# **Classic Poetry Series**

# **George Chapman**

- poems -

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## George Chapman (1559 - 12 May 1634)

George Chapman was an English dramatist, translator, and poet. He was a classical scholar whose work shows the influence of Stoicism. Chapman has been identified as the Rival Poet of <a

href="http://www.poemhunter.com/william-shakespeare/">Shakespeare's</a> sonnets by William Minto, and as an anticipator of the Metaphysical Poets of the 17th century. Chapman is best remembered for his translations of Homer's Iliad and Odyssey, and the <a href="http://www.poemhunter.com/william-shakespeare/">Shakespeare's</a> /

href="http://www.poemhunter.com/homer/">Homeric</a>Batrachomyomachia.

#### Life and work

Chapman was born at Hitchin in Hertfordshire. There is conjecture that he studied at Oxford but did not take a degree, though no reliable evidence affirms this. We know very little about Chapman's early life, but Mark Eccles uncovered records that reveal much about Chapman's difficulties and expectations. In 1585 Chapman was approached in a friendly fashion by John Wolfall, Sr., who offered to supply a bond of surety for a loan to furnish Chapman money "for his proper use in Attendance upon the then Right Honorable Sir Rafe Sadler Knight." Chapman's courtly ambitions led him into a trap. He apparently never received any money, but he would be plagued for many years by the papers he had signed. Wolfall had the poet arrested for debt in 1600, and when in 1608 Wolfall's son, having inherited his father's papers, sued yet again, Chapman's only resort was to petition the Court of Chancery for equity. As Sadler died in 1587 this gives Chapman little time to have trained under him, it seems more likely that he was in Sadler's household from 1577-83 as he dedicates all his Homerical translations to Sadler. He spent the early 1590s abroad, seeing military action in the Low Countries. His earliest published works were the obscure philosophical poems The Shadow of Night (1594) and Ovid's Banquet of Sense (1595). The latter has been taken as a response to the erotic poems of the age such as Phillip Sydney's Astrophel and Stella and Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis. Chapman's life was troubled by debt and his inability to find a patron whose fortunes did not decline. Chapman's erstwhile patrons Robert Devereux, Second Earl of Essex and the Prince of Wales, Prince Henry, each met their ends prematurely; the former was executed for treason by Elizabeth I (1601), and the latter died of typhoid fever at the age of eighteen (1612). Chapman's resultant poverty did not diminish his ability or his standing among his fellow Elizabethan poets and dramatists. Chapman died in London, having lived his latter years in poverty and debt.

Plays</B>

#### Comedies

By the end of the 1590s, Chapman had become a successful playwright, working for Philip Henslowe and later for the Children of the Chapel. Among his comedies are The Blind Beggar of Alexandria (1596; printed 1598), An Humorous Day's Mirth (1597; printed 1599), All Fools (printed 1605), Monsieur D'Olive (1605; printed 1606), The Gentleman Usher (printed 1606) May Day (printed 1611), and The Widow's Tears (printed 1612). His plays show a willingness to experiment with dramatic form: An Humorous Day's Mirth was one of the first plays to be written in the style of 'humours comedy' which Ben Jonson later used in Every Man in his Humour and Every Man Out of his Humour. With The Widow's Tears he was also one of the first writers to meld comedy with more serious themes, creating the tragicomedy later made famous by Beaumont and Fletcher.

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He also wrote one noteworthy play in collaboration. Eastward Ho (1605), written with Jonson and John Marston, contained satirical references to the Scots which landed Chapman and Jonson in jail. Various of their letters to the king and other nobleman survive in a manuscript in the Folger Library known as the Dobell MS, and published by A.R. Braunmuller as A Seventeenth Century Letterbook. In the letters, both men renounced the offending line, implying that Marston was responsible for the injurious remark. Jonson's 'Conversations With Drummond' refers to the imprisonment, and suggests there was a possibility that both authors would have their 'ears and noses slit' as a punishment, but this may have been Jonson elaborating on the story in retrospect.

Jonson elaborating on the story in retrospect.
Chapman's friendship with Jonson, however, broke down, perhaps as a result of Jonson's public feud with Inigo Jones, and some satiric, scathing lines, written sometime after the burning of Jonson's desk and papers, provide evidence of the rift. The poem lampooning Jonson's aggressive behaviour and self-believed superiority remained unpublished during Chapman's lifetime, and exists only in documents collected after his death.

#### Tragedies

His greatest tragedies took their subject matter from recent French history, the French ambassador taking offence on at least one occasion. These include Bussy D'Ambois (1607), The Conspiracy and Tragedy of Charles, Duke of Byron (1608), The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois (1613) and The Tragedy of Chabot, Admiral of France (published 1639). The two Byron plays were banned from the stage—though when the Court left London the plays were performed in their original and unexpurgated forms by the Children of the Chapel. The French ambassador probably took offence to a scene which portrays Henry IV's wife and mistress arguing and physically fighting. On publication, the offending material was excised, and Chapman refers to the play in his dedication to Sir Thomas Walsingham as 'poore dismembered Poems'. His only work of classical tragedy, Caesar and Pompey (ca. 1613?) is generally regarded as his most modest achievement in the genre. Other plays

Chapman wrote one of the most successful masques of the Jacobean era, The Memorable Masque of the Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn, performed on 15 February 1613

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Chapman's authorship has been argued in connection with a number of anonymous plays of his era. F. G. Fleay proposed that his first play was The Disguises. He has been put forward as the author, in whole or in part, of Sir Giles Goosecap, Two Wise Men And All The Rest Fools, The Fountain Of New Fashions, and The Second Maiden's Tragedy. Of these, only 'Sir Gyles Goosecap' is generally accepted by scholars to have been written by Chapman (The Plays of George Chapman: The Tragedies, with Sir Giles Goosecap, edited by Allan Holaday, University of Illinois Press, 1987). In 1654, bookseller Richard Marriot published the play Revenge for Honour as the work of Chapman. Scholars have rejected the attribution; the play may have been written by Henry Glapthorne. Alphonsus Emperor of Germany (also printed 1654) is generally considered another false Chapman attribution.

The lost plays The Fatal Love and A Yorkshire Gentlewoman And Her Son were assigned to Chapman in Stationers' Register entries in 1660. Both of these plays were among the ones destroyed in the famous kitchen burnings

by John Warburton's cook. The lost play Christianetta (registered 1640) may have been a collaboration between Chapman and Richard Brome, or a revision by Brome of a Chapman work.

#### Poet and translator

Other poems by Chapman include: De Guiana, Carmen Epicum (1596), on the exploits of Sir Walter Raleigh; a continuation of Christopher Marlowe's unfinished Hero and Leander (1598); and Euthymiae Raptus; or the Tears of Peace (1609). Some have considered Chapman to be the "rival poet" of Shakespeare's Sonnets.

From 1598 he published his translation of the Iliad in installments. (Shakespeare apparently was able to learn enough about the content of the "Iliad," whether directly from Chapman's translation, or from an acquaintance with what Chapman was working on acquired otherwise, to enable him to put forth "Troilus and Cressida" in 1601-2; that play is remarkable for interweaving the Iliadic story of the deaths of Patroclus and Hector with the quite un-Iliadic story of love betrayed as told first in English by Geoffrey Chaucer in his masterpiece "Troilus and Criseyde.") In 1616 the complete Iliad and Odyssey appeared in The Whole Works of Homer, the first complete English translation, which until Popel's was the most popular in the complete English translation, which until Pope's was the most popular in the English language and was the way most English speakers encountered these poems. The endeavour was to have been profitable: his patron, Prince Henry, had promised him £300 on its completion plus a pension. However, Henry died in 1612 and his household neglected the commitment, leaving Chapman without either a patron or an income. In an extant letter, Chapman petitions for the money owed him; his petition was ineffective. Chapman's translation of the Odyssey is written in jambic pentameter, whereas his Iliad is written in iambic heptameter. (The Greek original is in dactylic hexameter.) Chapman often extends and elaborates on Homer's original contents to add descriptive detail or moral and philosophical interpretation and emphasis. Chapman's translation of Homer was much admired by <a href="http://www.poemhunter.com/john-keats/">Keats</a>, notably in his famous poem On First Looking into Chapman's Homer, and also drew attention from <a

href="http://www.poemhunter.com/samuel-taylor-coleridge/">Samuel Taylor Coleridge</a> and <a

href="http://www.poemhunter.com/thomas-stearns-eliot/">T.S. Eliot</a>. Chapman also translated the Homeric Hymns, the Georgics of Virgil, The Works of Hesiod (1618, dedicated to Francis Bacon), the Hero and Leander of Musaeus (1618), and the Fifth Satire of Juvenal (1624). Chapman's poetry, though not widely influential on the subsequent

development of English poetry, did have a noteworthy effect on the work of T. S. Eliot.

### Homage

In <a href="http://www.poemhunter.com/percy-bysshe-shelley/">Percy Bysshe Shelley's</a> poem, The Revolt of Islam, Shelley quotes a verse of Chapman's as homage within his dedication "to Mary\_\_\_\_", presumably his wife Mary Shelley:

There is no danger to a man, that knows What life and death is: there's not any law Exceeds his knowledge; neither is it lawful That he should stoop to any other law.

Irish playwright, <a

href="http://www.poemhunter.com/oscar-wilde/">Oscar Wilde</a>, quoted the same verse in his part fiction, part literary criticism, "The Portrait of Mr. W H "

The English poet Keats wrote "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer" for his friend Charles Cowden Clarke in October 1816. The poem begins "Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold" and is much quoted. For example, P.G. Wodehouse in his review of the first Flashman novel that came to his attention: "Now I understand what that 'when a new planet swims into his ken' excitement is all about." Arthur Ransome uses two references from it in his children's books, the Swallows and Amazons series

#### Works:

The Blind Beggar of Alexandria (1596; printed 1598)
An Humorous Day's Mirth (1597; printed 1599)
All Fools (printed 1605)
Monsieur D'Olive (1605; printed 1606)
The Gentleman Usher (printed 1606)
May Day (printed 1611),
The Widow's Tears (printed 1612)
Eastward Ho (1605)
Bussy D'Ambois (1607)
The Conspiracy and Tragedy of Charles, Duke of Byron (1608)
The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois (1613)
The Tragedy of Chabot, Admiral of France (published 1639)
Caesar and Pompey (ca. 1613?)
The Memorable Masque of the Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn (1613)
De Guiana, Carmen Epicum (1596),
Euthymiae Raptus; or the Tears of Peace (1609)

Translation
The complete Iliad and Odyssey (1616)

## A Coronet for his Mistress, Philosophy

Muses that sing love's sensual empery,
And lovers kindling your enraged fires
At Cupid's bonfires burning in the eye,
Blown with the empty breath of vain desires;
You that prefer the painted cabinet
Before the wealthy jewels it doth store ye,
That all your joys in dying figures set,
And stain the living substance of your glory;
Abjure those joys, abhor their memory,
And let my love the honour'd subject be
Of love, and honour's complete history.
Your eyes were never yet let in to see
The majesty and riches of the mind,
But dwell in darkness; for your god is blind.

