right and the ‘Enter’ (first) wrong are fewer. But they are not unimportant. The five most noticeable corrections are:

iii. 1. 66. Paper for Taper
iv. Chor. 17. ripe for right
iv. 6. 12. Caualeres (i.e. Cavaliers) for Caualereea
164. women-kinde for wemen-kinde
v. Chor. 20. fervor for former

Irregularities in spelling where the two editions differ merely reflect the caprices of the two compositors. A superfluous ‘-e’ following words, e.g. ‘booke’, ‘keepe’, ‘vnlesse’, ‘returne’, frequently occurs in both copies. But the words that have it in one copy often lack it in the other. Where the one copy reads ‘fruite’ and ‘fellowe’, the other copy reads ‘fruit’ and ‘fellow’. But the latter copy has ‘mountaine’ and ‘devoure’ though the former has ‘mountain’ and ‘devour’. Fifty words, which have the superfluous ‘-e’ in the ‘Enter’ (first) edition, are without it in the ‘Enèer’ (second) edition. Forty words, which have the same ending in the
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‘Enéer’ (second) edition, are without it in the ‘Enter’ (first) edition.

Similarly, capitals beginning common nouns within the line are distributed capriciously through both issues. But they do not appear in the same places in both copies. It may be estimated that the superfluous capital appears sixty-five times in the ‘Enter’ copy in places where it is absent from the other copy, and sixty-nine times in the ‘Enéer’ copy in places where it is absent from the ‘Enter’ edition. It is a peculiarity of the ‘Enter’ copies that a small letter distinguishes the word ‘king’ at the heading of the King’s speeches. In the ‘Enéer’ copy the ordinary form ‘King’ is invariable.

The edition of 1611 was ‘printed by S. S.’, i.e. Simon Stafford. No other name or initial appears in the imprint, but Gosson was in all probability the publisher again. It is a hasty badly-worked reprint page by page of the ‘Enéer’ (second) quarto. Except in one place the catchwords are identical. A few new misprints are introduced (e.g. i. 1. 10 ‘fit’ for ‘sit’, iv. 1. 87 ‘chaught’ for ‘caught’), and there are variations in the spelling (e.g. on title-page ‘History’ for ‘Historie’; ‘sayd’ for ‘said’ and ‘Maiestyes’ for ‘Maiesties’).

The edition of 1619 came from different hands. Pericles did not then reappear in an independent volume. It was appended to a new edition of The Whole Contention betweene . . . Lancaster and Yorke. With the Tragicall Ends of the

1 Stafford was originally a member of the Drapers’ Company, and became a freeman of the Stationers’ Company ‘by translation’ on May 7, 1599. His press was, before 1602, in Adling Street, on Adling Hill, ‘near Carter Lane Inn’ (now Addle Street, E.C.), and from 1602 onwards in Hosier Lane, near Smithfield. His more notable undertakings before 1609 were Richard Carew’s Survey of Cornwall for John Jaggard, in 1602, and the pre-Shakespearian play of King Lear for John Wright in 1605.
good Duke Humphrey, Richard, Duke of Yorke and King Henrie the sixt. Divided into two parts. (These two parts were early drafts of the second and third parts of Henry VI, which figured in a finally revised shape in the First Folio.) A new title-page introduces Pericles, but the signatures of the volume are continuous throughout. The title-pages of both The Whole Contention and Pericles bear the imprint 'Printed for T. P.' These initials are those of Thomas Pavier. He had acquired in a formal way the copyright of the first and second parts of Henry the vijth, ii. bookes as early as April 19, 1602, but he undertook no edition of any play relating to Henry VI before the volume of 1619. There is no entry of the transfer to Pavier of Gosson's interest in Pericles. But Pavier was long engaged in making an unprincipled use of Shakespeare's name, and he would probably be none too scrupulous in employing 'copy' which would serve his purpose. In 1608 he had issued A Yorkshire Tragedy . . . Written by W. Shakespeare with his own full name in the imprint, 'Printed by R. B. for Thomas Pauier', and in 1619 he produced a new edition of that spurious production with the same form of imprint as in the volume containing Pericles, 'Printed for T. P.'

1 Arber, iii, 304. The reference is probably to the Contention and the True Tragedy, the unrevised drafts of the second and third parts (not the first and second) of Shakespeare's Henry VI. Of both of these pieces Thomas Millington, who assigned the copyright to Pavier in 1602, had before that date issued two editions.

2 Pavier was originally a draper, and on June 3, 1600, was admitted 'by translation' a freeman of the Stationers' Company. In his will (P. C. C. 19 Hele) he speaks of the publisher William Barley as his master. From almost the date of his admission fines were exacted from him for irregular conduct; e.g. for causing Edward Allde to print a book contrary to order, October, 1602; and for selling an unauthorized edition of the Basilicon Doron on June 27, 1603. Nevertheless, he was admitted a liveryman on June 30, 1604. On August 14, 1600, he acquired the copyright in a large number of
ordinary way for *A Yorkshire Tragedy* on May 2, 1608; the work is described in the Stationers' Registers, iii. 377, thus: 'A booke called *A Yorkshire Tragedy* written by *Wylliam Shakespere*.'

Small change was made in Pavier's text of *Pericles*. It followed closely the 'Enter' (first) edition of 1609. But there are one or two rational emendations (cf. i. 2. 86 'thinke' for 'doe't', *recte* 'doubt'; i. 3. 34 'my' for 'now'; iv. 6. 28 'impunity' for 'iniquity'; v. i. 89 'weighed' for 'wayde').

In 1623 a syndicate of publishers produced the First Folio collected edition of Shakespeare's plays. *Pericles* was not included, either owing to Pavier's unreadiness to part with his interest, or to suspicions on the part of the editors of the First Folio as to the authenticity of the piece. Pavier carried on business till his death early in 1626, and apparently retained his claim to *Pericles* till the last. On August 14, 1626, his widow made over to Edward Brewster and Robert Bird all the estate, right, title, interest, of her late husband in some sixty specified volumes as well as 'in Shakespeare's plaies or any of them'. The specified books include *The play of Henry Fift, Sir John Oldcastle, A play Tytus and Andronicus, History of Hamblett*, all of which seem to have been treated as Shakespeare's work. *Pericles* was among the unspecified plays placed to Shakespeare's credit, which were included in the property made over by Pavier's widow to Bird and Brewster.

'things formerlye printed', including *The Historye of Henry the Fifth, with the Battell of Agencourt*, and *The Spanishe Tragedie*. He published two imperfect editions of Shakespeare's *Henry V* (in 1602 and 1608). On April 19, 1602, Pavier acquired from Thomas Millington, besides the two parts of *Henry VI*, 'a booke called Titus and Andronicus'; and on August 30, 1608, he received licence to publish *A history of Tytana and Theseus*, possibly a draft of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, of which nothing more is known. Arber, iii. 388.

1 Arber, iv. 164, 165.
In 1630 Bird produced a new edition of *Pericles*, which was printed by John Norton. Bird’s edition followed Pavier’s text of 1619. On some title-pages he set out his address at the sign of the Bible in Cheapside. Other copies merely bore the imprint, ‘Printed by J. N. for R. B.’ At Bird’s hands, the text underwent further deterioration. Here and there an essential word is omitted altogether (cf. v. 1. 222 ‘state’ omitted) or is hopelessly misprinted (cf. iii. 2. 27 ‘endwomens’ for ‘endowments’, and v. 3. 88 ‘hough’ for ‘Although’). The whole line, i. 2. 23 (‘Heele stop the course by which it might be knowne’), and the necessary stage direction ‘Enter all the Lords to Pericles’ (i. 2. 33) were suffered to fall out. On the other hand a necessary stage direction, which was previously omitted (‘Exit Gower’ in iii. Prol. 1. 60), here for the first time finds a place. But this seems Bird’s sole contribution to the elucidation of the confused text.

Bird did not retain his interest in *Pericles* long. Thomas Cotes, an enterprising printer with whom a brother, Richard Cotes, was in partnership, acquired in 1627, on the death of Isaac Jaggard, chief proprietor of the First Folio, Jaggard’s printing-press and most of his stock. Part of the property which passed to the brothers Cotes was Jaggard’s ‘part in Shacksphere playes’, and on November 8, 1630, the partners made an important addition to their Shakespearean property by purchasing from Bird his ‘copies’ of Shakespeare’s *Henry V*, *Titus Andronicus*, *Hamlet*, and *Pericles*, all of which had at one time been in Pavier’s possession. Thomas Cotes printed the Second Folio edition of Shakespeare’s collected works in 1632, but once again *Pericles* suffered exclusion from that treasury. Cotes, however, made amends by producing at his press and

1 Norton was of a family long engaged in the trade, and had for a time been in partnership with Nicholas Okes.
publishing for himself a new edition of *Pericles* in quarto in 1635. Cotes' edition closely follows Bird's text of 1630, and is equally incoherent.

No further edition of *Pericles* appeared till 1664, when the play was at length included in a collective edition of Shakespeare's works. It then figured in the opening pages of an appendix containing in addition six other plays which had been falsely ascribed to Shakespeare in his lifetime. The volume was the second (*not* the first) impression of the Third Folio. The first impression, which has the imprint, 'London. Printed for Philip Chetwinde 1663,' reproduces the thirty-six plays which appeared in the First and Second Folios. The second impression has a new title-page running:—*Mr. William Shakespear's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. Published according to the true original copies. The third Impression. And unto this Impression is added seven Playes, never before printed in Folio, viz. Pericles Prince of Tyre. The London Prodigall. The History of Thomas L. Cromwell. Sir John Oldcastle Lord Cobham. The Puritan Widow. A Yorkshire Tragedy. The Tragedy of Locrine. Printed for P. C.: London, 1664.*

The seven 'Playes never before printed in Folio' appear at the end of the volume with new paginations and new signatures. The text of *Pericles* fills ten leaves, of which the first six belong to a quire signed 'a', and the second four to a quire signed 'b'. The pagination runs 1-20. The introductory heading runs:—'The much admired Play called Pericles, Prince of Tyre, with the true Relation of the whole History, Adventures, and Fortunes of the said Prince, Written by W. Shakespeare, and published in his life time.' Chetwinde's text is that of the quarto of 1635, but there are many conjectural alterations. For the first time the play is
divided into five Acts, and the first scene is headed Actus Primus: Scena Prima. There is no further indication of scenes. For the first time there also appears a list of dramatis personae. This is placed under the heading 'The Actors Names' at the end of the piece. It is imperfect and there are curious errors. The daughter of Antiochus, who is unnamed in the play, is called 'Hesperides' from the figurative language of i. 1. 27. 'Philoten, daughter to Cleon', who is merely mentioned in the text and does not take any part in the action, is included in the list. 'Dionyza' is miscalled 'Dionysia', and Mytilene is misspelt Metaline.

The play of Pericles is as completely separated from what follows it in the Third Folio, as from what precedes it. The London Prodigall, which succeeds Pericles, opens a new set of signatures and a new pagination, which are both continuous to the end of the volume. It was clearly the original intention of the publisher Chetwinde to add to the Folio collection of Shakespeare's plays Pericles alone. The extension of the appendix so as to admit the six other plays is shown by the signatures and new pagination to have been an afterthought.

The Fourth Folio of 1685 is a reprint of the second impression of the Third Folio of 1664. Pericles figures in the same place in the volume, but it does not begin a new pagination; the piece is paged continuously with the tragedies. The signatures throughout the volume are also continuous and are quite regular. The list of dramatis personae—'The Actors Names'—is found at the head of the play, instead of at the end as in the Third Folio.

Nicholas Rowe, in his first critical edition of Shakespeare's...
works of 1709 (as well as in the reissue of 1714), based his text on that of the Fourth Folio and included *Pericles* and the six spurious pieces. Rowe attempted for the first time to distinguish the verse from the prose, and he made a few verbal emendations. But he did not go far in the elucidation of the text. Pope and the chief eighteenth-century writers excluded *Pericles*, together with the spurious plays, from their editions of Shakespeare’s works. Although Theobald did not reprint the piece in his edition of Shakespeare (1733), he was a careful student of it, as manuscript notes by him in extant copies of the 1630 and 1635 editions amply show (see Nos. XLIX and LXV *infra*).

Two rival reprints in 12mo of the Fourth Folio version of *Pericles* appeared in London in 1734, independently of any collective edition. One of these (*Pericles Prince of Tyre by Shakespear,* sixty pages) was printed and published by R. Walker at the Shakespear’s Head. The other (*Pericles Prince of Tyre By Mr. William Shakespear,* sixty-seven pages) was ‘printed for J. Tonson and the rest of the Proprietors’. To Tonson’s edition was prefixed an advertisement by William Chetwood, prompter at the Drury Lane Theatre, challenging Walker’s pretensions to print this and other of Shakespeare’s plays ‘from copies made use of at the Theatre’; Chetwood denounced Walker’s text as ‘useless, pirated, and maimed’. But Tonson’s version is little better than his rival’s. *Pericles* was not republished again until Malone printed it (in 1780) with all the doubtful pieces in his ‘Supplement to Johnson and Steevens’ edition of 1778’. Malone for the first time recovered the verse from the prose of the early version, and by somewhat liberal emendations rendered most of the text readable and intelligible.

It was at the suggestion of Dr. Richard Farmer that
Pericles was first included in a thoroughly critical edition of Shakespeare's plays. At Farmer's instance Malone introduced it into his edition of *Shakespeare* of 1790. Steevens followed Malone's example in 1793, and only one editor, Thomas Keightley—in 1864—has excluded it since.
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ERRATUM

Page 35, section v, line 3, *for twenty-two copies* read twenty-three copies.

*Pericles: Introduction.*

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PERICLES

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V

None of the six quarto editions of Pericles are common, but the number of extant copies of each varies greatly. In no case do more than twenty-two copies of any one edition seem now traceable. Of the fourteen copies dated 1609 which are known, nine belong to the 'Enter Gower' (first) impression, which is reproduced in this volume, and five to the 'Enter Gower' (second) impression. The edition of 1611 is scarcer than any other; only two copies are traceable. The 1619 edition is the commonest. At least twenty-three extant copies are now identifiable. Of the 1630 edition, which exists in two impressions with different imprints, some sixteen copies are enumerated below, seven of which bear the shorter imprint, nine the longer. The claim that has been put forward in behalf of the 1630 short-imprint edition to extreme scarcity seems barely justified. The edition of 1635 is again fairly common; nineteen copies are described below. A singularly large number of the extant copies of all editions passed through the hands of J. O. Halliwell-[Phillipps].

Of the six quarto editions, at least seventy-four copies survive in all. A fourth of that number has changed hands of late years and it is difficult to trace the present owners. Half of the untraced copies are doubtless in America. Of the fifty-seven copies of which the present ownership is now known, thirty are in Great Britain, twenty-six in America,
and one is in Germany. Of the British copies no less than twenty-one are in public libraries, eight being in the British Museum, and four each at the Bodleian Library and at Trinity College, Cambridge. Of the twenty-six traceable American copies eleven are in public libraries.

The highest price paid for any quarto edition of *Pericles* was £171, which was paid by Mr. Perry, of Providence, in 1896, for an exemplar of the 1609 edition, at John Chaloner Smith’s sale.

Copies of later editions, when they have been offered for sale of late years, have not fetched very high prices. In 1901 an unbound copy of the 1619 edition at Sotheby’s brought £100 (February 25), and a copy of the 1635 edition £66 (May 16). Many fair copies of the four latest quartos have changed hands for £15 and under.

In each of the two impressions of Gosson’s edition of 1609 the leaves in quite perfect copies number thirty-six. The signatures run A–I in fours. The last leaf is blank. The text starts on A2 recto and ends on I3 verso. The pages are unnumbered. Facsimiles of the two impressions of 1609 by E. W. Ashbee were privately issued in 1862 and 1871 respectively, under the direction of J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps. The copy at the Bodleian Library, which is reproduced in this volume, measures 7 3/16” × 5 7/16”. It is inlaid, and forms part of a volume of seven Shakespearean quartos which were bound together by Malone and labelled ‘Shakespeare Old Quartos, Vol. III.’ The volume, which is numbered Malone 34, opens with *Lucrece*, 1594; and is followed by the *Sonnets*, 1609 (Aspley imprint); by *Hamlet*, 1607; by *Love’s Labour’s Lost*, 1598; by this edition of *Pericles*, 1609; by the 1619 edition of *Pericles*; and by *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608.

1 At a London sale on November 14, 1678, a 1635 copy was sold in a bundle of eleven other plays for 5s. 6d. Another copy, at the Thomas Pearson sale (May–June, 1788), fetched sixpence.
The British Museum copy, which measures $6\frac{1}{16}'' \times 4''$, has been roughly cut down and inlaid in paper measuring $8\frac{1}{2}'' \times 6\frac{9}{16}''$. The leaves number thirty-five. Some head-lines and initial letters have been injured. The title-page has been torn. It is leather-backed with marbled cardboard sides. The pressmark is C.12. h.5. This copy has been reproduced in Shakspere-Quarto Facsimiles (No. 21), with a preface by Mr. P. Z. Round, 1886.

The copy in the Capell collection at Trinity College, Cambridge, measures $7\frac{1}{4}'' \times 5\frac{3}{2}''$, and wants the last blank leaf; it consists of thirty-five leaves instead of thirty-six.

