

# CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

THE WORKS OF  
CHRISTOPHER  
MARLOWE, VOL. 3 (OF 3)

Christopher Marlowe

**The Works of Christopher  
Marlowe, Vol. 3 (of 3)**

«Public Domain»

**Marlowe C.**

The Works of Christopher Marlowe, Vol. 3 (of 3) / C. Marlowe —  
«Public Domain»,

## Содержание

HERO AND LEANDER	5
TO THE	6
HERO AND LEANDER	7
THE FIRST SESTIAD	7
THE SECOND SESTIAD	18
THE EPISTLE 44 DEDICATORY	26
THE THIRD SESTIAD	27
THE FOURTH SESTIAD	36
THE FIFTH SESTIAD	45
THE SIXTH SESTIAD	56
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	58

# Christopher Marlowe

## The Works of Christopher Marlowe, Vol. 3 (of 3)

### HERO AND LEANDER

Two editions of *Hero and Leander* appeared in 1598. The first edition, containing only Marlowe's portion of the poem, is entitled *Hero and Leander. By Christopher Marloe. London, Printed by Adam Islip, for Edward Blunt.* 1598. 4to. The title-page of the second edition, which contains the complete poem, is *Hero and Leander: Begun by Christopher Marloe; and finished by George Chapman. Ut Nectar, Ingenium. At London, Printed by Felix Kingston, for Paule Linley, and are to be solde in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Blacke-beare.* 1598. 4to.

Two copies of the second edition were discovered a few years ago at Lamport Hall (the seat of Sir Charles Isham, Bart.) by Mr. Charles Edmonds. The existence of this edition was previously unknown. Later editions are:—

*Hero and Leander: Begunne by Christopher Marloe: Whereunto is added the first booke of Lucan translated line for line by the same Author. Ut Nectar, Ingenium. At London Printed for John Flasket, and are to be solde in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Blacke-beare.* 1600. 4to.

*Hero and Leander: Begunne by Christopher Marloe, and finished by George Chapman. Ut Nectar, Ingenium. At London. Imprinted for John Flasket, and are to be sold in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the blacke Beare.* 1606. 4to.

*Hero and Leander: Begunne by Christopher Marloe, and finished by George Chapman. Ut Nectar, Ingenium. At London. Imprinted for Ed. Blunt and W. Barret, and are to be sold in Pauls Church-yard, at the signe of the blacke Beare.* 1609. 4to.

*Hero and Leander: Begunne by Christopher Marloe, and finished by George Chapman. Ut Nectar, Ingenium. London. Printed by W. Stansby for Ed. Blunt and W. Barret, and are to be sold in Pauls Church-yard, at the signe of the Blacke Beare.* 1613. 4to.

*Hero and Leander: Begun by Christoper Marloe, and finished by George Chapman. Ut Nectar, Ingenium. London, Printed by A. M. for Richard Hawkins: and are to bee sold at his Shop in Chancerie-Lane, neere Serieants Inne.* 1629. 4to.

*Hero and Leander: Begun by Christopher Marloe, and finished by George Chapman. Ut Nectar, Ingenium. London: Printed by N. Okes for William Leake, and are to be sold at his shop in Chancery-lane neere the Roules.* 1637. 4to.

I have not had an opportunity of seeing the 4tos. of 1598 or the 4to. of 1600. For the text of the Isham copy, I am indebted to the *Works of George Chapman: Poems and Minor Translations*, 1875. I have examined the texts of eds. 1606, 1613, 1629, 1637; and my friend Mr. C. H. Firth has examined for me the Bodleian copy of ed. 1600, in the margin of which Malone has noted the readings of the first edition.

**TO THE  
RIGHT-WORSHIPFUL SIR THOMAS WALSINGHAM,  
KNIGHT**

Sir, we think not ourselves discharged of the duty we owe to our friend when we have brought the breathless body to the earth; for albeit the eye there taketh his ever-farewell of that beloved object, yet the impression of the man that hath been dear unto us, living an after-life in our memory, there putteth us in mind of farther obsequies due unto the deceased; and namely of the performance of whatsoever we may judge shall make to his living credit and to the effecting of his determinations prevented by the stroke of death. By these meditations (as by an intellectual will) I suppose myself executor to the unhappily deceased author of this poem; upon whom knowing that in his lifetime you bestowed many kind favours, entertaining parts of reckoning and worth which you found in him with good countenance and liberal affection, I cannot but see so far into the will of him dead, that whatsoever issue of his brain should chance to come abroad, that the first breath it should take might be the gentle air of your liking; for, since his self had been accustomed thereunto, it would prove more agreeable and thriving to his right children than any other foster countenance whatsoever. At this time seeing that this unfinished tragedy happens under my hands to be imprinted; of a double duty, the one to yourself, the other to the deceased, I present the same to your most favourable allowance, offering my utmost self now and ever to be ready at your worship's disposing:

*EDWARD BLUNT.*

## HERO AND LEANDER

### THE FIRST SESTIAD

#### *The Argument*<sup>1</sup> of the First Sestiad

Hero's description and her love's;  
The fane of Venus, where he moves  
His worthy love-suit, and attains;  
Whose bliss the wrath of Fates restrains  
For Cupid's grace to Mercury:  
Which tale the author doth imply.

On Hellespont, guilty of true love's blood,  
In view and opposite two cities stood,  
Sea-borderers,<sup>2</sup> disjoin'd by Neptune's might;  
The one Abydos, the other Sestos hight.  
At Sestos Hero dwelt; Hero the fair,  
Whom young Apollo courted for her hair,  
And offer'd as a dower his burning throne,  
Where she should sit, for men to gaze upon.  
The outside of her garments were of lawn,  
The lining purple silk, with gilt stars drawn;  
Her wide sleeves green, and border'd with a grove,  
Where Venus in her naked glory strove  
To please the careless and disdainful eyes  
Of proud Adonis, that before her lies;  
Her kirtle blue, whereon was many a stain,  
Made with the blood of wretched lovers slain.  
Upon her head she ware<sup>3</sup> a myrtle wreath,  
From whence her veil reach'd to the ground beneath:  
Her veil was artificial flowers and leaves,  
Whose workmanship both man and beast deceives:  
Many would praise the sweet smell as she past,  
When 'twas the odour which her breath forth cast;  
And there for honey bees have sought in vain,  
And, beat from thence, have lighted there again.  
About her neck hung chains of pebble-stone,  
Which, lighten'd by her neck, like diamonds shone.  
She ware no gloves; for neither sun nor wind  
Would burn or parch her hands, but, to her mind.

---

<sup>1</sup> The Arguments are by Chapman, who also divided Marlowe's portion of the form into the First and Second Sestiad.

<sup>2</sup> Eds. 1600, 1606, 1613, "Sea-borders."—Ed. 1598, according to Malone, has "sea-borderers;" and so eds. 1629, 1637.

<sup>3</sup> Some editions give "wore."

Or warm or cool them, for they took delight  
To play upon those hands, they were so white.  
Buskins of shells, all silver'd, usèd she,  
And branch'd with blushing coral to the knee;  
Where sparrows perch'd of hollow pearl and gold,  
Such as the world would wonder to behold:  
Those with sweet water oft her handmaid fills,  
Which as she went, would cherup through the bills.  
Some say, for her the fairest Cupid pin'd,  
And, looking in her face, was strooken blind.  
But this is true; so like was one the other,  
As he imagin'd Hero was his mother;  
And oftentimes into her bosom flew,  
About her naked neck his bare arms threw,  
And laid his childish head upon her breast,  
And, with still panting rock,<sup>4</sup> there took his rest.  
So lovely-fair was Hero, Venus' nun,  
As Nature wept, thinking she was undone,  
Because she took more from her than she left,  
And of such wondrous beauty her bereft:  
Therefore, in sign her treasure suffer'd wrack,  
Since Hero's time hath half the world been black.  
Amorous Leander, beautiful and young  
(Whose tragedy divine Musæus sung),  
Dwelt at Abydos; since him dwelt there none  
For whom succeeding times make<sup>5</sup> greater moan.  
His dangling tresses, that were never shorn,  
Had they been cut, and unto Colchos borne,  
Would have allur'd the venturous youth of Greece  
To hazard more than for the golden fleece.  
Fair Cynthia wished his arms might be her Sphere;  
Grief makes her pale, because she moves not there.  
His body was as straight as Circe's wand;  
Jove might have sipt out nectar from his hand.  
Even as delicious meat is to the tast,  
So was his neck in touching, and surpast  
The white of Pelops' shoulder: I could tell ye,  
How smooth his breast was, and how white his belly;  
And whose immortal fingers did imprint  
That heavenly path with many a curious dint  
That runs along his back; but my rude pen  
Can hardly blazon forth the loves of men,  
Much less of powerful gods: let it suffice  
That my slack Muse sings of Leander's eyes;  
Those orient cheeks and lips, exceeding his  
That leapt into the water for a kiss

---

<sup>4</sup> Some eds. have "rockt," which may be the right reading.

<sup>5</sup> So ed. 1637.—The earlier editions that I have seen read "may."

Of his own shadow, and, despising many,  
 Died ere he could enjoy the love of any.  
 Had wild Hippolytus Leander seen,  
 Enamour'd of his beauty had he been:  
 His presence made the rudest peasant melt,  
 That in the vast uplandish country dwelt;  
 The barbarous Thracian soldier, mov'd with nought,  
 Was mov'd with him, and for his favour sought.  
 Some swore he was a maid in man's attire,  
 For in his looks were all that men desire,—  
 A pleasant-smiling cheek, a speaking eye,  
 A brow for love to banquet royally;  
 And such as knew he was a man, would say,  
 "Leander, thou art made for amorous play:  
 Why art thou not in love, and loved of all?  
 Though thou be fair, yet be not thine own thrall."  
 The men of wealthy Sestos every year,  
 For his sake whom their goddess held so dear,  
 Rose-cheek'd<sup>6</sup> Adonis, kept a solemn feast:  
 Thither resorted many a wandering guest  
 To meet their loves: such as had none at all  
 Came lovers home from this great festival;  
 For every street, like to a firmament,  
 Glister'd with breathing stars, who, where they went,  
 Frighted the melancholy earth, which deem'd  
 Eternal heaven to burn, for so it seem'd,  
 As if another Phaëton had got  
 The guidance of the sun's rich chariot.  
 But, far above the loveliest, Hero shin'd,  
 And stole away th' enchanted gazer's mind;  
 For like sea-nymphs' inveigling harmony,  
 So was her beauty to the standers by;  
 Nor that night-wandering, pale, and watery<sup>7</sup> star  
 (When yawning dragons draw her thirling<sup>8</sup> car  
 From Latmus' mount up to the gloomy sky,  
 Where, crown'd with blazing light and majesty,  
 She proudly sits) more over-rules the flood  
 Than she the hearts of those that near her stood.  
 Even as when gaudy nymphs pursue the chase,  
 Wretched Ixion's shaggy-footed race,  
 Incens'd with savage heat, gallop amain  
 From steep pine-bearing mountains to the plain,  
 So ran the people forth to gaze upon her,  
 And all that view'd her were enamour'd on her:  
 And as in fury of a dreadful fight,

---

<sup>6</sup> Cf. *Venus and Adonis* (l. 3)—"Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chace."

<sup>7</sup> So *Hamlet* i. 1—"The moist star, Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands."

<sup>8</sup> "*Thrilling*—tremulously moving."—*Dyce*. Perhaps the meaning rather is *penetrating*—drilling its way through—"the gloomy sky."

Their fellows being slain or put to flight,  
Poor soldiers stand with fear of death dead-strooken,  
So at her presence all surpris'd and taken,  
Await the sentence of her scornful eyes;  
He whom she favours lives; the other dies:  
There might you see one sigh; another rage;  
And some, their violent passions to assuage,  
Compile sharp satires; but, alas, too late!  
For faithful love will never turn to hate;  
And many, seeing great princes were denied,  
Pin'd as they went, and thinking on her died.  
On this feast-day—O cursèd day and hour!—  
Went Hero thorough Sestos, from her tower  
To Venus' temple, where unhappily,  
As after chanc'd, they did each other spy.  
So fair a church as this had Venus none:  
The walls were of discolour'd<sup>9</sup> jasper-stone,  
Wherein was Proteus carved; and over-head  
A lively vine of green sea-agate spread,  
Where by one hand light-headed Bacchus hung,  
And with the other wine from grapes out-wrung.  
Of crystal shining fair the pavement was;  
The town of Sestos call'd it Venus' glass:  
There might you see the gods, in sundry shapes,  
Committing heady riots, incests, rapes;  
For know, that underneath this radiant flour<sup>10</sup>  
Was Danæ's statue in a brazen tower:  
Jove slyly stealing from his sister's bed,  
To dally with Idalian Ganymed,  
And for his love Europa bellowing loud,  
And tumbling with the Rainbow in a cloud;  
Blood-quaffing Mars heaving the iron net  
Which limping Vulcan and his Cyclops set;  
Love kindling fire, to burn such towns as Troy;  
Silvanus weeping for the lovely boy  
That now is turned into a cypress-tree,  
Under whose shade the wood-gods love to be.  
And in the midst a silver altar stood:  
There Hero, sacrificing turtles' blood,  
Vailed<sup>11</sup> to the ground, veiling her eyelids close;  
And modestly they opened as she rose:  
Thence flew Love's arrow with the golden head;  
And thus Leander was enamourèd.  
Stone-still he stood, and evermore he gaz'd,  
Till with the fire, that from his countenance blaz'd,

---

<sup>9</sup> Variegated (Lat. *discolor*).

<sup>10</sup> Dyce quotes a passage of Harington's *Orlando Furioso* where "flowre" (floor) rhymes with "towre."

<sup>11</sup> Ed. 1600 and later 4tos. "Tail'd." For the coupling of "Vailed" with "veiling," cf. 2. *Tamb.* v. iii. 6. "pitch their pitchy tents."