## An Invective Written By Mr. George Chapman Against Mr. Ben Jonson

Great, learned, witty Ben, be pleased to light
The world with that three-forked fire; nor fright
All us, thy sublearned, with luciferous boast
That thou art most great, most learn'd, witty most
Of all the kingdom, nay of all the earth;
As being a thing betwixt a human birth
And an infernal; no humanity
Of the divine soul shewing man in thee.

\* \* \* \* \*

Though thy play genius hang his broken wings Full of sick feathers, and with forced things, Imp thy scenes, labour'd and unnatural, And nothing good comes with thy thrice-vex'd call, Comest thou not yet, nor yet? O no, nor yet; Yet are thy learn'd admirers so deep set In thy preferment above all that cite The sun in challenge for the heat and light Of heaven's influences which of you two knew And have most power in them; Great Ben, 'tis you. Examine him, some truly-judging spirit, That pride nor fortune hath to blind his merit, He match'd with all book-fires, he ever read His dusk poor candle-rents; his own fat head With all the learn'd world's, Alexander's flame That Caesar's conquest cow'd, and stript his fame, He shames not to give reckoning in with his; As if the king pardoning his petulancies Should pay his huge loss too in such a score As all earth's learned fires he gather'd for. What think'st thou, just friend? equall'd not this pride All yet that ever Hell or Heaven defied? And yet for all this, this club will inflict His faultful pain, and him enough convict He only reading show'd; learning, nor wit; Only Dame Gilian's fire his desk will fit. But for his shift by fire to save the loss Of his vast learning, this may prove it gross: True Muses ever vent breaths mixt with fire Which, form'd in numbers, they in flames expire Not only flames kindled with their own bless'd breath That gave th' unborn life, and eternize death. Great Ben, I know that this is in thy hand And how thou fix'd in heaven's fix'd star dost stand In all men's admirations and command; For all that can be scribbled 'gainst the sorter Of thy dead repercussions and reporter. The kingdom yields not such another man; Wonder of men he is; the player can And bookseller prove true, if they could know Only one drop, that drives in such a flow.

Are they not learned beasts, the better far Their drossy exhalations a star Their brainless admirations may render; For learning in the wise sort is but lender Of men's prime notion's doctrine; their own way Of all skills' perceptible forms a key Forging to wealth, and honour-soothed sense, Never exploring truth or consequence, Informing any virtue or good life; And therefore Player, Bookseller, or Wife Of either, (needing no such curious key) All men and things, may know their own rude way. Imagination and our appetite Forming our speech no easier than they light All letterless companions; t' all they know Here or hereafter that like earth's sons plough All under-worlds and ever downwards grow, Nor let your learning think, egregious Ben, These letterless companions are not men With all the arts and sciences indued, If of man's true and worthiest knowledge rude, Which is to know and be one complete man, And that not all the swelling ocean Of arts and sciences, can pour both in: If that brave skill then when thou didst begin To study letters, thy great wit had plied, Freely and only thy disease of pride In vulgar praise had never bound thy [hide].

## **Bridal Song**

O COME, soft rest of cares! come, Night!
Come, naked Virtue's only tire,
The reaped harvest of the light
Bound up in sheaves of sacred fire.
Love calls to war:
Sighs his alarms,
Lips his swords are,
The field his arms.

Come, Night, and lay thy velvet hand On glorious Day's outfacing face; And all thy crowned flames command For torches to our nuptial grace. Love calls to war: Sighs his alarms, Lips his swords are, The field his arms.

## Courage

Give me a spirit that on this life's rough sea Loves to have his sails filled with a lusty wind Even till his sailyards tremble, his masts crack, And his rapt ship runs on her side so low

That she drinks water, and her keel ploughs air; There is no danger to a man that knows What life and death is, - there is no law Exceeds his knowledge: neither is it lawful That he should stoop to any other law.

## **Her Coming**

See where she issues in her beauty's pomp,
As Flora to salute the morning sun;
Who when she shakes her tresses in the air,
Rains on the earth dissolved pearl in showers,
Which with his beams the sun exhales to heaven:
She holds the spring and summer in her arms,
And every planet puts on his freshest robes,
To dance attendance on her princely steps,
Springing and fading as she comes and goes.

#### Hero And Leander. The Fifth Sestiad

Now was bright Hero weary of the day, Thought an Olympiad in Leander's stay. Sol and the soft-foot Hours hung on his arms, And would not let him swim, foreseeing his harms: That day Aurora double grace obtain'd Of her love Phoebus; she his horses reign'd, Set on his golden knee, and, as she list, She pull'd him back; and as she pull'd she kiss'd, To have him turn to bed: he lov'd her more, To see the love Leander Hero bore: Examples profit much; ten times in one, In persons full of note, good deeds are done. Day was so long, men walking fell asleep; The heavy humours that their eyes did steep Made them fear mischiefs. The hard streets were beds For covetous churls and for ambitious heads, That, spite of Nature, would their business ply: All thought they had the falling epilepsy, Men grovell'd so upon the smother'd ground; And pity did the heart of Heaven confound. The Gods, the Graces, and the Muses came Down to the Destinies, to stay the frame Of the true lovers' deaths, and all world's tears: But Death before had stopp'd their cruel ears. All the celestials parted mourning then, Pierc'd with our human miseries more than men: Ah, nothing doth the world with mischief fill, But want of feeling one another's ill! With their descent the day grew something fair, And cast a brighter robe upon the air. Hero, to shorten time with merriment, For young Alcmane and bright Mya sent, Two lovers that had long crav'd marriage-dues At Hero's hands: but she did still refuse; For lovely Mya was her consort vow'd In her maid state, and therefore not allow'd To amorous nuptials: yet fair Hero now Intended to dispense with her cold vow, Since hers was broken, and to marry her: The rites would pleasing matter minister To her conceits, and shorten tedious day. They came; sweet Music usher'd th' odorous way, And wanton Air in twenty sweet forms danced After her fingers; Beauty and Love advanced Their ensigns in the downless rosy faces Of youths and maids led after by the Graces. For all these Hero made a friendly feast, Welcom'd them kindly, did much love protest, Winning their hearts with all the means she might. That, when her fault should chance t' abide the light Their loves might cover or extenuate it, And high in her worst fate make pity sit.

She married them; and in the banquet came, Borne by the virgins. Hero striv'd to frame Her thoughts to mirth: ay me! but hard it is To imitate a false and forced bliss; Ill may a sad mind forge a merry face, Nor hath constrained laughter any grace. Then laid she wine on cares to make them sink: Who fears the threats of Fortune, let him drink. To these quick nuptials enter'd suddenly Admired Teras with the ebon thigh; A nymph that haunted the green Sestian groves, And would consort soft virgins in their loves, At gaysome triumphs and on solemn days, Singing prophetic elegies and lays, And fingering of a silver lute she tied With black and purple scarfs by her left side. Apollo gave it, and her skill withal, And she was term'd his dwarf, she was so small: Yet great in virtue, for his beams enclosed His virtues in her; never was proposed Riddle to her, or augury, strange or new, But she resolv'd it; never slight tale flew From her charm'd lips without important sense, Shown in some grave succeeding consequence. This little sylvan, with her songs and tales, Gave such estate to feasts and nuptials, That though ofttimes she forewent tragedies, Yet for her strangeness still she pleas'd their eyes; And for her smallness they admir'd her so, They thought her perfect born, and could not grow. All eyes were on her. Hero did command An altar decked with sacred state should stand At the feast's upper end, close by the bride, On which the pretty nymph might sit espied. Then all were silent; every one so hears, As all their senses climb'd into their ears: And first this amorous tale, that fitted well Fair Hero and the nuptials, she did tell.

## \_The Tale of Teras.\_

Hymen, that now is god of nuptial rites,
And crowns with honour Love and his delights,
Of Athens was a youth, so sweet of face,
That many thought him of the female race;
Such quickening brightness did his clear eyes dart,
Warm went their beams to his beholder's heart,
In such pure leagues his beauties were combin'd,
That there your nuptial contracts first were signed;
For as proportion, white and crimson, meet
In beauty's mixture, all right clear and sweet,

The eye responsible, the golden hair, And none is held, without the other, fair; All spring together, all together fade; Such intermix'd affections should invade Two perfect lovers; which being yet unseen, Their virtues and their comforts copied been In beauty's concord, subject to the eye; And that, in Hymen, pleased so matchlessly, That lovers were esteemed in their full grace, Like form and colour mixed in Hymen's face; And such sweet concord was thought worthy then Of torches, music, feasts, and greatest men: So Hymen look'd that even the chastest mind He mov'd to join in joys of sacred kind; For only now his chin's first down consorted His head's rich fleece in golden curls contorted; And as he was so loved, he loved so too: So should best beauties bound by nuptials, do. Bright Eucharis, who was by all men said The noblest, fairest, and the richest maid Of all th' Athenian damsels, Hymen lov'd With such transmission, that his heart remov'd From his white breast to hers: but her estate, In passing his, was so interminate For wealth and honour, that his love durst feed On naught but sight and hearing, nor could breed Hope of requital, the grand prize of love; Nor could he hear or see, but he must prove How his rare beauty's music would agree With maids in consort; therefore robbed he His chin of those same few first fruits it bore, And, clad in such attire as virgins wore, He kept them company, and might right well, For he did all but Eucharis excel In all the fair of beauty! yet he wanted Virtue to make his own desires implanted In his dear Eucharis; for women never Love beauty in their sex, but envy ever. His judgment yet, that durst not suit address, Nor, past due means, presume of due success, Reason gat Fortune in the end to speed To his best prayers: but strange it seemed, indeed, That Fortune should a chaste affection bless: Preferment seldom graceth bashfulness. Nor grac'd it Hymen yet; but many a dart, And many an amorous thought, enthralled his heart, Ere he obtained her; and he sick became, Forced to abstain her sight; and then the flame Raged in his bosom. O, what grief did fill him! Sight made him sick, and want of sight did kill him. The virgins wonder'd where Diaetia stay'd, For so did Hymen term himself, a maid.

