

What is thy bodie but a swallowwing graue,
Seeming to bury that posteritie,
Which by the rights of time thou needs must haue,
If thou destroy them not in their obliuities?

If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride, so faure a hope is layne.

Dries his light
By night, by day,
Be prodigall: the lampes, that burnes
And barren death of daughters and of iounees,
That on the earth would reede a scarcity,
Lone-lacking Vc'tals, and selfe louing Nuns,
Therefore desight of fruitlesse chastitie,

As
A
Are on the sudden wasted, that
Whereat th' imperiall gazer late did wonder,
Both fauour, fauour, new, new, new,
But in one minutes brings beagres
And not the least of all these maladiies,

Swear a naturall death for framing thee
Suffer, griefe & damme,
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:
The marrow-eating sickness, whole traine
Life, poore frenzie, pestilence, and euill
As burning saies, and sages,

SIN ODV AND SANVA

VENVS AND ADONIS.

So in thy selfe, thy selfe art made away,
A muchiefe worke then euill home-bred strife,
Or theirs whole desperat hands shéelles do flay,
Or butchers fire, that reaues his some of life:
Foule cankring rust the hidden treasure frets:
But Gould that s put to vse more gold begets.

Nay then quoth (*Adon*) you will againe
Into your idle ouer-handled theane:
The kisse I gaue you is betow'd in vaine,
And all in vaine you strive against the flame.
For by this black-fac't night, desires foule nourishe,
Your treasure makes me like you worke & worke.

If I haue lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And euery tongue more mouing then your owne,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine care the tempting tune is blowne.
For know my heart stands armed in mine cares,
And will not let a false sound enter there,

Least the deceauing harmony should run
Into the quiet cloisure of my breath,
And then my little heart were quite vndone,
In his bed-chamber to be bard of rest:
No Lady no, my heart longs not to grone,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

What C iii.

Whereat

And flatters her, it is *Adon's* voice,
For now reuining ioy bids her reioyce,
This sound of hope doth labour to expell:
The dry imagination the did follow,
A nurses song nere pleas'd her babe so well,
By this, far off, she hears some huntsman hallow;

Variable passions throng her constant wo,
As struing who should best become her grieke;
All entertain'd, each passions labour so,
That euery present sorrow seemeth chiefe:
But none is best, then ioyne they altogether,
Like many clouds consulting for foule weather.

Sighs drie her cheeks, teares make the wet we againe,
But like a stormie day, now winde now raine,
Sorrow, that friendly fights fought still to dry:
Both crysalls, where they view'd each others row,
Her eies seeme in the teares, teares in her eye,
O how her eies and teares did lend and borrow!

And with his strong courtesies
But through the flud-gates
In the sweete channell of her bosome dropt (rain)
The crysall tide that from her owne cheekes faire,
She vaile her eyes like lutes, who lutes
Here ouercome, as eu'ry one se' we, we,

SIN ODV AND SANVA

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Hard fauoured tyrant, vgly, meagre leane,
Hatefull diuorce of loue! (thus chides she death)
Grim-grinning ghoul, earths worm what dost thou
To stiffe beauty, & to steale his breath? (meane
Who when he liu'd, his breath and beauty set
Gloffe on the rose, smell to the violer.

If he be dead, ô no, it cannot be
Seeing his beauty thou shouldst strike at it.
O yes, it may: thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at randon dost thou hit.
Thy marke is feeble age: but thy false darr
Mistakes that aime, and cleaues an infants hart.

Hadt thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And hearing him, thy power had lost his power.
The destinies will curse thee for this stroke,
They bid thee crop a weede, thou pluckt a flower.
Loues golden arrow at him should haue fled,
And not deaths edon dart to strike him dead.

Dost thou drinke teares, that thou prouok'st such
What may a heauie grone aduantage thee?
Why hast thou cast, into eternall sleeping,
Thoe eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
Now nature cares not for thy mortall vigour,
Since her best worke is ruin'd with thy rigour?

Her

For

Danger deuiceth shifts, wit waites on feare,
And sometime forthwith a heard of deere,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell,
And sometime where earth-deluing comes keepe,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
Sometime he runnes among the flock of sheepe,

Are like a labyrinth t' amaze his foes,
The many mufits through the which he goes,
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles:
How he out-runs the winde, and with what care,
Marke the poore wretch, to ouerhut his troubles
And when thou hast on foote the purblind Hare,

But if thou needs wilt hunt be rul'd by me,
Vncouple at the timorous flying Hare,
Or at the Fox which lures by subtiltie,
Or at the Roe, which no encounter dare,
Pursue these fearful creatures o're the downes,
And on thy well breath'd horse keepe with thy
(hounds,

What should I doe, seeing thee so indeepe,
That trembling at th' imagination,
The thought of it doth make my faint hart bleede,
And feare doth teach it diuination;
I prophetic thy death, my mourning sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boare to morrow.

SIN ODV AND SANVA

VENVS AND ADONIS.

She marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemp'rally a wofull ditty,
How loue makes young men thral, & old mé dóte,
How loue is wife in folly, foolish in wittice:
Her heauie anthem fill concludes in wo,
And fill the quiet of ecchoes answer so.