Relenting Hero's gentle heart was strook:  
 Such force and virtue hath an amorous look.  
 It lies not in our power to love or hate,  
 For will in us is over-rul'd by fate.  
 When two are stript long ere the course begin,  
 We wish that one should lose, the other win;  
 And one especially do we affect  
 Of two gold ingots, like in each respect:  
 The reason no man knows, let it suffice,  
 What we behold is censur'd by our eyes.  
 Where both deliberate, the love is slight:  
 Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?<sup>12</sup>  
 He kneel'd; but unto her devoutly prayed:  
 Chaste Hero to herself thus softly said,  
 "Were I the saint he worships, I would hear him;"  
 And, as she spake those words, came somewhat near him.  
 He started up; she blushed as one asham'd;  
 Wherewith Leander much more was inflam'd.  
 He touch'd her hand; in touching it she trembled:  
 Love deeply grounded hardly is dissembled.  
 These lovers parled by the touch of hands:  
 True love is mute, and oft amazèd stands.  
 Thus while dumb signs their yielding hearts entangled,  
 The air with sparks of living fire was spangled;  
 And night,<sup>13</sup> deep-drenched in misty Acheron,  
 Heav'd up her head, and half the world upon  
 Breath'd darkness forth (dark night is Cupid's day):  
 And now begins Leander to display  
 Love's holy fire, with words, with sighs, and tears;  
 Which, like sweet music, enter'd Hero's ears;  
 And yet at every word she turn'd aside  
 And always cut him off, as he replied.  
 At last, like to a bold sharp sophister,  
 With cheerful hope thus he accosted her.  
 "Fair creature,<sup>14</sup> let me speak without offence:  
 I would my rude words had the influence  
 To lead thy thoughts as thy fair looks do mine!  
 Then shouldst thou be his prisoner, who is thine.  
 Be not unkind and fair; mis-shapen stuff  
 Are of behaviour boisterous and rough.  
 O, shun me not, but hear me ere you go!  
 God knows, I cannot force love as you do:  
 My words shall be as spotless as my youth,  
 Full of simplicity and naked truth.

---

<sup>12</sup> This line is quoted in *As you like it*, iii. 5:—"Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,—Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight."

<sup>13</sup> "A periphrasis of Night." Marginal note in ed. 1598.

<sup>14</sup> Lines 199-204, 221-222, are quoted, not quite accurately, by Matthew in *Every Man in his Humour*, iv. 1.

This sacrifice, whose sweet perfume descending  
From Venus' altar, to your footsteps bending,  
Doth testify that you exceed her far,  
To whom you offer, and whose nun you are.  
Why should you worship her? her you surpass  
As much as sparkling diamonds flaring glass.  
A diamond set in lead his worth retains;  
A heavenly nymph, belov'd of human swains,  
Receives no blemish, but oftentimes more grace;  
Which makes me hope, although I am but base,  
Base in respect of thee divine and pure,  
Dutiful service may thy love procure;  
And I in duty will excel all other,  
As thou in beauty dost exceed Love's mother.  
Nor heaven nor thou were made to gaze upon:  
As heaven preserves all things, so save thou one.  
A stately-built ship, well rigg'd and tall,  
The ocean maketh more majestic;  
Why vow'st thou, then, to live in Sestos here,  
Who on Love's seas more glorious wouldst appear?  
Like untun'd golden strings all women are,  
Which long time lie untouch'd, will harshly jar.  
Vessels of brass, oft handled, brightly shine:  
What difference betwixt<sup>15</sup> the richest mine  
And basest mould, but use? for both, not us'd,  
Are of like worth. Then treasure is abus'd,  
When misers keep it: being put to loan,  
In time it will return us two for one.  
Rich robes themselves and others do adorn;  
Neither themselves nor others, if not worn.  
Who builds a palace, and rams up the gate,  
Shall see it ruinous and desolate:  
Ah, simple Hero, learn thyself to cherish!  
Lone women, like to empty houses, perish.  
Less sins the poor rich man, that starves himself  
In heaping up a mass of drossy pelf,  
Than such as you: his golden earth remains,  
Which, after his decease some other gains;  
But this fair gem, sweet in the loss alone,  
When you fleet hence, can be bequeath'd to none;  
Or, if it could, down from th' enamell'd sky  
All heaven would come to claim this legacy,  
And with intestine broils the world destroy,  
And quite confound Nature's sweet harmony.  
Well therefore by the gods decreed it is,  
We human creatures should enjoy that bliss.

---

<sup>15</sup> Some eds. give "between."

One is no number;<sup>16</sup> maids are nothing, then,  
Without the sweet society of men.  
Wilt thou live single still? one shalt thou be,  
Though never-singling Hymen couple thee.  
Wild savages, that drink of running springs  
Think water far excels all earthly things;  
But they, that daily taste neat<sup>17</sup> wine, despise it:  
Virginity, albeit some highly prize it,  
Compar'd with marriage, had you tried them both,  
Differs as much as wine and water doth.  
Base bullion for the stamp's sake we allow:  
Even so for men's impression do we you;  
By which alone, our reverend fathers say,  
Women receive perfection every way.  
This idol, which you term virginity,  
Is neither essence subject to the eye,  
No, nor to any one exterior sense,  
Nor hath it any place of residence,  
Nor is't of earth or mould celestial,  
Or capable of any form at all.  
Of that which hath no being, do not boast;  
Things that are not at all, are never lost.  
Men foolishly do call it virtuous:  
What virtue is it, that is born with us?  
Much less can honour be ascrib'd thereto:  
Honour is purchas'd by the deeds we do;  
Believe me, Hero, honour is not won,  
Until some honourable deed be done.  
Seek you, for chastity, immortal fame,  
And know that some have wrong'd Diana's name?  
Whose name is it, if she be false or not,  
So she be fair, but some vile tongues will blot?  
But you are fair, ay me! so wondrous fair,  
So young, so gentle, and so debonair.  
As Greece will think, if thus you live alone,  
Some one or other keeps you as his own.  
Then, Hero, hate me not, nor from me fly,  
To follow swiftly-blasting infamy.  
Perhaps thy sacred priesthood makes thee loath:  
Tell me to whom mad'st thou that heedless oath?"  
"To Venus," answer'd she; and, as she spake,  
Forth from those two tralucent cisterns brake  
A stream of liquid pearl, which down her face  
Made milk-white paths, whereon the gods might trace  
To Jove's high court. He thus replied: "The rites  
In which Love's beauteous empress most delights,

---

<sup>16</sup> Cf. Shakespeare, *Sonnet* cxxxvi.—"Among a number one is reckoned none."

<sup>17</sup> Some eds. read "sweet."

Are banquets, Doric music, midnight revel,  
Plays, masks, and all that stern age counteth evil.  
Thee as a holy idiot doth she scorn;  
For thou, in vowing chastity, hast sworn  
To rob her name and honour, and thereby  
Committ'st a sin far worse than perjury,  
Even sacrilege against her deity,  
Through regular and formal purity.  
To expiate which sin, kiss and shake hands:  
Such sacrifice as this Venus demands."  
Thereat she smil'd, and did deny him so,  
As put<sup>18</sup> thereby, yet might he hope for mo;  
Which makes him quickly reinforce his speech,  
And her in humble manner thus beseech:  
"Though neither gods nor men may thee deserve,  
Yet for her sake, whom you have vow'd to serve,  
Abandon fruitless cold virginity,  
The gentle queen of Love's sole enemy.  
Then shall you most resemble Venus' nun,  
When Venus' sweet rites are performed and done.  
Flint-breasted Pallas joys in single life;  
But Pallas and your mistress are at strife.  
Love, Hero, then, and be not tyrannous;  
But heal the heart that thou hast wounded thus;  
Nor stain thy youthful years with avarice:  
Fair fools delight to be accounted nice.  
The richest<sup>19</sup> corn dies, if it be not reapt;  
Beauty alone is lost, too warily kept."  
These arguments he us'd, and many more;  
Wherewith she yielded, that was won before.  
Hero's looks yielded, but her words made war:  
Women are won when they begin to jar.  
Thus, having swallow'd Cupid's golden hook,  
The more she striv'd, the deeper was she strook:  
Yet, evilly feigning anger, strove she still,  
And would be thought to grant against her will.  
So having paus'd a while, at last she said,  
"Who taught thee rhetoric to deceive a maid?  
Ay me! such words as these should I abhor,  
And yet I like them for the orator."  
With that, Leander stooped to have embrac'd her,  
But from his spreading arms away she cast her,  
And thus bespake him: "Gentle youth, forbear  
To touch the sacred garments which I wear.  
Upon a rock, and underneath a hill,

---

<sup>18</sup> Cf. Second Sestiad, l. 73—"She with a kind of granting put him by it."

<sup>19</sup> This line is quoted in *England's Parnassus* with the reading "ripest."

Far from the town (where all is whist<sup>20</sup> and still,  
 Save that the sea, playing on yellow sand,  
 Sends forth a rattling murmur to the land,  
 Whose sound allures the golden Morpheus  
 In silence of the night to visit us),  
 My turret stands; and there, God knows, I play  
 With Venus' swans and sparrows all the day.  
 A<sup>21</sup> dwarfish beldam bears me company,  
 That hops about the chamber where I lie,  
 And spends the night, that might be better spent,  
 In vain discourse and apish merriment:—  
 Come thither." As she spake this, her tongue tripp'd,  
 For unawares "Come thither" from her slipp'd;  
 And suddenly her former colour chang'd,  
 And here and there her eyes through anger rang'd;  
 And, like a planet moving several ways  
 At one self instant, she, poor soul, assays,  
 Loving, not to love at all, and every part  
 Strove to resist the motions of her heart:  
 And hands so pure, so innocent, nay, such  
 As might have made Heaven stoop to have a touch,  
 Did she uphold to Venus, and again  
 Vow'd spotless chastity; but all in vain;  
 Cupid beats down her prayers with his wings;  
 Her vows above<sup>22</sup> the empty air he flings:  
 All deep enrag'd, his sinewy bow he bent,  
 And shot a shaft that burning from him went;  
 Wherewith she strooken, look'd so dolefully,  
 As made Love sigh to see his tyranny;  
 And, as she wept, her tears to pearl he turn'd,  
 And wound them on his arm, and for her mourn'd.  
 Then towards the palace of the Destinies,  
 Laden with languishment and grief, he flies,  
 And to those stern nymphs humbly made request,  
 Both might enjoy each other, and be blest.  
 But with a ghastly dreadful countenance,  
 Threatening a thousand deaths at every glance,  
 They answer'd Love, nor would vouchsafe so much  
 As one poor word, their hate to him was such:  
 Hearken awhile, and I will tell you why.  
 Heaven's wingèd herald, Jove-born Mercury,  
 The self-same day that he asleep had laid  
 Enchanted Argus, spied a country maid,  
 Whose careless hair, instead of pearl t'adorn it,

---

<sup>20</sup> Hushed.

<sup>21</sup> "To the 'beldam nurse' there occurs the following allusion in Drayton's *Heroical Epistle from Queen Mary to Charles Brandon*:—'There is no beldam nurse to powt nor lower/When wantoning we revell in my tower,/Nor need I top my turret with a light,/To guide thee to me as thou swim'st by night.'—Broughton.

<sup>22</sup> So the old eds.—Dyce reads "about."

Glister'd with dew, as one that seemed to scorn it;  
Her breath as fragrant as the morning rose;  
Her mind pure, and her tongue untaught to glose:  
Yet proud she was (for lofty Pride that dwells  
In tower'd courts, is oft in shepherds' cells),  
And too-too well the fair vermillion knew  
And silver tincture of her cheeks that drew  
The love of every swain. On her this god  
Enamour'd was, and with his snaky rod  
Did charm her nimble feet, and made her stay,  
The while upon a hillock down he lay,  
And sweetly on his pipe began to play,  
And with smooth speech her fancy to assay,  
Till in his twining arms he lock'd her fast,  
And then he woo'd with kisses; and at last,  
As shepherds do, her on the ground he laid,  
And, tumbling in the grass, he often stray'd  
Beyond the bounds of shame, in being bold  
To eye those parts which no eye should behold;  
And, like an insolent commanding lover,  
Boasting his parentage, would needs discover  
The way to new Elysium. But she,  
Whose only dower was her chastity,  
Having striven in vain, was now about to cry,  
And crave the help of shepherds that were nigh.  
Herewith he stay'd his fury, and began  
To give her leave to rise: away she ran;  
After went Mercury, who used such cunning,  
As she, to hear his tale, let off her running  
(Maids are not won by brutish force and might,  
But speeches full of pleasures and delight);  
And, knowing Hermes courted her, was glad  
That she such loveliness and beauty had  
As could provoke his liking; yet was mute,  
And neither would deny nor grant his suit.  
Still vow'd he love: she, wanting no excuse  
To feed him with delays, as women use,  
Or thirsting after immortality,  
(All women are ambitious naturally),  
Impos'd upon her lover such a task,  
As he ought not perform, nor yet she ask;  
A draught of flowing nectar she requested,  
Wherewith the king of gods and men is feasted.  
He, ready to accomplish what she will'd,  
Stole some from Hebe (Hebe Jove's cup fill'd),  
And gave it to his simple rustic love:  
Which being known,—as what is hid from Jove?—  
He inly storm'd, and wax'd more furious  
Than for the fire filch'd by Prometheus;

And thrusts him down from heaven. He, wandering here,  
 In mournful terms, with sad and heavy cheer,  
 Complain'd to Cupid: Cupid, for his sake,  
 To be reveng'd on Jove did undertake;  
 And those on whom heaven, earth, and hell relies,  
 I mean the adamantine Destinies,  
 He wounds with love, and forc'd them equally  
 To dote upon deceitful Mercury.  
 They offer'd him the deadly fatal knife  
 That shears the slender threads<sup>23</sup> of human life;  
 At his fair-feather'd feet the engines laid,  
 Which th' earth from ugly Chaos' den upweigh'd.  
 These he regarded not; but did entreat  
 That Jove, usurper of his father's seat,  
 Might presently be banish'd into hell,  
 And agèd Saturn in Olympus dwell.  
 They granted what he crav'd; and once again  
 Saturn and Ops began their golden reign:  
 Murder, rape, war, and<sup>24</sup> lust, and treachery,  
 Were with Jove clos'd in Stygian empery.  
 But long this blessèd time continu'd not:  
 As soon as he his wishèd purpose got,  
 He, reckless of his promise, did despise  
 The love of th' everlasting Destinies.  
 They, seeing it, both Love and him abhorr'd,  
 And Jupiter unto his place restor'd:  
 And, but that Learning, in despite of Fate,  
 Will mount aloft, and enter heaven-gate,  
 And to the seat of Jove itself advance,  
 Hermes had slept in hell with Ignorance.  
 Yet, as a punishment, they added this,  
 That he and Poverty should always kiss;  
 And to this day is every scholar poor:  
 Gross gold from them runs headlong to the boor.  
 Likewise the angry Sisters, thus deluded,  
 To venge themselves on Hermes, have concluded  
 That Midas' brood shall sit in Honour's chair,  
 To which the Muses' sons are only heir;  
 And fruitful wits, that inaspiring<sup>25</sup> are,  
 Shall, discontent, run into regions far;  
 And few great lords in virtuous deeds shall joy  
 But be surpris'd with every garish toy,  
 And still enrich the lofty servile clown,  
 Who with encroaching guile keeps learning down.  
 Then muse not Cupid's suit no better sped,

---

<sup>23</sup> We are reminded of *Lycidas*:—"Comes the blind Fury with the abhorrèd shearsAnd slits the thin-spun life."

