

Venus and Adonis

- Even as the sun with purple-color'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-check'd Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn.
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amaine unto him,
And like a bold-fac'd suitor gins to woo him. 6
- "Thrice fairer than myself," thus she began,
"The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are,
Nature, that made thee with herself at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life. 12
- "Vouchsafe, thou wonder to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favor, for thy meed
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know.
Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
And being sit, I'll smother thee with kisses; 18
- "And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd saciety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty,
Making them red, and pale, and fresh variety -
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport." 24
- With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The president of pith, and livelihood,
And trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve, to do a goddess good.
Being so enrag d, desire doth lend her force
Couragously to pluck him from his horse. 30
- Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd, and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;
She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire. 36
- The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimble she fastens (O how quick is love!)
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove.
Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,
And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust 42
- So soon was she along as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips.
Now doth she stroke his check, now doth he frown,
And gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips,
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
"If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open." 48
- He burns with bashful shame, she with her tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;
Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks.
He saith she is immodest, blames her miss;
What follows more, she murders with a kiss. 54
- Even as the sunne with purple-colour'd face,
Had tane his last leave of the weeping morne,
Rose-checkt Adonis hied him to the chace,
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laught to scorne:
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amaine unto him,
And like a bold-fac'd sutor ginnes to woo him.
- Thrice fairer than my selfe, (thus she began)
The fields chiefe flower, sweet above compare,
Staine to all Nimphs, more lovely then a man,
More white, and red, than doves or roses are:
Nature that made thee with her selfe at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.
- Vouchsafe thou wonder to alight thy steed,
And raine his proud head to the saddle bow,
If thou wilt daine this favor, for thy meed
A thousand honie secrets shalt thou know:
Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
And being sit, Ile smother thee with kisses.
- And yet not cloy thy lips with loth'd sacietie,
But rather famish them amid their plentie,
Making them red, and pale, and fresh varietie:
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twentie:
A sommers day will seeme an houre but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.
- With this she ceazeth on his sweating palme,
The president of pith, and livelyhood,
And trembling in her passion, calls it balme,
Earths soveraigne salve, to do a goddesse good,
Being so enrag d, desire doth lend her force
Couragously to plucke him from his horse.
- Over one arme the lustie coursers raine,
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blusht, and powted in a dull disdaine,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy,
She red, and hot, as coles of glowing fier,
He red for shame, but frostie in desier.
- The studded bridle on a ragged bough,
Nimble she fastens, (O how quicke is love!)
The steed is stalled up, and even now,
To tie the rider she begins to prove.
Backward she pusht him, as she would be thrust,
And governd him in strength though not in lust.
- So soone was she along, as he was downe,
Each leaning on their elbowes and their hips:
Now doth she stroke his check, now doth he frown,
And gins to chide, but soone she stops his lips,
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.
- He burnes with bashful shame, she with her teares
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheekes,
Then with her windie sighes, and golden heares,
To fan, and blow them drie againe she seeks.
He saith, she is immodest, blames her misse,
What followes more, she murders with a kisse.

Venus and Adonis

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone;
Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends, she doth anew begin. 60

Forc'd to content, but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breadeth in her face.
She feedeth on the steam, as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace,
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew's with such distilling showers. 66

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fast'ned in her arms Adonis lies;
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes.
Rain added to a river that is rank
Perforce will force it overflow the bank. 72

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale.
Still is he sullen, still he low'rs and frets,
'Twixt crimson shame and anger ashy-pale.
Being red, she love him best, and being white,
Her best is better'd with a more delight. 78

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love,
And by her fair immortal hand she swears
From his soft bosom never to remove
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet,
And one sweet kiss shall pay this comptless debt. 84

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,
Who being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;
So offers he to give what she did crave,
But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way. 90

Never did passenger in summer's heat
More thirst for drink than she for this good turn.
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get,
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn.
"O, pity," gan she cry, "flint-hearted boy,
'Tis but a kiss I beg, why art thou coy?" 96

"I have been wooed, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinowy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in every jar,
Yet hath he been my captive, and my slave,
And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt have 102

"Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His batt'rd shield, his uncontrolled crest,
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,
To toy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest,
Scorning his churlish drum, and ensign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed. 108

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

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She feedeth on the steame, as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace,
Wishing her cheeks were gardens ful of flowers,
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

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

Still she intreats, and prettily intreats,
For to a prettie care she tunes her tale.
Still is he sullein, still he lowres and frets,
Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashie pale,
Being red she loves him best, and being white,
Her best is betterd with a more delight.

Looke how he can, she cannot chuse but love,
And by her faire immortal hand she swears,
From his soft bosome never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending teares,
Which log have rained, making her cheeks al wet,
And one sweet kisse shal pay this comptlesse debt.

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Like a divedapper peering through a wave,
Who being lookt on, ducks as quickly in:
So offers he to give what she did crave,
But when her lips were readie for his pay,
He winks, and turnes his lips another way.

Never did passenger in sommers heat,
More thirst for drinke then she for this good turne,
Her helpe she sees, but helpe she cannot get,
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burne:
O, pitie gan she crie, flint-hearted boy,
'Tis but a kisse I begge, why art thou coy?

I have bene wooed as I intreat thee now,
Even by the sterne, and direfull god of warre,
Whose sinowie necke in battell nere did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in everie jarre,
Yet hath he bene my captive, and my slave,
And begd for that which thou unaskt shalt have.

Over my Altars hath he hong his launce,
His battred shield, his uncontrolled crest,
And for my sake hath learnd to sport, and daunce,
To toy, to wanton, dallie, smile, and jest,
Scorning his churlish drumme, and ensigne red,
Making my armes his field, his tent my bed.

Venus and Adonis

“Thus he that overrul’d I overswayed,
 Leading him prisoner in a red rose chain;
 Strong-temper’d steel his stronger strength obeyed,
 Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
 For mast’ring her that foil’d the god of fight. 114

“Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine –
 Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red –
 The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine.
 What seest thou in the ground? Hold up thy head,
 Look in mine eyeballs, there thy beauty lies;
 Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes? 120

“Art thou asham’d to kiss? Then wink again,
 And I will wink, so shall the day seem night.
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain;
 Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight;
 These blue-vein’d violets whereon we lean
Never can blab, nor know not what we mean. 126

“The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
 Shows thee unripe; yet maist thou well be tasted.
 Make use of time, let not advantage slip,
Beauty within itself should not be wasted.
Fair flowers that are not gath’red in their prime
 Rot, and consume themselves in little time. 132

“Were I hard-favor’d, soul, or wrinkled old,
 Ill-nurtur’d, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
 O’erworn, despised, rheumatic, and cold,
 Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
 Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for thee,
But having ne defects, why dost abhor me? 138

“Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow,
Mine eyes are grey, and bright, and quick in turning;
 My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
 My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning,
 My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt. 144

“Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or like a nymph, with long disheveled hair,
 Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen.
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
 Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire. 150

“Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie,
 These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
 Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
 From morn till night, even where I list to sport me.
 Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou should think it heavy unto thee? 156

“Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
 Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
 Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected;
 Steal thine own freedom, and complain on theft.
 Narcissus so himself himself forsook,
 And died to kiss his shadow in the brook. 162

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

Touch but my lips with those faire lips of thine,
 Though mine be not so faire, yet are they red,
 The kisse shalbe thine owne as well as mine,
 What seest thou in the ground? hold up thy head,
 Looke in mine ey-bals, there thy beautie lyes,
 Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

Art thou asham’d to kisse? then winke againe,
 And I will winke, so shall the day seeme night.
 Love keeps his revels where there are but twaine:
 Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight,
 These blew-veind violets whereon we leane,
 Never can blab, nor know not what we meane.

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 Shewes thee unripe; yet maist thou well be tasted,
 Make use of time, ler not advantage slip,
 Beautie within it selfe should not be wasted.
 Faire flowers that are not gathred in their prime,
 Rot, and consume themselves in litle time.

