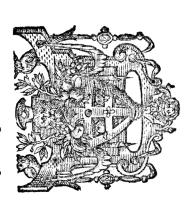
Imprinted at London for William Leake, dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the figne of the Greyhound. 1599.



Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi flauus Apollo Pocula Caflalia plena ministret aqua:

VENVS.



VENVS AND ADONIS,

Looke how a bird lyes tangled in a net, So fastned in her armes Adonis lyes: Pure shame and aw d resistance made him fret, Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes: Raine added to a Riuer that is ranke, Perforce will force it ouerslow the banke.

Still she intreats, and pretily entreats:
For to a pretic eare she tunes her tale,
Still is he fullen, still she lowres and frets,
Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashie pale;
Being red she loues him best, and being white,
Her best is bettred with a more delight.

Looke how he can, she cannot chuse but loue, And by her faire immortall hand she sweares, From his soft bosome neuer to remooue, Till he takes truce with her contending teares, Which log haue raind, making her cheeks al wet, And one sweet kisse shall pay this coptlesse debt.

Vpon this promife did he raife his chin,
Like a diue-dapper peering through a waue,
Who being lookt on, ducks as quickly in:
So offers he to giue what the did craue.
But when her lippes were ready for his pay.
He winks, and turns his lips another way.
Neuer

Sometimes he trous, as if he told the steps,
With gentle mately and modest pride,
Anone he reares vpright, curuets, and leapes,
As who should say, to thus my strength is tride,
And thus I doe to captinate the eye,
Of the faire breeder that is standing by.

His cares vp prickt, his braided hanging mane Vpon his compast crest now stand on end, His nostries drinke the aire, and soorth againe, As from a furnace, vayors doth he send:
His eie, which scornfully gilders like fire, Shewes his hot courage, and his high desire.

Imperioufly he leapes, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his wouen girts he breakes afunder,
The bearing earth with his hard hoofe he woulds,
Whofe hollow wob refounds like heauens thuder:
The iron bit he cruthes tweene his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

A breeding Iennet, lufty, young and proud,
Adanu trampling courfer doth cfpie:
And forth the rushes, fnorts, and neighs alowde;
The strong-neckt steede, being tide vnto a tree,
Breaketh his reine, & to her straight goes hee,

VENVS AND ADONIS.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Neuer did pattenger in tummers heat More thirft for drinke, the fine for this good turne. Her helpe the fees, but helpe fine cannot get, She bathes in water, yet her fire must burne: Oh pittle gan the cry, fine-harted boy, Tis but a kisse I begge, why art thou coy?

I haue beene woo'd as I intreat thee now,
Euen by the sterne and direfull God of warre,
Whose sinowie necke in battell nere did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in enery iarre:
Yet hath he beene my captine and my slaue,
And begd for that which thou vnaskt shalt haue.

Ouer my altars hath he hung his launce, His battred shield, his vncontrolled crest, And for my sake hath learnd to sport and daunce, To coy, to wanton, dally, smile and iest, Scorning his churlish drum, and ensigne red, Making my armes his field, his tent my bed.

Thus he that ouer-ruld, I ouerlwaied,
Leading him prisoner in a red rose chaine:
Strong tepred steele his stronger strength obcied,
Yet was he scruile to my coy distaine.
Oh be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For maistring her that sold the God of fight.
Touck

What am I, that thou shouldst contemne methis? Or what great danger dwels vpon my sute? What were thy lips the worse for one poore kisses, Speak faire, but speake faire words, or els be mute: Giue me one kisse, Ile giue it thee againe, And one for intrest, is thou wilt haue twaine.

Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as fteele?

Nay more then flint, for ftone at raine relenteth.

Art thou a womans fonne, and canft not feele

What tis to loue, how want of loue tormenteth?

O had thy mother borne fo bad amind,

She had not brought forth thee, but died vnkind.