At length with sickly looks he greeted them: Tis strange to see 'gainst what an extreme stream A lover strives; poor Hymen look'd so ill, That as in merit he increased still By suffering much, so he in grace decreas'd: Women are most won, when men merit least: If Merit look not well, Love bids stand by; Love's special lesson is to please the eye. And Hymen soon recovering all he lost, Deceiving still these maids, but himself most, His love and he with many virgin dames, Noble by birth, noble by beauty's flames, Leaving the town with songs and hallow'd lights To do great Ceres Eleusina rites Of zealous sacrifice, were made a prey To barbarous rovers, that in ambush lay, And with rude hands enforc'd their shining spoil, Far from the darkened city, tired with toil: And when the yellow issue of the sky Came trooping forth, jealous of cruelty To their bright fellows of this under-heaven, Into a double night they saw them driven,-A horrid cave, the thieves' black mansion; Where, weary of the journey they had gone, Their last night's watch, and drunk with their sweet gains, Dull Morpheus enter'd, laden with silken chains, Stronger than iron, and bound the swelling veins And tired senses of these lawless swains. But when the virgin lights thus dimly burn'd, O, what a hell was heaven in! how they mourn'd And wrung their hands, and wound their gentle forms Into the shapes of sorrow! golden storms Fell from their eyes; as when the sun appears, And yet it rains, so show'd their eyes their tears: And, as when funeral dames watch a dead corse, Weeping about it, telling with remorse What pains he felt, how long in pain he lay, How little food he ate, what he would say; And then mix mournful tales of other's deaths, Smothering themselves in clouds of their own breaths; At length, one cheering other, call for wine; The golden bowl drinks tears out of their eyne, As they drink wine from it; and round it goes, Each helping other to relieve their woes; So cast these virgins' beauties mutual rays, One lights another, face the face displays; Lips by reflection kissed, and hands hands shook, Even by the whiteness each of other took. But Hymen now used friendly Morpheus' aid, Slew every thief, and rescued every maid: And now did his enamour'd passion take Heart from his hearty deed, whose worth did make

His hope of bounteous Eucharis more strong; And now came Love with Proteus, who had long Juggled the little god with prayers and gifts, Ran through all shapes and varied all his shifts, To win Love's stay with him, and make him love him. And when he saw no strength of sleight could move him, To make him love or stay, he nimbly turned Into Love's self, he so extremely burned. And thus came Love, with Proteus and his power, T' encounter Eucharis: first, like the flower That Juno's milk did spring, the silver lily, He fell on Hymen's hand, who straight did spy The bounteous godhead, and with wondrous joy Offer'd it Eucharis. She, wonderous coy, Drew back her hand: the subtle flower did woo it, And, drawing it near, mixed so you could not know it: As two clear tapers mix in one their light, So did the lily and the hand their white. She viewed it; and her view the form bestows Amongst her spirits; for, as colour flows From superficies of each thing we see, Even so with colours forms emitted be; And where Love's form is, Love is; Love is form: He entered at the eye; his sacred storm Rose from the hand, Love's sweetest instrument: It stirred her blood's sea so, that high it went, And beat in bashful waves 'gainst the white shore Of her divided cheeks; it raged the more, Because the tide went 'gainst the haughty wind Of her estate and birth: and, as we find, In fainting ebbs, the flowery Zephyr hurls The green-haired Hellespont, broke in silver curls, 'Gainst Hero's tower; but in his blast's retreat, The waves obeying him, they after beat, Leaving the chalky shore a great way pale, Then moist it freshly with another gale; So ebbed and flowed the blood in Eucharis' face, Coyness and Love strived which had greatest grace; Virginity did fight on Coyness' side, Fear of her parent's frowns and female pride Loathing the lower place, more than it loves The high contents desert and virtue moves. With Love fought Hymen's beauty and his valure, Which scarce could so much favour yet allure To come to strike, but fameless idle stood: Action is fiery valour's sovereign good. But Love, once entered, wished no greater aid Than he could find within; thought thought betray'd; The bribed, but incorrupted, garrison Sung 'Io Hymen;' there those songs begun, And Love was grown so rich with such a gain, And wanton with the ease of his free reign,

That he would turn into her roughest frowns To turn them out; and thus he Hymen crowns King of his thoughts, man's greatest empery: This was his first brave step to deity. Home to the mourning city they repair, With news as wholesome as the morning air, To the sad parents of each saved maid: But Hymen and his Eucharis had laid This plat to make the flame of their delight Round as the moon at full, and full as bright. Because the parents of chaste Eucharis Exceeding Hymen's so, might cross their bliss; And as the world rewards deserts, that law Cannot assist with force; so when they saw Their daughter safe, take vantage of their own, Praise Hymen's valour much, nothing bestown; Hymen must leave the virgins in a grove Far off from Athens, and go first to prove, If to restore them all with fame and life, He should enjoy his dearest as his wife. This told to all the maids, the most agree: The riper sort, knowing what 'tis to be The first mouth of a news so far derived, And that to hear and bear news brave folks lived. As being a carriage special hard to bear Occurrents, these occurrents being so dear, They did with grace protest, they were content T' accost their friends with all their compliment, For Hymen's good; but to incur their harm, There he must pardon them. This wit went warm To Adolesche's brain, a nymph born high, Made all of voice and fire, that upwards fly: Her heart and all her forces' nether train Climb'd to her tongue, and thither fell her brain, Since it could go no higher; and it must go; All powers she had, even her tongue, did so: In spirit and quickness she much joy did take, And loved her tongue, only for quickness' sake; And she would haste and tell. The rest all stay: Hymen goes one, the nymph another way; And what became of her I'll tell at last: Yet take her visage now; -- moist-lipped, long-faced, Thin like an iron wedge, so sharp and tart, As 'twere of purpose made to cleave Love's heart: Well were this lovely beauty rid of her. And Hymen did at Athens now prefer His welcome suit, which he with joy aspired: A hundred princely youths with him retired To fetch the nymphs; chariots and music went; And home they came: heaven with applauses rent. The nuptials straight proceed, whiles all the town, Fresh in their joys, might do them most renown.

First, gold-locked Hymen did to church repair, Like a quick offering burned in flames of hair; And after, with a virgin firmament The godhead-proving bride attended went Before them all: she looked in her command, As if form-giving Cypria's silver hand Gripped all their beauties, and crushed out one flame; She blushed to see how beauty overcame The thoughts of all men. Next, before her went Five lovely children, decked with ornament Of her sweet colours, bearing torches by; For light was held a happy augury Of generation, whose efficient right Is nothing else but to produce to light. The odd disparent number they did choose, To show the union married loves should use, Since in two equal parts it will not sever, But the midst holds one to rejoin it ever, As common to both parts: men therefore deem That equal number gods do not esteem, Being authors of sweet peace and unity, But pleasing to th' infernal empery, Under whose ensigns Wars and Discords fight, Since an even number you may disunite In two parts equal, naught in middle left To reunite each part from other reft; And five they hold in most especial prize, Since 'tis the first odd number that doth rise From the two foremost numbers' unity, That odd and even are; which are two and three; For one no number is; but thence doth flow The powerful race of number. Next, did go A noble matron, that did spinning bear A huswife's rock and spindle, and did wear A wether's skin, with all the snowy fleece, To intimate that even the daintiest piece And noblest-born dame should industrious be: That which does good disgraceth no degree. And now to Juno's temple they are come, Where her grave priest stood in the marriage-room: On his right arm did hang a scarlet veil, And from his shoulders to the ground did trail, On either side, ribands of white and blue: With the red veil he hid the bashful hue Of the chaste bride, to show the modest shame, In coupling with a man, should grace a dame. Then took he the disparent silks, and tied The lovers by the waists, and side to side, In token that thereafter they must bind In one self-sacred knot each other's mind. Before them on an altar he presented Both fire and water, which was first invented,

Since to ingenerate every human creature And every other birth produc'd by Nature, Moisture and heat must mix; so man and wife For human race must join in nuptial life. Then one of Juno's birds, the painted jay, He sacrific'd and took the gall away; All which he did behind the altar throw, In sign no bitterness of hate should grow, 'Twixt married loves, nor any least disdain. Nothing they spake, for 'twas esteem'd too plain For the most silken mildness of a maid, To let a public audience hear it said, She boldly took the man; and so respected Was bashfulness in Athens, it erected To chaste Agneia, which is Shamefacedness, A sacred temple, holding her a goddess. And now to feasts, masks, and triumphant shows, The shining troops returned, even till earth-throes Brought forth with joy the thickest part of night, When the sweet nuptial song, that used to cite All to their rest, was by Phemonoee sung, First Delphian prophetess, whose graces sprung Out of the Muses' well: she sung before The bride into her chamber; at which door A matron and a torch-bearer did stand: A painted box of confits in her hand The matron held, and so did other some That compassed round the honour'd nuptial room. The custom was, that every maid did wear, During her maidenhead, a silken sphere About her waist, above her inmost weed, Knit with Minerva's knot, and that was freed By the fair bridegroom on the marriage-night, With many ceremonies of delight: And yet eternized Hymen's tender bride, To suffer it dissolved so, sweetly cried. The maids that heard, so loved and did adore her, They wished with all their hearts to suffer for her. So had the matrons, that with confits stood About the chamber, such affectionate blood, And so true feeling of her harmless pains, That every one a shower of confits rains; For which the bride-youths scrambling on the ground, In noise of that sweet hail her cries were drown'd. And thus blest Hymen joyed his gracious bride, And for his joy was after deified. The saffron mirror by which Phoebus' love, Green Tellus, decks her, now he held above The cloudy mountains: and the noble maid, Sharp-visaged Adolesche, that was stray'd Out of her way, in hasting with her news, Not till this hour th' Athenian turrets views;

And now brought home by guides, she heard by all, That her long kept occurrents would be stale, And how fair Hymen's honours did excel For those rare news which she came short to tell. To hear her dear tongue robbed of such a joy, Made the well-spoken nymph take such a toy, That down she sunk: when lightning from above Shrunk her lean body, and, for mere free love, Turn'd her into the pied-plum'd Psittacus, That now the Parrot is surnam'd by us, Who still with counterfeit confusion prates Naught but news common to the common'st mates.—This told, strange Teras touch'd her lute, and sung This ditty, that the torchy evening sprung.

