

**УИЛЬЯМ  
ШЕКСПИР**

THE RAPE OF  
LUCRECE

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**The Rape of Lucrece**

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## Содержание

THE ARGUMENT	6
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	17

# **William Shakespeare**

## **The Rape of Lucrece**

**TO THE**

**RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,**

**EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD**

THE love I dedicate to your Lordship is without end; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater; meantime, as it is, it is bound to your Lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your Lordship's in all duty,  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

## THE ARGUMENT

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus), after he had caused his own father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper, every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife, though it were late in the night, spinning amongst her maids: the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece's beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was (according to his estate) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatched messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king; wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

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From the besieged Ardea all in post,  
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,  
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,  
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire  
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire  
And girdle with embracing flames the waist  
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of chaste unhapp'ly set  
This bateless edge on his keen appetite;  
When Collatine unwisely did not let  
To praise the clear unmatched red and white  
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,  
Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,  
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,

Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state;  
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent  
In the possession of his beauteous mate;  
Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,  
That kings might be espoused to more fame,  
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!  
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done  
As is the morning's silver-melting dew  
Against the golden splendour of the sun!  
An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun:  
Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,  
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade  
The eyes of men without an orator;  
What needeth then apologies be made,  
To set forth that which is so singular?  
Or why is Collatine the publisher  
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown  
From thievish ears, because it is his own?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty  
Suggested this proud issue of a king;  
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be:  
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,  
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting  
His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should vaunt  
That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate  
His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those;  
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,  
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes  
To quench the coal which in his liver glows.  
O rash false heat, wrapp'd in repentant cold,  
Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old!

When at Collatium this false lord arriv'd,  
Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,  
Within whose face beauty and virtue striv'd  
Which of them both should underprop her fame:  
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for shame;  
When beauty boasted blushes, in despite  
Virtue would stain that or with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intituled,  
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field:

Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,  
Which virtue gave the golden age, to gild  
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield;  
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight, —  
When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,  
Argued by beauty's red, and virtue's white:  
Of either's colour was the other queen,  
Proving from world's minority their right:  
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight;  
The sovereignty of either being so great,  
That oft they interchange each other's seat.

Their silent war of lilies and of roses,  
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,  
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;  
Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,  
The coward captive vanquish'd doth yield  
To those two armies that would let him go,  
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue,  
(The niggard prodigal that prais'd her so)  
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,  
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show:  
Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe  
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,  
In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,  
Little suspecteth the false worshipper;  
For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil;  
Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear:  
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer  
And reverend welcome to her princely guest,  
Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd:

For that he colour'd with his high estate,  
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty;  
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,  
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,  
Which, having all, all could not satisfy;  
But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,  
That, cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes,  
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,  
Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies

Writ in the glassy margents of such books;  
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks;  
Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,  
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,  
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;  
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,  
Made glorious by his manly chivalry  
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory:  
Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth express,  
And, wordless, so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming hither,  
He makes excuses for his being there.  
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather  
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear;  
Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,  
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,  
And in her vaulty prison stows the day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,  
Intending weariness with heavy spright;  
For, after supper, long he questioned  
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night:  
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight;  
And every one to rest themselves betake,  
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds, that wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving  
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;  
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,  
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining:  
Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining;  
And when great treasure is the meed propos'd,  
Though death be adjunct, there's no death suppos'd.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond,  
For what they have not, that which they possess  
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,  
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;  
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess  
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,  
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life  
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age;  
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,  
That one for all, or all for one we gage;

As life for honour in fell battles' rage;  
Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth cost  
The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in vent'ring ill we leave to be  
The things we are, for that which we expect;  
And this ambitious foul infirmity,  
In having much, torments us with defect  
Of that we have: so then we do neglect  
The thing we have; and, all for want of wit,  
Make something nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,  
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust;  
And for himself himself he must forsake:  
Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust?  
When shall he think to find a stranger just,  
When he himself himself confounds, betrays  
To slanderous tongues and wretched hateful days?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,  
When heavy sleep had closed up mortal eyes:  
No comfortable star did lend his light,  
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries;  
Now serves the season that they may surprise  
The silly lambs; pure thoughts are dead and still,  
While lust and murder wake to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,  
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm;  
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread;  
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm;  
But honest Fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,  
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,  
Beaten away by brain-sick rude Desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,  
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly;  
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,  
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye;  
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly:  
'As from this cold flint I enforced this fire,  
So Lucrece must I force to my desire.'

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate  
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,  
And in his inward mind he doth debate  
What following sorrow may on this arise;  
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise

His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,  
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust:

'Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not  
To darken her whose light excelleth thine:  
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot  
With your uncleanness that which is divine!  
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:  
Let fair humanity abhor the deed  
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white weed.