Were I hard-favourd, soule, or wrinckled old,
 Il-nurtur’d, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
 Ore-worne, despised, reumaticque, and cold,
 Thick-sighted, barren, leane, and lacking juyce;
 The mightst thou pause, for the I were not for thee,
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 Mine eyes are grey, and bright, and quicke in turning:
 My beautie as the spring doth yearelic grow,
 My flesh is soft and plumpe, my marrow burning,
 My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
 Would in thy palme dissolve, or seeme to melt.

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 Or like a Fairie, trip upon the greene,
 Or like a Nymph, with long disheveled haere,
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 Not grosse to sinke, but light, and will aspire.

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 These forcelesse flowers like sturdy trees support me:
 Two streghthles doves will draw me through the skie,
 From morne till night, even where I list to sport me.
 Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
 That thou should thinke it heavie unto thee?

Is thine owne heart to thine owne face affected?
 Can thy right hand ceaze love upon thy left?
 Then woo thy selfe, be of thyselfe rejected:
 Steale thine own freedome, and complaine on theft.
 Narcissus so him selfe him selfe forsooke,
 And died to kisse his shadow in the brooke.

Venus and Adonis

“Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;
Things growing to themselves are growth’s abuse.
Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth beauty;
Thou wast begot, to get it is thy duty. 168

Torches are made to light, jewels to weare,
Dainties to tast, fresh beautie for the use,
Herbes for their smell, and sappie plants to beare.
Things growing to them selves are growths abuse,
Seeds spring fro seeds, & beauty breedeth beauty,
Thou wast begot, to get it is thy duty.

“Upon the earth’s increase why shouldst thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live, when thou thyself art dead;
And so in spite of death thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive.” 174

Upon the earths increase why shouldst thou feed,
Unlesse the earth with thy increase be fed?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live, when thou thyselfe art dead:
And so in spite of death thou doest survive,
In that thy likenesse still is left alive.

By this the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For where they lay the shadow had forsook them,
And Titan, tired in the midday heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them,
Wishing Adonis had his tem to guide,
So he were like him, and by Venus’ side. 180

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

And now Adonis, with a lazy sprite,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His low’ring brows o’erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapors when they blot the sky,
Souring his checks, cries, “Fie, no more of love!
The sun doth burn my face, I must remove.” 186

And now Adonis, with a lazic sprite,
And with a heavie, darke, disliking eye,
His lowring browes ore-whelming his faire sight,
Likd mistie vapors when they blot the skie,
So wring his cheekes, cries, fie, no more of love,
The sunne doth burne my face, I must remove.

“Ay me” quoth Venus, “young, and so unkind,
That bare excuses mak’st thou to be gone!
I’ll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun;
I’ll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;
If they burn too, I’ll quench them with my tears. 192

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

“The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,
And lo I lie between that sun and thee;
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me,
And were I not immortal, life were done,
Between this heavenly and earthly sun. 198

The sun that shines from heaven, shines but warme,
And lo I lye betweene that sunne, and thee:
The heate I have from thence doth litle harme,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me,
And were I not immortal, life were done,
Betweene this heavenly, and earthly sunne.

“Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel?
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth.
Art thou a woman’s son and canst not feel
What ‘tis to love, how want of love tormenteth?
O, had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind. 204

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

“What am I that thou shouldst contemn me this?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?
That were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak, fair, but speak fair words, or else be mute.
Give me one kiss, I’ll give it to thee again,
And one fore int’rest, if thou wilt have twain. 210

What am I that thou shouldst contemne me this?
Or what great danger, dwels upon my sute?
What were thy lips the worse for one poore kis?
Speake faire, but speak faire words, or else be mute:
Give me one kisse, Ile give it to thee againe,
And one for intrest, if thou wilt have twaine,

“Fie, liveless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred!
Thou art no man, though of a man’s complexion,
For men will kiss even by their own direction.” 216

Fie, livelesse picture, cold, and sencelesse stone,
Well painted idoll, image dull, and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred:
Thou art no man, though of a mans complexion,
For men will kisse even by their owne direction.

Venus and Adonis

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause.
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause.
And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
And now her sobs do her intendments break. 222

Sometime she shakes her head, and then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;
Sometime her arms infold him like a band;
She would, he will not in her arms be bound;
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her lily fingers one in one. 228

“Fondling,” she saith, “since I have hemm’d thee here
Within the circuit of the ivory pale,
I’ll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer:
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain, or indale;
Graze on my lips, and if those hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie. 234

“Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom grass and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain;
Then be my deer, since I am such a park,
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.” 240

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple;
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple,
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why, there Love liv’d, and there he could not die. 246

These lovely caves, thee round enchanting pits,
Open’d their mouths to swallow Venus’ liking.
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn! 252

Now which way shall she turn? What shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing;
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.
“Pity,” she cries, “some favor, some remorse!”
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse. 258

But lo from forth a copse that neighbors by,
A breeding jennet, lustie, young and proud,
Adonis’ trampling courser doth espy;
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud.
The strong-neck’d steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he. 264

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven’s thunder;
The iron bit he crusheth ‘tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with. 270

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause,
Red cheeks and fierie eyes blaze forth her wrong:
Being Judge in love, she cannot right her cause.
And now she weeps, & now she faine would speak
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Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;
Sometime her armes infold him like a band,
She would, he will not in her armes be bound:
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her lillie fingers one in one.

Fondling, she saith, since I have hemd thee here
Within the circuit of the ivorie pale,
Ile be a parke, and thou shalt be my deare:
Feed where thou wilt, on mountaine, or in dale;
Graze on my lips, and if those hills be drie,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountaines lie.

Within this limit is reliefe inough,
Sweet bottome grasse and high delightfull plaine,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure, and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest, and from raine:
Then be my deare, since I am such a parke,
No dog shal rowze thee, though a thousand bark.

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,
That in ech cheeke appears a prettie dimple;
Love made those hollowes, if himselfe were slaine,
He might be buried in a tombe so simple,
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why, there love liv’d, and there he could not die.

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

Now which way shall she turne? what shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing,
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing:
Pitie she cries, some favour, some remorse,
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But lo from forth a coppes that neighbors by,
A breeding Jennet, lustie, young, and proud,
Adonis trampling Courser doth espy:
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud.
The strong-neckt steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his raine, and to her straight goes hee.

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

Venus and Adonis

- His ears up-prick'd, his braided hanging mane
 Upon his compass'd crest now stand on end,
 His nostril drink the air, and forth again
 As from a furnace, vapors doth he send;
 His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
 Shows his hot courage and his high desire. 276
- Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,
 With gentle majesty and modest pride;
 Anon he rears upright, curvets, and leaps,
 As who should say, "Lo thus my strength is tried;
 And this I do to captivate the eye
 Of the fair breeder that is standing by." 282
- What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
 His flattering "Holla," and his "Stand, I say"?"
 What cares he now for surb, or pricking spur,
 For rich caparisons, or trappings gay?
 He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
 For nothing else with his proud sight agrees. 288
- Look when a painter would surpass the life
 In limbing out a well-proportioned steed,
 His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
 As if the dead the living should exceed;
 So did this horse excel a common one,
 In shape, in courage, color, pace, and bone. 294
- Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long
 Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
 High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
 Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
 Look what a horse should have he did not lack,
 Save a proud rider on so proud a back. 300
- Sometime he scuds far off, and there he stares,
 Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;
 To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
 And whe'er he run, or fly, they know not whether;
 For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
 Fanning the hairs, who wave like feath'rd wings. 306
- He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her,
 She answers him, as if she knew his mind;
 Being proud as females are, to see him woo her,
 She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind,
 Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,
 Beating his kind embracements with her heels. 312
- Then like a melancholy malcontent,
 He vailes his tail that like a falling plume
 Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent;
 He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume.
 His love, perceiving how he was enrag'd,
 Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd. 318
- His testy master goeth about to take him,
 When lo the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
 Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
 With her the horse, and left Adonis there.
 As they were mad unto the wood they hie them,
 Outstripping crows that strive to overfly them. 324
- His eares up-prickt, his braided hanging mane
 Upon his compast crest now stand on end,
 His nostrils drinke the aire, and forth againe
 As from a fornace, vapors doth he send:
 His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
 Shewes his hote courage and his high desire.
- Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,
 With gentle majestic, and modest pride,
 Anon he reres upright, curvets, and leaps,
 As who should say, lo thus my strength is tride.
 And this I do, to captivate the eye,
 Of the faire breeder that is standing by.
- What recketh he his riders angric sturre,
 His flattering holla, and his stand, I say,
 What cares he now, for curbe, or pricking spur,
 For rich caparisons, or trappings gay:
 He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
 For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.
- Looke when a Painter would surpass the life,
 In limming out a well proportioned steed,
 His Art with Natures workmanship at strife,
 As if the dead the living should exceed:
 So did this Horse excell a common one,
 In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.
- Round hooft, short joynted, fetlocks shag and long,
 Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostrill wide,
 High crest, short eares, straight legs, & passing strog,
 Thin mane, thicke taile, broad buttock, tender hide:
 Looke what a Horse should have, he did not lack,
 Save a proud rider on so proud a back.
- Sometime he scuds farre off, and there he stares,
 Anon he starts, at sturring of a feather:
 To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
 And where he runne, or flie, they know not whether:
 For through his mane, & taile, the high wind sings,
 Fanning the haire, who wave like feathred wings.
- He lookes upon his love, and neighes unto her,
 She answers him, as if she knew his minde,
 Being proud as females are, to see him woo her,
 She puts on outward strangenesse, seemes unkinde:
 Spurnes at his love, and scorns the heat he feelles,
 Beating his kind imbracements with her heeles.
- Then like a melancholy malcontent,
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 When lo the unbackt breeder full of feare,
 Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
 With her the Horse, and left Adonis there:
 As they were mad unto the wood they hie them,
 Outstripping crowes, that strive to overfly them.