Mr. A. H. Huth's copy in perfect condition, consisting of thirty-six leaves, was acquired by Henry Huth, father of the present owner, at the sale of George Daniel's library in July, 1864, through the bookseller Lilly, for £84. It seems to have been acquired by Daniel, at Heber's sale, in 1834 for £18. It is bound in olive morocco by Charles Lewis, and has the blank leaf at the end, and on the title-page the autograph in contemporary hand of 'Scipio Squyer s. Maij 166[9]'.

The copy belonging to Earl Howe, at Gopsall, Leicestershire, was acquired about 1750 by Charles Jennens (the virtuoso and friend of Handel), who in 1773 bequeathed it with his property at Gopsall to William Penn Assheton Curzon, ancestor of the present owner. It measures $5\frac{1}{16}'' \times 7\frac{1}{16}''$. Leaf F4 is supplied in manuscript. The leaves number thirty-four only.

The copy belonging to Mr. John Murray, of Albemarle Street, London, which measures $7\frac{3}{16}'' \times 5\frac{7}{16}''$, was acquired about 1821 by John Murray, the grandfather of the present owner.

The interesting copy in the Barton collection in the Boston Public Library belonged to George Steevens, whose autograph it bears. At Steevens' sale in 1800 it was bought for the Duke of Roxburghe's collection for £1 2s. od. At the Duke's sale in 1812 it fetched £1 15s. od., and was acquired by Thomas Jolley, F.S.A., whose autograph and book-plate are both inserted in it. At Jolley's sale in 1844 it passed
through the bookseller, Thomas Rodd, for £13 to the
American collector, T. P. Barton, whose books were presented
to the Boston Public Library in 1870. The copy, which is
slightly foxed, is half-bound in old red morocco.

Mr. W. A. White of Brooklyn, who owns a first impres-
sion of 1609, purchased it for £60 from the library of
Frederick Perkins of Chipstead, which was sold on July 20,
1889. It measures $6\frac{3}{4}\times 4\frac{3}{4}$, and is bound in morocco. It
belonged at one time to George Steevens, whose autograph it
bears; but it is to be distinguished from the Steevens copy
sold at his sale in 1800, which is now in the Barton collec-
tion (see No. VII).

The copy formerly in the Rowfant library of Frederick
Locker Lampson now belongs to Mr. E. Dwight Church of
New York. It measures $6\frac{3}{4}\times 5$ and is bound in red morocco
by Bedford. It formerly belonged to Sir William Tite, at
whose sale in 1874 it fetched £13 10s. od.

The British Museum copy (pressmark C. 34. k. 36) is bound
in red russia, and stamped on the side with the arms of David
Garrick, who was the former owner. It measures $6\frac{7}{16}\times 5\frac{3}{4}$. The
top edges are planed and the title has been repaired.
This copy has been reproduced in Shakspere-Quarto Fac-
similes (No. 22), with a preface by Mr. P. Z. Round, 1886.

The Duke of Devonshire’s copy belonged to the actor,
John Philip Kemble, who purchased it at Dr. Richard Wright’s
sale in 1787 for nine shillings. It bears upon its title-page in
Kemble’s autograph the words, ‘Collated and perfect. J. P. K.
1798.’ It has been inlaid, and bound up with the 1594 edition
of Lucrece, and early editions of the four pseudo-Shakespearean
plays—Thomas Lord Cromwell, 1613; The London Prodigall,
1605; Locrine, 1595; and The first part of Sir John Oldcastle,
1600. The volume is lettered outside, ‘Plays vol. cxxi.’

The copy in the Public Library of Hamburg, which
measures $7\frac{11}{6}\times 5\frac{1}{2}$, is bound up with thirteen other con-
temporary quartos, and is labelled on the back Anglicana Varia.
It is the third item in the volume. The eleventh is a copy of
the 1609 edition of Marlowe’s Faustus, which is believed to be
unique. The ninth is George Wilkins' *Mistakes of Inforest Marriage*, 1607.¹

A perfect copy of thirty-six leaves, belonging to Mr. Marsden J. Perry, measures $6\frac{1}{4}'' \times 5\frac{3}{8}''$. It is unbound, and with it is stitched up Samuel Daniel's *The Queen's Arcadia* (1606). On the title-page are the autographs of two former owners, 'Edw. Palmer' and 'Jno. Fenn', 1782. The latter was Sir John Fenn (1739–94), editor of the 'Paston Letters', who owned the 1624 edition of *Lucrece* (Census No. XXII). The copy was bought for the present owner at the sale of John Chaloner Smith's library, on February 12, 1896, for £171.

A defective copy was sold at Halliwell-[Phillipps'] sale, July 1, 1889, for £30. The title is a modern reprint, and leaves A 4 and I are wanting.²

The 1611 edition has the same number of leaves (thirty-six) in its perfect condition as in the case of the 1609 edition, which it reprints. The signatures run A–I in fours. C 2 is unmarked, and the last leaf is blank. It is without pagination.

Only two copies are known, and only one is complete. The British Museum owns the imperfect one. The complete copy is in Mr. Marsden J. Perry's library, Providence, Rhode Island, U.S.A.

The British Museum copy (C. 34. k. 37) which measures $7\frac{1}{16}'' \times 4\frac{3}{4}''$ was acquired on November 9, 1858, from James


² Copies of the 1609 edition were sold at the sales of the Duke of Marlborough, White Knights, in 1819 (for £2 5s. od.), of William Barnes Rhodes, in 1825 (for £9 9s. od.), and of John Dunn Gardner, with title-page in facsimile, in 1854 (for £2 21). There is no means of identifying them precisely with any of the traceable copies.
THE LATE
And much admired Play,
Called
Pericles, Prince
of Tyre.

With the true Relation of the whole History,
adventures, and fortunes of the said Prince:
As also,
The no lesse strange, and worthy accidents,
in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter
MARIANA.

As it hath beene divers and sundry times acted by
his Maiesties Servants, at the Globe on
the Banck-side.

By W. William Shakespeare.

Printed at London by S. S.
Orchard Halliwell[-Phillipps], and was by him identified with the one sold by auction for £14 3s. 6d. at James Edwards' first sale in 1804. A note by Halliwell[-Phillipps] pasted in a fly-leaf runs:—'Although the present volume wants two leaves in sheet D (unless indeed the omission is to be ascribed to the printer, the catchwords being right) it is of great literary curiosity and importance, being not only unique but unused by and unknown to all the editors of Shakespeare. Mr. Collier is the only one who even names it, at first with doubt as to its existence, and afterwards only on my information. The present is no doubt Edwards' copy which sold in 1804 for what was in those days the large price of £14, since which time it seems to have disappeared until purchased privately by me.' Signatures D₂ and D₃ are missing and have been replaced by two blank leaves. This copy was facsimiled for private circulation in 1868 by E. W. Ashbee under Halliwell[-Phillipps'] direction.

The complete copy belonging to Mr. Perry, which measures 6³/₈" x 4³/₄", was purchased privately by him of Mr. Maurice Jonas, of London, in 1896. It is bound by Rivière in red morocco, and consists of thirty-five leaves. The last blank page has disappeared.

The edition of 1619 formed the third and concluding section of a volume which opened with a reprint of the two parts of The Whole Contention between the two famous houses Lancaster and York. Those two plays occupy the leaves signed A–Q in fours, 'The First Part' filling A₂–H₄ verso, and 'The Second Part' I–Q₄ verso. The title-page of Pericles is on an unsigned inserted leaf following Q₄. The text of Pericles opens on a leaf signed R, and runs regularly in fours to the verso of B₁b₂. B₁b₂ in perfect copies is blank. Pericles thus consists of thirty-four leaves without pagination. The Pericles portion of the volume is usually found detached and separately bound. The title-page of The Whole Contention has no date. That of Pericles is dated 1619, and runs thus:—The Late, | And much admired Play, | Called, | Pericles, Prince of | Tyre. | With the true Relation of the whole Hi-story, adventures, and fortunes of | the saide Prince. | Written by
W. SHAKESPEARE. | Printed for T. P. 1619. | There is a device on the title with the motto Heb. Ddim. Heb. Ddive.

The copy in the British Museum (C. 34. k. 38), which measures $7\frac{5}{16}'' \times 5\frac{11}{16}''$, still forms part of the volume of which the first portion is occupied by The Whole Contention (in two parts). The title-page of Pericles is missing. Two blank leaves intervene between the close of the second part of The Whole Contention and the opening of the text of Pericles. The latter play fills thirty-three leaves instead of thirty-four. The volume is bound in red morocco, and on the front cover is stamped the arms of David Garrick, the former owner.

A copy in the library of the University of Virginia at Charlottetown is bound with an imperfect copy of The Whole Contention and some other early quarto plays. The volume was presented by Col. Thomas Mann Randolph, son-in-law of Thomas Jefferson (1743-1826), President of the United States.

A copy, lacking the title-page, but bound up as published with the 1619 edition of The Whole Contention, now in the possession of Mr. E. Dwight Church of New York, was formerly in the Rowfant library of Frederick Locker Lampson. It measures $7\frac{3}{4}'' \times 5\frac{1}{2}''$.

In no other known copies does Pericles retain its original shape of supplement to The Whole Contention.

In Mr. Huth’s library, though Pericles, 1619, is separately bound, the copy of The Whole Contention to which it was attached is preserved in separate binding in the same collection.

A detached perfect copy in the British Museum (C. 12. h. 6) was formerly in the library of George Steevens, whose auto-
graph is on the title-page. It was sold at his sale in 1800 for £5. The page measures $7\frac{3}{8}\"\times 5\frac{5}{2}\"$; it is inlaid on paper measuring $8\frac{5}{6}\"\times 6\frac{3}{8}\"$.

The copy in the Malone collection at the Bodleian Library, which measures $6\frac{3}{6}\"\times 4\frac{3}{6}\"$ (Malone 34), is inlaid, and was bound up by Malone with his copy of the 1609 edition of *Pericles*, and five other early quartos as described above (No. I).

The copy in the Capell collection at Trinity College, Cambridge, measures $7\frac{3}{4}\"\times 5\frac{5}{8}\"$.

A copy in the Dyce collection of the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington, measuring $6\frac{1}{2}\"\times 4\frac{7}{8}\"$, belonged to Dr. Farmer, who has written on the title-page a manuscript note ‘[The Name at length is to the edit. 1609]’ below the words ‘Written by W. Shakespeare’.

A copy belongs to Earl Howe, and is at Gopsall in the collection formed by Charles Jennens. It measures $7\frac{3}{8}\"\times 5\frac{1}{4}\"$.

There is a copy in the possession of Mr. F. A. Newdegate, M.P., at Arbury, bound up with five other quarto plays, viz. *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600; *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1619; *Birth of Merlin*, 1662; *Love’s Labour’s Lost* and *Mucedorus*, 1663.

A detached copy of *Pericles*, 1619, is in the Lenox collection of the New York Public Library, as well as the copy attached to *The Whole Contention* (1619).

The copy in the Barton collection of the Boston Public Library is clean, and is bound in red morocco by Charles Lewis. The title-page has been repaired.

A copy formerly in the possession of J. O. Halliwell [-Phillipps] now belongs to Mr. Perry, of Providence. The margins are much cut down, but the text is perfect and measures $6\frac{1}{6}\"\times 4\frac{1}{4}\"$. The volume is bound by W. Pratt, and consists of thirty-four leaves. The title is defective.

A second copy belonging to Mr. Perry, in a perfect condition, forms part of a volume containing eight other Shakespearean quartos, which was found in a German library in 1902. It is bound in seventeenth-century calf, and is
stamped on the side with the name of a seventeenth-century collector, Edward Gwynn.¹

Other American owners are Mr. Folger, of New York, and Mr. H. H. Furness, of Wallingford, Pennsylvania, whose copy is imperfect.²

The present ownership of the following copies, one or two of which may possibly be identifiable with some already enumerated, cannot be positively stated:—

A copy, bound in olive morocco, belonging successively to the Duke of Roxburghe and to William Nanson Lettsom (1796–1865), at whose sale in 1865 it fetched £9 15s. od.; it was resold at the Tite sale, in 1874, to A. Russell Smith for £5 15s. od., and at the Thomas Gaisford sale, on April 23, 1890, to Messrs. Pearson for £30. It has autograph notes by Bishop Warburton, and a few manuscript annotations transcribed from Theobald's copy by Lettsom.

F. W. Cosens' copy, bound by Rivière, sold November 11, 1890, with all faults, to Bernard Quaritch for £12 5s. od.

Copy of W. H. Crawford, of Lakelands, sold March 12, 1891, to Quaritch for £37; bound in morocco by Bedford.

The copy belonging to the Earl of Warwick, acquired c. 1867, through J. O. Halliwell[-Phillipps], by George Guy, fourth Earl of Warwick (1818–93), was disposed of to an American purchaser in 1896.

An unbound detached copy, sold at a miscellaneous sale at Sotheby's, on February 25, 1901, with minute fragments of the date rubbed off, but otherwise perfect, ending B b 1, was purchased by B. F. Stevens, the American agent, for £100.

The American actor, W. E. Burton, who died in 1860, owned a copy which was afterwards in the library of Almon W. Griswold of New York.

¹ Gwynn seems to have collected a valuable library in the seventeenth century, and his full name is usually stamped on the front side cover of his books. A collection of royal proclamations, dating between 1634 and 1661; in the British Museum, 506. h. 11, is in a calf binding, stamped in this manner with Gwynn's name.

² Mr. Furness' copy resembles that which formerly belonged to Asa I. Fish of Philadelphia.
The title of the 1630 edition runs:—"The late, and much admired Play, called Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true Relation of the whole History, adventures, and fortunes of the sayd Prince: Written by Will: Shakespeare.' There is a device with the motto In domino confido, as in the 1632 edition of Lucrece. The imprint is given in two different forms. On some copies it appears as 'LONDON, \[J. N. for \( R. B. \) and are to be sold at his shop in Cheapside, at the signe of the Bible. 1630.' The other imprint is: LONDON, | Printed by J. N. for \( R. B. \) 1630. | The signatures run A-I2 in fours. The leaves number thirty-four without pagination. Sig. E2 is wrongly printed D2. Leaf B4 is marked. Usually the signatures H1 and I2 are omitted. The text ends on the recto of I2.

Copies with the short imprint are reckoned the more valuable, though they seem to be almost as frequently met with as those with the long imprint.

The British Museum copy (C. 34. k. 40), which measures \(6\frac{1}{4}'' \times 4\frac{7}{8}''\), was acquired on November 9, 1858, from J. O. Halliwell[-Phillipps], who has inserted this manuscript note:—'Most copies of this edition vary considerably in the title-page. See my other copy which has quite a different imprint. The present is of great rarity, if not unique.' The top of leaf C3 has been torn and mended.

The copy in the Dyce collection of the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington measures \(7\frac{3}{8}'' \times 5\frac{3}{8}''\). Inside the cover is pasted a manuscript note, presented to Dyce by Halliwell[-Phillipps], pointing out the rarity of the short imprint.

A copy in the Edinburgh University Library measures \(6\frac{1}{16}'' \times 5''\), and is bound in red morocco. It was presented to the University in 1872 by Halliwell[-Phillipps], who has inserted a note describing its excessive rarity.

A copy in the Lenox collection of the New York Public Library was formerly in the possession of Richard Heber, and was sold in 1857, at the sale of the library of E. V. Uterson, for four guineas.
The copy in the Barton collection of the Boston Public Library was acquired from Halliwell[-Phillipps] in 1858 for £5 12s. 6d., and was bound in green morocco by Rivière.

Of two untraced copies, one was sold at the Tite sale in 1874, to Mr. Sabin, the American agent, for four guineas, and the other at the sale of A. G. Lamb, of Dundee, February 7, 1898, to Messrs. Pickering for £1 15s. 6d.

A copy, with the longer imprint, in the British Museum (C. 34. k. 39) measures $7\frac{3}{4}'' \times 7\frac{3}{8}''$. It belonged to Garrick.

The copy in the Bodleian Library belonged to Malone (Malone 222). It is bound up with other pieces, and measures $6\frac{3}{4}'' \times 4\frac{3}{16}''$.

A copy in the Edinburgh University Library was presented by J. O. Halliwell[-Phillipps] in 1872. He seems to have paid five guineas for it. The copy belonged to Theobald, who has placed on the title-page this inscription:—'Collated w" an Old edition exactly w" the same Title Printed for T. P. 1619. L. Theobald.' At the back of the title-page is another note, signed by Theobald, stating that he had collated it also with the edition of 1609, which he calls 'another old Edition'. Marks of Theobald's collation are scattered through the volume. The title-page and a few leaves are mended. At the end of the volume, which measures $7'' \times 5\frac{1}{2}''$ and is bound in morocco, three leaves from another copy of the same edition are pasted down; they show slight discrepancies of typography, which indicate that they were a first rough proof; they contain a greater number of wrong letters than appear in the ordinary copies.

The copy in the Capell collection measures $7\frac{3}{8}'' \times 5\frac{1}{4}''$.

A copy in the Lenox collection of the New York Public Library was formerly in the library of Sir Charles Aldis.

The copy in the Barton collection of the Boston Public Library, acquired from Halliwell[-Phillipps] in May, 1857, for £5, is bound in red morocco by Bedford. The lower edge of the title-page has been clipped.
Private American owners include Mr. H. C. Folger, junior, of New York, and Mr. H. H. Furness, of Wallingford, Pennsylvania, whose copy is imperfect.

A copy in the Tite sale in 1874 was purchased for £4 10s. od. by Mr. Sabin, the American agent.