<sup>24</sup> Omitted in ed. 1600 and later 4tos.

<sup>25</sup> This word cannot be right. Query, "high-aspiring?"

Seeing in their loves the Fates were injurèd.

## THE SECOND SESTIAD

### The Argument of the Second Sestiad

Hero of love takes deeper sense,  
And doth her love more recompense:  
Their first night's meeting, where sweet kisses  
Are th' only crowns of both their blisses  
He swims t' Abydos, and returns:  
Cold Neptune with his beauty burns;  
Whose suit he shuns, and doth aspire  
Hero's fair tower and his desire.

By this, sad Hero, with love unacquainted,  
Viewing Leander's face, fell down and fainted.  
He kiss'd her, and breath'd life<sup>26</sup> into her lips;  
Wherewith, as one displeas'd, away she trips;  
Yet, as she went, full often look'd behind,  
And many poor excuses did she find  
To linger by the way, and once she stay'd,  
And would have turn'd again, but was afraid,  
In offering parley, to be counted light:  
So on she goes, and, in her idle flight,  
Her painted fan of curled plumes let fall,  
Thinking to train Leander therewithal.  
He, being a novice, knew not what she meant,  
But stay'd, and after her a letter sent;  
Which joyful Hero answer'd in such sort,  
As he had hope to scale the beauteous fort  
Wherein the liberal Graces locked their wealth;  
And therefore to her tower he got by stealth.  
Wide open stood the door; he need not climb;  
And she herself, before the pointed time,  
Had spread the board, with roses strew'd the room,  
And oft looked out, and mused he did not come.  
At last he came: O, who can tell the greeting  
These greedy lovers had at their first meeting?  
He asked; she gave; and nothing was denied;  
Both to each other quickly were affied:  
Look how their hands, so were their hearts united,  
And what he did, she willingly requited.

---

<sup>26</sup> Cf. *Rom. and Jul.* v. 1—"I dreamed my lady came and found me dead, Strange dream that gives a dead man leave to think!—  
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips, That I revived and was an emperor."

(Sweet are the kisses, the embracements sweet,  
When like desires and like<sup>27</sup> affections meet;  
For from the earth to heaven is Cupid raised,  
Where fancy is in equal balance paied.<sup>28</sup>)  
Yet she this rashness suddenly repented,  
And turn'd aside, and to herself lamented,  
As if her name and honour had been wronged  
By being possessed of him for whom she longed;  
I, and she wished, albeit not from her heart,  
That he would leave her turret and depart.  
The mirthful god of amorous pleasure smiled  
To see how he this captive nymph beguiled;  
For hitherto he did but fan the fire,  
And kept it down, that it might mount the higher.  
Now wax'd she jealous lest his love abated,  
Fearing her own thoughts made her to be hated.  
Therefore unto him hastily she goes,  
And, like light Salmacis, her body throws  
Upon his bosom, where with yielding eyes  
She offers up herself a sacrifice  
To slake her anger, if he were displeas'd:  
O, what god would not therewith be appeas'd?  
Like Æsop's cock, this jewel he enjoyed,  
And as a brother with his sister toyed,  
Supposing nothing else was to be done,  
Now he her favour and goodwill had won.  
But know you not that creatures wanting sense,  
By nature have a mutual appetence,  
And, wanting organs to advance a step,  
Mov'd by love's force, unto each other lep?  
Much more in subjects having intellect  
Some hidden influence breeds like effect.  
Albeit Leander, rude in love and raw,  
Long dallying with Hero, nothing saw  
That might delight him more, yet he suspected  
Some amorous rites or other were neglected.  
Therefore unto his body hers he clung:  
She, fearing on the rushes<sup>29</sup> to be flung,  
Strived with redoubled strength; the more she strived,  
The more a gentle pleasing heat revived,  
Which taught him all that elder lovers know;  
And now the same gan so to scorch and glow,  
As in plain terms, yet cunningly, he'd crave<sup>30</sup> it:  
Love always makes those eloquent that have it.

---

<sup>27</sup> Omitted in eds. 1600, 1606, 1613, and 1637.

<sup>28</sup> Peised, weighed.

<sup>29</sup> Rooms were strewed with rushes before the introduction of carpets. Shakespeare, like Marlowe, attributed the customs of his own day to ancient times. Cf. *Cymb.* ii. 2—"Our Tarquin thus Did softly press the rushes ere he wakened The chastity he wounded."

<sup>30</sup> Old eds. "crau'd."

She, with a kind of granting, put him by it,  
And ever, as he thought himself most nigh it,  
Like to the tree of Tantalus, she fled,  
And, seeming lavish, saved her maidenhead.  
Ne'er king more sought to keep his diadem,  
Than Hero this inestimable gem:  
Above our life we love a steadfast friend;  
Yet when a token of great worth we send,  
We often kiss it, often look thereon,  
And stay the messenger that would be gone;  
No marvel, then, though Hero would not yield  
So soon to part from that she dearly held:  
Jewels being lost are found again; this never;  
'Tis lost but once, and once lost, lost for ever.  
Now had the Morn espied her lover's steeds;  
Whereat she starts, puts on her purple weeds,  
And, red for anger that he stayed so long,  
All headlong throws herself the clouds among.  
And now Leander, fearing to be missed,  
Embraced her suddenly, took leave, and kissed:  
Long was he taking leave, and loath to go,  
And kissed again, as lovers use to do.  
Sad Hero wrung him by the hand, and wept,  
Saying, "Let your vows and promises be kept:"  
Then standing at the door, she turned about,  
As loath to see Leander going out.  
And now the sun, that through th' horizon peeps,  
As pitying these lovers, downward creeps;  
So that in silence of the cloudy night,  
Though it was morning, did he take his flight.  
But what the secret trusty night concealed,  
Leander's amorous habit soon revealed:  
With Cupid's myrtle was his bonnet crowned,  
About his arms the purple riband wound,  
Wherewith she wreath'd her largely-spreading hair;  
Nor could the youth abstain, but he must wear  
The sacred ring wherewith she was endowed,  
When first religious chastity she vowed;  
Which made his love through Sestos to be known,  
And thence unto Abydos sooner blown  
Than he could sail; for incorporeal Fame,  
Whose weight consists in nothing but her name,  
Is swifter than the wind, whose tardy plumes  
Are reeking water and dull earthly fumes.  
Home when he came, he seemed not to be there,  
But, like exilèd air thrust from his sphere,  
Set in a foreign place; and straight from thence,  
Alcides-like, by mighty violence,  
He would have chas'd away the swelling main,

That him from her unjustly did detain.  
Like as the sun in a diameter  
Fires and inflames objects removèd far,  
And heateth kindly, shining laterally;  
So beauty sweetly quickens when 'tis nigh,  
But being separated and removed,  
Burns where it cherished, murders where it loved.  
Therefore even as an index to a book,  
So to his mind was young Leander's look.  
O, none but gods have power<sup>31</sup> their love to hide!  
Affection by the countenance is descried;  
The light of hidden fire itself discovers,  
And love that is concealed betrays poor lovers.  
His secret flame apparently was seen:  
Leander's father knew where he had been,  
And for the same mildly rebuk'd his son,  
Thinking to quench the sparkles new-begun.  
But love, resisted once, grows passionate,  
And nothing more than counsel lovers hate;  
For as a hot proud horse highly disdains  
To have his head controlled, but breaks the reins,  
Spits forth the ringled<sup>32</sup> bit, and with his hoves  
Checks the submissive ground; so he that loves,  
The more he is restrain'd, the worse he fares:  
What is it now but mad Leander dares?  
"O Hero, Hero!" thus he cried full oft;  
And then he got him to a rock aloft,  
Where having spied her tower, long star'd he on't,  
And pray'd the narrow toiling Hellespont  
To part in twain, that he might come and go;  
But still the rising billows answer'd, "No."  
With that, he stripp'd him to the ivory skin,  
And, crying, "Love, I come," leap'd lively in:  
Whereat the sapphire-visaged god grew proud,  
And made his capering Triton sound aloud,  
Imagining that Ganymede, displeas'd,  
Had left the heavens; therefore on him he seiz'd.  
Leander strived; the waves about him wound,  
And pull'd him to the bottom, where the ground  
Was strewed with pearl, and in low coral groves  
Sweet-singing mermaids sported with their loves  
On heaps of heavy gold, and took great pleasure  
To spurn in careless sort the shipwreck treasure;  
For here the stately azure palace stood,

---

<sup>31</sup> Some eds. give "O, none have power but gods."

<sup>32</sup> "In ages and countries where mechanical ingenuity has but few outlets it exhausts itself in the constructions of bits, each more peculiar in form or more torturing in effect than that which has preceded it. I have seen collections of these instruments of torments, and among them some of which Marlowe's curious adjective would have been highly descriptive. It may be, however, that the word is 'ring-led,' in which shape it would mean guided by the ring on each side like a snaffle."—*Cunningham*.

Where kingly Neptune and his train abode.  
The lusty god embrac'd him, called him "Love,"  
And swore he never should return to Jove:  
But when he knew it was not Ganymed,  
For under water he was almost dead,  
He heav'd him up, and, looking on his face,  
Beat down the bold waves with his triple mace,  
Which mounted up, intending to have kiss'd him,  
And fell in drops like tears because they miss'd him.  
Leander, being up, began to swim,  
And, looking back, saw Neptune follow him:  
Whereat aghast, the poor soul gan to cry,  
"O, let me visit Hero ere I die!"  
The god put Helle's bracelet on his arm,  
And swore the sea should never do him harm.  
He clapped his plump cheeks, with his tresses played,  
And, smiling wantonly, his love bewrayed;  
He watched his arms, and, as they open'd wide  
At every stroke, betwixt them would he slide,  
And steal a kiss, and then run out and dance,  
And, as he turn'd, cast many a lustful glance,  
And throw him gaudy toys to please his eye,  
And dive into the water, and there pry  
Upon his breast, his thighs, and every limb,  
And up again, and close beside him swim,  
And talk of love. Leander made reply,  
"You are deceiv'd; I am no woman, I."  
Thereat smil'd Neptune, and then told a tale,  
How that a shepherd, sitting in a vale,  
Play'd with a boy so lovely-fair<sup>33</sup> and kind,  
As for his love both earth and heaven pin'd;  
That of the cooling river durst not drink,  
Lest water-nymphs should pull him from the brink;  
And when he sported in the fragrant lawns,  
Goat-footed Satyrs and up-staring<sup>34</sup> Fauns  
Would steal him thence. Ere half this tale was done,  
"Ay me," Leander cried, "th' enamoured sun,  
That now should shine on Thetis' glassy bower,  
Descends upon my radiant Hero's tower:  
O, that these tardy arms of mine were wings!"  
And, as he spake, upon the waves he springs.  
Neptune was angry that he gave no ear,  
And in his heart revenging malice bare:  
He flung at him his mace; but, as it went,  
He call'd it in, for love made him repent:  
The mace, returning back, his own hand hit,

---

<sup>33</sup> Some eds. give "so faire and kind." Cf. *Othello*, iv. 2—"O thou windWho art so lovely-fair and smell'st so sweet."

<sup>34</sup> Ed. 1613 and later eds. "upstarting."

As meaning to be venged for darting it.  
When this fresh-bleeding wound Leander viewed,  
His colour went and came, as if he rued  
The grief which Neptune felt: in gentle breasts  
Relenting thoughts, remorse, and pity rests;  
And who have hard hearts and obdurate minds,  
But vicious, hare-brained, and illiterate hinds?  
The god, seeing him with pity to be moved,  
Thereon concluded that he was beloved.  
(Love is too full of faith, too credulous,  
With folly and false hope deluding us);  
Wherefore, Leander's fancy to surprise,  
To the rich ocean for gifts he flies:  
Tis wisdom to give much; a gift prevails  
When deep persuading oratory fails,  
By this, Leander, being near the land,  
Cast down his weary feet, and felt the sand.  
Breathless albeit he were, he rested not  
Till to the solitary tower he got;  
And knocked and called: at which celestial noise  
The longing heart of Hero much more joys,  
Than nymphs and shepherds when the timbrel rings,  
Or crookèd dolphin when the sailor sings.  
She stayed not for her robes, but straight arose,  
And, drunk with gladness, to the door she goes;  
Where seeing a naked man, she screeched for fear  
(Such sights as this to tender maids are rare),  
And ran into the dark herself to hide  
(Rich jewels in the dark are soonest spied).  
Unto her was he led, or rather drawn,  
By those white limbs which sparkled through the lawn.  
The nearer that he came, the more she fled,  
And, seeking refuge, slipt into her bed;  
Whereon Leander sitting, thus began,  
Through numbing cold, all feeble, faint, and wan.  
"If not for love, yet, love, for pity-sake,  
Me in thy bed and maiden bosom take;  
At least vouchsafe these arms some little room,  
Who, hoping to embrace thee, cheerly swoom:  
This head was beat with many a churlish billow,  
And therefore let it rest upon thy pillow."  
Herewith affrighted, Hero shrunk away,  
And in her lukewarm place Leander lay;  
Whose lively heat, like fire from heaven fet,<sup>35</sup>  
Would animate gross clay, and higher set  
The drooping thoughts of base-declining souls,  
Than dreary-Mars-carousing nectar bowls.