Venus and Adonis

- All swoll'n with chafing, down Adonis sits,
 Banning his boist'rous and unruly beast;
 And now the happy season once more fits
 That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest;
 For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong
 When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue. 330
- An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
 Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage;
 So of concealed sorrow may be said,
 Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage,
 But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
 The client breaks, as desperate in his suit. 336
- He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,
 And with his bonnet hides his angry brow,
 Lookes on the dull earth with disturbed mind,
 Taking no notice that she is nigh,
 For all askance he holds her in his eye. 342
- O what a sight is was wistly to view,
 How she came stealing to the wayward boy,
 To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
 How white and red each other did destroy!
 But now her check was pale, and by and by
 It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky. 348
- Now was she just before him as he sat,
 And like a lowly lover down she kneels;
 With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
 Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:
 His tend'rer check receives her soft hand's print,
 As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint. 354
- O what a war of looks was then between them!
 Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing,
 His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them,
 Her eyes wooed still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing;
 And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
 With tears which chorus-like her eyes did rain. 360
- Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
 A lily prison'd in a jail of snow,
 Or ivory in an alablaster band,
 So white a friend engirts so white a foe:
 This beauteous combat, willful and unwilling,
 Showed like two silver doves that sit a-billing. 366
- Once more the engine of her thoughts began:
 "O fairest mover on the mortal round.
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
 My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound!
 For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
 Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee." 372
- "Give me my hand," saith he, "why dost thou feel it?"
 "Give me my heart," sith she, "and thou shalt have it.
 O, give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,
 And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it.
 Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
 Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard." 378
- All swolne with chafing, downe Adonis sits,
 Banning his boystrous and unruly beast;
 And now the happie season once more fits
 That lovesicke love, by pleading may be blest:
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 To note the fighting conflict of her hew,
 How white and red, each other did destroy:
 But now her cheeke was pale, and by and by
 It flasht forth fire, as lightning from the skie.
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 And like a lowly lover down she kneeles,
 With one faire hand she heaveth up his hat,
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 Showed like two silver doves that sit a billing.
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 O fairest mover on the mortall round,
 Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
 My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound,
 For one sweet looke thy helpe I would assure thee,
 Thogh nothing but my bodies bane would cure thee
- Give me my hand (saith he,) why dost thou feele it?
 Give me my heart (saith she,) and thou shalt have it.
 O give it me lest thy hard heart do steele it,
 And being steeld, soft sighs can never grave it.
 Then loves deepe grones, I never shall regard,
 Because Adonis heart hath made mine hard.

Venus and Adonis

“For shame,” he cries, “let go, and let me go,
My day’s delight is past, my horse is gone,
And ‘tis your fault I am bereft him so.
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone,
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.” 384

Thus she replies: “Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire;
Affection is a coal that must be cool’d,
Else suffer’d it will set the heart on fire.
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none,
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone. 390

“How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,
Servilely master’d with a leathern rein!
But when he saw his love, his youth’s fair fee,
He held such petty bondage in disdain,
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast. 396

“Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight?
Who is so faint that dares not be so bold
To touch the fire, the weather being cold? 402

“Let me excuse thy curser, gentle boy,
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy;
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee.
O, learn to love, the lesson is but plain,
And once made perfect, never lost again.” 408

“I know not love,” quoth he, “nor will not know it,
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it;
‘Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it;
My love to love is love but to disgrace it,
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs and weeps, and all but with a breath. 414

“Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish’d?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
If springing things be any jot diminish’d,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth;
The colt that’s back’d and burthen’d being young,
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong. 420

“You hurt my hand with wringing, let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat;
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart,
To love’s alarms it will not ope the gate;
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flatt’ry,
For where a heart is hard they make no batt’ry.” 426

“What, canst thou talk?” quoth she, “hast thou a tongue?
O would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!
Thy mermaid’s voice hath done me double wrong;
I had my load before, now press’d with bearing:
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh sounding,
Ears’ deep sweet music, and heart’s deep sore wounding. 432

For shame he cries, let go, and let me go,
My dayes delight is past, my horse is gone,
And tis your fault I am bereft him so,
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone,
For all my mind, my thought, my busie care,
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The sea hath bounds, but deepe desire hath none,
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He held such pettie bondage in disdain:
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
Enfranchising his mouth, his backe, his breast.

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Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents ayme at like delight?
Who is so faint that dares not be so bold,
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To take advantage on presented joy,
Though I were dube, yet his proceedings teach thee
O learne to love, the lesson is but plaine,
And once made perfect, never lost againe.

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Unlesse it be a Boare, and then I chase it,
Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it,
My love to love, is love, but to disgrace it,
For I have heard, it is a life in death,
That laughs and weeps, and all but with a breath.

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I had my lode before, now prest with bearing,
Mellodious discord, heavenly tune harsh sounding,
Eares deep sweet musik, & harts deep sore wounding

Venus and Adonis

“Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty and invisible,
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me that were but sensible;
 Though neither eyes nor ears to hear nor see,
Yet should I be in love by touching thee. 438

“Say that the sence of feeling were bereft me,
 And that I could not see, not hear, nor touch,
 And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much,
 For from the stillitory of thy face excelling
 Comes breath perfum’d, that breedeth love by smelling; 444

“But O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four!
Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
 And bid Suspicion double-lock the door;
 Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
 Should by his stealing in disturb the feast?” 450

Once more the ruby-color’d portal open’d,
 Which to his speech did honey passage yield,
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken’d
 Wrack to the seaman, tempest to the field,
 Sorrow to shepherds, wo unto the birds,
 Gusts and foul flaws to herdsmen and to herds. 456

This ill presage advisedly she market:
Even as the wind is hush’d before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
 His meaning struck her ere his words begun. 462

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth:
 A smile recurs the wounding of a frown.
But blessed bankrout that by love so thriveth!
 The silly boy, believing she is dead,
 Claps her pale check, till clapping makes it red; 468

And all amaz’d, brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
 Which cunning Love did wittily prevent:
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!
For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
 Till his breath breatheth life in her again. 474

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the checks,
 He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
 He chafes her lips, a thousand ways he seeks
 To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr’d,
 He kisses her, and she by her good will
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still. 480

The night of sorrow now is turn’d to day:
 Her two blue windows faintly she upheaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
 He cheers the morn, and all the earth relieveth;
 And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumin’d with her eye, 486

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

Say that the sence of feeling were bereft me,
 And that I could not see, not heare, nor touch,
 And nothing but the verie smell were left me,
 Yet would my love to thee be still as much,
 For fro the stillitorie of thy face excelling
 Coms breath perfumd, that breedeth love by smelling;

But oh what banquet wert thou to the tast,
 Being nourse, and feeder of the other foure,
 Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
 And bid suspition double looke the dore;
 Lest jealousie that sower unwelcome guest,
 Should by his stealing in disturbe the feast?