The title-page of the 1635 edition is identical with that of 1630 save that 'Said Prince' now appears in place of 'Sayd Prince': while Shakespeare's name is now given as 'W. Shakespeare' instead of 'Will Shakespeare', and there is the fresh imprint, 'Printed at London by Thomas Cotes, 1635.' The number of leaves is thirty-four as in the 1630 edition. There is no pagination. The signatures run A-I2 in fours. B4 is marked, but I2 is omitted. There is the same printer's device as in the 1619 issue, with the motto Heb. Ddim. Heb. Ddieu.

The copy in the British Museum (C. 34. k. 41) measures 6⅛" × 5⅛". The binding is in red russia, and some of the leaves are closely shaved.

The copy in the Bodleian is numbered Malone 875. It measures 7⅜" × 5⅜", and is bound separately in nineteenth-century binding. It did not form part of the original Malone collection.

Other copies are in the Capell collection (measuring 7⅝" × 5") and in the Howley Harrison Library at Canterbury Cathedral.

The copy at Bridgewater House, the property of the Earl of Ellesmere, forms part of the library originally brought together by John Egerton, second Earl of Bridgewater (1622-1686). The leaves have been much cut down, and the copy measures 6⅝" × 4⅛".

A copy bound in morocco by Bedford, which is now in the Britwell library, was sold for £15 at the sale of W. H. Crawford's Lakeland library, March 12, 1891. It seems at one time to have belonged to Halliwell[-Phillipps].

A copy in the Lenox collection of the New York Public Library has on the title-page an early transcript note running: 'Left by Sir George Etherege [something obliterated
and undecipherable] 1689. Etherege the dramatist died in 1691.

The copy in the Barton collection of the Boston Public Library is in good condition, and is bound in red morocco.

Mr. Perry's copy, which was acquired with the Halliwell [-Phillipps] collection of Shakespearean rarities in 1895, measures 7½" x 5½". It has the book-plates of Sir Francis Freeling and John Kershaw, and some manuscript notes by Halliwell[-Phillipps].

Mr. H. H. Furness possesses an imperfect copy, which was at one time in the possession of Theobald, who has inserted many marginal notes.

Other American owners are Mr. W. A. White, of Brooklyn; and Mr. H. C. Folger, of New York.

The ownership of the following seven copies has not been traced with certainty:—

The Tite copy, bound by Bedford, was sold to Ellis and White in 1874 for £6 10s. 0d.

A copy bound in half-calf was bought at the sale of Mr. Henry F. Sewall's library by Bangs & Co. of New York in January, 1897, for £13.

Two copies belonging to F. W. Cosens were sold Nov. 11, 1890, to Messrs. Pickering; one bound by Zaehnsdorf in morocco for £14 5s. od.; the other, with head-lines cut into, for £12 5s. od.

A copy belonging to Lieut.-Col. Walter R. Tyrrell was sold at Christie, Manson & Woods', Dec. 7, 1891, to Mr. Ellis, the London bookseller, for £8 15s. od.

A copy, unbound, was sold July 18, 1900, to Messrs. Pickering for £21 10s. od.

A large and unwashed copy, bound in morocco by Rivière, was sold at Sotheby's, May 16, 1901, to Messrs. Pickering for £66, the highest price which this edition has yet reached.
LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS

Aaron, D. H.
Abel, Henry.
Aberdeen University Library.
Adam, Peter.
Adam, William.
Adams, Samuel.
Adelaide Public Library.
Adelaide University Library.
Aldenham, Lord.
Allen, E. G., & Son.
Allen, W. T.
Anderson, William.
Andrews, F. E.
Arnold, A. A.
Arnold, William H.
Asher, A., & Co.
Athenæum Club.
Bain, J.
Bains, W. M.
Baker, J., & Son.
Bang, W.
Bangs, L. W.
Barratt, Thomas J.
Barrett, Thomas.
Bartlett, A.
Bates, E. B.
Battersea, Lord.
Baxter, F. W.
Bellars, W. B.
Berlin, Königliche Bibliothek.
Bickers & Son.
Billson, Charles James.
Birkenhead Public Library.

Birmingham Corporation Reference Library.
Birmingham University Library.
Blackwell, B. H.
Bland, F. M.
Boden, J.
Bonn, Königliche Universitäts-Bibliothek.
Boston Athenæum Library, Boston, U.S.A.
Boston Public Library, Mass., U.S.A.
Bouton, The Estate, J. W.
Bowen, Henry J.
Breadalbane, The Marchioness of.
Brentano's.
Bretherton, H. J.
Brooke, The Rev. Stopford A.
Brooks, The Rev. C. C.
Brophy, Michael M.
Brown, G. B.
Brown, Thomas.
Brown, W.
Bruce, Alexander.
Bryce & Murray.
Bumpus, Henry F.
Bumpus, J. & E.
Bullard, Francis.
Burrows Bros. Co.
Cardiff Free Library.
Carlton Club.
Carnegie Library, Pittsburg, Pa., U.S.A.
LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS

Carpenter, F. I.
Carswell, R.
Cartwright, W. C.
Chamberlain, Arthur.
Chew, Beverley.
Chew, W. L.
Chicago Public Library, U.S.A.
Clark, David J.
Clark, D. R.
Clark, Stewart.
Clarke Co., W. B.
Claye, Major H. Sandford.
Cleghorn, William.
Clements, H. J. B.
Commin, James G.
Congress Library, Washington, U.S.A.
Cornell University Library, U.S.A.
Cornish, J. E.
Cornish Brothers.
Costeker, Charles.
Courtneidge, Robert.
Craig, James J.
Crooks, R. Fleming.
Cummings, William H.
Cunliffe, R. J.
Curtis & Davison.
Davidson, John.
Davidson, W. E.
Davis, Henry R.
Dawson, William, & Sons.
Dealy, J. K.
Deighton Bell & Co.
Denny, A. & F.
Derry, William.
Devonshire, The Duke of.
Dick, J. C.
Disturnal, W. J.
Dobell, Bertram.
Dobell, Percy John.

Doggett, Hugh G.
Douglas & Foulis.
Downing, William.
Downing, W. Hitchman.
Drayton, S., & Sons.
Drew, Herbert L.
Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, U.S.A.
Drexel, Lucy Wharton.
Drury, G. Thorn.
Duff, William.
Duncan, Robert.
Durning-Lawrence, Sir Edwin, Bart.
Dutton, E. P., & Co.
Edinburgh Public Library.
Edinburgh University Library.
Eichelberger Book Co.
Elkington, H. F.
Ellis.
Ellsworth, James W.
Evans, E. Vincent.
Falconer, C. M.
Faxon, Walter.
Fergusson, R. M.
Firth, C. H.
Fisher, H. W.
Flügel, Dr. Ewald.
Foley, P.
Foley, P. H.
Forbes, E. J.
Forbes Library, Northampton, U.S.A.
Fowler, Thomas Powell.
Fox, Francis F.
Frere, Laurie.
Freund, Max.
Frost, William Spatchett.
Gardner, John.
General Assembly Library, Wellington, N. Z.
LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS

George's Sons, William.
Gilan, L.
Gollancz, Israel.
Gordon, The Rev. J. M.
Graham, Daniel.
Grant, Frank L.
Grant, George Gregor.
Grant, Trevor.
Grant, W.
Gray, W.
Green, Charles.
Greg, W. W.
Grolier Club, New York.
Grove, Major-General Sir Coleridge.
Guildhall, Library Committee of the Corporation of the City of London.
Guppy, Henry.
Haines, Charles Reginald.
Hallworth, Arthur.
Hannah, George.
Hannen, The Hon. H.
Hardy, James.
Harrap, George G.
Harrington, H. Nazeby.
Harris, Captain Claudius S.
Harrison & Sons.
Hart, H. C.
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THE LATE,
And much admired Play,
Called
Pericles, Prince
of Tyre.

With the true Relation of the whole Historic.
adventures, and fortunes of the said Prince:

As also,
The no lesse strange, and worthy accidents,
in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter
MARIANA.

As it hath been divers and sundry times acted by
his Maieflies Servants, at the Globe on
the Banck-side.

By William Shakespeare.

Imprinted at London for Henry Gosson, and are
to be sold at the signe of the Sunne in
Pater-noster row, &c.
1609.
Enter Gower.

Sing a Song that old was sung,
From ashes, ancient Gower is come,
Assuming mans infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at Featruals,
On Ember cue, and Holydayes:

And Lords and Ladyes in their Iues,
Have red it for restoratues:
The purchase is to make men glorious,
Et bonum quo Antiquiss mo melius:
If you, borne in those latter times,
When Wits more ripe, accept my rimes:
And that to heare an old man sing,
May to your Wishes pleasure bring:
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like Taper light.
This Antioch, then Antiochus the great,
Buy it vp this Citie, for his chiefest Seats,
The fayrest in all Syria.

I tell you what mine Authors saye:
This King vnto him tooke a Peere,
Who dyed, and left a female heyre,
So bucksome, blith, and full of face,
As heaven had lent her all his grace:
With whom the Father liking tooke,
And her to Incest did prouoke:
Bad child, worse father, to intice his owne.
The Play of

To cull, should be done by none:
But custom what they did begin,
Was with long use, account'd no sinne;
The beauty of this sinfull Dame,
Made many Princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bedfellow,
In marriage pleasures, playfellow:
Which to prevent, he made a Law,
To keep her still, and men in awe:
That who so ask't her for his wife,
His Riddle could not, lost his life:
So for her many of wight did die,
As you grimme looks do testify.
What now ensues, to the judgement of your eye,
I give my cause, who best can justify.

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and followers.

Anti. Young Prince of Troy, you have at large received
The danger of the task you undertake.
Pers. I have (Antiochus) and with a soule emboldned
With the glory of her praise, thinke death no hazard,
In this enterprise.

Anti. Muses, bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
For embraces even of love himselfe;
At whose conception, till Lucina rained,
Nature this dowry gave; to glad her presence,
The Senate house of Planets all did sit,
To knit in her, their best perfections.

Enter Antiochus daughter.

Pers. See where she comes, appareled like the Spring,
Graces her subjectts, and her thoughts the King,
Of every Virtue gives renowne to men:
Her face the booke of prayses, where is read,
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence,
Sorrow were euer ra'te, and teallie wrath
Could never be her milde companion.

You

I. 28-42—I. i. 18
Trinity df. Tyrf.

Gods that made me man, and [way in loue; Tha! haue enflamde desire in my breast, To taste the fruie of yon celestiall tree, (Or die in th'aduenture) be my helpes, As I am fonne and fervant to your will, To compass such a bondlesse happinesse.

Ant. Prince Pericles.

Per. That would be sonne to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee standes this faire Hesperide, With golden fruie, but dangerous to be toucht: For Death like Dragons heere affright thee hard: Her face like Heauen, inticeth thee to view Her countlesse glory; which defert must gaine: And which without defert, because thine eye Prefumes to reach, all the whole heape must die: Yon sometimes famous Princes, like thy selfe, Drawne by report,aduentrous by desire, Tell thee with speachlesse tongues, and semblance pale, That without couering, saue yon field of Starres, Heere they stand Martyrs slaine in Cupids Warres: And with dead cheeke,aduise thee to desist, For going on deaths net, whom none resift.

Per. Antiochus, I thanke thee, who hath taught, My fraile mortalitie to know it selfe; And by those fearfull obje ct es, to prepare This body,like to them, to what I must: For Death remembered should be like a myrrour, Who tells vs, life's but breath, to trust it errour: Ile make my Will then, and as sickemen doe, Who know the World, see Heauen,b ut feeling woe, Gripe not at earthly joyes as earst they did; So I bequeath a happy peace to you, And all good men, as every Prince should doe; My riches to the earth, from whence they came: But my vnsotted fire of Loue,to you: Thus ready for the way of lif or death, I way te the sharpest blow (Anto chus)

A 3. Scorning

I. i. 19—55
The Play of

Scorning advice; read the conclusion then:
Which read and not expounded, tis decreed,
As these before thee, thou thy self shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all sayd yet, mayst thou prooue prosperous,
Of all sayd yet, I wish thee happinesse.

Peri. Like a bold Champion I assume the Littles,
Nor ask of advice of any other thought,
But faithfulness and courage.

The Riddle.

I am no Viper, yet I feed
On mothers flesh which did me breed:
I sought a Husband, in which labour,
I found that kindness in a Father;
Here's Father, Sonne, and Husband mild;
1, Mother, Wife; and yet his child:

How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will but resolve it you.

Sharpe Phisicke is the last: But o' you powers!
That giues heauen countlesse eyes to view mens actes,
Why coulde they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Faire Glasfe of light, I lou'd you, and could still,
Were not this glorious Casket forn'd with ill:
But I must tell you, now my thoughts reuolt,
For hee's no man on whom perfections waite,
That knowing finne within, will touch the gate.
You are a faire Violi, and your senfe, the stringes;
Who finger'd to make man his lawfull musicke,
Would draw Heauen downe, and all the Gods to harken:
But being playd vpon before your time,
Hell onely daunceth at so harsh a chime:
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ans. Prince Periclus, touch not vpon thy life;
For that's an Article within our Law,
As dangerous as the rest: your time's expir'd,
Either expound now, or receiue your sentence.

Peri.

I. i. 56—90
Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Peri. Great King,
Few loue to heare the sinnes they loue to act,
T'would brave your selfe too neare for me to tell it:
Who has a booke of all that Monarches doe,
Hee's more secure to keepe it shut, then shoune.
For Vice repeated, is like the wandring Wind,
Blowes duff in others eyes to spread it selfe;
And yet the end of all is bought thus deare,
The breath is gone, and the fore eyes see cleare:
To stop the Ayre would hurt them, the blind Mole castes
Copt hilles towards heauen, to tell the earth is throng'd
By mans oppresion, and the poore Worne doth die for't:
Kinges are earths Gods; in vice, their law's their will :
And if loue stray, who dares say, loue doth ill:
It is enough you know, and it is fit;
What being more knowne, growes worse, to smother it.
All loue the Wombe that their first being bred,
Then give my tongue like leaue, to loue my head. (ning:

Ant. Heauen, that I had thy head; he ha's found the mea-
But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of Tyre,
Though by the tenour of your strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to counsell of your dayes;
Yet hope, succeeding from so faire a tree
As your faire selfe, doth tune vs otherwise;
Fourtie dayes longer we doe respite you,
If by which time, our secret be undone,
This mercy shewes, wee 'le joy in such a Sonne:
And vntill then, your entertaine shall bee
As doth befit our honour and your worth.

Menes. Pericles salus.

Peri. How courtesie would seeme to couter sinne,
When what is done, is like an hypocrit,
The which is good in nothing but in sight.
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certaine you were not so bad,
As with foule Incest to abuse your foule:
The Play of

Where now you both a Father and a Sonne,
By your untimely claspings with your Child,
(Which pleasures fitts a husband, not a father)
And she an eater of her Mothers flesh,
By the defiling of her Parents bed,
And both like Serpents are; who though they feed
On sweetest Flowers, yet they Poyson breed.

Enter Antioch, farewell, for Wisedome fits thoe mens
Blush not in actions blacker then the night,
Will shew no course to keepe them from the light:
One sinne (I know) another doth prouoke;
Murthers as neere to Lust, as Flame to Smoake:
Poyson and Treason are the hands of Sinne,
I, and the targets to put off the shame,
Then leaft my life be cropt, to keepe you cleare,
By flight, Ile shun the danger which I feare.

Enter Antiochus.

Antio. He hath found the meaning.
For which we meane to have his head:
He must not liue to trumpet forth my infamie,
Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sinne
In such a loathed manner:
And therefore instantly this Prince must die,
For by his fall, my honour must keepe hie.
Who attends vs there?

Enter Thaliard.

Thali. Doth your highnes call?
Antio. Thaliard, you are of our Chamber, Thaliard,
And our minds pertakes her private actions,
To your secrete; and for your faithfulness,
We will aduance you, Thaliard:
Behold, heere's Poyson, and heere's Gold:
Wee hate the Prince of Tye, and thou must kill him;
It fitts thee not to ask the reason why?
Because we bid it: say, is it done?

Thali. My Lord, tis done.

I. i. 127—159


**Pericles Prince of Tyre.**

**Enter a Messenger.**

_Ant._ Enough. Let your breath cool your selfe, telling your haste.

_Mess._ My Lord, Prince Pericles is fled.

_Ant._ As thou wilt have me after, and like an arrow shot from a well experience Archer hits the marke his eye doth levell at: so thou sweeter returne vneile thou say Prince Pericles is dead.

_Th.._ My Lord, if I can get him within my Pistols length, Ie make him sure enough, so farewell to your highnesse.

_B.._ That adieu, till Pericles be dead,

My heart can lend no succour to my head.

_Enter Pericles with his Lords._

_P._ Let none disturb vs, why shold this chage of thoughts

The sad companion dull eyde melancholie,

By me so vse a guest, as not an houre
In the dayses glorious walke or peacefull night,

The roombe where griefe should sleepe can breed me quiet,

Here pleasures count mine eyes, and mine eyes hun them, And daunger which I fearde is at Antioch,

Whose arme femee farre too short to hit me here,

Yet neither pleasures Art can joy my spirits,
Not yet the others distance comfort me,
Then it is thus, the passions of the mind,

That haue their first conception by misdread,

Hauing after nourishment and life, by care

And what was first but feare, what might be done,
Groves elder now, and cares it be not done.

And so with me the great Antiochus,

Gainst whom I am too little to contend.

Since hee's so great, can make his will his act,

Will think me speaking, though I sweare to silence,
Not bootes itune to say. Honour,

If he suspect I may dishonour him.

