

IV.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

I.

DID not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
 'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
 Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
 Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
 A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
 Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
 My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
 Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
 My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;
 Then thou fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
 Exhal'st this vapour vow; in thee it is:
 If broken, then it is no fault of mine,
 If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
 To break an oath, to win a paradise?

II.

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook,
 With young Adonis, lovely, fresh and green,
 Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
 Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
 She told him stories to delight his ear;
 She show'd him favours to allure his eye;
 To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there:
 Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
 But whether unripe years did want conceit,
 Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,
 The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
 But smile and jest at every gentle offer:
 Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward;
 He rose and ran away; ah fool too froward!

III.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
 O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd:
 Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove;
 Those thoughts to me like oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.
 Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
 Where all those pleasures live, that art can comprehend.
 If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
 Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend;
 All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;
 Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:
 Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
 Which (not to anger bent) is music and sweet fire.
 Celestial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,
 To sing the heavens' praise with such an earthly tongue.

IV.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
 And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
 When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
 A longing tarrance for Adonis made,
 Under an osier growing by a brook,

A brook, where Adon us'd to cool his spleen.
 Hot was the day; she hotter that did look
 For his approach, that often there had been.
 Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
 And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim;
 The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
 Yet not so wistly, as this queen on him:
 He spying her, bounc'd in, whereas he stood;
 Oh Jove, quoth she, why was not I a flood?

V.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle,
 Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;
 Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle,
 Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty:
 A little pale, with damask die to grace her,
 None fairer, nor none falsier to deface her.
 Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,
 Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!
 How many tales to please me hath she coin'd,
 Dreading my love, the loss whereof still fearing!
 Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
 Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.
 She burnt with love, as straw with fire flameth,
 She burnt out love, as soon as straw out burneth;
 She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the framing,
 She bade love last, and yet she fell a turning.
 Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
 Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VI.

If music and sweet poetry agree,
 As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
 Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
 Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
 Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
 Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
 Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,
 As passing all conceit, needs no defence.
 Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound,
 That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
 And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd,
 Whenas himself to singing he betakes.
 One god is god of both, as poets feign;
 One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

VII.

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,
 * * * * *
 Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove, ')
 For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;
 Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:
 Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
 She silly queen, with more than love's good will,
 Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds;
 Once, quoth she, did I see a fair sweet youth

Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
See in my thigh, quoth she, here was the sore:
She showed hers; he saw more wounds than one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

VIII.

Sweet rose,²⁾ fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon faded,
Pluck'd in the bud, and faded in the spring!³⁾
Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely shaded!
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting!
Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,
And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;
For why? thou left'st me nothing in thy Will.
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;
For why? I craved nothing of thee still:
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee;
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

IX.

Fair Venus with Adonis sitting by her,
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
And as he fell to her, she fell to him.
Even thus, quoth she, the warlike god embrac'd me;
And then she clip'd Adonis in her arms:
Even thus, quoth she, the warlike god unlac'd me,
As if the boy should use like loving charms.
Even thus, quoth she, he seized on my lips,
And with her lips on his did act the seizure;
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.
Ah! that I had my lady at this bay,
To kiss and clip me till I run away!

X.

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together;
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care:
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short,
Youth is nimble, age is lame:
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young:
Age, I do defy thee;
O sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

XI.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining gloss, that fadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glass, that's broken presently:
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are sold or never found,
As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead, lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,
So beauty blemish'd once, for ever's lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

IV.

XII.

Good night, good rest. Ah! neither be my share:
She bade good night, that kept my rest away;
And daft me to a cabin hang'd with care,
To descant on the doubts of my decay.
Farewel, quoth she, and come again to-morrow;
Farewel I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether:
May be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
May be, again to make me wander thither:
Wander, a word for shadows like myself,
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

XIII.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!
My heart doth charge the watch;⁴⁾ the morning rise
Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;
For she doth welcome day-light with her ditty,
And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night:
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight;
Sorrow chang'd to solace, solace mix'd with sorrow;
For why? she sigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;
But now are minutes added to the hours;
To spite me now, each minute seems a moon;⁵⁾
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!
Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now borrow;
Short, Night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

XIV.

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three,
That liked of her master as well as might be,
Till looking on an Englishman, the fairest that eye
could see,
Her fancy fell a turning.
Long was the combat doubtful, that love with love
did fight,
To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight:
To put in practice either, alas it was a spite
Unto the silly damsel.
But one must be refused, more mickle was the pain,
That nothing could be used, to turn them both to gain,
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with
disdain:
Alas she could not help it!
Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away;
Then lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay;
For now my song is ended.

XV.

On a day (alack the day!)
Love, whose month was ever May,
Spy'd a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air,
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath:
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But alas my hand hath sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.

Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee;
Thou for whom even Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiopie were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

XVI.