Once more the rubi-coloured portall open’d,
 Which to his speech did honic passage yeeld,
 Like a red morne that ever yet betokend,
 Wracke to the sea-man, tempest to the field:
 Sorrow to shepherds, wo unto the birds,
 Gusts, and foule flawes, to herdsmen, & to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh,
 Even as the wind is husht before it raineth:
 Or as the wolfe doth grin before he barketh:
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And all amaz’d, brake off his late intent,
 For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
 Which cunning Love did wittily prevent,
 Faire fall the wit that can so well defend her:
 For on the grasse she lyes as she were slaine,
 Till his breath breatheth life in her againe.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the checkes,
 He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
 He chafes her lips, a thousand wayes he seekes
 To mend the hurt, that his unkindnesse mard,
 He kisses her, and she by her good will,
 Will never rise, so he will kisse her still.

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 Her two blew windowes faintly she upheaveth,
 Like the faire sunne when in his fresh array,
 He cheeres the morne, and all the earth releeveth:
 And as the bright sunne glorifies the skie:
 So is her face illumind with her eye.

Venus and Adonis

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
As if from thence they borrowed all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
 Had not his clouded with his brow's repine;
But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
 Shone like the moon in water seen by night. 492

"O, where am I?" quoth she, "in earth or heaven,
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?
 What hour is this? or morn or weary even?
 Do I delight to die, or life desire?
But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy,
But now I died, and death was lively joy. 498

"O, thou didst kill me, kill me once again.
 Thy eyes' shrowd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
 Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain
That they have murd'red this poor heart of mine,
 And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen. 504

"Long may they kiss each other for this cure!
O, never let their crimson liveries wear!
 And as they last, their verdour still endure,
 To drive infection from the dangerous year!
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath. 510

"Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
 What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?
 To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing,
 Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips,
Set thy seal manual on my wax-red lips. 516

"A thousand kisses buys my heart from me,
 And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
 What is ten hundred touches unto thee?
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?
 Say for non-payment that the debt should double,
 Is twenty hundred kisses such trouble?" 522

"Fair queen," quoth he, "if any love you owe me,
 Measure my strangeness with my unripe years;
Before I know myself, seek not to know me,
 No fisher but the ungrown fry forebears;
 The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early pluck'd, is sour to taste. 528

"Look the world's comforter with weary gait
 His day's hot task hath ended in the west;
 The owl (night herald) shrieks, 'tis very late;
 The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest,
 And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light
 Do summon us to part, and bid good night. 534

"Now let me say 'Good night,' and so say you;
 If you will say so, you shall have a kiss."
 "Good night," quoth she, and ere he says "Adieu,"
 The honey fee of parting tend' red is;
 Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;
 Incorporate then they seem, face grows to face; 540

Whose beames upon his hairlesse face are fixt,
 As if from thence they borrowed all their shine,
 Were never foure such lamps together mixt,
 Had not his clouded with his browes repine.
 But hers, which through the cristal tears gave light,
 Shone like the Moone in water scene by night.

O where am I (quoth she,) in earth or heaven,
 Or in the ocean drencht, or in the fire:
 What houre is this? or morne or wearie even,
 Do I delight to die or life desire?
 But now I livd, and life was deaths annoy,
 But now I dyde, and death was lively joy.

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

Long may they kisse ech other for this cure,
 Oh never let their crimson liveries wear,
 And as they last, their verdour still endure,
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 May say, the plague is banishtd by thy breath.

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

A thousand kisses buyes my heart from me,
 And pay them at thy leisure, one by one,
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 Is twentie hundred kisses such trouble?

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 Before I know my selfe, seeke not to know me,
 No fisher but the ungrowne frie forebeares,
 The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
 Or being early pluckt, is sower to tast.

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

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

Venus and Adonis

Till breathless he disjoin'd, and backward drew
 The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
 Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
 Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drouth;
 He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
 Their lips together glued, fall to the earth. 546

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding prey,
 And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
 Paying what random the insulter willeth;
 Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry. 552

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
 With blindfold fury she begins to forage;
 Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
 And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage,
 Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
 Forgetting shame's pure blush and honor's wrack. 558

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot roe that's tyr'd with chasing,
Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,
 He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
 While she takes all she can, not all she listeth. 564

What wax so frozen but dissolves with temp'ring,
 And yields at last to every light impression?
 Things out of hope are compass'd oft with vent'ring,
 Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission;
 Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,
But then woos best when most his choice is froward. 570

When he did frown, O had she then gave over,
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
 Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;
 What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis pluck'd!
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last. 576

For pity now she can no more detain him;
 The poor fool prays her that he may depart.
 She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him;
 Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,
 The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
 He carries thence incaged in his breast. 582

"Sweet boy," she says, "this night I'll waste in sorrow,
 For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
 Tell me, Love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?
 Say, shall we, shall we? wilt thou make the match?"
 He tells her no; to-morrow he intends
 To hunt the boar with certain of his friends. 588

"The boar!" quoth she, whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
 Usurps her cheek; she trembles at his tale,
 And on his neck her yoking arms she throws.
 She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
 He on her belly falls, she on her back. 594

Till breathlesse he disjoyn'd, and backward drew,
 The heavenly moisture that sweet corall mouth,
 Whose precious tast, her thirstie lips well knew,
 Whereon they surfet, yet complaine on drouth,
 He with her plentie prest she faint with dearth,
 Their lips together glewed, fall to the earth.

Now quicke desire hath caught the yeelding pray,
 And gluttonlike she feeds, yet never filleth,
 Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
 Paying what randome the insulter willeth:
 Whose vultur thought doth pitch the price so hie,
 That she will draw his lips rich treasure drie.

And having felt the sweetnesse of the spoile,
 With blind fold furie she begins to forrage,
 Her face doth recke, & smoke, her blood doth boile,
 And carelesse lust stirs up a desperat courage,
 Planting oblivion, beating reason backe,
 Forgetting shames pure blush, & honors wracke.

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

What waxe so frozen but dissolves with tempring,
 And yeelds at last to everie light impression?
 Things out of hope, are compast oft with ventring,
 Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission:
 Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,
 But the woos best, whe most his choice is froward.

When he did frowne, o had she then gave over,
 Such nectar from his lips she had not suckt,
 Foule words, and frownes, must not repell a lover,
 What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis pluckt?
 Were beautie under twentie locks kept fast,
 Yet love breaks through, & picks them all at last.

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

Sweet boy she saies, this night ile waste in sorrow,
 For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch,
 Tell me loves maister, shall we meet to morrow,
 Say, shall we, shall we, wilt thou make the match?
 He tells her no, to morrow he intends,
 To hunt the boare with certaine of his frends.

The boare (quoth she) whereat a suddain pale,
 Like lawne being spred upon the blushing rose,
 Usurpes her checke, she trembles at his tale,
 And on his neck her yoaking armes she throwes.
 She sincketh downe, still hanging by his necke,
 He on her belly falls, she on her backe.