The fun that shines from heauen shines but warm, And loc I lie betweene that funne and thee:
The heate I haue from thence doth little harme,
Thine eye darts foorth the fire that burneth mee,
And were I not immortall, life were done,
Betweene this heauenly and earthly fun.

VENVS AND ADONIS,
Ayme(quoth Venus)young, and so vnkinde,
What bare excuses mak'ft thou to be gon?
Isefigh celeftiall breath, whose gentle winde,
Shall coole the heat of this descending sun:
Ile make a shadowe for thee of my heares,
If they burne too, Ile quéch thé with my teares.

VENUS AND ADONIS,

Torches are made to light, iewels to weare,
Dainties to tafte, firsh beauty for the vie,
Hearbs for their finel, and sappy plants to beare,
Things growing to themselues, are grouths abuse Seeds spring fro seeds, & beauty breadeth beauty,
Thou wert begot, to get it is thy duty.

Vpon the earthes increase why shouldst thou seed.
Vnlesse the earth with thy increase be seed?
By lawe of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may liue, when thou thy selfe art dead:
And so in spight of death thou dost surumes.
In that thy likenesse still is left aline.

By this the loue-ficke Queene began to sweate, For where they lay the shadowe had for soke they And Tytan tired in the midday heat, With burning eye did hotly ouerlooke them, Wishing Adons had his teame to guide, So he were like him, and by Venus side.

And now Adon's with a lazie sprite,
And with a heauic, darke, dissliking eye,
His lowring browes, orewhelming his faire sight,
Like missie vapours when they blot the skie,
Sowring his cheekes, cries sie, no more of loue,
The sun doth burne my face, I must remoue.

SEESTANTE SEESTANTE

V F,

William Shakespeare.

Your Honours in all duty,

nener after eare so barren a land, for feare it yeelde mee still so bada harnest, I leane it to your Howardble survey, and your Honour to your bearts content: which I wish may alwaies answere your own wish, and the worlds hopeful expectation.

The Epiffle



VENVS AND ADONIS.

Rose-cheekt Adonis hied him to the chase:
Hunting he lou'd, but loue he laught to scorne,
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amaine vnto him,
And like a bold fac't surer gins to woo him.

Thrife fairer then my selfe (thus she began)
The fields chiefe flower, sweete aboue compare,
Staine to all Nymphes, more louely then a man,
More white and red, then doues, or roses are:
Nature that made thee with her selfe at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

Vouchsafe thou wonder to alight thy steede,
And raine his proud head to the saddle bowe:
If thou wilt daine this fauour, for thy meede
A thousand hony secrets shalt thou know:
Here come and sit, where neuer serpent hisses,
And being set, He smother thee with kisses.
And

And cals it heauenly moyfure, aire of grace, Withing her cheeks were gardens ful of flowres, So they were dew d with fuch diffilling flowres. Forft to content, but neuer to obey, Panting he lies, and breathing in her face: She feedeth on the steame, as on a prey,

Til either gorge be ftuft, or prey be gone: Euen so she kilt his brow, his cheeke, his cluin, Tires with her beake on feathers, fielh and bone, And where the ends, the doth anew begin. Shaking her wings, denouring all in halt, Euen as an empty Eagle sharpe by fast,

What followes more, she murthers with a kisse. He burns with bashfull shame, she with her teares Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheekes: Then with her windy fighes, and golden heares, To fan and blow them drie againe the feekes. He faith, the is immodelt, blames her mille,

Now doth the stroke his cheek, now doth he frown And kiffing speaks, with luftful language broke, If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall neuer open. And gins to chide, but foone fine flops his lips, Each leaning on their elbowes and their hips, So foone was the along, as he was downe,

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Editorial Statement and Permissions

*Note: This work in octavo format requires that each sheet be Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis (1599) folded three times.

English majors Carlos Salazar, Kaitlyn Blake, and Jordan Kee in This Digital Book was edited and produced by undergraduate collaboration with the Publications Unit at

Illinois State University in Bloomington-Normal, Illinois. 2020.