## \_Epithalamion Teratos.\_

Come, come, dear Night! Love's mart of kisses, Sweet close to his ambitious line, The fruitful summer of his blisses! Love's glory doth in darkness shine. O come, soft rest of cares! come, Night! Come, naked Virtue's only tire, The reaped harvest of the light, Bound up in sheaves of sacred fire! Love calls to war; Sighs his alarms, Lips his swords are, The field his arms.

Come, Night, and lay thy velvet hand On glorious Day's outfacing face; And all thy crowned flames command, For torches to our nuptial grace! Love calls to war; Sighs his alarms, Lips his swords are, The field his arms.

No need have we of factious Day,
To cast, in envy of thy peace,
Her balls of discord in thy way:
Here Beauty's day doth never cease;
Day is abstracted here,
And varied in a triple sphere.
Hero, Alcmane, Mya, so outshine thee,
Ere thou come here, let Thetis thrice refine thee.
Love calls to war;
Sighs his alarms,
Lips his swords are,
The field his arms.

The evening star I see:
Rise, youths! the evening star
Helps Love to summon war;
Both now embracing be.
Rise, youths! Love's rite claims more than banquets; rise!
Now the bright marigolds, that deck the skies,
Phoebus' celestial flowers, that, contrary
To his flowers here, ope when he shuts his eye,
And shuts when he doth open, crown your sports:
Now Love in Night, and Night in Love exhorts
Courtship and dances: all your parts employ,
And suit Night's rich expansure with your joy.
Love paints his longings in sweet virgins' eyes:
Rise, youths! Love's rite claims more than banquets; rise!

Rise, virgins! let fair nuptial loves enfold Your fruitless breasts: the maidenheads ye hold Are not your own alone, but parted are; Part in disposing them your parents share, And that a third part is; so must ye save Your loves a third, and you your thirds must have. Love paints his longings in sweet virgins' eyes: Rise, youths! Love's rite claims more than banquets; rise!

Herewith the amorous spirit, that was so kind To Teras' hair, and comb'd it down with wind, Still as it, comet-like, brake from her brain, Would needs have Teras gone, and did refrain To blow it down: which, staring up, dismay'd The timorous feast; and she no longer stay'd; But, bowing to the bridegroom and the bride, Did, like a shooting exhalation, glide Out of their sights: the turning of her back Made them all shriek, it look'd so ghastly black. O hapless Hero! that most hapless cloud Thy soon-succeeding tragedy foreshow'd. Thus all the nuptial crew to joys depart; But much-wronged Hero stood Hell's blackest dart: Whose wound because I grieve so to display, I use digressions thus t' increase the day.

#### Hero And Leander. The Fourth Sestiad

Now from Leander's place she rose, and found Her hair and rent robe scatter'd on the ground; Which taking up, she every piece did lay Upon an altar, where in youth of day She us'd t' exhibit private sacrifice: Those would she offer to the deities Of her fair goddess and her powerful son, As relics of her late-felt passion; And in that holy sort she vow'd to end them, In hope her violent fancies, that did rend them, Would as quite fade in her love's holy fire, As they should in the flames she meant t' inspire. Then put she on all her religious weeds, That decked her in her secret sacred deeds; A crown of icicles, that sun nor fire Could ever melt, and figur'd chaste desire; A golden star shined in her naked breast, In honour of the queen-light of the east. In her right hand she held a silver wand, On whose bright top Peristera did stand. Who was a nymph, but now transformed a dove, And in her life was dear in Venus' love; And for her sake she ever since that time Choosed doves to draw her coach through heaven's blue clime. Her plenteous hair in curled billows swims On her bright shoulder: her harmonious limbs Sustained no more but a most subtile veil, That hung on them, as it durst not assail Their different concord; for the weakest air Could raise it swelling from her beauties fair; Nor did it cover, but adumbrate only Her most heart-piercing parts, that a blest eye Might see, as it did shadow, fearfully, All that all-love-deserving paradise: It was as blue as the most freezing skies; Near the sea's hue, for thence her goddess came: On it a scarf she wore of wondrous frame; In midst whereof she wrought a virgin's face, From whose each cheek a fiery blush did chase Two crimson flames, that did two ways extend, Spreading the ample scarf to either end; Which figur'd the division of her mind, Whiles yet she rested bashfully inclin'd, And stood not resolute to wed Leander; This serv'd her white neck for a purple sphere, And cast itself at full breadth down her back: There, since the first breath that begun the wrack Of her free quiet from Leander's lips, She wrought a sea, in one flame, full of ships; But that one ship where all her wealth did pass, Like simple merchants' goods, Leander was; For in that sea she naked figured him;

Her diving needle taught him how to swim, And to each thread did such resemblance give, For joy to be so like him it did live: Things senseless live by art, and rational die By rude contempt of art and industry. Scarce could she work, but, in her strength of thought, She fear'd she prick'd Leander as she wrought, And oft would shriek so, that her guardian, frighted, Would startling haste, as with some mischief cited: They double life that dead things' griefs sustain; They kill that feel not their friends' living pain. Sometimes she fear'd he sought her infamy; And then, as she was working of his eye, She thought to prick it out to quench her ill; But, as she prick'd, it grew more perfect still: Trifling attempts no serious acts advance; The fire of love is blown by dalliance. In working his fair neck she did so grace it, She still was working her own arms t' embrace it: That, and his shoulders, and his hands were seen Above the stream; and with a pure sea-green She did so quaintly shadow every limb, All might be seen beneath the waves to swim. In this conceited scarf she wrought beside A moon in change, and shooting stars did glide In number after her with bloody beams; Which figur'd her affects in their extremes, Pursuing nature in her Cynthian body, And did her thoughts running on change imply; For maids take more delight, when they prepare, And think of wives' states, than when wives they are. Beneath all these she wrought a fisherman, Drawing his nets from forth the ocean; Who drew so hard, ye might discover well The toughen'd sinews in his neck did swell: His inward strains drave out his blood-shot eyes, And springs of sweat did in his forehead rise; Yet was of naught but of a serpent sped, That in his bosom flew and stung him dead: And this by Fate into her mind was sent, Not wrought by mere instinct of her intent. At the scarf's other end her hand did frame, Near the fork'd point of the divided flame, A country virgin keeping of a vine, Who did of hollow bulrushes combine Snares for the stubble-loving grasshopper, And by her lay her scrip that nourish'd her. Within a myrtle shade she sate and sung; And tufts of waving reeds above her sprung, Where lurked two foxes, that, while she applied Her trifling snares, their thieveries did divide, One to the vine, another to her scrip,

That she did negligently overslip; By which her fruitful vine and wholesome fare She suffered spoiled to make a childish snare. These ominous fancies did her soul express, And every finger made a prophetess, To show what death was hid in love's disguise, And make her judgment conquer Destinies. O, what sweet forms fair ladies' souls do shroud, Were they made seen and forced through their blood; If through their beauties, like rich work through lawn, They would set forth their minds with virtues drawn, In letting graces from their fingers fly, To still their eyas thoughts with industry; That their plied wits in numbered silks might sing Passion's huge conquest, and their needles leading Affection prisoner through their own-built cities, Pinioned with stones and Arachnean ditties. Proceed we now with Hero's sacrifice: She odours burned, and from their smoke did rise Unsavoury fumes, that air with plagues inspired; And then the consecrated sticks she fired. On whose pale flames an angry spirit flew, And beat it down still as it upward grew; The virgin tapers that on th' altar stood, When she inflam'd them, burned as red as blood; All sad ostents of that too near success, That made such moving beauties motionless. Then Hero wept; but her affrighted eyes She quickly wrested from the sacrifice, Shut them, and inwards for Leander looked, Search'd her soft bosom, and from thence she plucked His lovely picture; which when she had viewed, Her beauties were with all love's joys renewed; The odours sweeten'd, and the fires burned clear, Leander's form left no ill object there: Such was his beauty, that the force of light, Whose knowledge teacheth wonders infinite, The strength of number and proportion, Nature had placed in it to make it known, Art was her daughter, and what human wits For study lost, entombed in drossy spirits. After this accident (which for her glory Hero could not but make a history), Th' inhabitants of Sestos and Abydos Did every year, with feasts propitious, To fair Leander's picture sacrifice: And they were persons of especial price That were allowed it, as an ornament T' enrich their houses, for the continent Of the strange virtues all approved it held; For even the very look of it repelled All blastings, witchcrafts, and the strifes of nature

In those diseases that no herbs could cure; The wolfy sting of avarice it would pull, And make the rankest miser bountiful; It kill'd the fear of thunder and of death; The discords that conceit engendereth 'Twixt man and wife, it for the time would cease; The flames of love it quench'd, and would increase; Held in a prince's hand, it would put out The dreadful'st comet; it would ease all doubt Of threaten'd mischiefs; it would bring asleep Such as were mad; it would enforce to weep Most barbarous eyes; and many more effects This picture wrought, and sprung Leandrian sects; Of which was Hero first; for he whose form, Held in her hand, clear'd such a fatal storm, From hell she thought his person would defend her, Which night and Hellespont would quickly send her. With this confirm'd, she vow'd to banish quite All thought of any check to her delight; And, in contempt of silly bashfulness, She would the faith of her desires profess, Where her religion should be policy, To follow love with zeal her piety; Her chamber her cathedral-church should be, And her Leander her chief deity; For in her love these did the gods forego; And though her knowledge did not teach her so, Yet did it teach her this, that what her heart Did greatest hold in her self-greatest part, That she did make her god; and 'twas less naught To leave gods in profession and in thought, Than in her love and life; for therein lies Most of her duties and their dignities; And, rail the brain-bald world at what it will, That's the grand atheism that reigns in it still. Yet singularity she would use no more, For she was singular too much before; But she would please the world with fair pretext: Love would not leave her conscience perplext: Great men that will have less do for them, still Must bear them out, though th' acts be ne'er so ill; Meanness must pander be to Excellence; Pleasure atones Falsehood and Conscience: Dissembling was the worst, thought Hero then, And that was best, now she must live with men. O virtuous love, that taught her to do best When she did worst, and when she thought it least! Thus would she still proceed in works divine, And in her sacred state of priesthood shine, Handling the holy rites with hands as bold, As if therein she did Jove's thunder hold, And need not fear those menaces of error,