Venus and Adonis

Now is she in the very lists of love,
 Her champion mounted for the hot encounter;
All is imaginary she doth prove,
 He will not manage her, although he mount her,
That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,
 To clip Elysium and to lack her joy. 600

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,
 Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw,
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw.
 The warm effects which she in him finds missing
 She seeks to kindle with continual kissing. 606

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be;
 She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd.
 Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee;
 She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.
 "Fie, fie," he says, "you crush me; let me go,
 You have no reason to withhold me so." 612

"Thou hadst been gone," quoth she, "sweet boy, ere this,
But that thou toldst me thou wouldst hunt the boar.
O, be advis'd, thou know'st not what it is
 With javeling's point a churlish swine to gore,
 Whose tushes never sheath'd he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal butcher bent to kill. 618

"On his bow-back he hath a battle set
 Of bristly pikes that ever threat his foes,
 His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth fret,
 His snout digs sepulchres where e'er he goes;
Being mov'd, he strikes, whate'er is in his way,
 And whom he strikes his crooked tushes slay. 624

"His brawny sides, with hairy bristles armed,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;
 His short thick neck cannot be easily harmed;
Being ireful, on the lion he will venter.
 The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part, through whom he rushes. 630

"Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine,
 To which Love's eyes pays tributary gazes,
 Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips and crystal cyne,
 Whose full perfection all the world amazes,
But having thee at vantage, (wondrous dread!)
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead. 636

"O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still!
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends.
 Come not within his danger by thy will,
 They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.
 When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
 I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble. 642

"Didst thou not mark my face? was it not white?
 Sawest thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
 Grew I not faint, and fell I not downright?
 Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
 My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
But like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast. 648

Now is she in the verie lists of love,
 Her champion mounted for the hot incounter,
 All is imaginarie she doth prove,
 He will not mannage her, although he mount her,
 That worse then Tantalus is her annoy,
 To clip Elizium, and to lacke her joy.

Even as poore birds deceiv'd with painted grapes,
 Do surfeit by the eye, and pine the maw:
 Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
 As those poore birds that helplesse berries saw,
 The warme effects which she in him finds missing,
 She seekes to kindle with continuall kissing.

But all in vaine, good Queene, it will not bee,
 She hath assai'd as much as may be prov'd,
 Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee,
 She's love; she loves, and yet she is not lov'd,
 Fie, fie, he saies, you crush me; let me go,
 You have no reason to withhold me so.

Thou hadst bin gone (quoth she) sweet boy ere this,
 But that thou toldst me, thou wouldst hunt the boare,
 Oh be advisd, thou know'st not what it is,
 With javelings point a churlish swine to gore,
 Whose tushes never sheathd he whetteth still,
 Like to a mortall butcher bent to kill.

On his bow-backe he hath a battell set,
 Of bristly pikes that ever threat his foes,
 His eyes like glow-wormes, shine when he doth fret
 His snout digs sepulchers, where ere he goes,
 Being mov'd he strikes, what ere is in his way,
 And whom he strikes, his crooked tushes slay.

His brawnie sides with hairie bristles armed,
 Are better prooffe then thy speares point can enter,
 His short thick neck cannot be easily harmed,
 Being irefull, on the lyon he will venter,
 The thornie brambles, and imbracing bushes,
 As feareful of him part, through whom he rushes.

Alas, he naught esteem's that face of thine,
 To which loves eyes paies tributarie gazes,
 Nor thy soft handes, sweet lips, and christall eine,
 Whose full perfection all the world amazes,
 But having thee at vantage (wondrous dread!)
 Would roote these beauties as he root's the mead.

Oh let him keep his loathsome cabin still,
 Beautie hath naught to do with such foule fiends,
 Come not within his danger by thy will,
 They that thrive well, take counsell of their friends,
 When thou didst name the boare, not to disseble
 I feard thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

Didst thou not marke my face, was it not white?
 Sawest thou not signes of feare lurke in mine eye?
 Grew I not faint, and fell I not downe right?
 Within my bosome whereon thou doest lye,
 My boding heart, pants, beats, and takes no rest,
 But like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

Venus and Adonis

“For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
Doth call himself Affection's sentinel,
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, 'Kill, kill!'
Distemp'ring gentle Love in his desire,
As air and water do abate the fire. 654

“This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,
This canker that eats up Love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear; 660

“And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs, on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore,
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed,
Doth make them droop with grief and hang the head. 666

“What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That tremble at th' imagination?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination:
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow. 672

“But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me,
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox which lives by subtilty,
Or at the roe which no encounter dare;
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hounds. 678

“And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles:
The many musits through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes. 684

“Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell,
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer:
Danger deviseth shifts, wit waits on fear. 690

“For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths: echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies. 696

By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder-legs with list'ning ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still.
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear,
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick that hears the passing bell. 702

For where love raignes disturbing jealousy,
Doth call him self affections centinell,
Gives false alarmes, suggesteth mutinie,
And in a peacefull houre doth crie, kill, kill,
Distemp'ring gentle Love in his desire,
As aire, and water do abate the fire.

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

And more than so, presenteth to mine eye,
The picture of an angric chafing boare,
Under whose sharpe fangs, on his backe doth lye,
An image like thy selfe, all staynd with goare,
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed,
Doth make the droop with grief & hang the hed.

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

But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me,
Uncouple at the timerous flying hare,
Or at the foxe which lives by subtiltie,
Or at the Roe which no incounter dare:
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downes,
And on thy wel breathd horse keep with thy hounds

And when thou hast on foote the purblind hare,
Marke the poore wretch to over-shut his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He crankes and crosses with a thousand doubles,
The many musits through the which he goes,
Are like a laberinth to amaze his foes.

Sometime he runnes among a flocke of sheepe,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving Conies keepe,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell:
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deare,
Danger deviseth shifts, wit waits on feare.

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

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

Venus and Adonis

- “Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious brier his weary legs do scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay,
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low never reliev’d by any. 708
- “Lie quietly, and hear a little more,
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise.
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike myself thou hear’st me moralize,
Applying this to that, and so to so,
For love can comment upon every woe. 714
- “Where did I leave?” “No matter where,” quoth he,
“Leave me, and then the story aptly ends;
The night is spent.” “Why, what of that?” quoth she.
“I am,” quoth he, “expected of my friends,
And now ’tis dark, and going I shall fall.”
“In night,” quoth she, “desire sees best of all. 720
- “But if thou fall, O then imagine this,
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys make true men thieves; so do thy lips
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss and die forsworn. 726
- “Now of this dark night I perceive the reason:
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forging Nature be condemn’d of treason,
For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine,
Wherein she fram’d thee, in high heaven’s despite,
To shame the sun by day and her by night. 732
- “And therefore hath she brib’d the Destinies
To cross the curious workmanship of Nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature,
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of mad mischances and much misery: 738
- “As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood,
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attainment
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood;
Surfets, impostumes, grief, and damn’d despair
Swear Nature’s death for framing thee so fair. 744
- “And not the least of all these maladies
But in one minute’s fight brings beauty under;
Both favor, savor, hue and qualities,
Whereat th’ impartial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw’d and done,
As mountain snow melts with the midday sun. 750
- “Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light. 756
- Then shalt thou see the deaw-bedabbled wretch
Turne, and returne, indenting with the way,
Ech envious brier, his wearie legs do scratch,
Ech shadow makes him stop, each murmour stay,
For miserie is troden on by manie,
And being low, never releev’d by anie.
- Lye quietly, and heare a little more,
Nay do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise,
To make thee hate the hunting of the bore,
Unlike my selfe thou hear’st me moralize,
Applying this to that, and so to so,
For love can comment upon everie wo.
- Where did I leave? no matter where (quoth he)
Leave me, and then the storie aptly ends,
The night is spent; why what of that (quoth she?)
I am (quoth he) expected of my friends,
And now ’tis darke, and going I shall fall.
In night (quoth she) desire sees best of all.
- But if thou fall, oh then imagine this,
The earth in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is butt to rob thee of a kis,
Rich prayes make true-men theeves: so do thy lips
Make modest Dyan, cloudie and forlorne,
Lest she should steale a kisse and die forsworne.
- Now of this darke night I perceive the reason,
Cinthia for shame, obscures her silver shine,
Till forging nature be condemn’d of treason,
For stealing moulds from heaven, that were divine,
Wherein she fram’d thee, in hie heavens despight,
To shame the sunne by day, and her by night.
- And therefore hath she brib’d the destinies,
To crosse the curious workmanship of nature,
To mingle beautie with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature,
Making it subject to the tyrannie,
Of mad mischances, and much miserie.
- As burning feavers, agues pale, and faint,
Life-poysoning pestilence, and frendzies wood,
The marrow-eating sicknesse, whose attainment,
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood,
Surfets, impostumes, grieffe, and damnd despaire,
Swear natures death, for framing thee so faire.
- And not the least of all these maladies,
But in one minutes fight brings beautie under,
Both favour, savour, hue and qualities,
Whereat the th’ impartiall gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thawed, and donne,
As mountain snow melts with the midday sonne.
- Therefore despight of fruitlesse chastitie,
Love-lacking vestals, and selfe-loving Nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcitie
And barraine dearth of daughters, and of suns;
Be prodigall, the lampe that burns by night,
Dries up his oyle, to lend the world his light.

