

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 [Shakespeare's](http://www.poemhunter.com/william-shakespeare/) 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 [Homeric](http://www.poemhunter.com/homer/) 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 Homeric 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.

## <b>Plays</B>

### <b>Comedies</b>

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.

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.

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.

### <b>Tragedies</b>

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.

### <b>Other plays</b>

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.

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* 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.

### <b>Poet and translator</b>

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 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 iambic 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 [Keats](http://www.poemhunter.com/john-keats/), notably in his famous poem On First Looking into Chapman's Homer, and also drew attention from [Samuel Taylor Coleridge](http://www.poemhunter.com/samuel-taylor-coleridge/) and [T.S. Eliot](http://www.poemhunter.com/thomas-stearns-eliot/).

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 [Percy Bysshe Shelley's](http://www.poemhunter.com/percy-bysshe-shelley/) 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, [Oscar Wilde](http://www.poemhunter.com/oscar-wilde/), 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

# 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.

George Chapman

# A Description Of Fever

Up to her left side leapt infernall Death,  
His head hid in a cloud of sensuall breath;  
By her sat furious anguish, pale despight,  
Murmure and sorrowe, and possest affright,  
Yellow corruption, marrow-eating care ;  
Languor, chill trembling, fits irregulare ;  
Inconstant choller, public-voic'd complaint,  
Relentles rigor, and confusion faint;  
Frantick distemper, and hare-ey'd unrest,  
And short-breath'd thirst, with th' ever burning breast.  
A wreath of adders bound her trenched browes,  
Where torment ambush'd lay with all her throws;  
Marmarian lyons, fring'd with flaming manes,  
Drew this grym furie, and her brood of banes:  
Then burnt her bloud-shot eyes, her temples yet  
Were cold as ice, her neck all drown'd in swet;  
Palenes spred all her breast, her life's heat stung  
The mind's interpreter, her scorched tongue,  
Flow'd with blew poison; from her yawning mouth  
Rheums fell, like spouts fil'd from the stormy south;  
Her swoln throte rattled, warm'd with life's last spark,  
And in her salt jawes painfull coughs did bark;  
Her teeth were stain'd with rust ; her sluttish hand  
She held out, reeking like a new-quencht brand ;  
In her left hand a quenchless fire did glow,  
And in her right palm freez'd Sithonian snow.

George Chapman



# An Address To Death

Partiall devourer ever of the best!  
With headlong rapture sparing long the rest,  
Could not the precious teares his father shed,  
That are with kingdomes to be ransomed,  
His bleeding prayer, upon his knees, t' implore  
That if for any sin of his, Heaven tore  
From his most royall body that chief limme,  
It might be ransom'd, for the rest of him ?  
Could not the sacred eies thou didst prophane  
In his great mother's teares ? the spightful bane  
Thou pour'dst upon the cheekes of all the Graces,  
In his most gracious sister's ? the defaces  
With all the furies' overflowing galles  
Cursedly fronting her neere nuptials ?  
Could not, O could not the Almighty ruth  
Of all these force thee to forbear the youth  
Of our incomparable Prince of men,  
Whose age had made thy iron forke his pen,  
T' eternise what it now doth murder meerely,  
And shall have, from my soule, my curses yeerely ?  
Tyrant! what knew'st thou but the barbarouswound  
Thou gav'st the son, the father might confound ?  
Both liv'd so mixtly, and were joyntly one;  
Spirit to spirit cleft; the humor bred  
In one heart, straight was with the other fed ;  
The blood of one the other s heart did fire—  
The heart and humour were the son and sire ;  
The heart yet (void of humour's slender'st part)  
May easier live, than humour without heart:  
The river needs the helpfull fountaine ever,  
More then the fountaine the supplied river.

George Chapman

# 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].

George Chapman



# 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.

George Chapman

# 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.

George Chapman

## 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 deck'd 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 consort'd  
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 ebb'd and flow'd 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 left;  
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 Phemonoe 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 occurrences 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 out-facing 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.

George Chapman

## 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  
Chosed 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 eyes 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 perplex:  
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 \_Ædone\_ 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.

George Chapman

## 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 quench 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, bruise'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.

George Chapman

## 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 lipping 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 plague, 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 carquet!  
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  
Broke 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 Musaeon 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 discursive 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 embryo 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 suppleth 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.'

George Chapman



# 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.

George Chapman

# 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-built 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.

...

George Chapman

# The Shadow Of Night

...

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{.i}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.

...



# The Sixth Book Of Homer's Iliads

...

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 Ilium race, they take their highest degree."

George Chapman