This book is licensed under the Creative Commons Attribution-Share Alike 4.0 International License (CC BY-SA 4.0)

Folger Copy
This edition of Venus and Adonis (1599) was created from digital images of

Folger Shakespeare Library, STC 22358a

Venus and Adonis. Imprinted at London. -Ilina in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Greyhound, 1599 Signatures: A-C8 D4 (-D4+).

Shakespeare in Sheets Editing In the process of editing this book, catchwords that were cropped have been replaced in a modern typeface and placed in brackets to the have left D1 blank. This edition uses a full sheet for D1-D8, so heaves D4-D8 remain blank. We have added signatures in brackets to assist with folding the D sheet. These blank sheets at the end of the book can be removed after folding, if the user wishes. The Folger Hamnet catalogue indicates that this copy of *Venus and Adonis* is bound with STC 22341.8 and three other texts in a contemporary vellum binding. This copy at the Folger is imperfect. It is missing leaves D1 and D4 (blank?). Leaf D3 was damaged and has been repaired.

the use of digital images under their Creative Commons License, Acknowledgements are due to the Folger Shakespeare Library for Attribution-ShareAlike 4.0 International (CC BY-SA 4.0). Acknowledgements

The digital images used to make this book can be accessed at https://luna.folger.edu/luna/servlet/s/au9v04

https://about.illinoisstate.edu/shakespeareinsheets/ For more Shakespeare in Sheets projects, see

> The mightst thou paule, for the I were not for thee: Thick fighted, barren, leane, and lacking juyce, Ill nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice, Were I hard fauoured, foule, or wrinkled old, But having no defects, why doft abhor mee? Oreworne, despised, reumatique and cold,

Fair flowers, that are not gathred in their prime, Shewes thee varipe, yet main thou well be tafted, Rot and consume themselves in little time. Beauty within it selfe should not be wasted: Make vse of time, let not aduantage slip, The tender spring vpon thy tempting lip

Loue keepes his reuels where there be but twain: Neuer can blab, nor know nor what we meane. Be bold to play, our foort is not in fight, These blew-veind violets whereon we leane, Art thou asham'd to kisse? then winke againe, And I will winke, so shall the day seeme night.

What feeft thou in the ground? hold vp thy heade Looke in mine eye-bals where thy beauty lies, Touch but my lips with those faire lips of thine, Then why not lips on lips, fince eyes in eyes? hough mine be not so faire, yet are they red, The kiffe shall be thine owne as well as mine,

VENVS AND ADONIS

VENUS AND ADONIS.

To shelter thee from tempest and from raine: Then be my deere, fince I amsuch a parke, Round rifing hillocks, brakes obscure and rough, Sweere bottom graffe, and high delightful plaine, Within this limit is reliefe inough, No dog shall rouze thee, though a though bark.

He might be buried in a tombe fo fmple: At this Adon's smiles, as in disdaine, Loue made those hollowes: fhimselse were staine, That in each cheeke appeares a prettie dimple, Why there loue liu'd, & there he could not die, Foreknowing well if there he came to lie,

Strooke dead at fift, what needs a fecond striking? Being mad before, how doth the now for wits? Opend their mouthes to swallow Venus liking: These lovely caves, these round inchaunting pits, Poore Queene of loue, in thine own law forlorn, To loue a cheeke that imiles at thee in feorne.

And from her twining armes doth vige releafing: Her words are don, her woes the more increasing, Now which way shall she turne? what shall we say? The time is spert, her obicet will away, Pitue she cries, some fauour, some remorie, Away he iprings, and hafteth to his horic.