Venus and Adonis

- “What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity?
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain. 762
- “So in thyself thyself art made away,
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
Or butcher sire that reaves his son of life.
Foul cank’ring rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that’s put to use more gold begets.” 768
- “Nay then,” quoth Adon, “you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme.
The kiss I gave you is bestow’d in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream,
For, by this black-fac’d night, desire’s foul nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse. 774
- “If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid’s songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
For know my heart stands armed in mine ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there; 780
- “Lest the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my breast,
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bedchamber to be barr’d of rest.
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone. 786
- “What have you urg’d that I cannot reprove?
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger.
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embracements unto every stranger.
You do it for increase: O strange excuse!
When reason is the bawd to lust’s abuse! 792
- “Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled,
Since sweating Lust on earth usurp’d his name,
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant stains and soon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves. 798
- “Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust’s effect is tempest after sun;
Love’s gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust’s winter comes ere summer half be done;
Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies;
Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies. 804
- “More I could tell, but more I dare not say,
The text is old, the orator too green,
Therefore in sadness, now I will away;
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen,
Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burn themselves for having so offended.” 810
- What is thy bodie but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to burie that posteritie,
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
If thou destroy them not in dark obscuritie?
If so the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride, so faire a hope is slaine.
- So in thy selfe, thy selfe art made away,
A mischief worse than civill home-bred strife,
Or theirs whose desperat hands themselves do slay,
Or butcher sire, that reaves his sonne of life:
Foule cankring rust, the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that's put to use more gold begets.
- Nay then (quoth Adon) you will fall againe,
Into your idle over-handled theame,
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vaine,
And all in vaine you strive against the streame,
For by this black-fac't night, desires foule nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you, worse & worse.
- If love have lent you twentie thousand tongues,
And everie tongue more moving then your owne,
Bewitching like the wanton Mermaids songs,
Yet from mine eare the tempting tune is blowne,
For know my heart stands armed in mine eare,
And will not let a false sound enter there.
- Lest the deceiving harmonic should ronne,
Into the quiet closure of my breast,
And then my litle heart were quite undone,
In his bed-chamber to be bard of rest,
No Ladie no, my heart longs not to grone,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.
- What have you urg'd, that I can not reprove?
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger,
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends imbracements unto every stranger;
You do it for increase, o straunge excuse!
When reason is the bawd to lusts abuse.
- Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled,
Since sweating lust on earth usurpt his name,
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed,
Upon fresh beautie, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant staines, & soone bereaves:
As Caterpillars do the tender leaves.
- Love comforteth like sun-shine after raine,
But lusts effect is tempest after sunne,
Loves gentle spring doth always fresh remaine,
Lusts winter comes, ere sommer halfe be donne:
Love surfets not, lust like a glutton dies:
Love is all truth, lust full of forged lies.
- More I could tell, but more I dare not say,
The text is old, the Orator too greene,
Therefore in sadnesse, now I will away,
My face is full of shame, my heart of teene,
Mine eares that to your wanton talke attended,
Do burn themselves, for having so offended.

Venus and Adonis

With this he breaketh from the sweet embrace
 Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
 And homeward through the dark laund runs apace,
 Leaves Love upon her back, deeply distress'd.
 Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye. 816

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
 Gazing upon a late embarked friend,
 Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
 Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend;
So did the merciless and pitchy night
 Fold in the object that did feed her sight. 822

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
 Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or stonish'd as night-wand'rers often are,
 Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood,
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
 Having lost the fair discovery of her way. 828

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbor caves, as seeming troubled,
 Make verbal repetition of her moans;
 Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:
 "Ay me!" she cries, and twenty times, "Woe, woe!"
 And twenty echoes twenty times cry so. 834

She marking them begins a wailing note,
 And sings extemporally a woeful ditty,
 How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote,
 How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty.
 Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
 And still the choir of echoes answer so. 840

Her song was tedious and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short;
 If pleas'd themselves, others they think delight
 In such-like circumstance, with such-like sport.
 Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
 End without audience, and are never done. 846

For who hath she to spend the night withal
But idle sounds resembling parasits,
Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,
 Soothing the humor of fantastic wits?
 She says " 'Tis so:" they answer all "'Tis so,"
 And would say after her, if she said "No." 852

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
 From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
 And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
 The sun ariseth in his majesty,
 Who doth the world so gloriously behold
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold. 858

Venus salutes him with this fair good morrow:
 "O thou clear god, and patron of all light,
 From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
 The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
 There lives a son that suck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other." 864

With this he breaketh from the sweet embrace,
 Of those faire armes which bound him to her brest,
 And homeward through the dark lawnd runs apace,
 Leaves love upon her backe, deeply distress't,
 Looke how a bright star shooteth from the skye;
 So glides he in the night from Venus eye.

Which after him she dartes, as one on shore
 Gazing upon a late embarked friend,
 Till the wilde waves will have him scene no more,
 Whose ridges with the meeting cloudes contend:
 So did the mercilesse, and pitchie night,
 Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amasd as one that unaware,
 Hath dropt a precious jewel in the flood,
 Or stonisht, as night wandrers often are,
 Their light blowne out in some mistrustful wood;
 Even so confounded in the darke she lay,
 Having lost the faire discoverie of her way.

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

She marking them, begins a wailing note,
 And sings extemporally a woeful dittie,
 How love makes yong men thrall, & old men dote,
 How love is wise in follie, foolish wittie:
 Her heavie antheme still concludes in wo,
 And still the quier of ecchoes answer so.

Her song was tedious and out-wore the night,
 For lovers' houres are long, though seeming short,
 If pleasd themselves, others they thinke delight,
 In such-like circumstance, with such-like sport:
 Their copious stories oftentimes begunne,
 End without audience, and are never donne.

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

Lo here the gentle lark wearie of rest,
 From his moyst cabinet mounts up on hie,
 And wakes the morning, from whose silver brest,
 The sunne ariseth in his majestie,
 Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
 That Ceader tops and hils, seeme burnisht gold.

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

Venus and Adonis

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
 Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,
 And yet she hears no tidings of her love.
 She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn;
 Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
 And all in haste she coasteth to the cry. 870

And as she runs, the bushes in the way,
 Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
 Some twin'd about her thigh to make her stay.
 She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
 Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,
 Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake. 876

By this she hears the hounds are at a bay,
 Whereat she starts like one that spies an adder
 Wreath'd up in fatal folds just in his way,
 The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder;
 Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
 Appalls her senses, and her spirit confounds. 882

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
 But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
 Because the cry remaineth in one place,
 Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud;
 Finding their enemy to be so curst,
 They all strain court'sy who shall cope him first. 888

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
 Through which it enters to surprise her heart,
 Who overcome by doubt, and bloodless fear,
 With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part:
 Like soldiers when their captain once doth yield,
 They basely fly, and dare not stay the field. 894

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy,
 Till cheering up her senses all dismay'd,
 She tells them 'tis a causeless fantasy,
 And childish error, that they are afraid;
 Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more --
 And with that word she spied the hunted boar, 900

Whose frothy mouth bepainted all with red,
 Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
 A second fear through all her sinews spread,
 Which madly hurries her she knows not whither;
 This way she runs, and now she will no further,
 But back retires to rate the boar for murder. 906

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways,
 She treads the path that she untreads again;
 Her more than haste is mated with delays,
 Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,
 Full of respects, yet nought at all respecting,
 In hand with all things, nought at all effecting. 912

Here kennel'd in a brake she finds a hound,
 And asks the weary caitiff for his master,
 And there another licking of his wound,
 'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster,
 And here she meets another sadly scowling,
 To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling. 918

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

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

By this she heares the hounds are at a bay,
 Whereat she starts like one that spies an adder,
 Wreath'd up in fatall folds just in his way,
 The feare whereof doth make him shake, & shudder,
 Even so the timerous yelping of the hounds,
 Appalls her senses, and her spirit confounds.