---

<sup>35</sup> Fetched

His hands he cast upon her like a snare:  
 She, overcome with shame and sallow<sup>36</sup> fear,  
 Like chaste Diana when Actæon spied her,  
 Being suddenly betray'd, div'd down to hide her;  
 And, as her silver body downward went,  
 With both her hands she made the bed a tent,  
 And in her own mind thought herself secure,  
 O'ercast with dim and darksome coverture.  
 And now she lets him whisper in her ear,  
 Flatter, entreat, promise, protest, and swear:  
 Yet ever, as he greedily assay'd  
 To touch those dainties, she the harpy play'd,  
 And every limb did, as a soldier stout,  
 Defend the fort, and keep the foeman out;  
 For though the rising ivory mount he scal'd,  
 Which is with azure circling lines empal'd,  
 Much like a globe (a globe may I term this,  
 By which Love sails to regions full of bliss),  
 Yet there with Sisyphus he toil'd in vain,  
 Till gentle parley did the truce obtain  
 Even<sup>37</sup> as a bird, which in our hands we wring,  
 Forth plungeth, and oft flutters with her wing,  
 She trembling strove: this strife of hers, like that  
 Which made the world, another world begat  
 Of unknown joy. Treason was in her thought,  
 And cunningly to yield herself she sought.  
 Seeming not won, yet won she was at length:  
 In such wars women use but half their strength.  
 Leander now, like Theban Hercules,  
 Enter'd the orchard of th' Hesperides;  
 Whose fruit none rightly can describe, but he  
 That pulls or shakes it from the golden tree.  
 Wherein Leander, on her quivering breast,  
 Breathless spoke something, and sigh'd out the rest;  
 Which so prevail'd, as he with small ado,  
 Enclos'd her in his arms, and kiss'd her too:  
 And every kiss to her was as a charm,  
 And to Leander as a fresh alarm:  
 So that the truce was broke, and she, alas,  
 Poor silly maiden, at his mercy was.  
 Love is not full of pity, as men say,  
 But deaf and cruel where he means to prey.  
 And now she wish'd this night were never done,  
 And sigh'd to think upon th' approaching sun;  
 For much it griev'd her that the bright day-light  
 Should know the pleasure of this blessèd night,

---

<sup>36</sup> Some eds. give "shallow."

<sup>37</sup> In the old eds. this line and the next stood after l. 300. The transposition was made by Singer in the edition of 1821.

And them, like Mars and Erycine, display<sup>38</sup>  
Both in each other's arms chain'd as they lay.  
Again, she knew not how to frame her look,  
Or speak to him, who in a moment took  
That which so long, so charily she kept;  
And fain by stealth away she would have crept,  
And to some corner secretly have gone,  
Leaving Leander in the bed alone.  
But as her naked feet were whipping out,  
He on the sudden cling'd her so about,  
That, mermaid-like, unto the floor she slid;  
One half appear'd, the other half was hid.  
Thus near the bed she blushing stood upright,  
And from her countenance behold ye might  
A kind of twilight break, which through the air,<sup>39</sup>  
As from an orient cloud, glimps'd<sup>40</sup> here and there;  
And round about the chamber this false morn  
Brought forth the day before the day was born.  
So Hero's ruddy cheek Hero betray'd,  
And her all naked to his sight display'd:  
Whence his admiring eyes more pleasure took  
Than Dis,<sup>41</sup> on heaps of gold fixing his look.  
By this, Apollo's golden harp began  
To sound forth music to the ocean;  
Which watchful Hesperus no sooner heard,  
But he the bright Day-bearing car<sup>42</sup> prepar'd,  
And ran before, as harbinger of light,  
And with his flaring beams mock'd ugly Night,  
Till she, o'ercome with anguish, shame, and rage,  
Dang'd<sup>43</sup> down to hell her loathsome carriage.

---

<sup>38</sup> Old eds.—"then ... displaid," and in the next line "laid."

<sup>39</sup> Old eds. "heare" and "haire."

<sup>40</sup> Old eds. "glympse."

<sup>41</sup> Pluto was frequently identified by the Greeks with Plutus.

<sup>42</sup> Old eds. "day bright-bearing car."

<sup>43</sup> Dinged, dashed. Some eds. give "hurled."—Here Marlowe's share ends.

## **THE EPISTLE <sup>44</sup> DEDICATORY**

**TO MY**

**BEST ESTEEMED AND WORTHILY HONOURED LADY THE**

**LADY WALSINGHAM,**

**ONE OF THE LADIES OF HER MAJESTY'S BED-CHAMBER**

I present your ladyship with the last affections of the first two Lovers that ever Muse shrined in the Temple of Memory; being drawn by strange instigation to employ some of my serious time in so trifling a subject, which yet made the first Author, divine Musaeus, eternal. And were it not that we must subject our accounts of these common received conceits to servile custom, it goes much against my hand to sign that for a trifling subject on which more worthiness of soul hath been shewed, and weight of divine wit, than can vouchsafe residence in the leaden gravity of any money-monger; in whose profession all serious subjects are concluded. But he that shuns trifles must shun the world; out of whose reverend heaps of substance and austerity I can and will ere long single or tumble out as brainless and passionate fooleries as ever panted in the bosom of the most ridiculous lover. Accept it, therefore, good Madam, though as a trifle, yet as a serious argument of my affection; for to be thought thankful for all free and honourable favours is a great sum of that riches my whole thrift intendeth.

Such uncourtly and silly dispositions as mine, whose contentment hath other objects than profit or glory, are as glad, simply for the naked merit of virtue, to honour such as advance her, as others that are hard to commend with deepliest politique bounty.

It hath therefore adjoined much contentment to my desire of your true honour to hear men of desert in court add to mine own knowledge of your noble disposition how gladly you do your best to prefer their desires, and have as absolute respect to their mere good parts as if they came perfumed and charmed with golden incitements. And this most sweet inclination, that flows from the truth and eternity of Nobles[se], assure your Ladyship doth more suit your other ornaments, and makes more to the advancement of your name and happiness of your proceedings, than if like others you displayed ensigns of state and sourness in your forehead, made smooth with nothing but sensuality and presents.

This poor Dedication (in figure of the other unity betwixt Sir Thomas and yourself) hath rejoined you with him, my honoured best friend; whose continuance of ancient kindness to my still-obscured estate, though it cannot increase my love to him which hath been entirely circular; yet shall it encourage my deserts to their utmost requital, and make my hearty gratitude speak; to which the unhappiness of my life hath hitherto been uncomfortable and painful dumbness.

By your Ladyship's vowed in most wished service,  
*GEORGE CHAPMAN.*

---

<sup>44</sup> This Epistle is only found in the Isham copy, 1598.

## THE THIRD SESTIAD

### The Argument of the Third Sestiad

Leander to the envious light  
Resigns his night-sports with the night,  
And swims the Hellespont again.  
Thesme, the deity sovereign  
Of customs and religious rites,  
Appears, reproving<sup>45</sup> his delights,  
Since nuptial honours he neglected;  
Which straight he vows shall be effected.  
Fair Hero, left devirginate,  
Weighs, and with fury wails her state;  
But with her love and woman's wit  
She argues and approveth it.

New light gives new directions, fortunes new,  
To fashion our endeavours that ensue.  
More harsh, at least more hard, more grave and high  
Our subject runs, and our stern Muse must fly.  
Love's edge is taken off, and that light flame,  
Those thoughts, joys, longings, that before became  
High unexperienc'd blood, and maids' sharp plights,  
Must now grow staid, and censure the delights,  
That, being enjoy'd, ask judgment; now we praise,  
As having parted: evenings crown the days.  
And now, ye wanton Loves, and young Desires,  
Pied Vanity, the mint of strange attires,  
Ye lisping Flatteries, and obsequious Glances,  
Relentful Musics, and attractive Dances,  
And you detested Charms constraining love!  
Shun love's stoln sports by that these lovers prove.  
By this, the sovereign of heaven's golden fires,  
And young Leander, lord of his desires,  
Together from their lovers' arms arose:  
Leander into Hellespontus throws  
His Hero-handled body, whose delight  
Made him disdain each other epithite.  
And as amidst th' enamour'd waves he swims,  
The god of gold<sup>46</sup> of purpose gilt his limbs,  
That, this word *gilt*<sup>47</sup> including double sense,

---

<sup>45</sup> Old eds. "improving."

<sup>46</sup> "He calls Phœbus the god of gold, since the virtue of his beams creates it."—Marginal note in the Isham copy.

<sup>47</sup> The reader will remember how grimly Lady Macbeth plays upon this word:—"I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal:For it

The double guilt of his incontinence  
 Might be express'd, that had no stay t' employ  
 The treasure which the love-god let him joy  
 In his dear Hero, with such sacred thrift  
 As had beseem'd so sanctified a gift;  
 But, like a greedy vulgar prodigal,  
 Would on the stock dispend, and rudely fall,  
 Before his time, to that unblest blessing  
 Which, for lust's plague, doth perish with possessing:  
 Joy graven in sense, like snow<sup>48</sup> in water, wasts:  
 Without preserve of virtue, nothing lasts.  
 What man is he, that with a wealthy eye  
 Enjoys a beauty richer than the sky,  
 Through whose white skin, softer than soundest sleep,  
 With damask eyes the ruby blood doth peep,  
 And runs in branches through her azure veins,  
 Whose mixture and first fire his love attains;  
 Whose both hands limit both love's deities,  
 And sweeten human thoughts like Paradise;  
 Whose disposition silken is and kind,  
 Directed with an earth-exempted mind;—  
 Who thinks not heaven with such a love is given?  
 And who, like earth, would spend that dower of heaven,  
 With rank desire to joy it all at first?  
 What simply kills our hunger, quencheth thirst,  
 Clothes but our nakedness, and makes us live,  
 Praise doth not any of her favours give:  
 But what doth plentifully minister  
 Beauteous apparel and delicious cheer,  
 So order'd that it still excites desire,  
 And still gives pleasure freeness to aspire,  
 The palm of Bounty ever moist preserving;  
 To Love's sweet life this is the courtly carving.  
 Thus Time and all-states-ordering Ceremony  
 Had banish'd all offence: Time's golden thigh  
 Upholds the flowery body of the earth  
 In sacred harmony, and every birth  
 Of men and actions<sup>49</sup> makes legitimate;  
 Being us'd aright, the use of time is fate.  
 Yet did the gentle flood transfer once more  
 This prize of love home to his father's shore;  
 Where he unlades himself on that false wealth  
 That makes few rich,—treasures compos'd by stealth;  
 And to his sister, kind Hermione  
 (Who on the shore kneel'd, praying to the sea

must seem their guilt."—ii. 2.

<sup>48</sup> "It is not likely that Burns had ever read *Hero and Leander*, but compare *Tam o' Shanter*—"But pleasures are like poppies spread, You seize the flower, its bloom is shed, Or like the snow falls in the river, A moment white—then melts for ever!"—Cunningham.

<sup>49</sup> In *England's Parnassus* the reading is "of men audacious."

For his return), he all love's goods did show,  
In Hero seis'd for him, in him for Hero.  
His most kind sister all his secrets knew,  
And to her, singing, like a shower, he flew,  
Sprinkling the earth, that to their tombs took in  
Streams dead for love, to leave his ivory shin,  
Which yet a snowy foam did leave above,  
As soul to the dead water that did love;  
And from hence did the first white roses spring  
(For love is sweet and fair in everything),  
And all the sweeten'd shore, as he did go,  
Was crown'd with odorous roses, white as snow.  
Love-blest Leander was with love so fill'd,  
That love to all that touch'd him he instill'd;  
And as the colours of all things we see,  
To our sight's powers communicated be,  
So to all objects that in compass came  
Of any sense he had, his senses' flame  
Flow'd from his parts with force so virtual,  
It fir'd with sense things mere<sup>50</sup> insensual.  
Now, with warm baths and odours comforted,  
When he lay down, he kindly kiss'd his bed,  
As consecrating it to Hero's right,  
And vow'd thereafter, that whatever sight  
Put him in mind of Hero or her bliss,  
Should be her altar to prefer a kiss.  
Then laid he forth his late-enrichèd arms,  
In whose white circle Love writ all his charms,  
And made his characters sweet Hero's limbs,  
When on his breast's warm sea she sideling swims;  
And as those arms, held up in circle, met,  
He said, "See, sister, Hero's carquet!  
Which she had rather wear about her neck,  
Than all the jewels that do Juno deck."  
But, as he shook with passionate desire  
To put in flame his other secret fire,  
A music so divine did pierce his ear,  
As never yet his ravish'd sense did hear;  
When suddenly a light of twenty hues  
Brake through the roof, and, like the rainbow, views,  
Amaz'd Leander: in whose beams came down  
The goddess Ceremony, with a crown  
Of all the stars; and Heaven with her descended:  
Her flaming hair to her bright feet extended,  
By which hung all the bench of deities;  
And in a chain, compact of ears and eyes,  
She led Religion: all her body was

---

<sup>50</sup> Wholly.