_B._

And

_I._ i. 160—II. ii. 21
And what may make him blush in being knowne,
Heele ftope the course by which it might be knowne,
With hostile forces heele ore-spread the land,
And with the flint of warre will looke fo huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the flat,
Our men be vanquisht ere they doe refist,
And subjects puniifth that were thought offence,
Which care of the stomachpittie of my felpe,
Who once no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the rootes they grow by and defend them,
Makes both my bodie pine,and soule to languish,
And puniifth that before that he would punish.

Enter all the Lords to Pericles.

2. Lord. And keepe your mind till you returne to vs peacefull and comfortable.

Hel. Peace,peace, and giue experience tongue,
They doe abuse the King that flatter him,
For flatterie is the bellowes blowes vp sinne,
The thing the which is flattered, but a sparke,
To which that sparke giues heate, and stronger
Glowing, whereas reprooFX obedient and in order,
Fits kings as they are men, for they may erre,
When fignior sooth here does proclaime peace,
He flatters you, makes warre vpon your life.
Prince pardon me, or strike me if you please,
I cannot be much lower then my knees.

Per. All leave vs else; but let your cares ore-looke,
What thiipping, and what ladings in our hauien,
And then returne to vs, Hellican thou haft,
Moo. vs, what seest thou in our lookes?

Hel. An angerie brow, dread Lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in Princes frownes,
How durfl thy tongue move anger to our face?

Hel. How does the plants looke vp to heaven.

From

I. ii. 22—55
From whence they have their nourishment?

Per. Thou knowest I have power to take thy life from me. I have ground the Axe my selfe, (thee.)

Doc but you strike the blowe.

Per. Rife, prethee rise, sit down, thou art no flatterer.

I thanke thee boy, and heau forbid,

That kings should let their cares heare their faults hid.

At Counsellor, and servant for a Prince,

Who by thy wisdome makes a Prince thy servante,

What wouldst thou have me doe?

Hel. To beare with patience such grieues as you your selfe doe lay upon your selfe.

Per. Thou speakest like a Phyisition Helicanus,

That ministres a potion vnto me: That thou wouldst tremble to receive thy selfe,

Attend me then, I went to Antioch,

Whereas thou knowest against the face of death,

I sought the purchase of a glorious beautie,

From whence an issue I might propagate,

Armes to Princes, and bring ioies to subiects,

Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder,

The rest harke in thine ear, as blacke as incest,

Which by my knowledge found; the sinfull father

Seemde not to strike, but smooth, but thou knowest this,

Tis time to scarce when tyrants seemes to kill.

Which scarce so grew in me I hither fled,

Under the couring of a carefull night,

Who seemd my good protector, and being here,

Bethought what was past, what might succeed,

I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants scarce

Decrease not, but grow faller then the yeares, And should he doo't, as no doubt he doth,

That I should open to the lightning ayre, How many worthie Princes blouds were shed,

To kepe his bed of blacknesse vnlayde ope,
Pericles Prince of Tyre:

To top that doubt, be 'tis fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him,
When all for mine, if I may call offence,
Might feel wars blow, who spares not innocence,
Which love to all of which thy selfe art one,
Who now reproach me sore.

Hell. Alas sir.

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eies, blood fro my checkes,
Mulings into my mind, with thousand doubts.
How I might stop this tempest ere it came,
And finding little comfort to relieue them,
I thought it princely charity to graine for them.

Hell. Well my Lord, since you havegiuen mee leave to
Freely will I speake. Antiochus you feare,
(speake,
And iustly too, I thinke you feare the tyrant,
Who either by publike warre, or privat treason,
Will take away your life: therfore my Lord, go trauell for
a while, till that his rage and anger be forgot, or till the De-
Silies doe cut his thred of life: your rule direct to anie,
if to me, day serues not light more faithful then Ile be.
Per. I doe not doubt thy faith.
But should he wrong my libertys in my absence?

Hell. Weele mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being, and our birth.

Per. Tyre I now looke from thee then, and to Tharsus
Intend my trauaille, where Ile heare from thee,
And by whose Letters Ile dispose myselfe.
The care I had and haue of subiects good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdomes strength can heare it,
I leake thy word, for faith not aske thine oath,
Who thins not to breake one, will crake both.
But in our orbs will lue so round, and safe,
That time of both this truth shall here convince,
Thou shewdst a subiects shine, I a true Prince. 

Exit.

Enter

I. ii. 90—124
Enter Thaliard solus.

So this is Tyre, and this the Court, heere must I kill King Pericles, and if I doe it not, I am sure to be hang'd at home: 'tis dangerous.

Well, I perceive he was a wife fellowe, and had good discretion, that being bid to ask what hee would of the King, desired he might knowe none of his secrets.

Now doe I see hee had some reason for't: for if a king byde a man bee a villaine, hee's bound by the indenature of his oath to bee one.

I sith, heere comes the Lords of Tyre.

Enter Hecunnus, Escane, with other Lords.

Helli. You shall not neede my fellowe-Peers of Tyre, further to question mee of your kinges departure: his sealde Commission left in trust with mee, does speake sufficiently hee's gone to trauaille.

Thalbard. How? the King gone?

Helli. If further yet you will be satisfied, (why as it were unlicensed of your loues) he would depart? I leue some light vnto you, beeing at Antioch.

Thal. What from Antioch?

Helli. Royal Antiochus on what cause I knowe not, tooke some displeasure at him; at least hee undeg'd so: and doubting left hee had err'de or finn'de, to sheue his sorrow, hee'de correct himselfe; so puts himselfe vnto the Shipmans toyle, with whome cache minute threatens life or death.

Thalbard. Well, I perceive I shall not be hang'd now, although I would, but since hee's gone, the Kings seas must please: hee escap'te the Land to perish at the Sea, I lese present my selfe. Peace to the Lords of Tyre.

B 3 Lord

I. iii. 1— 30
Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Act.

Lord Thaliard from Antioch is welcome.

Thal. From him I come with message unto princely Pericles, but since my landing, I have understood your Lord has betake himself to unknowne travailes, now message must return from whence it came.

Hell. We have no reason to desire it, commended to our master not to vs, yet ere you shall depart, this wee desire, as friends to Antioch we may seek in Tyre. Exit.

Enter Cleon the Governor of Tharsis, with his wife and others.

Cleon. My Dionizas shall we rest vs here, and by relating tales of others griefes, see if it will teach vs to forget our owne?

Dion. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it, for who digs hills because they doe aspire? Throwes downe one mountain to call vp a higher: O my distressed Lord, even such our griefes are, here they are but felt, and scene with mischiefs eyes, but like to Groues, being top’d, they higher rise.

Cleon. O Dionizas, who wanteth food, and will not say hee wants it, or can conceal his hunger till hee famish? Our tongues and sorrowes to sound deeper: Our woes into the air, our eyes to weep: Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaime them louder, that if heaven slumber, while their creatures want, they may awake their helpers, to comfort them, ile then discourse our woes felt sevenall yeares, and wanting breath to speake, helpe mee with teares.

Dionizas. Ile doe my best Syr. (ment,)

Cleon. This Tharsis oere which I haue the gouern- A Cittie on whom plentie held full hand: For riches strewed her selfe even in her streects, Whole

I. iii. 31—I. iv. 23
Whose towers bore heads so high they kist the clouds,  
And strangers were beheld, but wondred at,  
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,  
Like one another's glasse to trim them by,  
Their tables were for'de full to glad the sight,  
And not so much to feede on as delight,  
All pouertie was scor'nde, and pride so great,  
The name of helpe grewe odious to repeat.

Dion. O'tis too true.  

tcle. But see what heaven can doe by this our change,  
These mouthes who but of late, earth, sea, and ayre,  
Were all too little to content and please,  
Although thy gave their creatures in abundance,  
As houles are desil'de for want of vfe,  
They are now staru'de for want of exercise,  
Those pallats who not yet too faurers younger,  
Must haue inventions to delight the taf,  
Would now be glad of bread and beg for it,  
Those mothers who to nouzell vp their babes,  
Thought nought too curious, are readie now  
To eatt those little darlings whom they lou'de,  
So sharpe are hungers teeth, that man and wife,  
Drawe lots who first shall die, to lend then life.  
Here stands a Lord, and there a Ladie weeping?  
Here manie sincke, yet those which fee them fall,  
Have scarce strength left to give them buryall.  
Is not this true?  

Dion. Our checkes and hollow eyes doe witnesse it.  
	
tcle. O let those Cities that of plenties cup,  
And her prosperities so largely taffe,  
With their superfluous riots heare these teares,  
The miferie of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.  

Lord. Wheres the Lord Gouernour?  
	
tcle. Here speake out thy sorrowes, which thee bringst
in haste, for comfort is too farre for us to expect.

Lord. Wee have descried upon our neighbouring
more, a portlie sail of ships make hitherward.

Cleon. I thought as much.
One sorrow never comes but brings an heire,
That may succede as his inheritor:
And so in ours, some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our miserie,
That stufft the hollow vessel with their power,
To beat vs downe, the which are downe already,
And make a conquest of unhappie mee,
Whereas no glories got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least fear.
For by the semblance of their white flagges display'd, they
bring vs peace, and come to vs as fauourers, not as foes.

Cleon. Thou speakest like himnes uncomfort'd to repeat,
Who makes the fairest showe, meanes most deceit.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What need we leave our grounds the lowest?
And we are halfe way there: Goe tell their General we
attend him here, to know for what he comes, and whence
he comes, and what he craves?

Lord. I goe my Lord.

Cleon. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consiit,
If warres, we are vnable to relist.

Enter Pericles with attendants.

P. M. Lord Gouernour, for so we hear you are,
Let not our Ships and number of our men,
Be like a beacon fier'd, t'amaze your eyes,
Wee have heard your muteries as farre as Tyr,
And see the desolation of your streets,
Nor come we to add sorrow to your teares,
But to relieve them of their heavy load,
And these our Ships you happily may thinke,

Are

I. iv. 58—92
Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Are like the Trojan Horse, was stuff within
With bloody veins expecting overthrow,
Are stor’d with Corne, to make your needie bread,
And giue them life, whom hunger-stor’d halfe dead.

Oth. The Gods of Greece protect you,
And weel’se pray for you.

Per. Arise I pray you, rise; we do not looke for reverence,
But for love, and harborage for our selfe, our ships, & men.

Cleom. The which when any shall not gratifie,
Or pay you with vnthankfulness in thought,
Be it our Wives, our Children, or our selues,
The Curses of heaven and men succeed their evils;
Till when the which (I hope) shall neare be scene:
Your Grace is welcome to our Towne and vs.

Per. Which welcome weel’se accept, feast here a while,
Vntill our Starres that frowne, lend vs a smile. Exeunt.

Enter Gower.

Here haue you seene a mightie King,
His child I’wis to inceft bring:
A better Prince, and benigne Lord,
That Will prove awfull both in deed and word:
Be quiet then, as men shou’d bee,
Till he hath past necessitie:
Ple shew you those in troubles raigne,
Loosing a Mite, a Mountaine game:
The good in converstion,
To whom I giue my benizon:
Is still at Tariff, where each man,
Thinks al is writ, he spoken can:
And to remember what he does,
Build his Statue to make him glorious:
But tidings to the contrarie,
Are brought your eyes, what need speake I.

C.

I. iv. 93—II. i–16
The Play of

Drambo show.

Enter at one door Pericles talking with Cleon, all the stairs with them: Enter as an other door, a Gentleman with a Letter to Pericles, Pericles shows the Letter to Cleon. Pericles gives the Messenger a reward, and Knights him.

Exe Pericles at one door, and Cleon at another.

Good Heauen that stayde at home,
Not to eate Hony like a Drone,
From others labours; for though he strive,
To killen bad, keepe good alioe;
And to fulfill his prince desire,
Sau'd one of all, that haps in Tyrre:
How I balsam came full bent with sinne,
And hid in Tent to murdred him;
And that in Turfe was not bat,
Longer for him to make his rest:
He doing so, put forth to Seas,
Where when men been there's seldom case,
For now the Wind begins to blow,
Thunder aboue, and deepes below,
Makes such vnquiet, that the Shippe,
Should house him safe; is wrackt and split,
And he (good Prince) having all loft,
By Waues, from coast to coast is lost:
All perished of man of pelfe,
Ne ought escapend but himselfe;
Till Fortune tur'd with doing bad,
Threw him a shore, to give him glad:
And here he comes: what shall be next,
Pardon old Grower, this long's the text.

Enter Pericles writhe.

Peri. Yet cease your ire you angry Starres of heauen,
Wind, Raine, and Thunder, remember earthly man
Is but a substancia that must yeeld to you:
And I (as fits my nature) do obey you.

Alasse,

II. 17-40—II. i. 4
Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Alas! the Sea hath cast me on the Rocks,
Washed me from shore to shore, and left my breath
Nothing to think on, but enquiring death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,
To have bereft a Prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your warry grave,
Here to have death in peace, is all hee'le crave.

Enter three Fisherman.

1. What, to pelch?
2. Ha, come and bring away the Nets.
1. What say you Master?
2. Look how thou stirrest now:
Come away, or I'le fetch'th with a wanion.
3. Fayth Master, I am thinking of the poor men,
That were cast away before vs even now.
1. Alas! poor soules, it grieued my heart to heare,
What pittifull cries they made to vs, to helpe them,
When we lay day we could scarce helpe our selues.
3. Nay Master, sayd not I as much,
When I saw the Porpa's how he bound and tumbled?
They say they're halfe fish, halfe flesh:
A plague on them, they were come but I looke to be walsht.
Master, I maruell how the Fishes live in the Sea?
1. Why, as Men doe a-land;
The great ones eate vp the little ones:
I can compare our rich Mifiers to nothing so fitly,
As to a Whale; a plays and tumbles,
Dryning the poore Fry before him,
And at last, devoure them all at a mouthfull:
Such Whales haue I heard on, a'th land,
Who never leaue gaping, till they swallow'd
The whole Parith, Church, Steeple, Belles and all.

Per. A prettie morall.
3. But Master, if I had been the Sexton,
I would haue been that day in the belfrie.
2. Why, Man?

C 2. 1. Because

II. i. 5—43
The Play of

1. Because he should have swallowed me too,
And when I had been in his belly,
I would have kept such a jangling of the Belles,
That he should never have left,
Till he cast Belles, Steeple, Church and Parish vp againe:
But if the good King Simon was were of my minde.

Per. Simon doth?

2. We would purge the land of these Drones,
That robbe the Bee of her Hony.

Per. How from the fenny subiect of the Sea,
These Fisheers tell the insirmities of men,
And from their watry empire recolleckt,
All that may men approve, or men detect.
Peace be at your labour, honest Fisher-men.

2. Honest good fellow what's that, if it be a day fits you
Search out of the Kalender, and no body looke after it?

Per. May see the Sea hath cast vp on your coast:

2. What a drunken Knave was the Sea,
To cast thee in our way?

Per. A man whom both the Waters and the Winde,
In that vast Tennis-court, hath made the Ball
For them to play vp, intreates you pittie him:
Hec askes of you, that never vp'd to begge.

1. No friend, cannot you begge?
Hec's them in our countrey of Greece,
Gets more with begging, then we can doe with working.

2. Canst thou catch any Fishes then?

Per. I never practizde it.

2. Nay then thou wilt flame sure: for heer's nothing to
be got now-adayes, vnlesse thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know;
But what I am want teaches me to thinke on:
A man throng'd vp with cold, my Veines are chill,
And have no more of life then may suffize,
To gieue my tongue that heat to ask your helpe:
Which if you shal refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray you see me buried.

1. Die
Pericles Prince of Tyre.

1. Die, ke thy; now God's forbid't, and I haue a Gowne here, come put it on, keep these warme: now afore mee a handsome fellow: Come, thou shalt goe home, and wee'le haue Flesh for all day, Fish for fasting-dayes and more; or Puddinges and Flap-jackes, and thou shalt be welcome.
Per. I thanke you sir.
2. Harke you my friend: You sayd you could not beg?
Per. I did but craue.
2. But craue?
Then I'turne Crauer too, and so I shall escape whipping.
Per. Why, are you Beggers whipt then?
2. Oh not all, my friend, not all: for if all your Beggers were whipt, I would wish no better office, then to be Beadle:
But Maister, Ile goe draw vp the Net.
Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour?
1. Harke you sir; doe you know where ye are?
Per. Not well.
1. Why I le tell you, this I calde Pantoopoulos, And our King, the good Symonides.
Per. The good Symonides, doe you call him?
1. Sir, and he deserves so to be cal'd,
For his peaceable reigne, and good gouvernment.
Per. He is a happy King, since he gains from His subiects the name of good, by his government.
How farre is his Court distant from this shore?
1. Mary sir, halfe a dayes journey: And I le tell you, He hath a faire Daughter, and to morrow is her birth-day, And there are Princes and Knights come from all partes of the World, to Iust and Turney for her loue.
Per. Were my fortunes equall to my desires,
I could wish to make one there.
1. O sir, things must be as they may: and what a man can not get, he may lawfully deale for his Wives soule.
Enter the two Fisher-men, drawing vp a Net.
2. Helpe Maister helpe; heere's a Fish hangs in the Net, Like a poore mans right in the law: t'will hardly come out. Ha bots on't, tis come at last, & tis turned to a rusty Armour.
C 3. Per. An
Ter. An Amour friends; I parye you let me see it.