Which she at others threw with greatest terror. O lovely Hero, nothing is thy sin, Weigh'd with those foul faults other priests are in! That having neither faiths, nor works, nor beauties, T' engender any 'scuse for slubbered duties, With as much countenance fill their holy chairs, And sweat denouncements 'gainst profane affairs, As if their lives were cut out by their places, And they the only fathers of the graces. Now, as with settled mind she did repair Her thoughts to sacrifice her ravished hair And her torn robe, which on the altar lay, And only for religion's fire did stay, She heard a thunder by the Cyclops beaten, In such a volley as the world did threaten, Given Venus as she parted th' airy sphere, Descending now to chide with Hero here: When suddenly the goddess' waggoners, The swans and turtles that, in coupled pheres, Through all worlds' bosoms draw her influence, Lighted in Hero's window, and from thence To her fair shoulders flew the gentle doves,--Graceful AEdone that sweet pleasure loves, And ruff-foot Chreste with the tufted crown; Both which did kiss her, though their goddess frown. The swans did in the solid flood, her glass, Proin their fair plumes; of which the fairest was Jove-lov'd Leucote, that pure brightness is; The other bounty-loving Dapsilis. All were in heaven, now they with Hero were: But Venus' looks brought wrath, and urged fear. Her robe was scarlet; black her head's attire: And through her naked breast shin'd streams of fire, As when the rarified air is driven In flashing streams, and opes the darken'd heaven. In her white hand a wreath of yew she bore; And, breaking th' icy wreath sweet Hero wore, She forc'd about her brows her wreath of yew, And said, 'Now, minion, to thy fate be true, Though not to me; endure what this portends: Begin where lightness will, in shame it ends. Love makes thee cunning; thou art current now, By being counterfeit: thy broken vow Deceit with her pied garters must rejoin, And with her stamp thou countenances must coin; Coyness, and pure deceits, for purities, And still a maid wilt seem in cozen'd eyes, And have an antic face to laugh within, While thy smooth looks make men digest thy sin. But since thy lips (least thought forsworn) forswore, Be never virgin's vow worth trusting more! When Beauty's dearest did her goddess hear

Breathe such rebukes 'gainst that she could not clear, Dumb sorrow spake aloud in tears and blood, That from her grief-burst veins, in piteous flood, From the sweet conduits of her favour fell. The gentle turtles did with moans make swell Their shining gorges; the while black-ey'd swans Did sing as woful epicedians, As they would straightways die: when Pity's queen, The goddess Ecte, that had ever been Hid in a watery cloud near Hero's cries, Since the first instant of her broken eyes, Gave bright Leucote voice, and made her speak, To ease her anguish, whose swoln breast did break With anger at her goddess, that did touch Hero so near for that she us'd so much; And, thrusting her white neck at Venus, said: 'Why may not amorous Hero seem a maid, Though she be none, as well as you suppress In modest cheeks your inward wantonness? How often have we drawn you from above, T' exchange with mortals rites for rites in love! Why in your priest, then, call you that offence, That shines in you, and is your influence?' With this, the Furies stopp'd Leucote's lips, Enjoin'd by Venus; who with rosy whips Beat the kind bird. Fierce lightning from her eyes Did set on fire fair Hero's sacrifice, Which was her torn robe and enforced hair; And the bright flame became a maid most fair For her aspect: her tresses were of wire, Knit like a net, where hearts set all on fire, Struggled in pants, and could not get releast; Her arms were all with golden pincers drest, And twenty-fashioned knots, pulleys, and brakes, And all her body girt with painted snakes; Her down-parts in a scorpion's tail combined, Freckled with twenty colours; pied wings shined Out of her shoulders; cloth had never dye, Nor sweeter colours never viewed eye, In scorching Turkey, Cares, Tartary, Than shined about this spirit notorious; Nor was Arachne's web so glorious. Of lightning and of shreds she was begot; More hold in base dissemblers is there not. Her name was Eronusis. Venus flew From Hero's sight, and at her chariot drew This wondrous creature to so steep a height, That all the world she might command with sleight Of her gay wings; and then she bade her haste,--Since Hero had dissembled, and disgraced Her rites so much,--and every breast infect With her deceits: she made her architect

Of all dissimulation; and since then Never was any trust in maids or men. O, it spited Fair Venus' heart to see her most delighted, And one she choos'd, for temper of her mind To be the only ruler of her kind, So soon to let her virgin race be ended! Not simply for the fault a whit offended, But that in strife for chasteness with the Moon, Spiteful Diana bade her show but one That was her servant vow'd, and liv'd a maid; And, now she thought to answer that upbraid, Hero had lost her answer: who knows not Venus would seem as far from any spot Of light demeanour, as the very skin 'Twixt Cynthia's brows? sin is asham'd of sin. Up Venus flew, and scarce durst up for fear Of Phoebe's laughter, when she pass'd her sphere: And so most ugly-clouded was the light, That day was hid in day; night came ere night; And Venus could not through the thick air pierce, Till the day's king, god of undaunted verse, Because she was so plentiful a theme To such as wore his laurel anademe. Like to a fiery bullet made descent, And from her passage those fat vapours rent, That being not throughly rarified to rain, Melted like pitch, as blue as any vein; And scalding tempests made the earth to shrink Under their fervour, and the world did think In every drop a torturing spirit flew, It pierc'd so deeply, and it burn'd so blue. Betwixt all this and Hero, Hero held Leander's picture, as a Persian shield; And she was free from fear of worst success: The more ill threats us, we suspect the less: As we grow hapless, violence subtle grows, Dumb, deaf, and blind, and comes when no man knows.

#### Hero And Leander. The Sixth Sestiad

No longer could the Day nor Destinies Delay the Night, who now did frowning rise Into her throne; and at her humorous breasts Visions and Dreams lay sucking: all men's rests Fell like the mists of death upon their eyes, Day's too-long darts so kill'd their faculties. The Winds yet, like the flowers, to cease began; For bright Leucote, Venus' whitest swan, That held sweet Hero dear, spread her fair wings, Like to a field of snow, and message brings From Venus to the Fates, t'entreat them lay Their charge upon the Winds their rage to stay, That the stern battle of the seas might cease, And guard Leander to his love in peace. The Fates consent; -- ay me, dissembling Fates! They showed their favours to conceal their hates, And draw Leander on, lest seas too high Should stay his too obsequious destiny: Who like a fleering slavish parasite, In warping profit or a traitorous sleight, Hoops round his rotten body with devotes, And pricks his descant face full of false notes; Praising with open throat, and oaths as foul As his false heart, the beauty of an owl; Kissing his skipping hand with charmed skips, That cannot leave, but leaps upon his lips Like a cock-sparrow, or a shameless quean Sharp at a red-lipp'd youth, and naught doth mean Of all his antic shows, but doth repair More tender fawns, and takes a scatter'd hair From his tame subject's shoulder; whips and calls For everything he lacks; creeps 'gainst the walls With backward humbless, to give needless way: Thus his false fate did with Leander play. First to black Eurus flies the white Leucote (Born 'mongst the negroes in the Levant sea, On whose curl'd heads the glowing sun doth rise), And shows the sovereign will of Destinies, To have him cease his blasts; and down he lies. Next, to the fenny Notus course she holds, And found him leaning, with his arms in folds, Upon a rock, his white hair full of showers; And him she chargeth by the fatal powers, To hold in his wet cheeks his cloudy voice. To Zephyr then that doth in flowers rejoice: To snake-foot Boreas next she did remove, And found him tossing of his ravished love, To heat his frosty bosom hid in snow; Who with Leucote's sight did cease to blow. Thus all were still to Hero's heart's desire; Who with all speed did consecrate a fire Of flaming gums and comfortable spice,

To light her torch, which in such curious price She held, being object to Leander's sight, That naught but fires perfumed must give it light. She loved it so, she griev'd to see it burn, Since it would waste, and soon to ashes turn: Yet, if it burned not, 'twere not worth her eyes; What made it nothing, gave it all the prize. Sweet torch, true glass of our society! What man does good, but he consumes thereby? But thou wert loved for good, held high, given show; Poor virtue loathed for good, obscured, held low: Do good, be pined,--be deedless good, disgraced; Unless we feed on men, we let them fast. Yet Hero with these thoughts her torch did spend: When bees make wax, Nature doth not intend It should be made a torch; but we, that know The proper virtue of it, make it so, And, when 'tis made, we light it: nor did Nature Propose one life to maids; but each such creature Makes by her soul the best of her free state, Which without love is rude, disconsolate, And wants love's fire to make it mild and bright, Till when, maids are but torches wanting light. Thus 'gainst our grief, not cause of grief, we fight: The right of naught is glean'd, but the delight. Up went she: but to tell how she descended, Would God she were dead, or my verse ended! She was the rule of wishes, sum, and end, For all the parts that did on love depend: Yet cast the torch his brightness further forth; But what shines nearest best, holds truest worth. Leander did not through such tempests swim To kiss the torch, although it lighted him: But all his powers in her desires awaked, Her love and virtues clothed him richly naked. Men kiss but fire that only shows pursue; Her torch and Hero, figure show and virtue. Now at opposed Abydos naught was heard But bleating flocks, and many a bellowing herd, Slain for the nuptials; cracks of falling woods; Blows of broad axes; pourings out of floods. The guilty Hellespont was mix'd and stained With bloody torrents that the shambles rained; Not arguments of feast, but shows that bled, Foretelling that red night that followed. More blood was spilt, more honours were addrest, Than could have graced any happy feast; Rich banquets, triumphs, every pomp employs His sumptuous hand; no miser's nuptial joys. Air felt continual thunder with the noise Made in the general marriage-violence; And no man knew the cause of this expense,