Clear and transparent as the purest glass,  
For she was all<sup>51</sup> presented to the sense:  
Devotion, Order, State, and Reverence,  
Her shadows were; Society, Memory;  
All which her sight made live, her absence die.  
A rich disparent pentacle<sup>52</sup> she wears,  
Drawn full of circles and strange characters.  
Her face was changeable to every eye;  
One way look'd ill, another graciously;  
Which while men view'd, they cheerful were and holy,  
But looking off, vicious and melancholy.  
The snaky paths to each observèd law  
Did Policy in her broad bosom draw.  
One hand a mathematic crystal sways,  
Which, gathering in one line a thousand rays  
From her bright eyes, Confusion burns to death,  
And all estates of men distinguisheth:  
By it Morality and Comeliness  
Themselves in all their sightly figures dress.  
Her other hand a laurel rod applies,  
To beat back Barbarism and Avarice,  
That follow'd, eating earth and excrement  
And human limbs; and would make proud ascent  
To seats of gods, were Ceremony slain.  
The Hours and Graces bore her glorious train;  
And all the sweets of our society  
Were spher'd and treasur'd in her bounteous eye.  
Thus she appear'd, and sharply did reprove  
Leander's bluntness in his violent love;  
Told him how poor was substance without rites,  
Like bills unsign'd; desires without delights;  
Like meats unseason'd; like rank corn that grows  
On cottages, that none or reaps or sows;  
Not being with civil forms confirm'd and bounded,  
For human dignities and comforts founded;  
But loose and secret all their glories hide;  
Fear fills the chamber, Darkness decks the bride.  
She vanish'd, leaving pierc'd Leander's heart  
With sense of his unceremonious part,  
In which, with plain neglect of nuptial rites,  
He close and flatly fell to his delights:  
And instantly he vow'd to celebrate  
All rites pertaining to his married state.  
So up he gets, and to his father goes,  
To whose glad ears he doth his vows disclose.

---

<sup>51</sup> Some eds. give "For as she was."

<sup>52</sup> A magical figure formed of intersected triangles. It was supposed to preserve the wearer from the assaults of demons. "Disparent would seem to mean that the five points of the ornaments radiated distinctly one from the other."—*Cunningham*.

The nuptials are resolv'd with utmost power;  
And he at night would swim to Hero's tower,  
From whence he meant to Sestos' forkèd bay  
To bring her covertly, where ships must stay,  
Sent by his<sup>53</sup> father, throughly rigg'd and mann'd,  
To waft her safely to Abydos' strand.  
There leave we him; and with fresh wing pursue  
Astonish'd Hero, whose most wishèd view  
I thus long have foreborne, because I left her  
So out of countenance, and her spirits bereft her:  
To look on one abash'd is impudence,  
When of slight faults he hath too deep a sense.  
Her blushing het<sup>54</sup> her chamber; she look'd out,  
And all the air she purpled round about;  
And after it a foul black day befell,  
Which ever since a red morn doth foretell,  
And still renews our woes for Hero's woe;  
And foul it prov'd because it figur'd so  
The next night's horror; which prepare to hear;  
I fail, if it profane your daintiest ear.  
Then, ho,<sup>55</sup> most strangely-intellectual fire,  
That, proper to my soul, hast power t' inspire  
Her burning faculties, and with the wings  
Of thy unspherèd flame visit'st the springs  
Of spirits immortal! Now (as swift as Time  
Doth follow Motion) find th' eternal clime  
Of his free soul, whose living subject<sup>56</sup> stood  
Up to the chin in the Pierian flood,  
And drunk to me half this Musæan story,  
Inscribing it to deathless memory:  
Confer with it, and make my pledge as deep,  
That neither's draught be consecrate to sleep;  
Tell it how much his late desires I tender  
(If yet it know not), and to light surrender  
My soul's dark offspring, willing it should die  
To loves, to passions, and society.  
Sweet Hero, left upon her bed alone,  
Her maidenhead, her vows, Leander gone,  
And nothing with her but a violent crew  
Of new-come thoughts, that yet she never knew,  
Even to herself a stranger, was much like  
Th' Iberian city<sup>57</sup> that War's hand did strike  
By English force in princely Essex' guide,

---

<sup>53</sup> Old eds. "her."

<sup>54</sup> Heated.

<sup>55</sup> Old eds. "how."

<sup>56</sup> Substance, as opposed to spirit. Cf. note. Vol. i., 203.

<sup>57</sup> Cadiz, which was taken in June 21, 1596, by the force under the joint command of Essex and Howard of Effingham.

When Peace assur'd her towers had fortified,  
 And golden-finger'd India had bestow'd  
 Such wealth on her, that strength and empire flow'd  
 Into her turrets, and her virgin waist  
 The wealthy girdle of the sea embraced;  
 Till our Leander, that made Mars his Cupid,  
 For soft love-suits, with iron thunders chid;  
 Swum to her towers,<sup>58</sup> dissolv'd her virgin zone;  
 Led in his power, and made Confusion  
 Run through her streets amaz'd, that she suppos'd  
 She had not been in her own walls enclos'd,  
 But rapt by wonder to some foreign state,  
 Seeing all her issue so disconsolate,  
 And all her peaceful mansions possess'd  
 With war's just spoil, and many a foreign guest  
 From every corner driving an enjoyer,  
 Supplying it with power of a destroyer.  
 So far'd fair Hero in th' expugnèd fort  
 Of her chaste bosom; and of every sort  
 Strange thoughts possess'd her, ransacking her breast  
 For that that was not there, her wonted rest.  
 She was a mother straight, and bore with pain  
 Thoughts that spake straight, and wish'd their mother slain;  
 She hates their lives, and they their own and hers:  
 Such strife still grows where sin the race prefers:  
 Love is a golden bubble, full of dreams,  
 That waking breaks, and fills us with extremes.  
 She mus'd how she could look upon her sire,  
 And not shew that without, that was intire,<sup>59</sup>  
 For as a glass is an inanimate eye,  
 And outward forms embraceth inwardly,  
 So is the eye an animate glass, that shows  
 In-forms without us; and as Phœbus throws  
 His beams abroad, though he in clouds be clos'd,  
 Still glancing by them till he find oppos'd  
 A loose and rorid vapour that is fit  
 T' event<sup>60</sup> his searching beams, and useth it  
 To form a tender twenty-colour'd eye,  
 Cast in a circle round about the sky;  
 So when our fiery soul, our body's star,  
 (That ever is in motion circular,)  
 Conceives a form, in seeking to display it  
 Through all our cloudy parts, it doth convey it  
 Forth at the eye, as the most pregnant place,  
 And that reflects it round about the face.

---

<sup>58</sup> So the Isham copy.—The other old eds. read "townes," for which Dyce gives "town."

<sup>59</sup> Within.

<sup>60</sup> Vent forth.

And this event, uncourtly Hero thought,  
 Her inward guilt would in her looks have wrought;  
 For yet the world's stale cunning she resisted,  
 To bear foul thoughts, yet forge what looks she listed,  
 And held it for a very silly sleight,  
 To make a perfect metal counterfeit,  
 Glad to disclaim herself, proud of an art  
 That makes the face a pandar to the heart.  
 Those be the painted moons, whose lights profane  
 Beauty's true Heaven, at full still in their wane;  
 Those be the lapwing-faces that still cry,  
 "Here 'tis!" when that they vow is nothing nigh:  
 Base fools! when every moorish fool<sup>61</sup> can teach  
 That which men think the height of human reach.  
 But custom, that the apoplexy is  
 Of bed-rid nature and lives led amiss,  
 And takes away all feeling of offence,  
 Yet braz'd not Hero's brow with impudence;  
 And this she thought most hard to bring to pass,  
 To seem in countenance other than she was,  
 As if she had two souls, one for the face,  
 One for the heart, and that they shifted place  
 As either list to utter or conceal  
 What they conceiv'd, or as one soul did deal  
 With both affairs at once, keeps and ejects  
 Both at an instant contrary effects;  
 Retention and ejection in her powers  
 Being acts alike; for this one vice of ours,  
 That forms the thought, and sways the countenance,  
 Rules both our motion and our utterance.  
 These and more grave conceits toil'd Hero's spirits;  
 For, though the light of her discursive wits  
 Perhaps might find some little hole to pass  
 Through all these worldly cinctures, yet, alas!  
 There was a heavenly flame encompass'd her,—  
 Her goddess, in whose fane she did prefer  
 Her virgin vows, from whose impulsive sight  
 She knew the black shield of the darkest night  
 Could not defend her, nor wit's subtlest art:  
 This was the point pierc'd Hero to the heart;  
 Who, heavy to the death, with a deep sigh,  
 And hand that languished, took a robe was nigh,  
 Exceeding large, and of black cypres<sup>62</sup> made,  
 In which she sate, hid from the day in shade,

---

<sup>61</sup> "Fowl" and "fool" had the same pronunciation. Cf. *3 Henry VI*. v. 6:—"Why, what a peevisish fool was he of Crete, That taught his son the office of a fowl! And yet for all his wings the fool was drowned." The "moorish fool" is explained by the allusion to the lapwing, two lines above. (The lapwing was supposed to draw the searcher from her nest by crying in other places. "The lapwing cries most furthest from her nest."—*Ray's Proverbs*.)

<sup>62</sup> A kind of crape.

Even over head and face, down to her feet;  
 Her left hand made it at her bosom meet,  
 Her right hand lean'd on her heart-bowing knee,  
 Wrapp'd in unshapeful folds, 'twas death to see;  
 Her knee stay'd that, and that her falling face;  
 Each limb help'd other to put on disgrace:  
 No form was seen, where form held all her sight;  
 But like an embryon that saw never light,  
 Or like a scorched statue made a coal  
 With three-wing'd lightning, or a wretched soul  
 Muffled with endless darkness, she did sit:  
 The night had never such a heavy spirit.  
 Yet might a penetrating<sup>63</sup> eye well see  
 How fast her clear tears melted on her knee  
 Through her black veil, and turn'd as black as it,  
 Mourning to be her tears. Then wrought her wit  
 With her broke vow, her goddess' wrath, her fame,—  
 All tools that ingenious<sup>64</sup> despair could frame:  
 Which made her strew the floor with her torn hair,  
 And spread her mantle piece-meal in the air.  
 Like Jove's son's club, strong passion struck her down,  
 And with a piteous shriek enforc'd her swoun:  
 Her shriek made with another shriek ascend  
 The frighted matron that on her did tend;  
 And as with her own cry her sense was slain,  
 So with the other it was called again.  
 She rose, and to her bed made forcèd way,  
 And laid her down even where Leander lay;  
 And all this while the red sea of her blood  
 Ebb'd with Leander: but now turn'd the flood,  
 And all her fleet of spirits came swelling in,  
 With child<sup>65</sup> of sail, and did hot fight begin  
 With those severe conceits she too much marked:  
 And here Leander's beauties were embarked.  
 He came in swimming, painted all with joys,  
 Such as might sweeten hell: his thought destroys  
 All her destroying thoughts; she thought she felt  
 His heart in hers, with her contentions melt,  
 And chide her soul that it could so much err,  
 To check the true joys he deserved in her.  
 Her fresh-heat blood cast figures in her eyes,  
 And she suppos'd she saw in Neptune's skies  
 How her star wander'd, wash'd in smarting brine,  
 For her love's sake, that with immortal wine  
 Should be embath'd, and swim in more heart's-ease

---

<sup>63</sup> So the modern editors for an "imitating."

<sup>64</sup> Ingenious. Chapman has the form "enginous" in his translation of the *Odyssey*, i. 452, "By open force or prospects ingenous."

<sup>65</sup> Some modern editors unnecessarily give "With *crowd* of sail."

Than there was water in the Sestian seas.  
Then said her Cupid-prompted spirit, "Shall I  
Sing moans to such delightsome harmony?  
Shall slick-tongu'd Fame, patch'd up with voices rude,  
The drunken bastard of the multitude  
(Begot when father Judgment is away,  
And, gossip-like, says because others say,  
Takes news as if it were too hot to eat,  
And spits it slaving forth for dog-fees meat),  
Make me, for forging a fantastic vow,  
Presume to bear what makes grave matrons bow?  
Good vows are never broken with good deeds,  
For then good deeds were bad: vows are but seeds,  
And good deeds fruits; even those good deeds that grow  
From other stocks than from th' observèd vow.  
That is a good deed that prevents a bad:  
Had I not yielded, slain myself I had.  
Hero Leander is, Leander Hero;  
Such virtue love hath to make one of two.  
If, then, Leander did my maidenhead git,  
Leander being myself, I still retain it:  
We break chaste vows when we live loosely ever,  
But bound as we are, we live loosely never:  
Two constant lovers being join'd in one,  
Yielding to one another, yield to none.  
We know not how to vow till love unblind us,  
And vows made ignorantly never bind us.  
Too true it is, that, when 'tis gone, men hate  
The joy<sup>66</sup> as vain they took in love's estate:  
But that's since they have lost the heavenly light  
Should show them way to judge of all things right.  
When life is gone, death must implant his terror:  
As death is foe to life, so love to error.  
Before we love, how range we through this sphere,  
Searching the sundry fancies hunted here:  
Now with desire of wealth transported quite  
Beyond our free humanity's delight;  
Now with ambition climbing falling towers,  
Whose hope to scale, our fear to fall devours;  
Now rapt with pastimes, pomp, all joys impure:  
In things without us no delight is sure.  
But love, with all joys crowned, within doth sit:  
O goddess, pity love, and pardon it!"  
Thus spake she<sup>67</sup> weeping: but her goddess' ear  
Burn'd with too stern a heat, and would not hear.  
Ay me! hath heaven's strait fingers no more graces

---

<sup>66</sup> Old eds. "joys."

<sup>67</sup> Old eds. "he."