Thankes Fortune, yea that after all crossetts,
Thou giuest me somewhat to repair my selfe:
And though it was mine owne part of my heritage,
Which my dead Father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge even as he left his life,
Keep it my Peryclus, it hath been a Shield
Twixt me and death, and poynted to this brayse,
For that it saued me, keepe it in like necessitie:
The which the Gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee:
It kept where I kept, I so dearly lou'd it,
Till the rough Seas, that spares not any man,
Tooke it in rage, though calm'd, have giuen't againe:
I thanke thee for't, my shipwracke now's no ill,
Since I haue herete my Father gaue in his Will.

1. What meane you sir?

Per. To begge of you (kind friends) this Cate of worth,
For it was sometime Target to a King;
I know it by this marke: he loued me dearly,
And for his sake, I wish the hauing of it,
And that you'd guide me to your Soueraignes Court,
Where with it, I may appeare a Gentleman:
And if that euer my low fortune's better,
Ie pay your bounties; till then, rest your debter.

1. Why wilt thou turney for the Lady?

Per. He shew the vertue I haue borne in Armes.

1. Why dr'etake it: and the Gods giuen thee good an't.

2. I but harke you my friend, twas wee that made vp
this Garment through the rough seames of the Waters:
there are certaine Condolements, certaine Vailes: I hope sir, if you thrive, you le remember from whence you had them.

Per. Belecue't, I will:
By your furtherance I am cloth'd in Steele,
And spight of all the rupture of the Sea,
This I ewell holds his buylding on my arme:
Vnto thy value I will mount my selfe.

II. i. 130—169
Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Upon a Courser, whose delight
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread;
Onely (my friend) I yet am unprovided of a pair of Baies.

2. We'll sure provide, thou shalt have
My best Gowne to make thee a pause;
And I'll bring thee to the Court my selfe.

'Pel. Then Honour be but a Goal to my Will,
This day Ierite, or else add all to ill.

Enter Simonides, with attendance, and Thaisa.

King. Are the Knights ready to begin the Tryumph?
1. Lord. They are my Leidge, and lay your comming,
To present them selves.

King. Returne them, We are ready, & our daughter heere,
In honour of whose Birth, these Triumphs are,
Sits heere like Beauties child, whom Nature gat,
For men to see; and seeing, wonder at.

Thais. It pleateth you (my royal Father) to express
My Comendations great, whose merit's lesse

King. It's fit it should be so, for Princes are
A modell which Heauen makes like to it selfe:
As Jewels loose their glory, if neglected,
So Princes their Renownes, if not respected:
Tis now your honour (Daughter) to entertaine
The labour of each Knight, in his deuice.

Thais. Which to preferre mine honour, I'll performe.

The frst Knights passes by.

King. Who is the first, that doth preferre himselfe?

Thais. A Knight of Sparta (my renowned father)
And the deuice he beares vpon his Shield,
Is a blacke Ethyope reaching at the Sunne:
The word: Lux tua vita est.

King. He loves you weel, that holds his life of you.

The second Knight.

Who is the second, that presents himselfe?

II. i. 170—II. ii. 23
The Play of

Thb. A Prince of Macedon (my royall father)
And the device he beares upon his Shiled,
Is an Armed Knight, that's conquered by a Lady:
The motto thus in Spanish. "Pax Per dolera kex per forsa.

3. Knight. Km. And with the third?
Thb. The third, of Antioch, and his device,
A wreath of Chivalry; the word: Me Pompey pronexit apex.

4. Knight. Km. What is the fourth?
Thb. A burning Torch that's turned upside downe;
The word: Qua me ali me extingwim.

Km. Which shewes that Beautie hath his power & will,
Which can as well enflame, as it can kill.

5. Knight. Thb. The fift, an Hand environed with Clouds,
Holding out Gold, that's by the Touch-stone tried:
The motto thus: Sic piis et credas.

6. Knight. Km. And what's the sixt, and last; the which,
The knight himself with such a graceful courtesy delivered?
Thb. Hee seemed to be a Stranger; but his Preffent is
A withered Branch, that's onely Greene at top,
The motto: In hac spes vnum.

Km. A pretty morall from the dejecte State wherein he is,
He hopes by you, his fortunes yet may flourish.

1. Lord. He had need meane better, then his outward shew
Can any way speake in his iust commend:
For by his ruffle outside, he appears,
To haue practis'd more the Whipstocke, then the Lance.

2. Lord. He well may be a Stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph, strangely furnish't.

3. Lord. And onely purpose let his Armour rust
Vntill this day, to bowre it in the dust.

Km. Opinion's but a fool, that makes vs scan
The outward habit, by the inward man.
But slay, the Knights are coming;
We will with-draw into the Gallerie.

Great shooues, and all cry, the meane Knight.

Enter

II. ii. 24—59
Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Enter the King and Knights from Tilling.

King. Knights, to say you're welcome, were superfluous. I place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a Title page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more then's fit,
Since every worth in shew commends it selfe:
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a Feast.
You are Princes, and my guests.

Thas. But you my Knight and guest,
To whom this Wreath of victorie I give,
And crowne you King of this dayes happinesse.

Peri. 'Tis more by Fortune (Lady) then my Merit.

King. Call it by what you will, the day is your,
And here (I hope) is none that enuies it:
In framing an Artist, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed,
And you are her labourd scholler: come Queene a th'feast,
For (Daughter) so you are; heere take your place:
Martial the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Symonides.

King. Your preference glads our dayes, honour we loue,
For who hates honour, hates the Gods aboue.

Marshall. Sir, yonder is your place.

Peri. Some other is more fit.

1 Knight. Contend not sir, for we are Gentlemen,
Hauing neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Enuies the great, nor shall the low despise.

Peri. You are right courtious Knights.

King. Sit sir, sit.

By love (I wonder) that is King of thoughts,
These Cares resflit mee; hee not thought vpon.

Thas. By Iuno (that is Queene of mariage)
All Viands that I eat do seeme vnfauery,
Withing him my meat: sure hee's a gallant Gentleman.

King. Hee's but a countrie Gentleman: he's done no more
Then other Knights haue done, he's broken a Staffe.

D.       Or

II. iii. 1—35
Or so; so let it passe.

Tha. To mee he seemes like Diamond, to Glasse.

Per. You Kings to mee, like to my fathers picture,
Which tels in that glory once he was,
Had Princes fit like Starres about his Throane,
And he the Sunne for them to reverence;
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights,
Did vaile their Crownes to his supremacie;
Where now his sonne like a Gloworme in the night,
The which hath Fire in darkness, none in light:
Whereby I see that Time's the King of men;
He's both their Parent, and he is their Grave,
And giues them what he will, not what they crave.

King. What, are you merry, Knights?

Knights. Who can be other, in this royall presence.

King. Here we tommorow, with a Cup that's fur'd unto the brim,
As do you love, fill to your Mistris lippes,
Wee drinke this health to you.

Knights. We thanke your Grace.

King. Yet pause awhile, yon Knight doth sit too melan-
As if the entertainment in our Court,
Had not a new might counterwaile his worth:
Note it not you, Tha:e.

Tha. What is't to mee, my father?

King. O attend my Daughter,
Princes in this, should live like Gods above,
Who freely giue to every one that come to honour them;
And Princes not doing so, are like to Gnats,
Which make a sound, but kild are wondred at:
Therefore to make his entraunce more sweet,
Here, say wee drinke this standing boute of wine to him.

Tha. Alas my Father, it befits not mee,

Vnto a stranger Knight, to be so bold,
He may my profer take for an offence,
Since men take womens gifts for impudence.

King. How doe as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Tha. Now by the Gods, he could not please me better.
Pericles Prince of Tyre.

king. And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of him
Of whence he is, his name, and Parentage?
    Tha. The King my father (Sir) has drunk to you.
Peri. I thank him.
    Tha. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.
Peri. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.
Tha. And further, he desires to know of you;
Of whence you are, your name and parentage?
Peri. A Gentleman of Tyre, my name Pericles,
My education beene in Artes and Armes:
Who looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough Seas reft of Ships and men;
and after shipwracke, driven upon this shore.
    Tha. He thanks your Grace; names himselfe Pericles,
A Gentleman of Tyre: who only by misfortune of the seas,
Bereft of Shippes and Men, cast on this shore:
    king. Now by the Gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come Gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time which lookes for other releifs:
Even in your Armours as you are addrest,
Will well become a Souldiers daunce:
I will not have excuse with saying this,
Lowd Musick is too harsh for Ladyes heads,
Since they love men in armes, as well as beds.
They daunce.

So, this was well askt, twas so well perform'd.
Come Sir, hear's a Lady that wants breathing too,
And I have heard, you Knights of Tyre,
Are excellent in making Ladyes trippe;
And that their Measures are as excellent.
Peri. In those that practice them, they are (my Lord.)
    king. Oh that's as much, as you would be denied
Of your faire courtysie: vnclafpe, vnclafpe.
They daunce.

Thanks Gentlemen to all, all have done well;
But you the best: Pages and lights, to conduct

These:

II. iii. 73—109
The Play of

These Knights went to their several Lodgings:
Yours sir, we have given order be next our owne.

Peri. I am at your Graces pleasure.
Princes, it is too late to talke of Love,
And that's the marke I know, you leuell at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest,
To morrow all for speeding do their best.

Enter Hellicanus and Escane.

Hell. No Escane, know this of mee,
Aintochus from incest liued not free:
For which the most high Gods not minding,
Longer to with-hold the vengeance that
They had in store, due to this heynous
Capital offence, even in the height and pride
Of all his glory, when he was seate in
A Chariot of an inestimable value, and his daughter
With him; a fire from heauen came and shriued
Up those bodies even to lothing, for they so stounke,
That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,
Scorne now their hand should give them buriall.

Escane. 'Twas very strange.

Hell. And yet but justice; for though this King were great,
His greatnesse was no guard to barre heauen's shaft,
Butinne had his reward.

Escane. 'Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

1. Lord. See, not a man in private conference,
Or counciall, ha's respect with him but hee.

2. Lord. It shall no longer grieue, without reprofe.

3. Lord. And curst hee that will not second it.

1. Lord. Follow me then: Lord Hellicane, a word.

Hell. Welcome, and welcome happy day, my Lords.

1. Lord. Know, that our griefes are risen to the top,
And now at length they over-flow their bankes.

Hell. Your griefes, for what?

Wrong
Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Wrong not your Prince, you lone.

1. Lord. Wrong not your self then, noble Hellicane,
But if the Prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground’s made happy by his breath:
If in the world he live, we’ll seek him out:
If in his grave he rest, we’ll find him there,
And be resolved he liues to govern vs:
Or dead, give’s cause to mourn his funerall,
And leave vs to our free election.

2. Lord. Whose death in deed, the strongest in our sealeare,
And knowing this Kingdome is without a head,
Like goodly Buildings left without a Roost,
Soone fall to ruine: your noble selfe,
That best know how to rule, and how to raigne,
Wee thus submit vsnto our Soueraigne.

Ommes. Liue noble Hellicane.

Hell. Try honours cause; forbeare your suffrages:
If that you loue Prince Pericles, forbeare,
(Seeke into the seas,
Where’s howlerly trouble, for a minutes case)
A twelue-month longer, let me intreat you
To forbeare the absence of your King;
If in which time expir’d, he not returne,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoake:
But if I cannot winne you to this loue,
Goe search like nobles, like noble subjects,
And in your search, spend your adventurous worth,
Whom if you find, and winne vnto returne,
You shall like Diamonds sit about his Crowne.

1. Lord. To wisedome, he’s a foole, that will not yeeld:
And since Lord Hellicane enioyneth vs,
We with our travels will endeaour.

Hell. Then you loue vs, we you, & we’ll claspe hands;
When Peeres thus knit, a Kingdome ever standes.

Enter the King reading of a letter at one doore,
the Knights meete him.

1. Knight. Good morrow to the good Simonida.

D 3.

II. iv. 25—II. v. 1
King. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelve-month, she'll not undertake
A married life: her reason to her selfe is onely knowne,
Which from her, by no meanes can I get.

2d. Knight. May we not get access to her (my Lord?)

King. Fayth, by no meanes, the hath so strictly
Tyed her to her Chamber, that 'tis impossible:
One twelve Moones more she'll weare Diana siueric:
This by the eye of Cynthys hath she vowed,
And on her Virgin honour, will not brake it.

3d. Knight. Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaues,

King. So, they are well dispatcht:
Now to my daughters Lett'r; she tells me here,
She'll wedde the stranger Knight,
Or never more to view nor day, nor light.
'Tis well Mistress, your choyce agrees with mine:
I like that well: nay how absolute she's in't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no.
Well, I do commend her choyce, and will no longer
Have it be delayed: Soft, here he comes,
I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Peri. All fortune to the good Symonides.

King. To you so much: Sir, I am behoulding to you
For your sweete Musick this last night:
I do protest, my cares were never better fedde
With such delightful pleasing harmonie.

Peri. It is your Graces pleasure to commend,
Not my desert.

King. Sir, you are Musickes maister.

Peri. The worst of all her schollers (my good Lord.)

King. Let me aske you one thing:
What do you think of my Daughter, sir?

Peri. A most vertuous Princesse.

King. And she is faire too, is she not?

Peri. As a faire day in Sommer; wondrous faire.

kings
Pericles Prince of Tyre.

king. Sir, my Daughter thinkes very well of you, I so well, that you must be her Maister, And she will be your Scholler; therefore looke to it. Per. I am vnworthy for her Scholemaister. king. She thinkes not so: peruse this writing else. Per. What's here, a letter that she loves the knight of Tyre? This is the Kings subtltie to haue my life: Oh secke not to intrappe me, gracious Lord, A Stranger, and distressed Gentleman, That never aymed so hie, to loue your Daughter, But bent all offices to honour her. king. Thou haft bewitcht my daughter, And thou art a villaine. Per. By the Gods I haue not; never did thought Of mine leuie offence; nor never did my actions Yet commence a deed might gaine her loue, Or your displeasure. king. Traytor, thou lyest. Per. Traytor? king. I, traytor. Per. Even in his throat, vnlesse it be the King, That calleth me Traytor, I returne the lye. king. Now by the Gods, I do applaud his courage, Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts, That never relisht of a base descendent: I came into your Court for Honours cause, And not to be a Rebell to her state: And he that otherwise accountes of mee, This Sword shall prooue, hee's Honours enemie. king. No where comes my Daughter, she can witnesse it.

Enter Thamos. Per. Then as you are as vertuous, as faire. Resolute your angry Father, if my tongue Did ever felicite, or my hand subscribe To any tirable that made loue to you? Tha. Why sir, say if you had, who takes offence? At

II. v. 37—72
The Play of

At that, would make me glad?
King. Yea Mistris, are you so peremptorie?
I am glad on't with all my heart,
Ile tame you; Ile bring you in submission.

Will you not, having my consent,
Bewith your love and your affections,
Vpon a Stranger, who for ought I know,
May be (nor can I thinke the contrary)

As great in blood as I my selfe:
Therefore, heare you Mistris, either frame
Your will to mine: and you sir, heare you;
Either be rule'd by mee, or Ile make you,
Man and wife: nay come, your hands,
And lippes must seale it too: and being iond,
Ile thus your hopes destroy, and for further griefe:

God give you joy; what are you both pleased?
Thom. Yes, if you love me sir?
Pers. Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.
King. What are you both agreed?
Amb. Yes, it please your Maiestie.
King. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed,
And then with what haste you can get you to bed. Exeunt.

Enter Gower.

Now sleepe y'flacked hath the rout,
No din but snores about the house,
Made louder by the orefed breast,
Of this most pompous marryage Feast:
The Catte with eyne of burning cole,
Now couches from the Mouses hole;
And Cricket sing at the Queene mouth,
Are the blyther for their drouth:
Hymen hath brought the Bride to bed,
Whereby the losse of maydenhead,
A Babe is moulded: be attent,

And

II. v. 72—III. 1–11
Pericles Prince of Tyre.

And Time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly each;
What's dumbe in thew, The plaine with speach.

Enter Pericles and Symonides at one door with attendants,
a Messenger meets them, kneels and gives Pericles a letter,
Pericles shewes is Symonides, the Lords kneel to him;
them enter Thayfa with child, with Lichorida a nurse,
the King shewes her the letter, She reioyces: she and Pericles
take leave of her father, and depart.

By many a dearne and painefull search
Of Pericles the carefull search,
By the fower opposing Crignes,
Which the world togethers joynes,
Is made with all due diligence,
That horse and fayle and his expence,
Can fleed the quest at last from Tyre:
Fame answering the most strange enquire,
To th' Court of King Symonides,
Are Letters brought, the tenour these:
Antochus and his daughter dead,
The men of Tyre, on the head
Of Holycanus would set on
The Crowne of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutanie, hee there haftes oppression,
Sayes to'em, if King Pericles
Come not home in twife sixe Moones,
He obedient to their doomes,
Will take the Crowne: the summe of this,
Brought hither to Penaopolis,
Irryen the regions round,
And euery one with claps can sound,
Our heyre apparant is a King:
Who dreampt? who thought of such a thing?
Briefe he must hence depart to Tyre,
His Queene with child, makes her desire,
E,

Which
The Play of

Which who shall crosse along to goe,
Omit we all their dole and woe:
Lubrica her Nurse she takes,
And so to Sea; their vessel shakes,
On Neptune billow, half the flood,
Hath their Keele cut: but fortune mou'd,
Varies againe, the grills North
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That as a Ducke for life that diues,
So vp and downe the poore Ship driues:
The Lady shreeckes, and wel-a-neare,
Do's fall in travayle with her feare:
And what ensues in this fell storme,
Shall for it selfe, it selfe performe:
I will relate, action may
Conueniently the rest convey;
Which might not? what by me is told,
In your imagination hold:
This Stage, the Ship, vpon whose Decke
The seas tost Pericles appeares to speake.