My flocks feed not,
My ewes breed not,
My rams speed not,
All is amiss:
Love's denying,⁶⁾
Faith's defying,
Heart's renying,
Causer of this.⁷⁾
All my merry jigs are quite forgot,⁸⁾
All my lady's love is lost, God wot:
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a nay⁹⁾ is plac'd without remove.
One silly cross
Wrought all my loss;
O frowning fortune, cursed, fickle dame!
For now I see
Inconstancy
More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,
All fears scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me,
Living in thrall:
Heart is bleeding,
All help needing,
(O cruel speeding!)
Fraughted with gall.
My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal,¹⁰⁾
My wethers' bell rings doleful knell;
My curtail dog that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid;
With sighs so deep,
Procures to weep,
In howling wise, to see my doleful plight.
How sighs resound
Through harkless ground,¹¹⁾
Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight!
Clear wells spring not,
Sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not
Forth; they die:
Herds stand weeping,
Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping
Fearfully.
All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening sport from us is fled,
All our love is lost, for love is dead.
Farewel, sweet love,
Thy like ne'er was
For sweet content, the cause of all my moan:
Poor Coridon
Must live alone,
Other help for him I see that there is none.

XVII.

When as thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stall'd the deer that thou should'st strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy, partial tike:
Take counsel of some wiser head,
Neither too young, nor yet unwed.
And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,¹²⁾

Lest she some subtle practice smell;
(A cripple soon can find a halt:)
But plainly say thou lov'st her well,
And set her person forth to sale.

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will calm ere night;
And then too late she will repent,
That thus dissembled her delight;
And twice desire, ere it be day,
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and brawl,¹³⁾ and say thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say:
"Had women been so strong as men,
In faith you had not had it then."

And to her will frame all thy ways;
Spare not to spend, — and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady's ear:
The strongest castle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble, true;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Press never thou to choose anew:
When time shall serve, be thou not slack
To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know.
Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

Think women still to strive with men,
To sin, and never for to saint:
There is no heaven, by holy then,
When time with age shall them attain.
Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.

But soft; enough, — too much I fear,
Lest that my mistress hear my song;
She'll not stick to round me i' th' ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long:
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

XVIII.

As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring:
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone:
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry,
Teru, Teru, by and by:

That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain;
None take pity on thy pain:

IV.

Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee;
 Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee,
 King Pandion, he is dead;
 All thy friends are lapp'd in lead:
 All thy fellow birds do sing,
 Careless of thy sorrowing.
 Even so, poor bird, like thee,
 None alive will pity me.
 Whilst as fickle fortune smil'd,
 Thou and I were both beguil'd.
 Every one that flatters thee,
 Is no friend in misery.
 Words are easy like the wind;
 Faithful friends are hard to find.
 Every man will be thy friend,
 Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
 But if store of crowns be scant,
 No man will supply thy want.
 If that one be prodigal,
 Bountiful they will him call:
 And with such like flattering,
 "Pity but he were a king."
 If he be addict to advice,
 Quickly him they will entice;
 If to women he be bent,
 They have him at commandment;
 But if fortune once do frown,
 Then farewell his great renown:
 They that fawn'd on him before,
 Use his company no more.
 He that is thy friend indeed,
 He will help thee in thy need,
 If thou sorrow, he will weep;
 If thou wake, he cannot sleep:
 Thus of every grief in heart
 He with thee doth bear a part.
 These are certain signs to know
 Faithful friend from flattering foe.

XIX.

Take, oh, take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn;
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn:
 But my kisses bring again,
 Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.
 Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow
 Which thy frozen bosom bears,
 On whose tops the pinks that grow,
 Are of those that April wears.
 But first set my poor heart free,
 Bound in those icy chains by thee.

XX.

Let the bird of loudest lay,
 On the sole Arabian tree,
 Herald sad and trumpet be,
 To whose sound chaste wings obey.
 But thou shrieking harbinger,
 Foul pre-currer of the fiend,
 Augur of the fever's end,¹¹⁾
 To this troop come thou not near.
 From this session interdict
 Every fowl of tyrant wing,

Save the eagle, feather'd king:
 Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
 That defunctive music can,¹⁵⁾
 Be the death-divining swan,
 Lest the *requiem* lack his right.

And thou, treble-dated crow,
 That thy sable gender mak'st
 With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,¹⁶⁾
 'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence:
 Love and constancy is dead;
 Phoenix and the turtle fled
 In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd, as love in twain
 Had the essence but in one;
 Two distincts, division none:
 Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
 Distance, and no space was seen
 'Twixt the turtle and his queen:
 But in them it were a wonder.¹⁷⁾

So between them love did shine,
 That the turtle saw his right¹⁸⁾
 Flaming in the phoenix' sight:
 Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,
 That the self was not the same;¹⁹⁾
 Single nature's double name
 Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reason, in itself confounded,
 Saw division grow together;
 To themselves yet either-neither,²⁰⁾
 Simple were so well compounded;

That it cried, how true a twain
 Seemeth this concordant one!
 Love hath reason, reason none,
 If what parts can so remain.²¹⁾

Whereupon it made this threne²²⁾
 To the phoenix and the dove,
 Co-supremes and stars of love;
 As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
 Grace in all simplicity,
 Here inclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the phoenix' nest;
 And the turtle's loyal breast
 To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity: —
 'Twas not their infirmity,
 It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be;
 Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;
 Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
 That are either true or fair;
 For these dead birds sigh a prayer.