But the two hapless lords, Leander's sire, And poor Leander, poorest where the fire Of credulous love made him most rich surmis'd: As short was he of that himself he prized, As is an empty gallant full of form, That thinks each look an act, each drop a storm, That falls from his brave breathings; most brought up In our metropolis, and hath his cup Brought after him to feasts; and much palm bears For his rare judgment in th' attire he wears; Hath seen the hot Low-Countries, not their heat, Observes their rampires and their buildings yet; And, for your sweet discourse with mouths, is heard Giving instructions with his very beard; Hath gone with an ambassador, and been A great man's mate in travelling, even to Rhene; And then puts all his worth in such a face As he saw brave men make, and strives for grace To get his news forth: as when you descry A ship, with all her sail contends to fly Out of the narrow Thames with winds unapt, Now crosseth here, then there, then this way rapt, And then hath one point reach'd, then alters all, And to another crooked reach doth fall Of half a bird-bolt's shoot, keeping more coil Than if she danc'd upon the ocean's toil; So serious is his trifling company, In all his swelling ship of vacantry And so short of himself in his high thought Was our Leander in his fortunes brought, And in his fort of love that he thought won; But otherwise he scorns comparison. O sweet Leander, thy large worth I hide In a short grave! ill-favour'd storms must chide Thy sacred favour; I in floods of ink Must drown thy graces, which white papers drink, Even as thy beauties did the foul black seas; I must describe the hell of thy decease, That heaven did merit: yet I needs must see Our painted fools and cockhorse peasantry Still, still usurp, with long lives, loves, and lust, The seats of Virtue, cutting short as dust Her dear-bought issue: ill to worse converts, And tramples in the blood of all deserts. Night close and silent now goes fast before The captains and the soldiers to the shore, On whom attended the appointed fleet At Sestos' bay, that should Leander meet, Who feigned he in another ship would pass: Which must not be, for no one mean there was To get his love home, but the course he took. Forth did his beauty for his beauty look,

And saw her through her torch, as you behold Sometimes within the sun a face of gold, Formed in strong thoughts, by that tradition's force That says a god sits there and guides his course. His sister was with him; to whom he show'd His guide by sea, and said, 'Oft have you view'd In one heaven many stars, but never yet In one star many heavens till now were met. See, lovely sister! see, now Hero shines, No heaven but her appears; each star repines, And all are clad in clouds, as if they mourned To be by influence of earth out-burned. Yet doth she shine, and teacheth Virtue's train Still to be constant in hell's blackest reign, Though even the gods themselves do so entreat them As they did hate, and earth as she would eat them.' Off went his silken robe, and in he leapt, Whom the kind waves so licorously cleapt, Thickening for haste, one in another, so, To kiss his skin, that he might almost go To Hero's tower, had that kind minute lasted. But now the cruel Fates with Ate hasted To all the winds, and made them battle fight Upon the Hellespont, for either's right Pretended to the windy monarchy; And forth they brake, the seas mixed with the sky, And tossed distressed Leander, being in hell, As high as heaven: bliss not in height doth dwell. The Destinies sate dancing on the waves, To see the glorious Winds with mutual braves Consume each other: O, true glass, to see How ruinous ambitious statists be To their own glories! Poor Leander cried For help to sea-born Venus she denied; To Boreas, that, for his Atthaea's sake He would some pity on his Hero take, And for his own love's sake, on his desires; But Glory never blows cold Pity's fires. Then call'd he Neptune, who, through all the noise, Knew with affright his wreck'd Leander's voice, And up he rose; for haste his forehead hit 'Gainst heaven's hard crystal; his proud waves he smit With his forked sceptre, that could not obey; Much greater powers than Neptune's gave them sway. They loved Leander so, in groans they brake When they came near him; and such space did take 'Twixt one another, loath to issue on, That in their shallow furrows earth was shown, And the poor lover took a little breath: But the curst Fates sate spinning of his death On every wave, and with the servile Winds Tumbled them on him. And now Hero finds,

By that she felt, her dear Leander's state: She wept, and prayed for him to every Fate; And every Wind that whipped her with her hair About the face, she kissed and spake it fair, Kneeled to it, gave it drink out of her eyes To guench his thirst: but still their cruelties Even her poor torch envied, and rudely beat The baiting flame from that dear food it eat; Dear, for it nourish'd her Leander's life; Which with her robe she rescued from their strife; But silk too soft was such hard hearts to break; And she, dear soul, even as her silk, faint, weak, Could not preserve it; out, O, out it went! Leander still call'd Neptune, that now rent His brackish curls, and tore his wrinkled face, Where tears in billows did each other chase; And, burst with ruth, he hurl'd his marble mace At the stern Fates: it wounded Lachesis That drew Leander's thread, and could not miss The thread itself, as it her hand did hit, But smote it full, and quite did sunder it. The more kind Neptune raged, the more he razed His love's life's fort, and kill'd as he embraced: Anger doth still his own mishap increase; If any comfort live, it is in peace. O thievish Fates, to let blood, flesh, and sense, Build two fair temples for their excellence, To robe it with a poisoned influence! Though souls' gifts starve, the bodies are held dear In ugliest things; sense-sport preserves a bear: But here naught serves our turns: O heaven and earth, How most-most wretched is our human birth! And now did all the tyrannous crew depart, Knowing there was a storm in Hero's heart, Greater than they could make, and scorn'd their smart. She bow'd herself so low out of her tower, That wonder 'twas she fell not ere her hour, With searching the lamenting waves for him: Like a poor snail, her gentle supple limb Hung on her turret's top, so most downright, As she would dive beneath the darkness quite, To find her jewel; -- jewel! -- her Leander, A name of all earth's jewels pleas'd not her Like his dear name: 'Leander, still my choice, Come naught but my Leander! O my voice, Turn to Leander! henceforth be all sounds, Accents and phrases, that show all griefs' wounds, Analyzed in Leander! O black change! Trumpets, do you, with thunder of your clange, Drive out this change's horror! My voice faints: Where all joy was, now shriek out all complaints! Thus cried she; for her mixed soul could tell

Her love was dead: and when the Morning fell Prostrate upon the weeping earth for woe, Blushes, that bled out of her cheeks, did show Leander brought by Neptune, bruis'd and torn With cities' ruins he to rocks had worn, To filthy usuring rocks, that would have blood, Though they could get of him no other good. She saw him, and the sight was much-much more Than might have serv'd to kill her: should her store Of giant sorrows speak?--Burst,--die,--bleed, And leave poor plaints to us that shall succeed. She fell on her love's bosom, hugged it fast, And with Leander's name she breathed her last. Neptune for pity in his arms did take them, Flung them into the air, and did awake them Like two sweet birds, surnam'd th' Acanthides, Which we call Thistle-warps, that near no seas Dare ever come, but still in couples fly, And feed on thistle-tops, to testify The hardness of their first life in their last; The first, in thorns of love, that sorrows past: And so most beautiful their colours show, As none (so little) like them; her sad brow A sable velvet feather covers quite, Even like the forehead-cloth that, in the night, Or when they sorrow, ladies use to wear: Their wings, blue, red, and yellow, mixed appear: Colours that, as we construe colours, paint Their states to life; -- the yellow shows their saint, The dainty Venus, left them; blue their truth; The red and black, ensigns of death and ruth. And this true honour from their love-death sprung,--They were the first that ever poet sung.

#### Hero And Leander. The Third Sestiad

New light gives new directions, fortunes new, To fashion our endeavours that ensue. More harsh, at least more hard, more grave and high Our subject runs, and our stern Muse must fly. Love's edge is taken off, and that light flame, Those thoughts, joys, longings, that before became High unexperienc'd blood, and maids' sharp plights, Must now grow staid, and censure the delights, That, being enjoy'd, ask judgment; now we praise, As having parted: evenings crown the days. And now, ye wanton Loves, and young Desires, Pied Vanity, the mint of strange attires, Ye lisping Flatteries, and obsequious Glances, Relentful Musics, and attractive Dances, And you detested Charms constraining love! Shun love's stoln sports by that these lovers prove. By this, the sovereign of heaven's golden fires, And young Leander, lord of his desires, Together from their lovers' arms arose: Leander into Hellespontus throws His Hero-handled body, whose delight Made him disdain each other epithite. And as amidst th' enamour'd waves he swims, The god of gold of purpose gilt his limbs, That, this word gilt including double sense, The double guilt of his incontinence Might be express'd, that had no stay t' employ The treasure which the love-god let him joy In his dear Hero, with such sacred thrift As had beseem'd so sanctified a gift; But, like a greedy vulgar prodigal, Would on the stock dispend, and rudely fall, Before his time, to that unblessed blessing Which, for lust's plaque, doth perish with possessing: Joy graven in sense, like snow in water, wasts: Without preserve of virtue, nothing lasts. What man is he, that with a wealthy eye Enjoys a beauty richer than the sky, Through whose white skin, softer than soundest sleep, With damask eyes the ruby blood doth peep, And runs in branches through her azure veins, Whose mixture and first fire his love attains; Whose both hands limit both love's deities, And sweeten human thoughts like Paradise; Whose disposition silken is and kind, Directed with an earth-exempted mind;--Who thinks not heaven with such a love is given? And who, like earth, would spend that dower of heaven, With rank desire to joy it all at first? What simply kills our hunger, quencheth thirst, Clothes but our nakedness, and makes us live, Praise doth not any of her favours give:

But what doth plentifully minister Beauteous apparel and delicious cheer, So order'd that it still excites desire, And still gives pleasure freeness to aspire, The palm of Bounty ever moist preserving; To Love's sweet life this is the courtly carving. Thus Time and all-states-ordering Ceremony Had banish'd all offence: Time's golden thigh Upholds the flowery body of the earth In sacred harmony, and every birth Of men and actions makes legitimate; Being us'd aright, the use of time is fate. Yet did the gentle flood transfer once more This prize of love home to his father's shore; Where he unlades himself on that false wealth That makes few rich,--treasures compos'd by stealth; And to his sister, kind Hermione (Who on the shore kneel'd, praying to the sea For his return), he all love's goods did show, In Hero seis'd for him, in him for Hero. His most kind sister all his secrets knew, And to her, singing, like a shower, he flew, Sprinkling the earth, that to their tombs took in Streams dead for love, to leave his ivory shin, Which yet a snowy foam did leave above, As soul to the dead water that did love; And from hence did the first white roses spring (For love is sweet and fair in everything), And all the sweeten'd shore, as he did go, Was crown'd with odorous roses, white as snow. Love-blest Leander was with love so fill'd, That love to all that touch'd him he instill'd; And as the colours of all things we see, To our sight's powers communicated be, So to all objects that in compass came Of any sense he had, his senses' flame Flow'd from his parts with force so virtual, It fir'd with sense things mere insensual. Now, with warm baths and odours comforted, When he lay down, he kindly kiss'd his bed, As consecrating it to Hero's right, And vow'd thereafter, that whatever sight Put him in mind of Hero or her bliss, Should be her altar to prefer a kiss. Then laid he forth his late-enriched arms, In whose white circle Love writ all his charms, And made his characters sweet Hero's limbs, When on his breast's warm sea she sideling swims; And as those arms, held up in circle, met, He said, 'See, sister, Hero's carquenet! Which she had rather wear about her neck, Than all the jewels that do Juno deck.