Enter Pericles a Shipboard.

Peri. The God of this great Vait, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heauen and hell, and thou that haft
Vpon the Windes commaund, bind them in Brass;
Hauing call'd them from the deepe, o stille
Thy deafning dreadfull thunders, gently quench
Thy nimble fulphirous flashes: o How Lychorida!
How does my Queene? then storme venomously,
Wilt thou speat all thy selfe? the sea-mans Whistle
Is as a whisper in the cares of death
Unheard Lychorida! Lucina, oh!
Diuinesst patronesse, and my wife gentle
To those that cry by-night, convey thy deitie
Aboard our dauncing Boat, make swift the punges
Of my Queenes travailes? now Lychorida.

Enter

III. 41-60—III. i. 14
Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Enter Lychorida.

Lychor. Here is a thing too young for such a place,
Who if it had conceit, would die, as I am like to doe:
Take in your armes this piece of your dead Queene.
Peri. How? how Lychorida?
Lychor. Patience (good sir) do not assist the storme,
Here's all that is left living of your Queene;
A little Daughter: for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.
Per. O you Gods!
Why do you make vs lose your goodly gyfts,
And snatch them straight away? we heere below,
Recall not what we giue, and therein may
Vse honour with you.
Lychor. Patience (good sir) even for this charge.
Per. Now mylde may be thy life,
For a more blusterous birth had neuer Babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions; for
Thou art the rudelyest welcome to this world,
That euer was Princes Child: happy what followes,
Thou haft as chiding a nativity,
As Fire, Ayre, Water, Earth, and Heauen can make,
To harould thee from the wombe:
Euen at the first, thy losse is more then can
Thy portage quit, with all thou canst find heere:
Now the good Gods throw their best eyes vpon't.

Enter two Saylers.

Per. Courage enougb, I do not feare the flaw,
It hath done to me the worst: yet for the loye
Of this poore Infant, this fresh new sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.
1. Sayl. Slaie the bolins there; thou wilt not wilt thou:
Blow and split thy selfe.
2. Sayl. But Sea-roome, and the brine and cloudy billow
Kisse the Moone, I care not.

E 2. 1. Sayl. Sir

III. i. 15—46
The Play of

1. Sir your Queene must over board, the sea workes hie,
The Wind is lowd, and will not lie till the Ship
Be clear'd of the dead.

Per. That's your superstitition.

2. Pardon sir; with vs at Sea it hath bin still observed.
And we are strong in easterne, therefore briefly yeeld'ry,
Per. As you thinke meet; for the must over board straight:
Most wretched Queene.

Ly chor. Here felyes sir.
Peri. A terrible Child-bed hast thou had (my deare,
No light, no fire, th'vnfriendly elements,
Forgot thee utterly, nor haue I time
To give thee hallowd to thy graue, but straight,
Must cast thee scarcely Coffin, in oare,
Where for a monument vpom thy bones,
The ayre remayning lampes, the belching Whale,
And humming Water must orewelme thy corpes,
Lying with simple shels: 
Bid Nestor bring me Spices, incce, and Taper,
My Casket, and my Jewels; and bid Nestor
Bring me the Sattin Coffin: lay the Babe
Upon the Pillow; hie thee whiles I say
A priefly farewell to her: sodainely, woman.

2. Sir, we haue a Chift beneath the hatches,
Caulkt and bittumed ready.

Peri. I thanke thee: Mariner say, what Coast is this?
2. Wee are neere Tharsus,
Peri. Thither gentle Mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre: When canst thou reach it?
2. By breake of day, if the Wind ceafe.

Peri. O make for Tharsus,
There will I visit Cleon, for the Babe
Cannot hold out to Tyros; there Ile leave it
At carefull nursing: goe thy wayes good Mariner,
Ile bring the body presently.

Exit.

Enter.

III. i. 47–83
Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Enter Lord Cerymon with a servant.

Cery. Phylemon, hoe.

Enter Phylemon.

Phyl. Doth my Lord call?

Cery. Get fire and meat for these poor men,

T'as been a turbulent and stormie night.

Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as this,

Till now, I near endured:

Cery. Your Master will be dead ere you returne,

There's nothing can be ministred to Nature,

That can recouer him: give this to the Pothecary,

And tell me how it workes.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. Gent. Good morrow.

2. Gent. Good morrow to your Lordship,

Cery. Gentlemen, why do you stirre so early?

1. Gent. Sir, our lodgings standing bleak upon the sea,

Shook as the earth did quake:

The very principals did seeme to rend and all to topple:

Pure surprieze and feare, made me to quite the house.

2. Gent. That is the caufe we trouble you so early,

T'is not our husbandry.

Cery. O you say well.

1. Gent. But I much maruaile that your Lordship,

Having rich tyme about you, should at these early howers,

Shake off the golden slumber of repose; tis most strange

Nature should be so conversant with Paine,

Being thereto not compelled.

Cery. I hold it euer Vertue and Cunning,

Were endowments greater, then Noblenesse & Riches;

Carelesse Heyres, may the two latter darken and expend;

But Immortalitie attends the former,

Making a man a god:

Tis knowne, I euer have studied Physicke:

Through which secret Art, by turning o're Authorities,

I have

III. ii. 1—33
The Play of

I have togethers with my practice, made familiary,
To me and to my aide, the blest infusions that dwels
In Vegetives, in Metals, Stones: and can speake of the
Disturbances that Nature works, and of her cures;
which doth give me a more content in course of true delight
Then to be thirsty after tottering honour, or
Tie my pleasure vp in silken Bagges,
To please the Fool and Death.

2. Gent. Your honour has through Ephesus,
Poured foorth your charittie, and hundreds call themselves,
Your Creatures; who by you, have been restored;
And not your knowledge, your personall payne,
But even your Purse still open, hath built Lord Cerimon.
Such strong renowne, as time shall never.

Enter two or three with a Chiff.

Sera. So, lift there.
Cer. What's that?
Sera. Sir, even now did the sea toffe vp upon our shore
This Chiff; 'tis of some wracke.
Cer. Set it downe, let's looke vpon't.
2. Gent. 'Tis like a Coffin, sir.
Cer. What ere it be, 'tis woondrous heauie;
Wrench it open straight:
If the Seas fromacke be orecharg'd with Gold,
'Tis a good constraint of Fortune it belches vpoun vs.
2. Gent. 'Tis so, my Lord.
Cer. How close its caulk'd & bottomed, did the sea cast it vp?
Sera. I neuer saw so huge a billow sir, as tost it upon shore.
Cer. Wrench it open soft; it sinks most sweetly in my sense.
Cer. As euer hit my nostrill: so, vp with it.
Oh you most potent Gods! what's here, a Corfe?
2. Gent. Most strange.
Cer. Shrowded in Cloth of state, balmed and entresoured
with full bagges of Spices, a Passport to Apollo, perfect mee
in the Characters:

Enter

III. ii. 33—67
Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Here I give to understand,
If ere this Coffin dyes alond;
I Kmg Pericles have lost
This Queene's worth all our mundane cost:
Who finds her, give her burying,
She was the Daughter of a Kmg:
Besides, this Treasure for a fee,
The Gods requite his charite.

If thou liuest Pericles, thou haft a heart,
That euer cracks for woe, this chaunc'd to night.

2. Gent. Molt likely sir.

Cr. Nay certainly to night, for looke how fresh she looks
They were too rough, that threw her in the sea.

The fire of life kindle againe the ore-prefte spirits:
I heard of an Egyptian that had 9. howers lien dead,

Who was by good applyaunce recovered.

Ent. one with Napkins and Fire.

Well sayd, well sayd; the fire and clothes: the rough and
Wofull Musick that we haue, cause it to sound beseech you;

The Violl once more: how thou stirrist thou blocke?
The Musick here: I pray you give her ayre:

Gentlemen, this Queene will live,
Nature awakes a warmth breath out of her;
She hath not been encroach'd aboue five howers:
See how the ginnes to blow into lifes flower againe.

1. Gent. The Heauens, through you, encrease our wonder,
And sets vp your fame for euer.

Cer. She is alive, behold her ey-lids,
Cafes to those heavely jewels which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold,
The Diamonds of a molt praysed water doth appeare,
To make the world twiske rich, liue, and make vs wepe.
To heare your fate, faire creature, rare as you seeme to bee.

Shakesp. moues.

Thai. O deare Diana, where am I? where's my Lord?

What
The Play of

What world is this?

Ceri. Hush (my gentle neighbours) lend me your hands,
To the next Chamber bear her : get linen:
Now this matter must be lookt for her relapse
Is mortal: come, come; and Ecelapis guide vs.

They carry her away. Exeunt omnes.

Enter Pericles, Atharbus, with Cleon and Dionisa.

Per. Most honor'd Cleon, I must needs be gone, my twelue
months are expir'd, and Tyndades in a litigious peace:
You and your Lady take from my heart all thankfulnesse,
The Gods make vp the rest vpon you.

Cle. Your shapes of fortune, though they hate you mor-
Yet glaunce full wonderingly on vs. (rally
Dr. O your sweet Queene! that the strict fates had pleas'd,
you had brought her hither to have blest mine eyes with her.

Per. We cannot but obey the powers above vs;
Could I rage and rore as doth the sea she lies in,
Yet the end must be as tis: my gentle babe Marina,
Whom, for she was borne at sea, I have named so,
Here I charge your charitie withall, leaving her
The infant of your care, beseeching you to guide her
Princely training, that she may be manere'd as she is borne.

Cle. Fear not (my Lord) but thinke your Grace,
That fed my Country with your Corne; for which,
The peoples prayers still fall vpon you, must in your child
Be thought on, if neglection should therein make me vile,
The common body by you relieued,
Would force me to my dutie: but if to that,
My nature neede a spurre, the Gods reuenge it
Vpon me and mine, to the end of generation.

Per. I beleue you, your honour and your goodnes,
Teach me too't without your vowe's, till she be married;
Madame, by bright Diana, whom we honour,
All vnstierd shall this heyre of mine temayne,
Though I shew will in't; so I take my leaue:
Good Madame, make me blest in your care
In bringing vp my Child.

Cle. I

III. ii. 106—III. iii. 32
Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Dion. I haue one my selfe, who shall not be more deere to my respect then yours, my Lord.

Peri. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cler. Well bring your Grace nee to the edge of the shore, then give you vp to the mask'd Neptune, and the gentlest winds of heauen.

Peri. I will embrace your offer, come decreed Madame, On no teares Lichens, no teares, looke to your little Milris, on whose grace you may depend hereafter: come my Lord.

Enter Cerimon, and Tharsa.

Cer. Madam, this Letter, and some certaine Jewels, Lay with you in your Coffer, which are at your command: Know you the Character?

Thars. It is my Lords, that I was shipt at sea well remem-
er, even on my learning time, but whether there delive-

red, by the holie gods I cannot rightly say: but since King

Pericles my wedde Lord, I there shall see againe, a vastall

luerie will I take me to, and never more haue joy.

Cler. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speake,

Dianas Temple is not distant farre,

Where you may abide till your date expire,

Moreouer if you please a Neece of mine,

Shall there attend you.

Thars. My recompence is thanks, thats all,

Yet my good will is great, though the gift small. Exit.

Enter Gower.

Imagine Pericles arriue at Tyre,

Welcomd and setted to his owne desire:

His wosull Queene we leaua at Ephesus,

Vnto Diana ther's a Votariiffe.

F

New

III. iii. 32—IV. 1-4
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fair growing scene must finde
At Tharsus, and by Cleon traind
In Musicks letters, who hath gainsd
Of education all the grace.
Which makes his both the art and place
Of general wonder: but alacke
That moniler Enuic ooft the wracke
Of earned praisre, Marina life
Seek to take off by treasons knife,
And in this kinde, our Cleon hath
One daughter and a full growne wench,
Euen right for marriage flight: this Maid
Hight Philo: en: and it is said
For certaine in our storie, shee
Would euer with Marina bee.
But when they wade the fleed silke,
With figures long, small, white as milke,
Or when she would with sharpe needle wound,
The Cambrieke which she made more sound
By hurting it or when tooth Lute
She fung, and made the night bed mute,
That still records with mony; or when
She would with rich and constant pen,
Vail to her Midstesse Dian hill,
This Phyloten contends in skill
With absolute Marina: so
The Doee of Paphos might with the crow
Vie feathers white, Marina gets
All prayes, which are paid as debts,
And not as gien, this so darkes
In Phyloten all gracefull markes,
That Cleons wife with Enuic rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Might

IV. 5-39
Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Might stand peerless by this slaughter,
The sooner her vile thoughts to head,
Las, borne our nurse is dead,
And cursed Dionysa hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath.
Preft for this blow, the unhorne event,
I doe commend to your content,
Onely I carried winged Time,
Poll one the lame fecte of my rime,
Which never could I so conuey,
Vnleffe your thoughts went on my way,
Dionysa dos appear,
With Leonin a murtherer. Exit.

Enter Dionysa, with Leonin.

Dion. Thy oath remember, thou haft sworn to doo't,
Tis but a blowe which never shal be knowne, thou
Can't not doe a thing in the worlde so soone to yeele
Thee so much proue: let not conscience which is but
cold, in flaming, thy loue bosome, enflame too nicelie,
or let pittie which euon women haue cast off, melt thee,
but be a souldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I will doo't, but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fater then the Gods should haue her.
Here she comes weeping for her onely Millreife death,
Thou art resolude.

Leon. I am resolude.

Enter Mariana with a Basket of flowers.

Marian. No: I will rob Telsis of her weede to strowe
The green with flowers, the yellowes, the purple
Violets, and Marigolds, shall as a Carpet hang upon thy
Grave, while Sommer dayes doth last: Ay me poore maid,

F 2 home

IV. 40-52—IV. i. 17
borne in a tempest, when my mother did, this world to me is a lasting storm, whirling me from my friends.

Dion. How now Marina, why do you keep alone? How chance my daughter is not with you? Does not consume your blood with sorrowing, Have you a nurse of me? Lord how your favours Changed with his unprofitable woe: Come give me your flowers, ere the sea marre it, Walk with Leonine, the ayre is quicker there, And it perces and sharpenes the stomach;

Come Leonine take her by the arm, walk with her.

Marin. No I pray you, I le not bereave you of your seruit.

Dion. Come, come, I love the king your father, and your selfe, with more then forraine heart, wee every day expect him here, when he shall come and, find our Paragon to all reports thus blasted.

He will repent the breadth of his great voyage, blame both my Lord and me, that we have taken no care to your best courses, go I pray you, walke and be chearfull once againe, referue that excellent complexion, which did steale the eyes of yong and old, Care not for me, I can goe home alone.

Marin. Well, I will goe, but yet I have no desire too it.

Dion. Come, come, I know tis good for you, walke halfe an hour Leomin, at the least, remember what I haue fed.

Leon. I warrant you Madam.

Dion. Ile leave you my sweete Ladie, for a while, pray walke softly, doe not heathe your blood, what, I must have care of you.

Marin. My thanks sweete Madam, Is this wind Westerlie that blowes?

Leon. Southwaste.

Marin. When I was borne the wind was North.

Leon. Walte so?

Marin. My father, as customary, did never fear, but cried good

IV. i. 18—53
good sea-men to the Saylers, gallant his kingly hands haling ropes, and clasping to the Mast, endured a sea that almost burst the decke.

_Leon._ When was this?

_Mari._ When I was borne, never was waues nor winde more violent, and from the ladder tackle, washes off a canvas clymer, ha ses one, wolt out? and with a dropping industrious they skip from sterne to sterne, the Boatswaine whistles, and the Master calles and trebles their conliusion.

_Leon._ Come lay your prayers.

_Mari._ What meane you?

_Leon._ If you require a little space for prayer, I graunt it, pray, but be not tedious, for the Gods are quicke of earc, and I am sworn to do my worke with halte.

_Mari._ Why will you kill me?

_Leon._ To satisfie my Lady.

_Mari._ Why would she have mee kild now? as I can remember by my troth, I never did her hurt in all my life, I never spake bad worde, nor did ill turne to anie living creature: Believe me law, I never killd a Mouse, nor hurt a Fly: I trode upon a worme against my will, but I wept for. How haue I offended, wherein my death might yeld her anie profit, or my life imply her any danger?

_Leon._ My Commission is not to reason of the deed, but doon't.

_Mari._ You will not doon't for all the world I hope: you are well favoured, and your lookes foreshew you have a gentle heart: I saw you latelie when you caught hurt in parting two that fought; good fowth it shewed well in you, do so now, your Lady seekes my life, come, you between, and saue poore mee the weaker.

_Leon._ I am sworn and will dispatch. _Enter Pirates._

_Pirate 1._ Hold villain.

_Pirate 2._ A prize, a prize.

_Pirate 3._ Halfe part mates, halfe part. Come lets haue F 3 her

IV. i. 53-95
Pericles Prince of Tyre.

her aboard sodainly.

Exit.

Enter Leonine.

Leon. These rogueing theeves serue the great Pyrata Valdes, and they haue seizd Marina, let her goe, ther's no hope shee will returne, Ile swere shee is dead, and throwne into the Sea, but ile see further: perhaps they will but please themselves vpun her, not carrie her aboard, if shee remaine Whome they haue rauisht, must by mee be slaine.

Exit.

Enter the three Bowdes.

Pander. Boutl.

Boutl. Sir,

Pander. Searche the market narrowly, Mottelyne is full of gallants, wee lost too much much money this mart by being too wenchleffe.