Torches is thine owne heart to thine owne face affected? Stealethine own freedome, & complain of theft. And died to kiffe his shadow in the brooke. Can thy right hand seize loue vpon thy left? Then wooe thy felfe, be of thy felfe reiefted: Narciffus so himselfe himselse forsooke,

Witnesse this primrose banke whereon I lie, (me: Two firegthles doues wil draw me through the fky ero morne til night, euen where I lift to Iport me. These forceless showers like sturdie trees support That thou shouldst thinke it heavie ynto thee? Is loue fo light, tweete boy, and may it be,

Or like a Fairie, trip vpon the greene, Or like a nymph, with long difficueled heare Dance on the fandes, and yet no footing sene. Loue is a spirit all compact of fire, Not groffe to finke, but light and will aspire. Bid me discourse, I will inchant thine eare,

My beauty as the spring doth yearely grow, My flesh is soft and plumbe, my marrow burning, My smooth moist had, were it with thy had felts. Would in thy palme diffolue or feeme to melt. Mine eyes are grey & bright, & quick in turning, Thou canst not see one wrinckle in my brow, ADONIS. VENVS AND

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Thing like a man, but of no woman bred: Statue contenting but the eye alone, Well painted idol, image, dull and dead, Fie, liuelesse picture, cold and senselesse stone, For men will kisse euen by their own direction, Thou art no man, though of a mans coplexion,

This faid, impatience chokes her pleading tong, Being judge in loue, the cannot right her cause.
And now the weeps, & now the fain wold speak, Red cheekes and firie eyes blafe forth her wrong, And swelling passion doth prouoke a pause, And now her fobs do her intendments breake.

Now gazeth the on him, now on the ground: Sometimes the thakes her head, & then his hand, Sometimes her armes infold him like a band, She would, he will not in her armes bee bound, She locks her lillie fingers one in one. And when from thence he struggles to be gone,

Within the circuite of this inory pale, Feede where thou wilt on mountaine or in dale, Fondling, the faith, fince I haue heind thee heere He be the parke, and thou fhalt be my deere, Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie. Graze on my lips, and if those hilles be drie,

> Backward she pusht him, as ine would be thrust, And gouernd him in firegth, though not in luft. Nimbly the faftens, (O how quicke is loue!) The fludded bridle on a ragged bough, The steed is stalled vp, and even now To tie the rider the begins to proue:

She red and hot, as coles of glowing fire Who blusht and pouted in a dull distaine, Ouer one arme the lustie courfers raine, He red for shame, but frosty in desire. With leaden appetite, vnapt to toy: Vnder her other was the tender boy,

Earths foueraigne falue, to do a goddeffe good: Being fo enrag d, defire doth lend her force, Couragioufly to plucke him from his horfe. And trembling in her passion calles it balme, With this she seizeth on his sweating palme, The prefident of pith and liuelihood,

A fummers day will feeme an houre but fhort, Making them red, and pale, with fresh varietie: Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport. And yet not cloy thy lips with loth'd fatietie, VENVS AND ADONIS, But rather familh them amid their plenty, Ten killes short as one, one long as twenty

TO THE RIGHT RY WRIOTHESLIE EARLE HONORABLE HENERAL SERVICE of Southampton, and Baron of Titchfield. HEN-

Hmy unpolishe lines to your Lordship, nor how the worlde wil senfure me for chooling so how I shall offed in dedicating Ight Honorable, I know not

O vone to take aduantage of all idle hours till but pleased, I account my selfe bigbly praised, med, I shalbe sory it had so noble a godfather, meake aburthenionly if your Honeur seems But if the first heir of my innerio proue defor-I have honoured you with some graver labor. strong a proppe to support so

For through his mane & taile, the high wind fings, Fanning the hairs, who wane like fethred wings. And where he run or flie, they know not whether. Sometime he fouds far off, and there he stares, To bid the wind a base he now prepares, Anon he starts at stirring of a feather:

High creft, short ears, straightlegs, & passing strog, Round hooft, floort iointed, fetlocks shag & long, Broad breast, full cie, small head, and noftrill wides Looke what a horse should haue, he did not lack Thin mane, thick taile, broad butrock, tender hide, Saue a proud rider on fo proud a back.