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

This dismal crie rings sadly in her eare,
 Through which it enters to surprise her hart,
 Who overcome by doubt, and bloodlesse feare,
 With cold-pale weaknesse, numbs ech feeling part,
 Like soldiers when their captain once doth yeeld,
 They basely flie, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling extasie,
 Till cheering up her senses all dismay'd,
 She tels them tis a causelesse fantasie,
 And childish error that they are affrayd,
 Bids the leave quaking, bids them feare no more,
 And with that word, she spide the hunted boare.

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

A thousand spleenes beare her a thousand wayes,
 She treads the path, that she untreads againe;
 Her more than hast, is mated with delayes,
 Like the proceedings of a drunken braine,
 Full of respects, yet naught at all respecting,
 In hand with all things, naught at all effecting.

Here kennel'd in a brake, she finds a hound,
 And askes the wearie caitiffe for his maister,
 And there another licking of his wound,
 'Gainst venim'd sores, the onely soveraigne plaister.
 And here she meets another, sadly skowling,
 To whom she speaks, & he replies with howling.

Venus and Adonis

When he hath ceas'd his ill-resounding noise,
 Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
 Against the welkin volleys out his voice;
 Another, and another, answer him,
 Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
 Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go. 924

Look how the world's poor people are amazed
 At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
 Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,
 Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
 And sighing it again, exclaims on Death. 930

“Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
 Hateful divorce of love,” -- thus chides she Death --
 “Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean
 To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath?
 Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set
 Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet. 936

“If he be dead -- O no, it cannot be,
 Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it:
O yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
 Thy mark is feeble age, but thy false dart
 Mistakes that aim and cleaves an infant's heart. 942

“Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
 And hearing him, thy power had lost his power.
 The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke:
 They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower.
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
 And not Death's ebon dart to strike him dead. 948

“Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weeping?
 What may a heavy groan advantage thee?
 Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
 Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigor,
 Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigor.” 954

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
 She vail'd her eyelids, who like sluices stopp'd
 The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
 In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd;
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
 And with his strong course opens them again. 960

O how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
 Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye,
 Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow,
 Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry;
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
 Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again. 966

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving who should best become her grief;
All entertain'd, each passion labors so,
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
But none is best; then join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather. 972

When he hath ceast his ill-resounding noise,
 Another flapmouthd mourner, blacke, and grim,
 Against the welkin, volies out his voice,
 Another, and another, answer him,
 Clapping their proud tailles to the ground below,
 Shaking their scratcht-earres, bleeding as they go.

Looke how, the worlds poore people are amazed,
 At apparitions, signes, and prodigies,
 Whereon with feareful eyes, they long have gazed,
 Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;
 So she at these sad signes, drawes up her breath,
 And sighing it againe, exclaimes on death.

Hard favourd tyrant, ougly, meagre, leane,
 Hateful divorce of love, (thus chides she death)
 Grim-grinning ghost, earths worme what dost thou meane?
 To stifle beautie, and to steale his breath?
 Who when he liv'd, his breath and beautie set
 Glosse on the rose, smell to the violet.

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

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

Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weeping,
 What may a heavie grone advantage thee?
 Why hast thou cast into eternall sleeping,
 Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
 Now nature cares not for thy mortall vigour,
 Since her best worke is ruin'd with thy rigour.

Here overcome as one full of despair,
 She vaild her eye-lids, who like sluices stopt
 The christall tide, that from her two cheekes faire,
 In the sweet channell of her bosome dropt.
 But through the floud-gates breaks the silver rain,
 And with his strong course opens them againe.

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

Variable passions throng her constant wo,
 As striving who should best become her griefe,
 All entertaind, ech passion labours so,
 That everie present sorrow seemeth chiefe,
 But none is best, then joyne they all together,
 Like many clouds, consulting for foule weather.

Venus and Adonis

- By this, far off, she hears some huntsman hallow;
 A nurse's song ne'er pleased her babe so well.
 The dire imagination she did follow
This sound of hope doth labor to expel,
 For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
 And flatters her it is Adonis' voice. 978
- Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye like pearls in glass,
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
 Which her check melts, as scorning it should pass
 To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
 Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd. 984
- O hard-believing love, how strange it seems!
 Not to believe, and yet too credulous:
 Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes;
 Despair and hope makes thee ridiculous:
 The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
 In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly. 990
- Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought,
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;
 It was not she that call'd him, all to naught;
Now she adds honors to his hateful name:
 She clepes him king of graves and grave for kings,
 Imperious supreme of all mortal things. 996
- "No, no," quoth she, "sweet Death, I did but jest,
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear
 When as I met the boar, that bloody beast,
 Which knows no pity, but is still severe;
 Then, gentle shadow (truth I must confess),
 I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decesse. 1002
- "'Tis not my fault, the boar provoked my tongue,
 Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;
 'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong,
 I did but act, he's author of thy slander.
 Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
 Could rule them both without ten women's wit." 1008
- Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
 Her rash suspect she doth extenuate,
 And that his beauty may the better thrive,
 With Death she humbly doth insinuate;
 Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories
 His victories, his triumphs, and his glories. 1014
- "O Jove," quoth she, "how much a fool was I,
 To be of such a weak and silly mind,
 To wail his death who lives, and must not die
 Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
 For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
 And beauty dead, black chaos comes again. 1020
- "Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves;
 Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,
 Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves."
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
 Whereat she leaps, that was but late forlorn. 1026
- By this farre off, she heares some huntsman hallow,
 A nurses song nere pleasd her babe so well,
 The dyre imagination she did follow,
 This sound of hope doth labour to expell,
 For now reviving joy bids her rejoyce,
 And flatters her, it is Adonis voyce.
- Whereat her teares began to turne their tide,
 Being prison'd in her eye: like pearles in glasse,
 Yet sometimes fals an orient drop beside,
 Which her cheeke melts, as scorning it should passe
 To wash the foule face of the sluttish ground,
 Who is but dronken when she seemeth drown'd.
- O hard-beleeving love, how strange it seemes!
 Not to beleeeve, and yet too credulous:
 Thy weale, and wo, are both of them extreames,
 Despaire, and hope, makes thee ridiculous.
 The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
 In likely thoughts the other kilts thee quickly.
- Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought,
 Adonis lives, and death is not to blame:
 It was not she that cald him all to nought;
 Now she ads honours to his hatefull name.
 She clepes him king of graves, & grave for kings,
 Imperious supreme of all mortall things.
- No, no, quoth she, sweet death, I did but jest,
 Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of feare
 When as I met the boare, that bloodie beast,
 Which knowes no pitie, but is still severe,
 Then gentle shadow (truth I must confesse)
 I rayld on thee, fearing my love's decesse.
- 'Tis not my fault, the Bore provok't my tong,
 Be wreak't on him (invisible commander)
 'T'is he foule creature, that hath done thee wrong,
 I did but act, he's author of thy slaunder
 Greefe hath two tongues, and never woman yet,
 Could rule them both, without ten womens wit.
- Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
 Her rash suspect she doth extenuate,
 And that his beautie may the better thrive,
 With death she humbly doth insinuate.
 Tels him of trophies, statues, tombes, and stories,
 His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.
- O Jove quoth she, how much a foole was I,
 To be of such a weake and sillie mind,
 To waile his death who lives, and must not die
 Till mutuall overthrow of mortall kind?
 For he being dead, with him is beautie slaine,
 And beautie dead, blacke Chaos comes againe.
- Fy, fy, fond love, thou art as full of feare,
 As one with treasure laden, hem'd with theeves,
 Trifles unwitnessed with eye, or eare,
 Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves.
 Even at this word she heares a merry horne,
 Whereat she leaps, that was but late forlorne.