'O shame to knighthood and to shining arms!  
O foul dishonour to my household's grave!  
O impious act, including all foul harms!  
A martial man to be soft fancy's slave!  
True valour still a true respect should have;  
Then my digression is so vile, so base,  
That it will live engraven in my face.

'Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,  
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat;  
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,  
To cipher me how fondly I did dote;  
That my posterity, sham'd with the note,  
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin  
To wish that I their father had not been.

'What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?  
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy:  
Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week?  
Or sells eternity to get a toy?  
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?  
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,  
Would with the sceptre straight be stricken down?

'If Collatinus dream of my intent,  
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage  
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?  
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,  
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,  
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,  
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame?

'O, what excuse can my invention make  
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?  
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake?  
Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed?  
The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed;  
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,

But, coward-like, with trembling terror die.

'Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,  
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,  
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire  
Might have excuse to work upon his wife;  
As in revenge or quittal of such strife:  
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,  
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

'Shameful it is; – ay, if the fact be known:  
Hateful it is: – there is no hate in loving;  
I'll beg her love; – but she is not her own;  
The worst is but denial and reproving:  
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing.  
Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw  
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.'

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation  
'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,  
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,  
Urging the worsen sense for vantage still;  
Which in a moment doth confound and kill  
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,  
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, 'She took me kindly by the hand,  
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,  
Fearing some hard news from the warlike band,  
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.  
O how her fear did make her colour rise!  
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,  
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

'And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,  
Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear;  
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,  
Until her husband's welfare she did hear;  
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,  
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,  
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

'Why hunt I then for colour or excuses?  
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;  
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;  
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth:  
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;  
And when his gaudy banner is display'd,  
The coward fights and will not be dismay'd.

'Then, childish fear, avaunt! debating, die!  
Respect and reason wait on wrinkled age!  
My heart shall never countermand mine eye;  
Sad pause and deep regard beseem the sage;  
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage:  
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;  
Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies?'

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear  
Is almost chok'd by unresisted lust.  
Away he steals with opening, listening ear,  
Full of foul hope, and full of fond mistrust;  
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,  
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,  
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,  
And in the self-same seat sits Collatine:  
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits;  
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,  
Unto a view so false will not incline;  
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,  
Which once corrupted takes the worser part;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,  
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,  
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;  
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow.  
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.  
By reprobate desire thus madly led,  
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,  
Each one by him enforc'd retires his ward;  
But, as they open they all rate his ill,  
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard,  
The threshold grates the door to have him heard;  
Night-wand'ring weasels shriek to see him there;  
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,  
Through little vents and crannies of the place  
The wind wars with his torch, to make him stay,  
And blows the smoke of it into his face,  
Extinguishing his conduct in this case;  
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,  
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch:

And being lighted, by the light he spies  
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks;  
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,  
And griping it, the needl his finger pricks:  
As who should say this glove to wanton tricks  
Is not inur'd: return again in haste;  
Thou see'st our mistress' ornaments are chaste.

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him;  
He in the worst sense construes their denial:  
The doors, the wind, the glove that did delay him,  
He takes for accidental things of trial;  
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,  
Who with a lingering stay his course doth let,  
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

'So, so,' quoth he, 'these lets attend the time,  
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring.  
To add a more rejoicing to the prime,  
And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing.  
Pain pays the income of each precious thing;  
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and sands,  
The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.'

Now is he come unto the chamber door,  
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,  
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,  
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.  
So from himself impiety hath wrought,  
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,  
As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,  
Having solicited the eternal power,  
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,  
And they would stand auspicious to the hour,  
Even there he starts: – quoth he, 'I must de-flower;  
The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,  
How can they then assist me in the act?

'Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!  
My will is back'd with resolution:  
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried,  
The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;  
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.  
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night  
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.'

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,

And with his knee the door he opens wide:  
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch;  
Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.  
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside;  
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,  
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,  
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.  
The curtains being close, about he walks,  
Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head:  
By their high treason is his heart misled;  
Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon  
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,  
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;  
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun  
To wink, being blinded with a greater light:  
Whether it is that she reflects so bright,  
That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed;  
But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

O, had they in that darksome prison died,  
Then had they seen the period of their ill!  
Then Collatine again by Lucrece' side  
In his clear bed might have reposed still:  
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill;  
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight  
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,  
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;  
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,  
Swelling on either side to want his bliss;  
Between whose hills her head entombed is:  
Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,  
To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,  
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white  
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,  
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night,  
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light,  
And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,  
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath;  
O modest wantons! wanton modesty!

Showing life's triumph in the map of death,  
And death's dim look in life's mortality:  
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,  
As if between them twain there were no strife,  
But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,  
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,  
Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,  
And him by oath they truly honoured.  
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred:  
Who, like a foul usurper, went about  
From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see but mightily he noted?  
What did he note but strongly he desir'd?  
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,  
And in his will his wilful eye he tir'd.  
With more than admiration he admir'd  
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,  
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,  
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,

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