His Arte with Natures workmanshippe at strife, Looke when a Painter would furpaffe the life, In shape, in courage, colour, pale and bone. In limming out a well proportioned fleede, So did this horfe excell a common one, As if the dead the liuing should exceede:

For nothing elfe with his proud fight agrees. He fees his loue, and nothing elfe hee fees: What recketh he his riders angry flur, For rich caparifons, or trapping gay? His flattering holla, or his fland I fay,

What cares he now, for curbe, or pricking fpur,

ADON15. VENVS AND

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Once more the ruby-coloured portall opend, Which to his speech did hony passage yeeld, Wracke to the fea-man, tempest to the field, Like a red morne that euer yet betokend Gust & foule slawes to heardmen & to heards, Sorrow to the sheepheards, woe vnto the birds,

Or as the berry breakes before it staineth; Euen as the winde is husht before it raineth, Or as the woolfe doth grin before he barketh, This ill prefage aduitedly the marketh, His meaning thrucke her, ere his words begun, Or like the deadly bullet of a gunne,

For lookes killoue, and loue by lookes remueth: But bleffed bankrout that by loue fo thriugth: And at his looke the flatly falleth downe, A imile recures the wounding of a frowne, Claps her pale cheeke, til clapping makes it red: The filly boy belceuing the is dead,

Which cunning loue did wituly preuent, Faire-fall the witthat can to well defend her: For sharpely he did thinke to reprehend her And in a maze brake of his lare intent, Till his breath breatheth life in her againe. For on the grafte the lies as the were flaine,

> The picture of an angry chasing Boare,
> Vnder whose sharpe tangs, on his back doth lie,
> An image like thy selfe, all stande with gore,
> Whose bloud vpon the fresh flowres being shed, Dorh make the droop with griefe & hag the hed. And more then fospresenteth to mine eye,

That Sectimes true news, somtime false doth bring, Knocks at my heart, and whifpers in mine care, That if I loue thee, I thy death should feare. This canker that eates vp loues tender spring, This foure informer, this bare-breeding spie, This carry-tale, diffentious icalousie,

Distempering gentle loue with his defire, And in a peacefull houre doth cry,kill,kill, As aire and water doth abate the fire. Doth call himfelfe affections centinell, Giues false alarms, suggestech mutinie,

My boding heart pants, beats, & takes no rest, But like an earthquake shakes thee on my brest, Sawest thou not fignes of feare lurk in myne cie? Didft thou not marke my face? was it not white? Grewe I not faint? and fell I not downe right? For where loue raignes, diffurbing lealouse Within my bosome, whereon thou dost lie,

VENVS AND ADONIS.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

He wrings her nofe, he firikes her on the checkes, He chafes her lips, a thouland wates he feekes, He bends her fingers, holds her pulles hard, To mend the hurt that his vnkindnesse mard: Will neuer rife, so he will kisse her still. He kiffes her, and the by her good will,

He cheeres the morne, & all the world relieueth: And as the bright funne glorifies the skie, Her two blew windowes faintly the vpheaueth, The night of forrow now is turnd to day, lke the faire funne, when in his fresh array, So is her face illumind with her eye.

Were neuer foure such lamps togither mixt, Whose beames upon his hairclesse face are fixt, Had not his clouded, with his brows repine. (light) As if from thence they borrowed all their thine: Shone like the Moone in water feene by night, But hirs, which through the crystal tears gauc

Do I delight to die, or life defire? What houre is this, or morne, or weary cuen? Or in the Ocean drencht, or in the fire? O where am I (quoth the)in earth or heauen, But now I di'd, and death was hyely ioy. But now I liu'd, and life was deaths annoy,

Say,shali we,shali wee,wilt thou make the match? Tell me loues mafter, shall wee meete to morrow? For my fick heart commands mine eyes to watch. He tels her no, to morrow he intends,

The poore foole praies her that he may depart: Bids h im farewell, and looke well to her heart For pittie now, she can no more detaine him, The which, by Cupids bow she doth protest, She is refolu'd no longer to reftraine him,

What though the rose haue pricks, yet is it pluckt: Foule words and frownes must not repel a louer. Yet loue breaks through, & picks the all at last. When he did frown, o had the then gaue ouer, Were beautie under twenty locks kept fast, Such nectar from his lips the had not fuckt.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Now quicke defire hath caught his yeelding prey, Paying what ransome the multer willeth: Her hppes are conquerers, his lips obey, And glutton like shee feedes, yet neuer filleth, Whose vultur thought doth pitch the price so hy, That she will draw his lips rich treature dry.