Venus and Adonis

As falcon to the lure, away she flies,
 The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light,
 And in her haste unfortunately spies
 The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight,
 Which seen, her eyes [as] murd' red with the view,
Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew; 1032

Or as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
 Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
 And there, all smoth' red up, in shade doth sit,
 Long after fearing to creep forth again;
So at his bloody view her eyes are fled
 Into the deep-dark cabins of her head, 1038

Where they resign their office, and their light,
 To the disposing of her troubled brain,
 Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
 And never wound the heart with looks again,
 Who like a king perplexed in his throne,
 By their suggestion, gives a deadly groan. 1044

Whereat each tributary subject quakes,
 As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
 Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
 Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound.
This mutiny each part doth so surprise
That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes, 1050

And being open'd, threw unwilling light
 Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
 In his soft flank, whose wonted lily white
 With purple tears, that his wound wept, [was] drench'd.
 No flow'r was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed. 1056

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth,
 Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;
 Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth,
 She thinks he could not die, he is not dead;
 Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow,
 Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now. 1062

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three,
 And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach should be.
 His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled,
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled. 1068

"My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
 And yet," quoth she, "behold two Adons dead!
 My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
 Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:
 Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire,
So shall I die by drops of hot desire. 1074

"Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
 What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
 Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast
 Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
 The flowers are sweet, their colors fresh and trim,
But true sweet beauty liv'd and died with him. 1080

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

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

Where they resigne their office, and their light,
 To the disposing of her troubled braine,
 Who bids them still consort with ougly night,
 And never wound the heart with lookes againe,
 Who like a king perplexed in his throne,
 By their suggestion, gives a deadly grone.

Whereat ech tributarie subject quakes,
 As when the wind imprisond in the ground,
 Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
 Which with cold terror, doth mens minds confound:
 This mutinie ech part doth so surprise,
 That fro their dark beds once more leap her eies.

And being opend, threw unwilling light,
 Upon the wide wound, that the boare had trencht
 In his soft flanke, whose wonted lillie white
 With purple tears that his wound wept, had drecht.
 No floure was nigh, no grasse, hearb, leaf, or weed,
 But stole his blood, and seemd with him to bleed.

This solemne sympathie poore Venus noteth,
 Over one shoulder doth she hang her head,
 Dumblic she passions, frantukly she doteth,
 She thinks he could not die, he is not dead,
 Her voice is stopt, her joynts forget to bow,
 Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so stedfastly,
 That her sight dazzling, makes the wound seem three,
 And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
 That makes more gashes, where no breach should be:
 His face seems twain, ech severall lim is doubled,
 For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled

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

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

Venus and Adonis

“Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear!
 Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:
 Having no fair to lose, you need not fear,
 The sun doth scorn you and the wind doth hiss you.
But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air
 Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair. 1086

“And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
 Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep;
 The wind would blow it off and, being gone,
 Play with his locks; then would Adonis weep;
 And straight, in pity of his tender years,
 They both would strive who first should dry his tears. 1092

“To see his face the lion walk'd along
 Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him;
 To recreate himself when he hath song,
 The tiger would be tame, and gently hear him;
 If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
 And never fright the silly lamb that day. 1098

When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
 The fishes spread on it their golden gills;
 When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries and ripe-red cherries:
 He fed them with his sight, they him with berries. 1104

“But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,
 Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
 Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore --
 Witness the entertainment that he gave.
 If he did see his face, why then I know
 He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so. 1110

“‘Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain:
 He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
 Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
 And nousling in his flank, the loving swine
 Sheath'd unaware the tusk in his soft groin. 1116

“Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,
 With kissing him I should have kill'd him first,
But he is dead, and never did he bless
 My youth with his; the more am I accurst.”
 With this she falleth in the place she stood,
 And stains her face with his congealed blood. 1122

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale,
 She takes him by the hand, and that is cold,
 She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woeful words she told;
 She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
 Where lo, two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies; 1128

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
 A thousand times, and now no more reflect,
 Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
 And every beauty robb'd of his effect.
 “Wonder of time,” quoth she, “this is my spite,
That thou being dead, the day should yet be light. 1134

Bonnet nor vaile henceforth no creature weare,
 Nor sunne, nor wind will ever strive to kisse you,
 Having no faire to lose, you need not feare,
 The sun doth skorne you, & the wind doth hisse you.
 But when Adonis liv'de, sunne, and sharpe aire,
 Lurkt like two theeves, to rob him of his faire.

And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
 Under whose brim the gaudie sunne would peepe,
 The wind would blow it off, and, being gon,
 Play with his locks, then would Adonis weepe.
 And straight, in pittie of his tender years,
 They both would strive who first should drie his teares.

To see his face the Lion walkt along,
 Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him:
 To recreate himself when he hath song,
 The Tygre would be tame, and gently heare him.
 If he had spoke; the wolfe would leave his praie,
 And never fright the sillie lambe that daie.

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

But this foule, grim, and urchin-snouted Boare,
 Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave:
 Ne're saw the beauteous liverie that he wore,
 Witnessse the intertainment that he gave.
 If he did see his face, why then I know,
 He thought to kisse him, and hath kild him so.

'Tis true, tis true, thus was Adonis slaine,
 He ran upon the Boare with his sharpe speare,
 Who did not whet his teeth at him againe,
 But by a kisse thought to persuade him there.
 And nousling in his flanke the loving swine,
 Sheath'd unaware the tuske in his soft groin.

Had I bin tooth'd like him I must confesse,
 With kissing him I should have kild him first,
 But he is dead, and never did he blesse
 My youth with his; the more am I accurst.
 With this she falleth in the place she stood,
 And staines her face with his congealed bloud.

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

Two glasses where her selfe, her selfe beheld
 A thousand times, and now no more reflect,
 Their virtue lost, wherein they late exceld,
 And everie beautie robd of his effect;
 Wonder of time (quoth she) this is my spight,
 That thou being dead, the day shuld yet be light.

Venus and Adonis

“Since thou art dead, lo here I prophesy,
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend;
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavory end;
 Ne'er settled equally, but high or low,
 That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe. 1140

“It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,
Bud, and be blasted, in a breathing-while,
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile;
 The strongest body shall it make most weak,
 Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak. 1146

“It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures;
 It shall be raging mad and silly mild,
 Make the young old, the old become a child. 1152

“It shall suspect where is no cause of fear,
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust,
It shall be merciful, and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just;
 Perverse it shall be, where it shows most toward,
 Put fear to valor, courage to the coward. 1158

“It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire,
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire.
 Sith in his prime, Death doth my love destroy,
 They that love best their loves shall not enjoy.” 1164

By this the boy that by her side lay kill'd
Was melted like a vapor from her sight,
And in his blood that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flow'r sprung up, check'ed with white,
 Resembling well his pale cheeks and the blood
 Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood. 1170

She bows her head, the new-sprung flow'r to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath,
And says within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by death.
 She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
 Green-dropping sap, which she compares to tears. 1176

“Poor flow'r,” quoth she, 'this was thy fathers guise --
Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire --
For every little grief to wet his eyes;
To grow unto himself was his desire,
 And so 'tis thine, but know it is as good
 To wither in my breast as in his blood. 1182

“Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right.
Lo in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night;
 There shall not be one minute in an hour
 Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flow'r.” 1188

Since thou art dead, lo here I prophetic,
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend:
It shall be wayted on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavory end.
 Nere settled equally, but high or lo,
 That all loves pleasure shall not match his wo.

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

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

It shall suspect where is no cause of feare,
It shall not feare where it should most mistrust,
It shall be mercifull, and too seveare,
And most deceiving, when it seemes most just,
 Perverse it shall be, where it showes most toward,
 Put feare to valour, courage to the coward.

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

By this the boy that by her side laie kild,
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood that on the ground laie spill'd,
A purple floure sproong up, checked with white,
 Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood,
 Which in round drops, upo their whitenesse stood.

She bowes her head, the new-sprong floure to smel,
Comparing it to her Adonis breath,
And saies within her bosome it shall dwell,
Since he him selfe is reft from her by death;
 She crop's the stalke, and in the breach appears,
 Green-dropping sap, which she copares to teares.

Poore floure (quoth she) this was thy fathers guise,
Sweet issue of a more sweet smelling sire,
For everie little griefto wet his eies,
To grow unto him selfe was his desire;
 And so tis thine, but know it is as good,
 To wither in my brest, as in his blood.

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

Venus and Adonis

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves, by whose swift aid
Their mistress mounted through the empty skies,
In her light chariot, quickly is convey'd,
 Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure herself and not be seen. 1194

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