Her song was tedious, and out-wore the night,
For louers houres are long, though seeming short,
If pleas'd themselves, others they thinke delight
In such like circumstance, with such like sport:
Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are neuer done.

For who hath she to spend the night withall,
But idle foundes resembling parasites,
Like shrild tongue'd T'apfers answering euery call,
Soothing the humour of fantastick wits:
She said, tis so, they answer all tis so,
And would say after her, if she said no.

Loe here the gentle Larke, wearie of rest,
From his most cabiner mounts vp on high,
And wakes the morning, fit whole sluer breath
The sunne ariseth in his maiesty,
Who doth the world so gloriously beho'd,
That Cedar tops and hills seeme burnish'd gold.

Y thus

By this, the boy that by her side lay kild,
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his bloud that on the ground lay spild,
A purple flower sprong vp checkred with white,
Resembling well his pale cheekes & the bloud,
Which in round drops vpo their whiteneſſe flood.
She

[Diii]

It ſhall be cauſe of war, and dire euent,
And ſer diſſenſion twixt the ſon and fire,
Subiect and ſeruile to all diſcontent,
As dire combuſtious matter is to fire:
Sith in his prime, death doth my loue deſtroy,
They, that loue beſt, their loue ſhall not enioy.

It ſhall ſuſpect where is no cauſe of feare,
It ſhall not feare where it ſhould moſt truſt,
It ſhall be mercifull, and too ſeuere,
And moſt deceiuing, when it ſeemes moſt iuſt:
Peruerſe it ſhall be, where it ſhews moſt toward,
Put feare to valour, courage to the coward.
It ſhall be raging mad, and fillie milde, (lure,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poore with trea-
Make the yong old, the old become a childe.

VENUS AND ADONIS

SIN AND DONOV SAN A

Shee lookes vpon his lips, and they are pale,
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold,
She whiſpers in his eare a heauie tale,
As if he heard the woſull words ſhe told,
She lifts the coffer-lids that cloſe his eyes,
Where lo two lamps, burnt out, in darkneſſe lyes.

Two glaſſes, where her ſelfe her ſelfe beheld,
A thouſand times, and now no more reflect:
Their vertue loſt, wherein they late excelld,
And euery beaury robd of his effect,
Wonder of time (quoth ſhe) this is my ſpight,
That you being dead, the day ſhould yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo here I prophecie,
Sorrow on loue hereafter ſhall attend:
It ſhal be waited on with iealouſie,
Find ſweete beginning, but vnſauoury end,
Nere ſettled equally, too high or lowe;
That all loues pleaſure ſhall not match his wo.

It ſhall be fickle, falſe, and full of fraud,
And ſhall be blaſted in a breathing while,
The bottoome poyſon, and the top ore-ſtraw'd
With ſweetes, that ſhall the ſharpeſt ſight beguile,
The ſtrongest body ſhall it make moſt weake,
Strike the wife dumb, & teach the foole to ſpeak.
It

[D7]

[Blank]

[Blank]

[The page is
missing in the
Folger copy
of *Venus and
Adonis*.]

[Blank]

[Di]

[Blank]

[Blank]

[Blank]

[D5]

Had I beene tooch'd like him I must confesse,
With kissing him I should haue killd him first;
But he is dead and neuer did he blesse
My youth with his; the more I am accurst:
With this she falleth in the place the flood,
And flaines her face with his congealed blood.
D ii. She

Is true, tis true, thus was *Adonis* flaine,
He ran vpon the boare with his sharpe speare,
Who would not whet his teeth at him againe,
But by a kille thought to pertrade him there.
And nouling in his flanke, the louing swine
Sheath'd vnaware his tuske in his soft groin.

But this foule, grim, and vrchin-floored boare,
Whose downeward eie still looketh for a graue,
Ne're saw the beauntious livery that he wore,
Winneffe the entertainment that he gaue:
If he did see his face, why then I know,
He thought to kille him, & hath killd him so.

He fed them with his fight, they him with berries.

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

VENUS AND ADONIS.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

She bowes her head, the new-prong'd laynes breath,
Comparing it to her *Adonis* breath,
And layes within her bosome it shall dwell,
Since he himselfe is reft from her by death:
She crops the stalke, and in the breach appeares
Green-dropping which the copares to teares.

Poore floure) quoth she (this was thy fathers
(Sweet issue of a more sweet smelling fire)
For every little grieffe to wet his eyes,
To growe vnto himselfe was his desire,
And so tis thine: but knowe it is as good
To wither in my breast, as in his blood.

Here was thy fathers bed, here is my breast,
Thou art the next of blood, and tis thy right,
Lowe in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rocke thee day & night
There shall not be one minute in an houre,
Wherein I will not kisse my sweet *lowes* floue

Thus wearie of the world, away she lyes,
And pokes her filuer douches by whose swift aid
Their mistris mounted, through the empty skyes,
In her light chariot quickly is conuayde, (Queene
Holding their course to *Paphos*, where their
Meanes to immure her selfe, and not be seene.
FINIS.

[The page is
missing in the
Folger copy
of *Venus and
Adonis*.]

[Blank]

[Blank]

[Blank]

[Blank]

[Blank]

[Blank]

[Diiii]

[D6]

[D8]