Bowd. Wee were never so much out of Creatures, we haue but poore three, and they can doe no more then they can doe, and they with continuall action, are even as good as rotten.

Pander. Therefore let vs haue fresh ones what ere wee pay for them, if there bee not a conscience to be vsde in euerie trade, wee shall never prosper.

Bowd. Thou sayst true, tis not our bringing vp of poore bastards, as I thinke, I haue brought vp soine cleuer.

Boutl. I to cleuen, and brought them downe againe, but shall I searche the market?

Bowde. What else man? the stuffe we haue, a strong winde will blowe it to peeces, they are so pittifull sodoen.

Pand.
Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Pandoe. Thou sayest true, ther's two vnwholesome conscience, the poore Transilvanian is dead that laye with the little baggage.

Boul. I, shee quickly poupt him, she made him roasteate for wormes, but Ile goe searche the market.

Exit.

Pand. Three or foure thousande Checkins were as prettie a proportion to live quietly, and so glue ouer.

Boul. Why, to glue ouer I pray you? Is it a shame to get when wee are olde?

Pand. Oh our credite comes not in like the commoditie, nor the commoditie wages not with the danger: therefore if in our youthes we could pieke vp some prettie citate, 'twere not amisse to keepe our doore hatch't, besides the fore tearmes we fland vpon with the gods, wilbe strong with vs for giving ore.

Boul. Come other sorts offend as well as wee.

Pand. As well as wee, I, and better too, wee offende worse, neither is our profession any trade, It's no calling, but heere comes Boul.

Enter Boul with the Pirates and Marina.

Boul. Come your wayes my maisters, you say shee's a virgin.

Sayer. O Sir, wee doubt it not.

Boul. Maister, I have gone through for this pecece you see, if you like her so, if not I have lost my earnest.

Boul. Boul. has she any qualities?

Boul. Shee has a good face, speakes well, and has excellent good cloathes: there's no farther necessitie of qualities can make her refus'd.

Boul. What's her price Boul?

Boul.

IV. ii. 22—54
Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pence.

Pand. Well, follow me my masters, you shall have your money presently, wife take her in, instruct her what she has to doe, that she may not be rawe in her entertainment.

Bawd. Boult, take you the markes of her, the colour of her haire, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginity, and crie, He that will give most shall have her first, such a maidenhead were no cheape thing, if men were as they have beene; get this done as I command you.


Mar. Alacke that Leonine was so slacke, so slow, he should haue stooke, not spoke, or that these Pirates, not enough barbarous, had not oreboord throwne me, for to seeke my mother.

Bawd. Why lament you prettie one?

Mar. That I am prettie.

Bawd. Come, the Gods haue done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are light into my hands, where you are like to liue.

Mar. The more my fault, to scape his handes, where I was to die.

Bawd. I, and you shall liue in peace.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes indeed shall you, and taste Gentlemen of all fashions, you shall fare well, you shall have the difference of all complexions, what doe you stop your care?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you haue mee bee, and I bee not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marie whip the Goffeling, I thinke I shall haue something to doe with you, some you're a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would haue you.

Mar. The Gods defend me.

Bawd.

IV. ii. 55—95


**Pericles Prince of Tyre.**

**Baud.** If it please the Gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men stir you vp: **Boults returnd.** Now sir, hast thou ride her through the Market?

**Boults.** I haue cryde her almost to the number of her haires, I haue drawne her picture with my voice.

**Baud.** And I prethec tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the yonger for?

**Boults.** Faith they listened to mee, as they would haue harkened to their fathers testament, there was a Spaniards mouth watred, and he went to bed to her verie description.

**Baud.** We shall haue him here to morrow with his best ruffle on.

**Boults.** To night, to night, but Mistrelce doe you knowe the French knight, that cowres ethe hams?

**Baud.** Who, **Mouneieur Verollus**?

**Boults.** I, he, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation, but he made a groane at it, and swore he would see her to morrow.

**Baud.** Well, well, as for him, hee brought his disease hither, here he does but repaire it, I knowe hee will come in our shadow, to scatter his crownes in the Sunne.

**Boults.** Well, if we had of euerie Nation a traueller, wee should lodge them with this signe.

**Baud.** Pray you come hither a while, you haue Fortunes comming vppon you, marke mee, you must seeme to doe that carefully, which you commit willingly, despise profite, where you haue most gaine, to weep that you liue as yee doe, makes pittie in your Louers fel-dome, but that pittie begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a meere profite.

**Mari.** I understand you not.

**Boults.** O take her home Mistrelce, take her home, these blusches of hers must bee quencht with some present practis.e.

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IV. ii. 96—139
Terictes Prince of Tyre.

Marc. Thou sayest true yfaith, so they must, for your Budge goes to that with shame, which is her way to goe with warrant.

Boul. Faith some doe, and some doe not, but Miltrell if I have bargained for the lyont.

Band. Thou must cut a morsehell off the spit.

Boul. I may so.

Band. Who should deny it?

Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boul. I by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Band. Boul, spend thou that in the town: report what a solourney we have, youle lose nothing by custome. When Nature framde this pcece, thee meant thee a good turne, therefore say what a parragon she is, and thou haft the harvest out of thine owne report.

Boul. I warrant you Miltrell, thunder shall not so a-wake the bees of Ecles as my giving out her beautie this vp the lowell enlaid, Ile bring home some to night.

Band. Come your wayes, follow me.

Marc. If fires be hote, knives sharpe, or waters deepe, Untide I still my virgin knot will kepe.

Dion mayde my purpose.

Band. What haue we to doe with Dion, pray you will you goe with vs?

Exit.

Enter Cleon, and Dioniz.

Dion. Why ere you foolish, can it be vndone?

Cleon. O Dioniz, such a piece of slaughter,

The Sunne and Moone nere lookt vpon.

Dion. I thinke youe turne a childe agen. Cleo

IV. ii. 140—IV. iii. 4
Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Cleon. Were I chiefe Lord of all this spacious world, I'd give it to undo the deed. O Lady much less in blood then vertue, yet a Prince to equall any single Crowne athen earth-ith justice of compare, O villain, Leontine whom thou hast poined too, if thou hadst drunke to him sad beene a kindnesse becomming well thy face, what canst thou say when noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That thee is dead. Nurses are not the fates to fofter it, not euer to preserve, the dide at night, Ie saie so, who can crosse it vueltle you play the impious Innocent, and for an honest attribute, criue out thee dye by soule play.

Cle. O goe too, well, well, of all the faults beneath the heauens, the Gods doe like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that thinkes the petty wrens of Tharses will flie hence, and open this to Pericles, I do shame to thinke of what a noble straine you are, and of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding who euer but his approba­tion added, though not his prince consent, he did not flow from honerourable courses.

Dion. Be it so then, yet none does knowe but you how shee came dead, nor none can knowe Leontine being gone. Shee did disdaine my childe, and floode betweene her and her fortunes: none woulde looke on her, but cast their gazes on Marizza face; whilest eurs was blurted at, and helde a Mawkin not worth the time of day. It piers me thorow, and though you call my course vn-natural, you not your childe well louing, yet I finde it greets mee as an enterprize of kindnesse performd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heauens forgive it.

Dion. And as for Pericles, what should hee say, we wept after her heart, & yet we mourne, her monument is almost finished, & her epitaphs in glittreing golde characters expres


Pericles Prince of Tyre.

a generall prays to her, and care in vs at whose expence tis done.

Cla. Thou art like the Harpie,
Which to betray, doe with thine Angells face cease with thine Eagles talents.

Dion. Yere like one that superstitiously,
Doce weare too the Gods, that Winter kills
The Flies, but yet I know, youle
doe as I advise.

Gower. Thus time we waste, & long leagues make short,
Saile seas in Cockles, haue and with but fort,
Making to take our imagination,
From bourne to bourne, region to region,
By you being pardoned we commit no crime,
To use one languagge, in each severall clime,
Where our seeanes seemes to liue,
I doe beseech you
To learne of me who stand with gappes
To teach you.
The stages of our storie Pericles
Is now againe thwarting thy wayward seas,
Attended on by many a Lord and Knight,
To see his daughter all his liues delight.
Old Helicanus goes along behind,
Is left to gouerne it, you beare in mind.
Old Eseenes, whom Helicanus late
Advancde in time to great and hie estaste.
Well sayling ships, and bounteous winds
Hauce brought
This king to Tharsus, thinke this Pilat thought
So with his sterage, shall your thoughts grone
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone
Like moats and shadowes, see them
Moue a while,
Your care vs to your eyes Ile reconcile.

Enter

IV. iii. 45- IV. iv. 22
Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Enter Pericles at one door, with all his traine, Cleon and Dioniza at the other. Cleon shews Pericles the tombe, whereas Pericles makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs.

Gawr. See how beleefe may suffer by fowle showe, This borrowed passion flands for true olde woe:
And Pericles in sorrow all desoured,
With sighes shot through, and biggest teares ore-showred.
Leaues Tharsis, and againe imbarques, hee sweares:
Neuer to wash his face, nor cut his hayres:
Hee put on sackcloth, and to Sea he beares,
A Tempeste which his mortall vessell teares.
And yet hee rymes it out, Nowe pleafe you wit:
The Epitaph is for Marina writ, by wicked Dioniza.

The fairest, sweetest, and best lyes heere,
Who withered in her spring of yeare:
She was of Tyros the Kings daughter,
On whom fowle death hath made this slaughter.
Marina was free calld, and at her byrh,
Thetis being proud, swallowed some part of the earth:
Therefore the earth fearing to be ore-flowed,
Hath Thetis byrh-childe on the heavens bestowed.
Wherefore she does and sweares sheelee never stint,
Make raging Battery upon shores of stint.

No visor does become blacke villanie,
So well as soft and tender flatterie:
Let Pericles beleewe his daughters dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered;
By Lady Fortune, while our Steare must play,
His daughters woe and heauie welladay.
In her vnholie seruice: Patience then,
And thinke you now are all in Mittelin.

Exit.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. Gent. Did you euer heare the like?

G 3

Gawr.
Pericles Prince of Tyre.

2. Gent. No, nor neuer shall doe in such a place as this, she being once gone.
1. But to haue diuinitie preach't there, did you euer dreame of such a thing?
2. No, no, come, I am for no more bawdie houses, shall's goe heare the Veilfall singing?
1. He doe any thing now that is vertuous, but I am out of the road of cutting for euer.  Exit.

Enter Bawdes 3.

Pand. Well, I had rather then twice the worth of her shee had nere come heere.

Bawd. Fye, fye, vpon her, shee's able to freze the god Triarius, and vndoe a whole generation, we must either get her rauished, or be rid of her, when she should doe for Clyments her fitment, and doe mee the kindnesse of our profession, shee has me her quirks, her reasons, her matter reasons, her prayers, her knees, that shee would make a Punishment of the diuell, if shee should cheapen a kisse of her.

Boul. Faith I must rauiish her, or shee'll disfurnish vs of all our Causalerers, and make our swarers priests.

Pand. Now the poxe vpon her greene sicknes for mee.

Bawd. Faith ther's no way to be ridde on't but by the way to the pox, Her comes the Lord Lysmachus disguised.

Boul. Wee should have both Lorde and Lowne, if the pecuiall baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter Lysmachus.

Lysm. How now, how a douzen of virginities?

Bawd. Now the Gods to blisse your Honour.

Boul. I am glad to see your Honour in good health.

Li. You may, so tis the better for you that your reporters stand vpon sound legges, how now? Wholsome iniquitie haue you, that a man may deale withall, and deifie the Surgion?

Bawd. Wee haue heere one Sir, if shee would, but there
Pericles Prince of Tyre:

there never came her like in Metelin.

Li. If she'd doe the deeds of darknes thou wouldst.

Bawd. Your Honor knows what it is to say well enough.

Li. Well, call forth, call forth.

Bawd. For flesh and blood Sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if shee had but

Li. What prithi?

Bawd. O Sir, I can be modest.

Li. That dignities the renowne of a Bawde, no lesse then it giues a good report to a number to be chaft.

Bawd. Heere comes that which growes to the stakke,

Neuer pluckt yet I can assure you.

Is shee not a faire creature?

Li. Faith shee would serue after a long voyage at Sea.

Well theres for you, leaue vs.

Bawd. I beseche your Honor giue me leaue a word,

And hee have done presently.

Li. I besech you doe.

Bawd. First, I would haue you note, this is an Honorable man.

Ma. I desire to finde him so, that I may worthilie

Bawd. Next hees the Gouernor of this countrey, and

a man whom I am bound too.

Ma. If hee gouerne the countrey you are bound to him indeed, but how honorable hee is in that, I knowe not.

Bawd. Pray you without anie more virginall fencing, will you vs him kindly? he will lyne your apron with gold.

Ma. What hee will doe gratiously, I will thankfully receiue.

Li. Ha you done?

Bawd. My Lord hees not pacifie yet, you must take some paines to worke her to your mannage, come wee will leave his Honor and her together, goe thy wayes. (trade?)

Li. Now prittie one, how long haue you beene at this.

Ma. What trade Sir?

Li. Why.
Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Li. Why, I cannot name but I shall offend. (name it)

Ma. I cannot be offended with my trade, please you to

Li. How long have you bene of this profession?

Ma. Ere since I can remember.

Li. Did you goe too' t so young, were you a gamelster

at hue, or at scuen?

Ma. Earlyer too Sir, if now I bee one.

Ly. Why? the house you dwell in proclaimes you to

be a Creature of sale.

Ma. Doe you knowe this house to be a place of such

resort, and will come into't? I heare say you're of honour-

able parts, and are the Gouernour of this place.

Li. Why, hath your principall made knowne vnto

you who I am?

Ma. Who is my principall?

Li. Why, your hearde-woman, she that sets seeds and

rootes of flame and inquitie.

O you haue heard somethings of my power, and so

stand aloft for more serious wooing, but I protest to thee

prettie one, my authoritative shall not see thee, or else looke

friendly vpon thee, come bring me to some priuate place:

Come, come.

Ma. If you were borne to honour, shew it now, if put

vpon you, make the judgement good, that thought you

worthie of it.

Li. How's this? how's this? some more, be sage.

Ma. For me that am a maide, though most vngentle

Fortune haue plac't mee in this Stie, where since I came,

diseases haue bene folde decreet then Phisicke, that the

gods would set me free from this vnhalowed place, though

they did change mee to the meanest byrd that flyes i' th'
purer ayre.

Li. I did not thinke thou couldst haue spoke so well,

dere dremp't thou couldst', had I brought hither a cor-

rupted minde, thy speche had altered it, holde, heeres

golde,
Pericles Prince of Tyre.

golde for thee, perseuer in that cleare way thou goest and
the gods strengthen thee.

Ma. The good Gods preferue you.

Li. For me be ye thoughten, that I came with no ill
intent, for to me the very dores and windows saue vilely,
sare thee well, thou art a pece of vertue, & I doubt not but
thy training hath bene noble, hold, heares more golde for
thee, a curse vpon him, die he like a thefse that robs thee of
thy goodnes, if thou doe it heare from me it shalbe for thy
good.

Boult. I beseeche your Honor one pece for me.

Li. Annunt thou damned dore-keeper, your house but
for this virgin that doeth prop it, would sinke and over-
whelme you. Away.

Boult. How's this? wee must take another course with
you? if your peeneth chastitie, which is not worth a breake-
fast in the cheapest countrey vnder the coap, shall vndoe a
whole houhild, let me be gelled like a spaniel, come your
Ma. Whither would you haue mee? (ways.

Boult. I must haue your mayden-head taken off, or the
comen hag-man hath execute it, come your way, weele haue
no more Gentlemen druen away, come your wayes I say.

Enter Bawdes.

Bawd. How now, what's the matter?

Boult. Worfe and worfe mistris, shee has heere spoken
holie words to the Lord Lisimachus.

Bawd. O abhominable.

Boult. He makes our profession as it were to sinke a-
fore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marue hang her vp for euer.

Boult. The Noble man would haue dealt with her like
a Noble man, and shee fent him away as colde as a Snowe-
ball, sayenge his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult take her away, vse her at thy pleasure, crack
the glasse of her virginitie, and make the rest maliable.

Boult.

IV. vi. 115—157
Boult. And if shee were a thornyue piece of ground then shee is, shee shall be plowed.

Mai. Harke, harke you Gods.

Boult. Shee coniures, away with her, would she had neuer come within my doores, Marrie hang you: shee is borne to vn doe vs, will you not goe the way of wemen-kinde? Marry come vp my dish of chastitie with rosemery & bales.

Boult. Come mistres, come your way with mee.

Mai. Whither wilt thou have mee?

Boult. To take from you the Iewell you hold so deere.

Mai. Prithee tell mee one thing first.

Boult. Come now your one thing.

Mai. What canst thou with thine enimie to be.

Boult. Why, I could with him to bee my master, or rather my mistris.

Mai. Neither of these are so bad as thou art, since they doe better the in their command, thou hold'lt a place for which the painest flence of hell would not in reputation change: Thou art the damned doore-keeper to every cutlerell that comes enquiring for his Tib. To the cholerike sifting of every rogue, thy care is lyable; thy foode is such as hath beene belch't on by infected lungs.

Boult. What wold you haue me do? go to the wars, wold you? when a man may serue 7 yeers for the losse of a leg, & haue not money enough in the end to buy him a woodden one?