But, as he shook with passionate desire To put in flame his other secret fire, A music so divine did pierce his ear, As never yet his ravish'd sense did hear; When suddenly a light of twenty hues Brake through the roof, and, like the rainbow, views, Amaz'd Leander: in whose beams came down The goddess Ceremony, with a crown Of all the stars; and Heaven with her descended: Her flaming hair to her bright feet extended, By which hung all the bench of deities; And in a chain, compact of ears and eyes, She led Religion: all her body was Clear and transparent as the purest glass, For she was all presented to the sense: Devotion, Order, State, and Reverence, Her shadows were; Society, Memory; All which her sight made live, her absence die. A rich disparent pentacle she wears, Drawn full of circles and strange characters. Her face was changeable to every eye; One way look'd ill, another graciously; Which while men view'd, they cheerful were and holy, But looking off, vicious and melancholy. The snaky paths to each observed law Did Policy in her broad bosom draw. One hand a mathematic crystal sways, Which, gathering in one line a thousand rays From her bright eyes, Confusion burns to death, And all estates of men distinguisheth: By it Morality and Comeliness Themselves in all their sightly figures dress. Her other hand a laurel rod applies, To beat back Barbarism and Avarice, That follow'd, eating earth and excrement And human limbs; and would make proud ascent To seats of gods, were Ceremony slain. The Hours and Graces bore her glorious train; And all the sweets of our society Were spher'd and treasur'd in her bounteous eye. Thus she appear'd, and sharply did reprove Leander's bluntness in his violent love; Told him how poor was substance without rites, Like bills unsign'd; desires without delights; Like meats unseason'd; like rank corn that grows On cottages, that none or reaps or sows; Not being with civil forms confirm'd and bounded, For human dignities and comforts founded; But loose and secret all their glories hide; Fear fills the chamber, Darkness decks the bride. She vanish'd, leaving pierc'd Leander's heart With sense of his unceremonious part,

In which, with plain neglect of nuptial rites, He close and flatly fell to his delights: And instantly he vow'd to celebrate All rites pertaining to his married state. So up he gets, and to his father goes, To whose glad ears he doth his vows disclose. The nuptials are resolv'd with utmost power; And he at night would swim to Hero's tower, From whence he meant to Sestos' forked bay To bring her covertly, where ships must stay, Sent by his father, throughly rigg'd and mann'd, To waft her safely to Abydos' strand. There leave we him; and with fresh wing pursue Astonish'd Hero, whose most wished view I thus long have foreborne, because I left her So out of countenance, and her spirits bereft her: To look on one abash'd is impudence, When of slight faults he hath too deep a sense. Her blushing het her chamber; she look'd out, And all the air she purpled round about; And after it a foul black day befell, Which ever since a red morn doth foretell, And still renews our woes for Hero's woe; And foul it prov'd because it figur'd so The next night's horror; which prepare to hear; I fail, if it profane your daintiest ear. Then, ho, most strangely-intellectual fire, That, proper to my soul, hast power t' inspire Her burning faculties, and with the wings Of thy unsphered flame visit'st the springs Of spirits immortal! Now (as swift as Time Doth follow Motion) find th' eternal clime Of his free soul, whose living subject stood Up to the chin in the Pierian flood, And drunk to me half this Musaean story, Inscribing it to deathless memory: Confer with it, and make my pledge as deep, That neither's draught be consecrate to sleep; Tell it how much his late desires I tender (If yet it know not), and to light surrender My soul's dark offspring, willing it should die To loves, to passions, and society. Sweet Hero, left upon her bed alone, Her maidenhead, her vows, Leander gone, And nothing with her but a violent crew Of new-come thoughts, that yet she never knew, Even to herself a stranger, was much like Th' Iberian city that War's hand did strike By English force in princely Essex' guide, When Peace assur'd her towers had fortified, And golden-finger'd India had bestow'd Such wealth on her, that strength and empire flow'd Into her turrets, and her virgin waist The wealthy girdle of the sea embraced; Till our Leander, that made Mars his Cupid, For soft love-suits, with iron thunders chid; Swum to her towers, dissolv'd her virgin zone; Led in his power, and made Confusion Run through her streets amaz'd, that she suppos'd She had not been in her own walls enclos'd, But rapt by wonder to some foreign state, Seeing all her issue so disconsolate, And all her peaceful mansions possess'd With war's just spoil, and many a foreign guest From every corner driving an enjoyer, Supplying it with power of a destroyer. So far'd fair Hero in th' expugned fort Of her chaste bosom; and of every sort Strange thoughts possess'd her, ransacking her breast For that that was not there, her wonted rest. She was a mother straight, and bore with pain Thoughts that spake straight, and wish'd their mother slain; She hates their lives, and they their own and hers: Such strife still grows where sin the race prefers: Love is a golden bubble, full of dreams, That waking breaks, and fills us with extremes. She mus'd how she could look upon her sire, And not shew that without, that was intire; For as a glass is an inanimate eye, And outward forms embraceth inwardly, So is the eye an animate glass, that shows In-forms without us; and as Phoebus throws His beams abroad, though he in clouds be clos'd, Still glancing by them till he find oppos'd A loose and rorid vapour that is fit T' event his searching beams, and useth it To form a tender twenty-colour'd eye, Cast in a circle round about the sky; So when our fiery soul, our body's star, (That ever is in motion circular,) Conceives a form, in seeking to display it Through all our cloudy parts, it doth convey it Forth at the eye, as the most pregnant place, And that reflects it round about the face. And this event, uncourtly Hero thought, Her inward guilt would in her looks have wrought; For yet the world's stale cunning she resisted, To bear foul thoughts, yet forge what looks she listed, And held it for a very silly sleight, To make a perfect metal counterfeit, Glad to disclaim herself, proud of an art That makes the face a pandar to the heart. Those be the painted moons, whose lights profane Beauty's true Heaven, at full still in their wane;

Those be the lapwing-faces that still cry, 'Here 'tis!' when that they vow is nothing nigh: Base fools! when every moorish fool can teach That which men think the height of human reach. But custom, that the apoplexy is Of bed-rid nature and lives led amiss, And takes away all feeling of offence, Yet braz'd not Hero's brow with impudence; And this she thought most hard to bring to pass, To seem in countenance other than she was, As if she had two souls, one for the face, One for the heart, and that they shifted place As either list to utter or conceal What they conceiv'd, or as one soul did deal With both affairs at once, keeps and ejects Both at an instant contrary effects; Retention and ejection in her powers Being acts alike; for this one vice of ours, That forms the thought, and sways the countenance, Rules both our motion and our utterance. These and more grave conceits toil'd Hero's spirits; For, though the light of her discoursive wits Perhaps might find some little hole to pass Through all these worldly cinctures, yet, alas! There was a heavenly flame encompass'd her,--Her goddess, in whose fane she did prefer Her virgin vows, from whose impulsive sight She knew the black shield of the darkest night Could not defend her, nor wit's subtlest art: This was the point pierc'd Hero to the heart; Who, heavy to the death, with a deep sigh, And hand that languished, took a robe was nigh, Exceeding large, and of black cypres made, In which she sate, hid from the day in shade, Even over head and face, down to her feet; Her left hand made it at her bosom meet, Her right hand lean'd on her heart-bowing knee, Wrapp'd in unshapeful folds, 'twas death to see; Her knee stay'd that, and that her falling face; Each limb help'd other to put on disgrace: No form was seen, where form held all her sight; But like an embryon that saw never light, Or like a scorched statue made a coal With three-wing'd lightning, or a wretched soul Muffled with endless darkness, she did sit: The night had never such a heavy spirit. Yet might a penetrating eye well see How fast her clear tears melted on her knee Through her black veil, and turn'd as black as it, Mourning to be her tears. Then wrought her wit With her broke vow, her goddess' wrath, her fame,--All tools that enginous despair could frame:

Which made her strew the floor with her torn hair, And spread her mantle piece-meal in the air. Like Jove's son's club, strong passion struck her down, And with a piteous shriek enforc'd her swoun: Her shriek made with another shriek ascend The frighted matron that on her did tend; And as with her own cry her sense was slain, So with the other it was called again. She rose, and to her bed made forced way, And laid her down even where Leander lay; And all this while the red sea of her blood Ebb'd with Leander: but now turn'd the flood, And all her fleet of spirits came swelling in, With child of sail, and did hot fight begin With those severe conceits she too much marked: And here Leander's beauties were embarked. He came in swimming, painted all with joys, Such as might sweeten hell: his thought destroys All her destroying thoughts; she thought she felt His heart in hers, with her contentions melt, And chide her soul that it could so much err, To check the true joys he deserved in her. Her fresh-heat blood cast figures in her eyes, And she suppos'd she saw in Neptune's skies How her star wander'd, wash'd in smarting brine, For her love's sake, that with immortal wine Should be embath'd, and swim in more heart's-ease Than there was water in the Sestian seas. Then said her Cupid-prompted spirit, 'Shall I Sing moans to such delightsome harmony? Shall slick-tongu'd Fame, patch'd up with voices rude, The drunken bastard of the multitude (Begot when father Judgment is away, And, gossip-like, says because others say, Takes news as if it were too hot to eat, And spits it slavering forth for dog-fees meat), Make me, for forging a fantastic vow, Presume to bear what makes grave matrons bow? Good vows are never broken with good deeds, For then good deeds were bad: vows are but seeds, And good deeds fruits; even those good deeds that grow From other stocks than from th' observed vow. That is a good deed that prevents a bad: Had I not yielded, slain myself I had. Hero Leander is, Leander Hero; Such virtue love hath to make one of two. If, then, Leander did my maidenhead git, Leander being myself, I still retain it: We break chaste vows when we live loosely ever, But bound as we are, we live loosely never: Two constant lovers being join'd in one, Yielding to one another, yield to none.