For such as Hero<sup>68</sup> than for homeliest faces?  
Yet she hoped well, and in her sweet conceit  
Weighing her arguments, she thought them weight,  
And that the logic of Leander's beauty,  
And them together, would bring proofs of duty;  
And if her soul, that was a skilful glance  
Of heaven's great essence, found such imperance<sup>69</sup>  
In her love's beauties, she had confidence  
Jove loved him too, and pardoned her offence:  
Beauty in heaven and earth this grace doth win,  
It supple rigour, and it lessens sin.  
Thus, her sharp wit, her love, her secrecy,  
Trooping together, made her wonder why  
She should not leave her bed, and to the temple;  
Her health said she must live; her sex, dissemble.  
She viewed Leander's place, and wished he were  
Turned to his place, so his place were Leander.  
"Ay me," said she, "that love's sweet life and sense  
Should do it harm! my love had not gone hence  
Had he been like his place: O blessèd place,  
Image of constancy! Thus my love's grace  
Parts nowhere, but it leaves something behind  
Worth observation: he renowns his kind:  
His motion is, like heaven's, orbicular,  
For where he once is, he is ever there.  
This place was mine; Leander, now 'tis thine;  
Thou being myself, then it is double mine,  
Mine, and Leander's mine, Leander's mine.  
O, see what wealth it yields me, nay, yields him!  
For I am in it, he for me doth swim.  
Rich, fruitful love, that, doubling self estates,  
Elixir-like contracts, though separates!  
Dear place, I kiss thee, and do welcome thee,  
As from Leander ever sent to me."

## THE FOURTH SESTIAD

### The Argument of the Fourth Sestiad

Hero, in sacred habit deckt,  
Doth private sacrifice effect.  
Her scarf's description, wrought by Fate;  
Ostents that threaten her estate;

---

<sup>68</sup> Some eds. give "For such a Hero."

<sup>69</sup> Command.

The strange, yet physical, events,  
Leander's counterfeit<sup>70</sup> presents.  
In thunder Cyprides descends,  
Presaging both the lovers' ends:  
Ecte, the goddess of remorse,  
With vocal and articulate force  
Inspires Leucote, Venus' swan,  
T' excuse the Beauteous Sestian.  
Venus, to wreak her rites' abuses,  
Creates the monster Eronosis,  
Inflaming Hero's sacrifice  
With lightning darted from her eyes;  
And thereof springs the painted beast  
That ever since taints every breast.

Now from Leander's place she rose, and found  
Her hair and rent robe scatter'd on the ground;  
Which taking up, she every piece did lay  
Upon an altar, where in youth of day  
She us'd t' exhibit private sacrifice:  
Those would she offer to the deities  
Of her fair goddess and her powerful son,  
As relics of her late-felt passion;  
And in that holy sort she vow'd to end them,  
In hope her violent fancies, that did rend them,  
Would as quite fade in her love's holy fire,  
As they should in the flames she meant t' inspire.  
Then put she on all her religious weeds,  
That decked her in her secret sacred deeds;  
A crown of icicles, that sun nor fire  
Could ever melt, and figur'd chaste desire;  
A golden star shined in her naked breast,  
In honour of the queen-light of the east.  
In her right hand she held a silver wand,  
On whose bright top Peristera did stand.  
Who was a nymph, but now transformed a dove,  
And in her life was dear in Venus' love;  
And for her sake she ever since that time  
Chooes doves to draw her coach through heaven's blue clime.  
Her plenteous hair in curlèd billows swims  
On her bright shoulder: her harmonious limbs  
Sustained no more but a most subtile veil,  
That hung on them, as it durst not assail  
Their different concord; for the weakest air  
Could raise it swelling from her beauties fair;  
Nor did it cover, but adumbrate only  
Her most heart-piercing parts, that a blest eye

---

<sup>70</sup> Picture.

Might see, as it did shadow, fearfully,  
All that all-love-deserving paradise:  
It was as blue as the most freezing skies;  
Near the sea's hue, for thence her goddess came:  
On it a scarf she wore of wondrous frame;  
In midst whereof she wrought a virgin's face,  
From whose each cheek a fiery blush did chase  
Two crimson flames, that did two ways extend,  
Spreading the ample scarf to either end;  
Which figur'd the division of her mind,  
Whiles yet she rested bashfully inclin'd,  
And stood not resolute to wed Leander;  
This serv'd her white neck for a purple sphere,  
And cast itself at full breadth down her back:  
There, since the first breath that begun the wrack  
Of her free quiet from Leander's lips,  
She wrought a sea, in one flame, full of ships;  
But that one ship where all her wealth did pass,  
Like simple merchants' goods, Leander was;  
For in that sea she naked figured him;  
Her diving needle taught him how to swim,  
And to each thread did such resemblance give,  
For joy to be so like him it did live:  
Things senseless live by art, and rational die  
By rude contempt of art and industry.  
Scarce could she work, but, in her strength of thought,  
She fear'd she prick'd Leander as she wrought,<sup>71</sup>  
And oft would shriek so, that her guardian, frighted,  
Would startling haste, as with some mischief cited:  
They double life that dead things' griefs sustain;  
They kill that feel not their friends' living pain.  
Sometimes she fear'd he sought her infamy;  
And then, as she was working of his eye,  
She thought to prick it out to quench her ill;  
But, as she prick'd, it grew more perfect still:  
Trifling attempts no serious acts advance;  
The fire of love is blown by dalliance.  
In working his fair neck she did so grace it,  
She still was working her own arms t' embrace it:  
That, and his shoulders, and his hands were seen  
Above the stream; and with a pure sea-green  
She did so quaintly shadow every limb,  
All might be seen beneath the waves to swim.  
In this conceited scarf she wrought beside  
A moon in change, and shooting stars did glide

---

<sup>71</sup> "This conceit was suggested to Chapman by a passage in Skelton's *Phyllyp Sparowe*: "But whan I was sowing his beke, Methought, my sparow did speke, And opened his prety byll, Saynge, Mayd, ye are in wyll Agayne me for to kyll, Ye prycke me in the head."—Works, I, 57, ed. Dyce."—Dyce.

In number after her with bloody beams;  
 Which figur'd her affects<sup>72</sup> in their extremes,  
 Pursuing nature in her Cynthian body,  
 And did her thoughts running on change imply;  
 For maids take more delight, when they prepare,  
 And think of wives' states, than when wives they are.  
 Beneath all these she wrought a fisherman,<sup>73</sup>  
 Drawing his nets from forth the ocean;  
 Who drew so hard, ye might discover well  
 The toughen'd sinews in his neck did swell:  
 His inward strains drave out his blood-shot eyes,  
 And springs of sweat did in his forehead rise;  
 Yet was of naught but of a serpent sped,  
 That in his bosom flew and stung him dead:  
 And this by Fate into her mind was sent,  
 Not wrought by mere instinct of her intent.  
 At the scarf's other end her hand did frame,  
 Near the fork'd point of the divided flame,  
 A country virgin keeping of a vine,  
 Who did of hollow bulrushes combine  
 Snares for the stubble-loving grasshopper,  
 And by her lay her scrip that nourish'd her.  
 Within a myrtle shade she sate and sung;  
 And tufts of waving reeds above her sprung,  
 Where lurked two foxes, that, while she applied  
 Her trifling snares, their thieveries did divide,  
 One to the vine, another to her scrip,  
 That she did negligently overslip;  
 By which her fruitful vine and wholesome fare  
 She suffered spoiled to make a childish snare.  
 These ominous fancies did her soul express,  
 And every finger made a prophetess,  
 To show what death was hid in love's disguise,  
 And make her judgment conquer Destinies.  
 O, what sweet forms fair ladies' souls do shroud,  
 Were they made seen and forcèd through their blood;  
 If through their beauties, like rich work through lawn,  
 They would set forth their minds with virtues drawn,  
 In letting graces from their fingers fly,  
 To still their eyas<sup>74</sup> thoughts with industry;  
 That their plied wits in numbered silks might sing  
 Passion's huge conquest, and their needles<sup>75</sup> leading  
 Affection prisoner through their own-built cities,

---

<sup>72</sup> Affections.

<sup>73</sup> "This description of the fisherman, as well as the picture which follows it, are borrowed (with alterations) from the first *Idyl* of Theocritus."—Dyce.

<sup>74</sup> "Eyas" is the name for an unfledged hawk. "Eyas thoughts" would mean "thoughts not yet full-grown,—immature." Dyce thinks the meaning of "eyas" here may be "restless." (Old eds. "yas.")

<sup>75</sup> A monosyllable.

Pinioned with stones and Arachnean ditties.  
Proceed we now with Hero's sacrifice:  
She odours burned, and from their smoke did rise  
Unsavoury fumes, that air with plagues inspired;  
And then the consecrated sticks she fired.  
On whose pale flames an angry spirit flew,  
And beat it down still as it upward grew;  
The virgin tapers that on th' altar stood,  
When she inflam'd them, burned as red as blood;<sup>76</sup>  
All sad ostents of that too near success,<sup>77</sup>  
That made such moving beauties motionless.  
Then Hero wept; but her affrighted eyes  
She quickly wrested from the sacrifice,  
Shut them, and inwards for Leander looked,  
Search'd her soft bosom, and from thence she plucked  
His lovely picture; which when she had viewed,  
Her beauties were with all love's joys renewed;  
The odours sweeten'd, and the fires burned clear,  
Leander's form left no ill object there:  
Such was his beauty, that the force of light,  
Whose knowledge teacheth wonders infinite,  
The strength of number and proportion,  
Nature had placed in it to make it known,  
Art was her daughter, and what human wits  
For study lost, entombed in drossy spirits.  
After this accident (which for her glory  
Hero could not but make a history),  
Th' inhabitants of Sestos and Abydos  
Did every year, with feasts propitious,  
To fair Leander's picture sacrifice:  
And they were persons of especial price  
That were allowed it, as an ornament  
T' enrich their houses, for the continent  
Of the strange virtues all approved it held;  
For even the very look of it repelled  
All blastings, witchcrafts, and the strifes of nature  
In those diseases that no herbs could cure;  
The wolfy sting of avarice it would pull,  
And make the rankest miser bountiful;  
It kill'd the fear of thunder and of death;  
The discords that conceit engendereth  
'Twixt man and wife, it for the time would cease;  
The flames of love it quench'd, and would increase;  
Held in a prince's hand, it would put out  
The dreadful'st comet; it would ease<sup>78</sup> all doubt

---

<sup>76</sup> Some eds. give "them, then they burned as blood."

<sup>77</sup> Approaching catastrophe.

<sup>78</sup> Some eds. "and."

Of threaten'd mischiefs; it would bring asleep  
Such as were mad; it would enforce to weep  
Most barbarous eyes; and many more effects  
This picture wrought, and sprung<sup>79</sup> Leandrian<sup>80</sup> sects;  
Of which was Hero first; for he whose form,  
Held in her hand, clear'd such a fatal storm,  
From hell she thought his person would defend her,  
Which night and Hellespont would quickly send her.  
With this confirm'd, she vow'd to banish quite  
All thought of any check to her delight;  
And, in contempt of silly bashfulness,  
She would the faith of her desires profess,  
Where her religion should be policy,  
To follow love with zeal her piety;  
Her chamber her cathedral-church should be,  
And her Leander her chief deity;  
For in her love these did the gods forego;  
And though her knowledge did not teach her so,  
Yet did it teach her this, that what her heart  
Did greatest hold in her self-greatest part,  
That she did make her god; and 'twas less naught  
To leave gods in profession and in thought,  
Than in her love and life; for therein lies  
Most of her duties and their dignities;  
And, rail the brain-bald world at what it will,  
That's the grand atheism that reigns in it still.  
Yet singularity she would use no more,  
For she was singular too much before;  
But she would please the world with fair pretext:  
Love would not leave her conscience perplex:  
Great men that will have less do for them, still  
Must bear them out, though th' acts be ne'er so ill;  
Meanness must pander be to Excellence;  
Pleasure atones Falsehood and Conscience:  
Dissembling was the worst, thought Hero then,  
And that was best, now she must live with men.  
O virtuous love, that taught her to do best  
When she did worst, and when she thought it least!  
Thus would she still proceed in works divine,  
And in her sacred state of priesthood shine,  
Handling the holy rites with hands as bold,  
As if therein she did Jove's thunder hold,  
And need not fear those menaces of error,  
Which she at others threw with greatest terror.  
O lovely Hero, nothing is thy sin,  
Weigh'd with those foul faults other priests are in!

---

<sup>79</sup> Used transitively.

<sup>80</sup> Some eds. "Leanders."

That having neither faiths, nor works, nor beauties,  
T' engender any 'scuse for slubbered<sup>81</sup> duties,  
With as much countenance fill their holy chairs,  
And sweat denuncements 'gainst profane affairs,  
As if their lives were cut out by their places,  
And they the only fathers of the graces.  
Now, as with settled mind she did repair  
Her thoughts to sacrifice her ravished hair  
And her torn robe, which on the altar lay,  
And only for religion's fire did stay,  
She heard a thunder by the Cyclops beaten,  
In such a volley as the world did threaten,  
Given Venus as she parted th' airy sphere,  
Descending now to chide with Hero here:  
When suddenly the goddess' waggoners,  
The swans and turtles that, in coupled pheres,<sup>82</sup>  
Through all worlds' bosoms draw her influence,  
Lighted in Hero's window, and from thence  
To her fair shoulders flew the gentle doves,—  
Graceful *Edone*<sup>83</sup> that sweet pleasure loves,  
And ruff-foot Chreste<sup>84</sup> with the tufted crown;  
Both which did kiss her, though their goddess frown.  
The swans did in the solid flood, her glass,  
Proin<sup>85</sup> their fair plumes; of which the fairest was  
Jove-lov'd Leucote,<sup>86</sup> that pure brightness is;  
The other bounty-loving Dapsilis.<sup>87</sup>  
All were in heaven, now they with Hero were:  
But Venus' looks brought wrath, and urgèd fear.  
Her robe was scarlet; black her head's attire:  
And through her naked breast shin'd streams of fire,  
As when the rarifièd air is driven  
In flashing streams, and opes the darken'd heaven.  
In her white hand a wreath of yew she bore;  
And, breaking th' icy wreath sweet Hero wore,  
She forc'd about her brows her wreath of yew,  
And said, "Now, minion, to thy fate be true,  
Though not to me; endure what this portends:  
Begin where lightness will, in shame it ends.  
Love makes thee cunning; thou art current now,  
By being counterfeit: thy broken vow  
Deceit with her pied garters must rejoin,

<sup>81</sup> Shakespeare uses the verb "slubber" in the sense of "perform in a slovenly manner" (*Merchant of Venice*, ii. 8, "Slubber not business for my sake").