Mai. Doe any thing but this thou dost, emptie olde receptacles, or common-shores of filthe, serue by indenture, to the common hang-man, anie of these wayes are yet better then this: for what thou proselleft, a Baboone could he speake, would owne a name too deere, that the gods wold safely deliuer me from this place: here, heers gold for thee, if that thy master would gaine by me, proclaime that I can sing, weare, sow, & dance, with other vertues, which Ie keep from boast, and will vndertake all these to teache. I doubt not but this populous Cittie will yeilde manie schollers.

Boult.
Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Bos. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mn. Proove that I cannot, take mee home againe, And prostitute mee to the basest groome that doeth fre-
quent your house.

Bos. Well I will see what I can doe for thee: if I can place thee I will.

Mn. But amongst honest woman.

Bos. Faith my acquaintance lies little amongst them,
But since my master and mistris hath bought you, there's
no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them
acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall
finde them tractable enough. Come, Ile doe for thee what
I can, come your wayes.

Exit.

Enter Coward.

Marina thus the Brothell scape, and chaunces
Into an Honest-house, our Storie layes:
Shee singes like one immortal, and shee daunces
As Goddesse-like to her admired layes.
Deepe clears the dumb's, and with her neele compa-
Natures owne shape, of budding, bird, branche, or berry.
That euen her art sisters the naturall Roses
Her Inckle, Silke Twine, with the rubied Cherrie,
That pupiles lackes the none of noble race,
Who powre their bountie on her: and her gaine
She gius the cursed Bawd, here wea her place,
And to her Father turne our thoughts againe,
Where wee left him on the Sea, wee there him left,
Where druene before the windes, hee is arriu'de
Heere where his daughter dwells, and on this coast,
Suppose him now at Anchor: the Citie striu'de
God Neptunes Annuall feast to keepe, from whence
Lysumachus our Tyrian Shippe spies,
His banners Sable, trim'd with rich expence,

IV. vi. 204—V. i-19
Pericles Prince of Tyre.

And to him in his Barge with former hyes,
In your supposing once more put your light,
Of beauty: Pericles, thinke this his Barke:
Where what is done in action, more if might
Shalbe discouerd, please you sit and haire.

Exit.

Enter Helicanus, to him. 2. Saylers.

1. Say. Where is Lord Helicanus? hee can resolue you,
O here he is Sir, there is a barge put off from Methyne and
in it is Lydmachus the Gouernour, who craves to come aboord,
what is your will?

Hel. That hee haue his, call vp some Gentlemen.

2. Say. Ho Gentlemen, my Lord calls,
Enter two or three Gentlemen.

1. Gent. Doth your Lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen there is some of worth would come aboord, I pray greet him fairely.

Enter Lydmachus.

1. Say. Sir, this is the man that can in ought you would resolue you.

Ly. Havre reuerent Sir, the Gods preferue you.

Hel. And you to out-luce the age I am, and die as I would doe.

Ly. You will mee well, beeing on shore, honoring of
Neptune's triumphs, seeing this goodly vessel ride before vs, I made to it, to knowe of whence you are.

Hel. First what is your place?

Ly. I am the Gouernour of this place you lie before.

Hel. Syr our vessel is of Tyre, in it the King, a man
who for this three moneths hath not spokne to ane one,
nor taken suffenance, but to prorogue his griefe.

Ly. Upon what ground is his suffenancce?

Hel. Twould be too tedious to repeat, but the mayne
griefe springs from the losse of a beloved daughter & a wife.

Ly. May wee not see him?

Hell.
Hel. You may, but bootless, I say you fight, he will not speake to any, yet let me obtaine my witt.

Ly. Behold him, this was a goodly person.

Hel. Tell the disasater, that one mortall wight droue him to this.

Ly. Sir, King all haile, the Gods prefere you, haile, royall Sir.

Hel. It is in vaine, he will not speake to you.

Lor. Sir we have a maid in Methone, I durst wager would win some words of him.

Ly. Tis well betought, she questionleffe with her sweet harmonie, and other chosen attractions, would allure and make a harttie through his defend parts, which now are midway stopp, she is all happier as she fairest of all, and her fellow maides, now upon the lautive shette that abuts against the Islands side.

Hel. Sure all effectleffe, yet nothing weele omit that bears recoueries name. But since your kindneffe wee haue stretcht thus farre, let vs beseech you, that for our golde we may prouision haue, wherein we are not destitute for want, but warie for the faleneffe.

Ly. O Sir, a curtelicke, which if we should deple, the most in God for every graine would send a Caterpillar, and so inflit our Provinse: yet once more let mee intreate to knowe at large the cause of your Kings sorrow.

Hel. Sit Sir, I will recount it to you, but see I am prevented.

Ly. O heers the Ladie that I sent for, Welcome faire one, is't not a goodly present?

Hel. She's a gallant Ladie.

Ly. She's such a one, that were I well assured came of a gentle kinde, and noble stocke, I do wish no better choice, and thinke me rarely to wed, faire on all goodneffe that consiifts in beautie, Expect even here, where is a kingly patient,
If that thy prosperous and artificiall fate,
Can draw him but to answer thee in ought,
Thy sacred Physicke shall receive such pay,
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir I will use my utmost skill in his recovery, provided that none but I and my companion maid be suffered to come near him.

Lyf. Come, let us leave her, and the Gods make her prosperous.

The Song.

Lyf. Marke he your Musicke?

Mar. No nor look on vs.

Lyf. See he will speake to him.

Mar. Haile sir, my Lord lend care.

Per. Hum, ha.

Mar. I am a maid, my Lorde, that nere before inuited eyes, but haue beene gazed on like a Comet: She speaks my Lord, that may be, hath endured a griefe might equal yours, if both were iustly wayde, though wayward fortune did maligne my state, my derivation was from ancestors, who stood equivalent with mighty Kings, but time hath rooted out my parentage, and to the world, and augward casualties, bound me in servitude, I will desist, but there is something glowes upon my cheek, and whispers in mine ear, go not till he speakes.

Per. My fortunes, parentage, good parentage, to equal mine, was it not thus, what say you?

Mar. I fed my Lord, if you did know my parentage, you would not do me violence.

Per. I do thinke so, pray you turne your eyes vpon me, your like something that, what Countrey women heare of these shewes?

Mar. No, nor of any shewes, yet I was mortally brought forth, and am no other then I appeare.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliever weeping: my dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one my daught-
ter might haue beene: My Queenes square browes, her flature to an inch, as wandlike-straight, as siluer voyl, her eyes as Iewell-like, and caule as richly, in pace an other ilme. Who flatures the eares shee fecdes, and makes them hungric, the more she giues them speeche, Where doe you liue?  

Mar. Where I am but a stranger; from the decke, you may diserne the place.  

Per. Where were you bred? and how atchieued you these endowments which you make more rich to owe?  

Mar. If I should tell my history, it would seme like lies disdained in the reporting.  

Per. Prethee speake, fallielle cannot come from thee, for thou lookest modest as justice, & thou seemest a Pallas for the crownd truth to dwell in; I wil beleeue thee, & make senses credit thy relation, to points that seme impossible, for thou lookest like one I loved indeede; what were thy friends? didst thou not sty when I did push thee backe, which was, when I perceiued thee that thou camst from good descending.  

Mar. So indeed I did.  

Per. Report thy parentage, I think thou saidst thou hadst beene tost from wrong to injurie, and that thou thoughts thy griefs might requall mine, if both were opened.  

Mar. Some such thing I said, and fed no more, but what my thoughts did warrant me, was likely.  

Per. Tell thy storie, if thine considered prove the thousand part of my endurunce, thou art a man, and I have suffered like a girl, yet thou dost looke like patience, gazing on Kings graves, and smiling extremeties out of act, what were thy friends? howe lost thou thy name, my most kinde Virgin? recount I do beleech thee, Come sit by mee.  

Mar. My name is Marina.  

Per. Oh I am mockt, and thou by some infenced God sent hither to make the world to laugh at me.  

Mar. Patience
Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Mar. Patience good sir: or here I leaft.

Per. Nay illé be patient: thou little know'st howe thou

does't flarte thee to call thy felfe Marina.

Mar. The name was giuen mee by one that had some

power, my father, and a King.

Per. How? a King's daughter, and calde Marina?

Mar. You fed you would beleue me, but not to bee a

troubler of your peace, I will end here.

Per. But are you feth, and bleud?

Have you a working pulfe, and are no Fairie?

Motion well, speake on, where were you borne?

And wherefore called Marina?

Mar. Call'd Marina, for I was borne at sea.

Per. At sea, what mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a King, who died

the minute I was borne, as my good Nurfe Licherida hath

oft deliuered weeping.

Per. O top there a little, this is the rarest dreame

That ere duld sleepe did mocke sad foole withall;

This cannot be my daughter, buried well, where were you

bred? He heare you more toooth bottome of your thoric,

and never interrupt you.

Mar. You scorne, beleue me were best I did gue one.

Per. I will beleue you by the syllable of what you shall
deliuer; yet gue me leave, how came you in these parts?

where were you bred?

Mar. The King my father did in Tharsus leave me,

Till cruel Cleon with his wicked wife,

Did feke to murther me, and hauing woed a villaine,

To attempt it, hauing drawne to doon,

A crew of Pirats came and rescued me,

Brought me to Metaline:

But good sir what wil you haue me? why do you weep?

It may be you thinke mee an imposture, no good sayth: I

am the daughter to King Pericles, if good king Pericles be.

Ehe

V. i. 146—181
Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Hell. Hoc, Helicanus?

Hel. Calls my Lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble Counsellor,
Most wise, in general, tell me, if thou canst, what this may do is, or what is like to be, that thus hath made me weep.

Hel. I know not, but here the Regent sir of Metaline, speaks nobly of her.

Lyf. She never would tell her parentage,
Being demanded, that she would sit still and weep.

Per. Oh Helicanus, strike me honored sir, give mee a glass, put me to present paine, least this great sea of joyes rushing upon me, ore-bate the shores of my mortality, and drown me with their sweetness: Oh come hither, thou that begeth him that did thee beget,

Thou that wast borne at sea, buried at Tharsis,
And found at seaagen, O Helicanus,
Downe on thy knees, thank the holy Gods as loud
As thunder threatens vs, this is Maroe.

What was thy mothers name? tell me, but that for truth can never be confirm'd inough,

Though doubts did eu er sleepe.

Mar. Frist sir, I pray what is your title?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre; but tell mee now my Drownd Queene's name, as in the rest you sayd,
Thou haft beene God-like perfect, the heir of kingdoms,
And another like to Pericles thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, then to say, my mothers name was Tharsis, Tharsis was my mother, who did end the minute I began.

Per. Now blest on thee, wise thou art my child.
Give me fresh garments, mine owne Helicanus, thee is not dead at Tharsis as thee should have beene by faunge Cleone, she shall tell thee all, when thou shalt kneele, and justifie in knowledge, she is thy verie Prince: who is this?

Hel. Sir

V. i. 182—220
Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Per. Sir, is the governor of Aesoplato, who hearing of your melancholy state, did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you, give me my robes.

I am wise in my beholding, O heavens bless my girls,
But harke what Musick tell, Hecistanad! my Marina!
Tell him one point by point, for yet he feene to doat:
How sure you are my daughters, but what Musick?

Hel. I embrace you, give me my robes.

Per. None, the Musick of the Sphere, lift my Marina.

Lyf. It is not good to croole him, give him way.

Per. Rarely sounds, do ye not hear?


Per. Moft heavenly Musick.

It nips me unto lightning, and thicke slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes, let me rest.

Lyf. A Pillow for his head, so leaue him all.

Well my companion friends, if this but answere to my just beliefes, Ile well remember you.

Diana.

Dian. My Temple stands in Ephesus;

Here thee thither, and doe vpon mine Altar sacrifice;

There when my maiden priests are met together, before the people all reueale, how thou at sea didst loose thy wife; to mourne thy crooles with thy daughters; call, & give them repetition to the like, or performe my biding, or thou liueth in woe: doo't, and happie, by my silver bow; awake and tell thy dreames.

Per. Celestial! Diana, Goddesse Argimene,

I will obey thee: Helicanus.

Hel. Sir.

Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike

The inhospitable Cleon; but I am for other service first;

Toward Ephesus turne our blowne sayles;

Eftsoones Ile tell thee why, shall we refresh vs sir vpon your shore, and give you golde for such provision as our intents will neede.

Lyf. Sir,
Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Lyf. Sir, with all my heart, and when you come a shore,
I have another sleight.

Per. You shall preuaile were it to wooe my daughter; for
't seems you have beene noble towards her.

Lyf. Sir, lend me your armes.

Per. Come my Marina.

Exeunt.

Gower. Now our lands are almost run,
More a little, and then dun.
This my last boone giue mee;
For such kindnesse must relieue mee:
That you aptly will supposse,
What pageantry; what seats; what showes,
What minstrelsy; and prettie din,
The Regent made in Metalus.
To greet the King, so he thrived,
That he is promisde to be wiued
To faire Marina, but in no wise,
Till he had done his sacrifice.
As Dias bad, where to being bound,
The Interim pray, you all confound,
In seather brieuenes sayles are fild;
And wishes fall out as they'r wild;
At Ephesus the Temple see,
Our King and all his companie.
That he can hither come so soone,
Is by your fancies thankfull doome.

Per. Haile Dian, to performe thy iust commaund;
I here confesse my selfe the King of Tyres.
Who frighted from my countrey did wed at Pentapolis; the
faire Tharsus Sea in childbed dide she, but brought forth a
Mayd child calld Marina whom, O Goddesse wearest, yet thy
silver liuer ey; shee at Tharsus was nurst with Cleon, who at
fourteene yeares he fought to murder, but her better harms

V. i. 260—V. iii. 9
brought her to Metelein, and there her Fortune brought the mayde aboard vs, where by her owne most cleere remembrance, shee made knowne her selfe my Daughter.

Th. How and so, you are, you are, O royall Pericles.

Per. What means the mum? shee die's, helpe Gentlemen.

Cer. Noble Sir, if you haue tolde Dianaeus Altar true, this is your wife?
Per. Reuerent appeaer no, I threwe her ouer-board with these verie armes.

Cer. Vpon this coast, I warrant you. 
Per. Tis most certaine.

Cer. Looke to the Ladie, O shee's but ouer-joyde, Earlie in bluttering morne this Ladie was thrown vpon this shore.

I op't the coffin, found there rich Jewells, recovered her, and plac'd her here in Dianaeus temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great Sir, they shalbe brought you to my house, whither I intire you; looke Thasia is recovered.

Th. O let me looke if shee be none of mine, my lan-guage will to my sense bend no licentious care, but curbe it spight of seeing: O my Lord are you not Pericles? like him you spake, like him you are; did you not name a tempest, a birth, and death?

Per. The voyce ot dead Thasia.

Th. That Thasia am I, suppos'd dead and drown'd.

Per. I, mortall Dian.

Th. Now I knowe you better; when wee with tears parted Pentapolis, the king my father gave you such a ring.

Per. This, this, no more, you gods, you present kinde-ness makes my paff miseries postes; you shall doe well that on the touching of her lips I may melt, and no more be scene,
Pericles Prince of Tyre

Scene; O come, be buried a second time within these arms.

My heart lep to be gone into my mothers bosome.

Per. Looke who kneels here, stili of thy flesh Thaisa, thy burden at the Sea, and call'd Marina, for she was yeilded there.

Th. Blest, and mine owne.

Hell. Hayle Madame, and my Queene.

Th. I knowe you not.

Per. You haue heard mee say when I did flie from Tyre, I left behind an ancient stibilute, can you remember what I call'd the man, I haue nam'de him off.

Th. 'Twas Hellcas, then.

Per. Still confirmation, imbrace him decr Thaisa, this is hee, now doe I long to heare how you were found? how possiblie preserued? and who to thanke (besides the gods) for this great miracle?

Th. Lord Cerimon, my Lord, this man through whom the Gods haue shewne their power, that can from first to last resolue you.

Per. Reuerent Syr, the gods can haue no mortal officer, more like a god then you, will you deliver how this dead Queene reliues?

Cer. I will my Lord, beseech you first, goe with mee to my house, where shall be shewne you all was found with her. How she came placde here in the Temple, no needfull thing omitted.

Per. Pure Dian, blest thee for thy vision, and will offer night oblations to thee Thaisa, this Prince, the faire betrothed of your daughter, shall marrie her at Pentapolis, and now this ornament makes mee looke dismoll, will I clip to forme, and what this fourteen yeeres no razer touch't, to grace thy marriidge-day, Ile beautifie.

Th. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit. Sir, my father's dead.

Per. Heauen
Pericles, Prince of Tyre

Per. Heavens make a Starre of him, yet there my Queene, we'll celebrate their Nuptials, and our Selues will in that kingdome spend our following daies, our sonne and daughter shall in Tyre reign.

Lord Cerimon wee doe our longing stay,
To heare the rest untold, Sir lead's the way.

FINIS.

Gower.

In Antiochus and his daughter you haue heard
Of monstrous lust, the due and just reward:
In Pericles his Queene and Daughters scene,
Although assay'd with Fortune fierce and keene:
    Vertue preserv'd from fell destructions blast,
    Lead on by heauen, and crown'd with joy at last.
In Helycanus may you well descrie,
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reuerend Cerimon there well appeares,
The worth that learned charitie aye weares.
    For wicked Cleon and his wife, when Fame
    Had spred his cursed deed, the honor'd name:
Of Pericles, to rage the Cittie turne,
That him and his they in his Pallace burne:
The gods for murder seem'd so content,
To punish, although not done, but meant.
    So on your Patience evermore attending,
    New joy wayte on you, heere our play has ending.

FINIS.

V. iii. 79—102