We know not how to vow till love unblind us, And vows made ignorantly never bind us. Too true it is, that, when 'tis gone, men hate The joy as vain they took in love's estate: But that's since they have lost the heavenly light Should show them way to judge of all things right. When life is gone, death must implant his terror: As death is foe to life, so love to error. Before we love, how range we through this sphere, Searching the sundry fancies hunted here: Now with desire of wealth transported quite Beyond our free humanity's delight; Now with ambition climbing falling towers, Whose hope to scale, our fear to fall devours; Now rapt with pastimes, pomp, all joys impure: In things without us no delight is sure. But love, with all joys crowned, within doth sit: O goddess, pity love, and pardon it!' Thus spake she weeping: but her goddess' ear Burn'd with too stern a heat, and would not hear. Ay me! hath heaven's strait fingers no more graces For such as Hero than for homeliest faces? Yet she hoped well, and in her sweet conceit Weighing her arguments, she thought them weight, And that the logic of Leander's beauty, And them together, would bring proofs of duty; And if her soul, that was a skilful glance Of heaven's great essence, found such imperance In her love's beauties, she had confidence Jove loved him too, and pardoned her offence: Beauty in heaven and earth this grace doth win, It supples rigour, and it lessens sin. Thus, her sharp wit, her love, her secrecy, Trooping together, made her wonder why She should not leave her bed, and to the temple; Her health said she must live; her sex, dissemble. She viewed Leander's place, and wished he were Turned to his place, so his place were Leander. 'Ay me,' said she, 'that love's sweet life and sense Should do it harm! my love had not gone hence Had he been like his place: O blessed place, Image of constancy! Thus my love's grace Parts nowhere, but it leaves something behind Worth observation: he renowns his kind: His motion is, like heaven's, orbicular, For where he once is, he is ever there. This place was mine; Leander, now 'tis thine; Thou being myself, then it is double mine, Mine, and Leander's mine, Leander's mine. O, see what wealth it yields me, nay, yields him! For I am in it, he for me doth swim. Rich, fruitful love, that, doubling self estates,

Elixir-like contracts, though separates! Dear place, I kiss thee, and do welcome thee, As from Leander ever sent to me.'

## **Opinion**

There is no truth of any good
To be discerned on earth; and, by conversion,
Nought therefore simply bad; but as the stuff
Prepared for Arras pictures, is no picture
Till it be formed, and man hath cast the beams
Of his imaginous fancy thorough it,
In forming ancient kings and conquerors
As he conceives they looked and were attired,
Though they were nothing so: so all things here
Have all their price set down from men's conceits,
Which make all terms and actions good or bad,
And are but pliant and well-coloured threads
Put into feigned images of truth.

## The Seventeenth Book Of Homer's Odysseys

Such speech they chang'd; when in the yard there lay A dog, call'd Argus, which, before his way Assum'd for Ilion, Ulysses bred, Yet stood his pleasure then in little stead, As being too young; but, growing to his grace, Young men made choice of him for every chace, Or of their wild goats, of their hares, or harts. But his king gone, and he, now past his parts, Lay all abjectly on the stable's store, Before the oxstall, and mules' stable door, To keep the clothes cast from the peasants' hands, While they laid compass on Ulysses' lands; The dog, with ticks (unlook'd-to) over-grown. But by this dog no sooner seen but known Was wise Ulysses, who new enter'd there, Up went his dog's laid ears, and, coming near, Up he himself rose, fawn'd, and wagg'd his stern, Couch'd close his ears, and lay so; nor discern Could evermore his dear-lov'd lord again. Ulysses saw it, nor had power t' abstain From shedding tears; which (far-off seeing his swain) He dried from his sight clean; to whom he thus His grief dissembled: "'Tis miraculous, That such a dog as this should have his lair On such a dunghill, for his form is fair. And yet, I know not, if there were in him Good pace, or parts, for all his goodly limb; Or he liv'd empty of those inward things, As are those trencher-beagles tending kings, Whom for their pleasure's, or their glory's sake, Or fashion, they into their favour take.

"This dog," said he, "was servant to one dead A huge time since. But if he bore his head, For form and quality, of such a height, As when Ulysses, bound for th' Ilion fight, Or quickly after, left him, your rapt eyes Would then admire to see him use his thighs In strength and swiftness. He would nothing fly, Nor anything let scape; if once his eye Seiz'd any wild beast, he knew straight his scent; Go where he would, away with him he went. Nor was there ever any savage stood Amongst the thickets of the deepest wood Long time before him, but he pull'd him down; As well by that true hunting to be shown In such vast coverts, as for speed of pace In any open lawn. For in deep chace He was a passing wise and well-nos'd hound. And yet is all this good in him uncrown'd With any grace here now; nor he more fed

Than any errant cur. His king is dead,
Far from his country; and his servants are
So negligent they lend his hound no care.
Where masters rule not, but let men alone,
You never there see honest service done.
That man's half virtue Jove takes quite away,
That once is sun-burn'd with the servile day."
This said, he enter'd the well-builded towers,
Up bearing right upon the glorious wooers,
And left poor Argus dead; his lord's first sight
Since that time twenty years bereft his light.

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## The Shadow Of Night

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Fall, Hercules, from heaven, in tempests hurl'd, And cleanse this beastly stable of the world; Or bend thy brazen bow against the Sun, As in Tartessus, when thou hadst begun Thy task of oxen: heat in more extremes Than thou wouldst suffer, with his envious beams. Now make him leave the world to Night and dreams. Never were virtue's labours so envied As in this light: shoot, shoot, and stoop his pride. Suffer no more his lustful rays to get The Earth with issue: let him still be set In Somnus' thickets: bound about the brows, With pitchy vapours, and with ebon boughs.

Rich taper'd sanctuary of the blest, Palace of Ruth, made all of tears, and rest, To thy black shades and desolat \(\lambda.i\rangle\) on I consecrate my life; and living moan, Where furies shall for ever fighting be, And adders hiss the world for hating me; Foxes shall bark, and night ravens belch in groans, And owls shall hollo my confus{.i}ons There will I furnish up my funeral bed, Strew'd with the bones and relics of the dead. Atlas shall let th' Olympic burthen fall, To cover my untombed face withal. And when as well, the matter of our kind, As the material substance of the mind, Shall cease their revolutions, in abode Of such impure and ugly period, As the old essence, and insensive prime: Then shall the ruins of the fourfold time, Turn'd to that lump (as rapting torrents rise), For ever murmur forth my miseries.

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## The Sixth Book Of Homer's Iliads

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To this great Hector said: "Be well assur'd, wife, all these things in my kind cares are weigh'd, But what a shame and fear it is to think how Troy would scorn (Both in her husbands, and her wives, whom long-train'd gowns adorn) That I should cowardly fly off! The spirit I first did breathe Did never teach me that; much less, since the contempt of death Was settled in me, and my mind knew what a worthy was, Whose office is to lead in fight, and give no danger pass Without improvement. In this fire must Hector's trial shine; Here must his country, father, friends, be, in him, made divine. And such a stormy day shall come (in mind and soul I know) When sacred Troy shall shed her towers, for tears of overthrow; When Priam, all his birth and power, shall in those tears be drown'd. But neither Troy's posterity so much my soul doth wound, Priam, nor Hecuba herself, nor all my brothers' woes (Who, though so many, and so good, must all be food for foes,) As thy sad state; when some rude Greek shall lead thee weeping hence, These free days clouded, and a night of captive violence Loading thy temples, out of which thine eyes must never see, But spin the Greek wives' webs of task, and their fetch-water be To Argos, from Messe{"i}des, or clear Hyperia's spring; Which howsoever thou abhorr'st, Fate's such a shrewish thing She will be mistress; whose cursed hands, when they shall crush out cries From thy oppressions (being beheld by other enemies) Thus they will nourish thy extremes: 'This dame was Hector's wife, A man that, at the wars of Troy, did breathe the worthiest life Of all their army.' This again will rub thy fruitful wounds, To miss the man that to thy bands could give such narrow bounds. But that day shall not wound mine eyes; the solid heap of night Shall interpose, and stop mine ears against thy plaints and plight."

This said, he reach'd to take his son; who, of his arms afraid, And then the horse-hair plume, with which he was so overlaid, Nodded so horribly, he cling'd back to his nurse, and cried. Laughter affected his great sire, who doff'd, and laid aside His fearful helm, that on the earth cast round about it light; Then took and kiss'd his loving son, and (balancing his weight In dancing him) those loving vows to living Jove he us'd, And all the other bench of Gods: "O you that have infus'd Soul to this infant, now set down this blessing on his star: Let his renown be clear as mine; equal his strength in war; And make his reign so strong in Troy, that years to come may yield His facts this fame, when, rich in spoils, he leaves the conquer'd field Sown with his slaughters: 'These high deeds exceed his father's worth.' And let this echo'd praise supply the comforts to come forth Of his kind mother with my life." This said, th' heroic sire Gave him his mother; whose fair eyes fresh streams of love's salt fire Billow'd on her soft cheeks, to hear the last of Hector's speech, In which his vows compris'd the sum of all he did beseech In her wish'd comfort. So she took into her odorous breast Her husband's gift; who mov'd to see her heart so much oppress'd, He dried her tears and thus desir'd: "Afflict me not, dear wife,

With these vain griefs. He doth not live, that can disjoin my life And this firm bosom, but my fate; and Fate whose wings can fly? Noble, ignoble, Fate controls. Once born, the best must die. Go home, and set thy housewifery on these extremes of thought; And drive war from them with thy maids; keep them from doing nought. These will be nothing; leave the cares of war to men, and me, In whom, of all the Ilion race, they take their highest degree."