<sup>82</sup> Companions, yoke-mates.

<sup>83</sup> Gr. ἡδονη.

<sup>84</sup> From Lat. *crista*?

<sup>85</sup> Prune.

<sup>86</sup> Gr. λευκοτης.

<sup>87</sup> Gr. δαψιλης.

And with her stamp thou countenances must coin;  
Coyness, and pure<sup>88</sup> deceits, for purities,  
And still a maid wilt seem in cozen'd eyes,  
And have an antic face to laugh within,  
While thy smooth looks make men digest thy sin.  
But since thy lips (least thought forsworn) forswore,  
Be never virgin's vow worth trusting more!"  
When Beauty's dearest did her goddess hear  
Breathe such rebukes 'gainst that she could not clear,  
Dumb sorrow spake aloud in tears and blood,  
That from her grief-burst veins, in piteous flood,  
From the sweet conduits of her favour fell.  
The gentle turtles did with moans make swell  
Their shining gorges; the while black-ey'd swans  
Did sing as woful epicedians,  
As they would straightways die: when Pity's queen,  
The goddess Ecte,<sup>89</sup> that had ever been  
Hid in a watery cloud near Hero's cries,  
Since the first instant of her broken eyes,  
Gave bright Leucote voice, and made her speak,  
To ease her anguish, whose swoln breast did break  
With anger at her goddess, that did touch  
Hero so near for that she us'd so much;  
And, thrusting her white neck at Venus, said:  
"Why may not amorous Hero seem a maid,  
Though she be none, as well as you suppress  
In modest cheeks your inward wantonness?  
How often have we drawn you from above,  
T' exchange with mortals rites for rites in love!  
Why in your priest, then, call you that offence,  
That shines in you, and is<sup>90</sup> your influence?"  
With this, the Furies stopp'd Leucote's lips,  
Enjoin'd by Venus; who with rosy whips  
Beat the kind bird. Fierce lightning from her eyes  
Did set on fire fair Hero's sacrifice,  
Which was her torn robe and enforcèd hair;  
And the bright flame became a maid most fair  
For her aspect: her tresses were of wire,  
Knit like a net, where hearts set all on fire,  
Struggled in pants, and could not get releast;  
Her arms were all with golden pincers drest,  
And twenty-fashioned knots, pulleys, and brakes,  
And all her body girt with painted snakes;  
Her down-parts in a scorpion's tail combined,  
Freckled with twenty colours; pied wings shined

---

<sup>88</sup> Some eds. read "Coyness and impure."

<sup>89</sup> From Gr. οἰκτος?

<sup>90</sup> Some eds. "in."

Out of her shoulders; cloth had never dye,  
Nor sweeter colours never viewèd eye,  
In scorching Turkey, Cares, Tartary,  
Than shined about this spirit notorious;  
Nor was Arachne's web so glorious.  
Of lightning and of shreds she was begot;  
More hold in base dissemblers is there not.  
Her name was Eronusis.<sup>91</sup> Venus flew  
From Hero's sight, and at her chariot drew  
This wondrous creature to so steep a height,  
That all the world she might command with sleight  
Of her gay wings; and then she bade her haste,—  
Since Hero had dissembled, and disgraced  
Her rites so much,—and every breast infect  
With her deceits: she made her architect  
Of all dissimulation; and since then  
Never was any trust in maids or men.  
O, it spited  
Fair Venus' heart to see her most delighted,  
And one she choos'd, for temper of her mind  
To be the only ruler of her kind,  
So soon to let her virgin race be ended!  
Not simply for the fault a whit offended,  
But that in strife for chasteness with the Moon,  
Spiteful Diana bade her show but one  
That was her servant vow'd, and liv'd a maid;  
And, now she thought to answer that upbraid,  
Hero had lost her answer: who knows not  
Venus would seem as far from any spot  
Of light demeanour, as the very skin  
'Twixt Cynthia's brows? sin is asham'd of sin.  
Up Venus flew, and scarce durst up for fear  
Of Phœbe's laughter, when she pass'd her sphere:  
And so most ugly-clouded was the light,  
That day was hid in day; night came ere night;  
And Venus could not through the thick air pierce,  
Till the day's king, god of undaunted verse,  
Because she was so plentiful a theme  
To such as wore his laurel anademe.  
Like to a fiery bullet made descent,  
And from her passage those fat vapours rent,  
That being not throughly rarified to rain,  
Melted like pitch, as blue as any vein;  
And scalding tempests made the earth to shrink  
Under their fervour, and the world did think  
In every drop a torturing spirit flew,  
It pierc'd so deeply, and it burn'd so blue.

---

<sup>91</sup> "A compound, probably, from ερωος and νοσοος or νουσοος *Ionice*." Ed. 1821.

Betwixt all this and Hero, Hero held  
Leander's picture, as a Persian shield;  
And she was free from fear of worst success:  
The more ill threats us, we suspect the less:  
As we grow hapless, violence subtle grows,  
Dumb, deaf, and blind, and comes when no man knows.

## THE FIFTH SESTIAD

### The Argument of the Fifth Sestiad

Day doubles his accustom'd date,  
As loath the Night, incens'd by Fate,  
Should wreck our lovers. Hero's plight;  
Longs for Leander and the night:  
Which ere her thirsty wish recovers,  
She sends for two betrothèd lovers,  
And marries them, that, with their crew,  
Their sports, and ceremonies due,  
She covertly might celebrate,  
With secret joy her own estate.  
She makes a feast, at which appears  
The wild nymph Teras, that still bears  
An ivory lute, tells ominous tales,  
And sings at solemn festivals.

Now was bright Hero weary of the day,  
Thought an Olympiad in Leander's stay.  
Sol and the soft-foot Hours hung on his arms,  
And would not let him swim, foreseeing his harms:  
That day Aurora double grace obtain'd  
Of her love Phœbus; she his horses reign'd,  
Set<sup>92</sup> on his golden knee, and, as she list,  
She pull'd him back; and as she pull'd she kiss'd,  
To have him turn to bed: he lov'd her more,  
To see the love Leander Hero bore:  
Examples profit much; ten times in one,  
In persons full of note, good deeds are done.  
Day was so long, men walking fell asleep;  
The heavy humours that their eyes did steep  
Made them fear mischiefs. The hard streets were beds  
For covetous churls and for ambitious heads,  
That, spite of Nature, would their business ply:  
All thought they had the falling epilepsy,

---

<sup>92</sup> Some modern editors read "sat."

Men grovell'd so upon the smother'd ground;  
And pity did the heart of Heaven confound.  
The Gods, the Graces, and the Muses came  
Down to the Destinies, to stay the frame  
Of the true lovers' deaths, and all world's tears:  
But Death before had stopp'd their cruel ears.  
All the celestials parted mourning then,  
Pierc'd with our human miseries more than men:  
Ah, nothing doth the world with mischief fill,  
But want of feeling one another's ill!  
With their descent the day grew something fair,  
And cast a brighter robe upon the air.  
Hero, to shorten time with merriment,  
For young Alcmane<sup>93</sup> and bright Mya sent,  
Two lovers that had long crav'd marriage-dues  
At Hero's hands: but she did still refuse;  
For lovely Mya was her consort vow'd  
In her maid state, and therefore not allow'd  
To amorous nuptials: yet fair Hero now  
Intended to dispense with her cold vow,  
Since hers was broken, and to marry her:  
The rites would pleasing matter minister  
To her conceits, and shorten tedious day.  
They came; sweet Music usher'd th' odorous way,  
And wanton Air in twenty sweet forms danced  
After her fingers; Beauty and Love advanced  
Their ensigns in the downless rosy faces  
Of youths and maids led after by the Graces.  
For all these Hero made a friendly feast,  
Welcom'd them kindly, did much love protest,  
Winning their hearts with all the means she might.  
That, when her fault should chance t' abide the light  
Their loves might cover or extenuate it,  
And high in her worst fate make pity sit.  
She married them; and in the banquet came,  
Borne by the virgins. Hero striv'd to frame  
Her thoughts to mirth: ay me! but hard it is  
To imitate a false and forcèd bliss;  
Ill may a sad mind forge a merry face,  
Nor hath constrainèd laughter any grace.  
Then laid she wine on cares to make them sink:  
Who fears the threats of Fortune, let him drink.<sup>94</sup>  
To these quick nuptials enter'd suddenly  
Admirèd Teras with the ebon thigh;  
A nymph that haunted the green Sestian groves,

---

<sup>93</sup> Singer suggested "Alcmaeon."

<sup>94</sup> "Chapman has a passage very similar to this in his *Widow's Tears*, Act iv.:—"Wine is ordained to raise such hearts as sink: Whom woful stars distemper let him drink."—Broughton.

And would consort soft virgins in their loves,  
At gaysome triumphs and on solemn days,  
Singing prophetic elegies and lays,  
And fingering of a silver lute she tied  
With black and purple scarfs by her left side.  
Apollo gave it, and her skill withal,  
And she was term'd his dwarf, she was so small:  
Yet great in virtue, for his beams enclosed  
His virtues in her; never was proposed  
Riddle to her, or augury, strange or new,  
But she resolv'd it; never slight tale flew  
From her charm'd lips without important sense,  
Shown in some grave succeeding consequence.  
This little sylvan, with her songs and tales,  
Gave such estate to feasts and nuptials,  
That though oftentimes she forewent tragedies,  
Yet for her strangeness still she pleas'd their eyes;  
And for her smallness they admir'd her so,  
They thought her perfect born, and could not grow.  
All eyes were on her. Hero did command  
An altar decked with sacred state should stand  
At the feast's upper end, close by the bride,  
On which the pretty nymph might sit espied.  
Then all were silent; every one so hears,  
As all their senses climb'd into their ears:  
And first this amorous tale, that fitted well  
Fair Hero and the nuptials, she did tell.

### **The Tale of Teras**

Hymen, that now is god of nuptial rites,  
And crowns with honour Love and his delights,  
Of Athens was a youth, so sweet of face,  
That many thought him of the female race;  
Such quickening brightness did his clear eyes dart,  
Warm went their beams to his beholder's heart,  
In such pure leagues his beauties were combin'd,  
That there your nuptial contracts first were signed;  
For as proportion, white and crimson, meet  
In beauty's mixture, all right clear and sweet,  
The eye responsible, the golden hair,  
And none is held, without the other, fair;  
All spring together, all together fade;  
Such intermix'd affections should invade  
Two perfect lovers; which being yet unseen,  
Their virtues and their comforts copied been  
In beauty's concord, subject to the eye;

And that, in Hymen, pleased so matchlessly,  
 That lovers were esteemed in their full grace,  
 Like form and colour mixed in Hymen's face;  
 And such sweet concord was thought worthy then  
 Of torches, music, feasts, and greatest men:  
 So Hymen look'd that even the chastest mind  
 He mov'd to join in joys of sacred kind;  
 For only now his chin's first down consorted  
 His head's rich fleece in golden curls contorted;  
 And as he was so loved, he loved so too:  
 So should best beauties bound by nuptials, do.  
 Bright Eucharis, who was by all men said  
 The noblest, fairest, and the richest maid  
 Of all th' Athenian damsels, Hymen lov'd  
 With such transmission, that his heart remov'd  
 From his white breast to hers: but her estate,  
 In passing his, was so interminate  
 For wealth and honour, that his love durst feed  
 On naught but sight and hearing, nor could breed  
 Hope of requital, the grand prize of love;  
 Nor could he hear or see, but he must prove  
 How his rare beauty's music would agree  
 With maids in consort; therefore robbèd he  
 His chin of those same few first fruits it bore,  
 And, clad in such attire as virgins wore,  
 He kept them company, and might right well,  
 For he did all but Eucharis excel  
 In all the fair of beauty! yet he wanted  
 Virtue to make his own desires implanted  
 In his dear Eucharis; for women never  
 Love beauty in their sex, but envy ever.  
 His judgment yet, that durst not suit address,  
 Nor, past due means, presume of due success,  
 Reason gat Fortune in the end to speed  
 To his best prayers<sup>95</sup>: but strange it seemed, indeed,  
 That Fortune should a chaste affection bless:  
 Preferment seldom graceth bashfulness.  
 Nor grac'd it Hymen yet; but many a dart,  
 And many an amorous thought, enthralled<sup>96</sup> his heart,  
 Ere he obtained her; and he sick became,  
 Forced to abstain her sight; and then the flame  
 Raged in his bosom. O, what grief did fill him!  
 Sight made him sick, and want of sight did kill him.  
 The virgins wonder'd where Diætia stay'd,  
 For so did Hymen term himself, a maid.  
 At length with sickly looks he greeted them:

---

<sup>95</sup> "Old eds. 'prayes,' 'praies,' 'preies,' and 'pryes.'"—*Dyce*.

<sup>96</sup> *Dyce* reads "enthrill'd" (a word that I do not remember to have seen).

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

And now did his enamour'd passion take  
 Heart from his hearty deed, whose worth did make  
 His hope of bounteous Eucharis more strong;  
 And now came Love with Proteus, who had long  
 Juggled the little god with prayers and gifts,  
 Ran through all shapes and varied all his shifts,  
 To win Love's stay with him, and make him love him.  
 And when he saw no strength of sleight could move him,  
 To make him love or stay, he nimbly turned  
 Into Love's self, he so extremely burned.  
 And thus came Love, with Proteus and his power,  
 T' encounter Eucharis: first, like the flower  
 That Juno's milk did spring,<sup>97</sup> the silver lily,  
 He fell on Hymen's hand, who straight did spy  
 The bounteous godhead, and with wondrous joy  
 Offer'd it Eucharis. She, wonderous coy,  
 Drew back her hand: the subtle flower did woo it,  
 And, drawing it near, mixed so you could not know it:  
 As two clear tapers mix in one their light,  
 So did the lily and the hand their white.  
 She viewed it; and her view the form bestows  
 Amongst her spirits; for, as colour flows  
 From superficies of each thing we see,  
 Even so with colours forms emitted be;  
 And where Love's form is, Love is; Love is form:  
 He entered at the eye; his sacred storm  
 Rose from the hand, Love's sweetest instrument:  
 It stirred her blood's sea so, that high it went,  
 And beat in bashful waves 'gainst the white shore  
 Of her divided cheeks; it raged the more,  
 Because the tide went 'gainst the haughty wind  
 Of her estate and birth: and, as we find,  
 In fainting ebbs, the flowery Zephyr hurls  
 The green-haired Hellespont, broke in silver curls,  
 'Gainst Hero's tower; but in his blast's retreat,  
 The waves obeying him, they after beat,  
 Leaving the chalky shore a great way pale,  
 Then moist it freshly with another gale;  
 So ebb'd and flow'd the blood<sup>98</sup> in Eucharis' face,  
 Coyness and Love strived which had greatest grace;  
 Virginitie did fight on Coyness' side,  
 Fear of her parent's frowns and female pride  
 Loathing the lower place, more than it loves  
 The high contents desert and virtue moves.  
 With Love fought Hymen's beauty and his valure,<sup>99</sup>

---

<sup>97</sup> Did make to spring. Cf. Fourth Sestiad, l. 169.

<sup>98</sup> So the Isham copy. All other editions omit the words "the blood."

<sup>99</sup> "Valure" is frequently found as a form of "value;" but I suspect, with Dyce, that it is here put (*metri causa*) for "valour."

Which scarce could so much favour yet allure  
To come to strike, but fameless idle stood:  
Action is fiery valour's sovereign good.  
But Love, once entered, wished no greater aid  
Than he could find within; thought thought betray'd;  
The bribed, but incorrupted, garrison  
Sung "To Hymen;" there those songs begun,  
And Love was grown so rich with such a gain,  
And wanton with the ease of his free reign,  
That he would turn into her roughest frowns  
To turn them out; and thus he Hymen crowns  
King of his thoughts, man's greatest empery:  
This was his first brave step to deity.  
Home to the mourning city they repair,  
With news as wholesome as the morning air,  
To the sad parents of each savèd maid:  
But Hymen and his Eucharis had laid  
This plat<sup>100</sup> to make the flame of their delight  
Round as the moon at full, and full as bright.  
Because the parents of chaste Eucharis  
Exceeding Hymen's so, might cross their bliss;  
And as the world rewards deserts, that law  
Cannot assist with force; so when they saw  
Their daughter safe, take vantage of their own,  
Praise Hymen's valour much, nothing bestown;  
Hymen must leave the virgins in a grove  
Far off from Athens, and go first to prove,  
If to restore them all with fame and life,  
He should enjoy his dearest as his wife.  
This told to all the maids, the most agree:  
The riper sort, knowing what 'tis to be  
The first mouth of a news so far derived,  
And that to hear and bear news brave folks lived.  
As being a carriage special hard to bear  
Occurrents, these occurrents being so dear,  
They did with grace protest, they were content  
T' accost their friends with all their compliment,  
For Hymen's good; but to incur their harm,  
There he must pardon them. This wit went warm  
To Adolesche's<sup>101</sup> brain, a nymph born high,  
Made all of voice and fire, that upwards fly:  
Her heart and all her forces' nether train  
Climb'd to her tongue, and thither fell her brain,  
Since it could go no higher; and it must go;  
All powers she had, even her tongue, did so:  
In spirit and quickness she much joy did take,

---

<sup>100</sup> Plot.

<sup>101</sup> Gr. ἀδολεσχης.

And loved her tongue, only for quickness' sake;  
And she would haste and tell. The rest all stay:  
Hymen goes one, the nymph another way;  
And what became of her I'll tell at last:  
Yet take her visage now;—moist-lipped, long-faced,  
Thin like an iron wedge, so sharp and tart,  
As 'twere of purpose made to cleave Love's heart:  
Well were this lovely beauty rid of her.  
And Hymen did at Athens now prefer  
His welcome suit, which he with joy aspired:  
A hundred princely youths with him retired  
To fetch the nymphs; chariots and music went;  
And home they came: heaven with applauses rent.  
The nuptials straight proceed, whiles all the town,  
Fresh in their joys, might do them most renown.  
First, gold-locked Hymen did to church repair,  
Like a quick offering burned in flames of hair;  
And after, with a virgin firmament  
The godhead-proving bride attended went  
Before them all: she looked in her command,  
As if form-giving Cypria's silver hand  
Gripped all their beauties, and crushed out one flame;  
She blushed to see how beauty overcame  
The thoughts of all men. Next, before her went  
Five lovely children, decked with ornament  
Of her sweet colours, bearing torches by;  
For light was held a happy augury  
Of generation, whose efficient right  
Is nothing else but to produce to light.  
The odd disparent number they did choose,  
To show the union married loves should use,  
Since in two equal parts it will not sever,  
But the midst holds one to rejoin it ever,  
As common to both parts: men therefore deem  
That equal number gods do not esteem,  
Being authors of sweet peace and unity,  
But pleasing to th' infernal empery,  
Under whose ensigns Wars and Discords fight,  
Since an even number you may disunite  
In two parts equal, naught in middle left  
To reunite each part from other reft;  
And five they hold in most especial prize,<sup>102</sup>  
Since 'tis the first odd number that doth rise  
From the two foremost numbers' unity,  
That odd and even are; which are two and three;  
For one no number is; but thence doth flow  
The powerful race of number. Next, did go

---

<sup>102</sup> Some eds. "price."

A noble matron, that did spinning bear  
A huswife's rock and spindle, and did wear  
A wether's skin, with all the snowy fleece,  
To intimate that even the daintiest piece  
And noblest-born dame should industrious be:  
That which does good disgraceth no degree.  
And now to Juno's temple they are come,  
Where her grave priest stood in the marriage-room:  
On his right arm did hang a scarlet veil,  
And from his shoulders to the ground did trail,  
On either side, ribands of white and blue:  
With the red veil he hid the bashful hue  
Of the chaste bride, to show the modest shame,  
In coupling with a man, should grace a dame.  
Then took he the disparent silks, and tied  
The lovers by the waists, and side to side,  
In token that thereafter they must bind  
In one self-sacred knot each other's mind.  
Before them on an altar he presented  
Both fire and water, which was first invented,  
Since to ingenerate every human creature  
And every other birth produc'd by Nature,  
Moisture and heat must mix; so man and wife  
For human race must join in nuptial life.  
Then one of Juno's birds, the painted jay,  
He sacrific'd and took the gall away;  
All which he did behind the altar throw,  
In sign no bitterness of hate should grow,  
'Twixt married loves, nor any least disdain.  
Nothing they spake, for 'twas esteem'd too plain  
For the most silken mildness of a maid,  
To let a public audience hear it said,  
She boldly took the man; and so respected  
Was bashfulness in Athens, it erected  
To chaste Agneia,<sup>103</sup> which is Shamefacedness,  
A sacred temple, holding her a goddess.  
And now to feasts, masks, and triumphant shows,  
The shining troops returned, even till earth-throes  
Brought forth with joy the thickest part of night,  
When the sweet nuptial song, that used to cite  
All to their rest, was by Phemonöe<sup>104</sup> sung,  
First Delphian prophetess, whose graces sprung  
Out of the Muses' well: she sung before  
The bride into her chamber; at which door  
A matron and a torch-bearer did stand:

---

<sup>103</sup> Gr. ἀγνεία

<sup>104</sup> Singer gives a reference to Pausan, x. 5.—Old eds. "Phemonor" and "Phemoner."

A painted box of confits<sup>105</sup> in her hand  
 The matron held, and so did other some<sup>106</sup>  
 That compassed round the honour'd nuptial room.  
 The custom was, that every maid did wear,  
 During her maidenhead, a silken sphere  
 About her waist, above her inmost weed,  
 Knit with Minerva's knot, and that was freed  
 By the fair bridegroom on the marriage-night,  
 With many ceremonies of delight:  
 And yet eternized Hymen's tender bride,  
 To suffer it dissolved so, sweetly cried.  
 The maids that heard, so loved and did adore her,  
 They wished with all their hearts to suffer for her.  
 So had the matrons, that with confits stood  
 About the chamber, such affectionate blood,  
 And so true feeling of her harmless pains,  
 That every one a shower of confits rains;  
 For which the bride-youths scrambling on the ground,  
 In noise of that sweet hail her<sup>107</sup> cries were drown'd.  
 And thus blest Hymen joyed his gracious bride,  
 And for his joy was after deified.  
 The saffron mirror by which Phœbus' love,  
 Green Tellus, decks her, now he held above  
 The cloudy mountains: and the noble maid,  
 Sharp-visaged Adolesche, that was stray'd  
 Out of her way, in hasting with her news,  
 Not till this<sup>108</sup> hour th' Athenian turrets views;  
 And now brought home by guides, she heard by all,  
 That her long kept occurrents would be stale,  
 And how fair Hymen's honours did excel  
 For those rare news which she came short to tell.  
 To hear her dear tongue robbed of such a joy,  
 Made the well-spoken nymph take such a toy,<sup>109</sup>  
 That down she sunk: when lightning from above  
 Shrunk her lean body, and, for mere free love,  
 Turn'd her into the pied-plum'd Psittacus,  
 That now the Parrot is surnam'd by us,  
 Who still with counterfeit confusion prates  
 Naught but news common to the common'st mates.—  
 This told, strange Teras touch'd her lute, and sung  
 This ditty, that the torchy evening sprung.

---

<sup>105</sup> Comfits.

<sup>106</sup> "Other some" is a not uncommon form of expression. See Halliwell's *Dict. of Archaic and Provincial Words*.

<sup>107</sup> Old eds. "their."

<sup>108</sup> Old eds. "his."

<sup>109</sup> A sudden pettishness or freak of fancy. Cf. *Two Noble Kinsmen*:—"The hot horse hot as fireTook toy at this."

## Epithalamion Teratos

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

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

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

The evening star I see:  
Rise, youths! the evening star  
Helps Love to summon war;  
Both now embracing be.  
Rise, youths! Love's rite claims more than banquets; rise!  
Now the bright marigolds, that deck the skies,  
Phœbus' celestial flowers, that, contrary  
To his flowers here, ope when he shuts his eye,  
And shuts when he doth open, crown your sports:  
Now Love in Night, and Night in Love exhorts

Courtship and dances: all your parts employ,  
And suit Night's rich expansure with your joy.  
Love paints his longings in sweet virgins' eyes:  
Rise, youths! Love's rite claims more than banquets; rise!

Rise, virgins! let fair nuptial loves enfold  
Your fruitless breasts: the maidenheads<sup>110</sup> ye hold  
Are not your own alone, but parted are;  
Part in disposing them your parents share,  
And that a third part is; so must ye save  
Your loves a third, and you your thirds must have.  
Love paints his longings in sweet virgins' eyes:  
Rise, youths! Love's rite claims more than banquets; rise!

Herewith the amorous spirit, that was so kind  
To Teras' hair, and comb'd it down with wind,  
Still as it, comet-like, brake from her brain,  
Would needs have Teras gone, and did refrain  
To blow it down: which, staring<sup>111</sup> up, dismay'd  
The timorous feast; and she no longer stay'd;  
But, bowing to the bridegroom and the bride,  
Did, like a shooting exhalation, glide  
Out of their sights: the turning of her back  
Made them all shriek, it look'd so ghastly black.  
O hapless Hero! that most hapless cloud  
Thy soon-succeeding tragedy foreshow'd.  
Thus all the nuptial crew to joys depart;  
But much-wronged<sup>112</sup> Hero stood Hell's blackest dart:  
Whose wound because I grieve so to display,  
I use digressions thus t' increase the day.

## THE SIXTH SESTIAD

### The Argument of the Sixth Sestiad

Leucote flies to all the Winds,  
And from the Fates their outrage blinds,<sup>113</sup>  
That Hero and her love may meet.

---

<sup>110</sup> Former editors have not noticed that Chapman is here closely imitating Catullus' *Carmen Nuptiale*—"Virginitas non tota tua est: ex parte parentum est: Tertia pars patri data, pars data tertia matri, Tertia sola tua est: noli pugnare duobus, Qui genero sua jura simul cum dote dederunt."

<sup>111</sup> Some eds. "starting." Cf. *Julius Caesar*, iv. 3, ll. 278-9—"Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil, That makest my blood cold and my hair to stare?"

<sup>112</sup> "Old eds. 'much-rong,' 'much rongd,' and 'much-wrong'd.'"—*Dyce* (who reads "much-wrung").

<sup>113</sup> It should be *binds*: *i.e.*, "Leucote flies to the several winds, and, commissioned by the Fates, commands them to restrain their violence." *Broughton*.

**Leander, with Love's complete fleet**

## **Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.**

Текст предоставлен ООО «ЛитРес».

Прочитайте эту книгу целиком, [купив полную легальную версию](#) на ЛитРес.

Безопасно оплатить книгу можно банковской картой Visa, MasterCard, Maestro, со счета мобильного телефона, с платежного терминала, в салоне МТС или Связной, через PayPal, WebMoney, Яндекс.Деньги, QIWI Кошелек, бонусными картами или другим удобным Вам способом.