Her face doth reek & smoke, her bloud doth boile, And carelesse lust strices vp a desperate courage: And having felt the sweetenesse of the spoyle, With blindfolde surie she beginnes to forrage, Planting oblinion, beating reason backe, Forgetting shames pure blush, & honors wrack,

Or as the fleet foot Roe that's tyr'd with chasing, Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing, Or like the froward infant fild with dandling, Like a wild bird, beingtam d with to much hadling While the takes all the can, not all the lifeth. He now obeyes, and now no more relifteth

What wax fo frozen but diflolues with remprings And yeelds at last to every light impressioni Chiefly in loue, whose leaue exceeds commission; Things out of hope, are compast oft with vetting, But the wooes best, whe most his choise is froward Affection faints not like a pale fac t coward,

Like lawne being spread vpon the blushing rose, Vsurps her checkes, she tremoles at his tale, And on his neck her yoking armes the throwes, She finketh downe full hanging on his necke, He on her belly falles, the on her backe.

To hunt the Boare with certaine of his friends. The Boare(quoth she) whereat a sodaine pale,

Giue me my had (faith he) why dost thou feele it?

Gue me my heart (faith she)& thou shalt haue it.

O giue it me, leaft thy hard heart doe steeleit,

And being steeld, soft fighs can neuer graue it

Then loues deepe groanes I neuer shall regard,

Because Adoris heart hath made mine hard.

Though nothing but my bodies bane would cure

My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound. For one sweet looke thy helpe I would assure thee,

Once more the engin of her thoughts began,

O fairest moouer of this mortall round, Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,

This beautious combat wisful, and willing, Shew'd like to filuer doues that fit a billing.

So white a friendingirts so white a fo:

Sweere boy, she faies, this night ile wast in sorrow? He carries thence incaged in his breft.

VENVS AND ADONIS

ADONIS. AND VENVS

Oh what a war of lookes was then between them!

His eyes saw her eyes, as they had not seene them,

Her eyes petitioners to his eyes fuing,

Her eies wooed full, his eyes difdaind the wooing

And all this dumbe play had his acts made plain,

With reares which Chorus-like her eyes did raine,

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,

A Lillie prifond in a gaile offnow, Or Iuory in an Alablafter band,

VENUS AND ADONIS.

I pray you hence, and leaue me heere alone. And tis your fault, I am bereft him fo, My daies delight is past, my horse is gone, For shame he cries, let goe, and let me goe, Is how to get my Palfrey from the mare. for all my minde, my thought, my bufie care

Welcomes the warme approach of weet defire. Thus the replies, thy Palfrey as he fould, Affection is a cole that must be coold, Else suffred it will set the heart on fire. Therfore no maruell though thy horse be gone. The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none.

But when he law his loue, his youthes faire tee, How like a lade he stoode tied to a tree, He held such pettie bondage in disdaine. Seruilely maified with a letherne raine! Enfranching his mouth, his backe, his brest. Throwing the bale thong fro his bending creat,

But when his glutton eye so full hath fed, Teaching the sheetes a whiter hew then white His other agents aime at like delight? Who feekes his true loue in her naked bed, Who is so faint, that dares not be so bold To touch the are, the weather being cold

L

fnielling Being nurse and feeder of the other foured Would they not wish the feast should ener last, And bid fulpicion double locke the doore? Leaft icaloufie that foure vnwelcome gueft, Should by his stealing in, disturbe the feast. But oh what banquet wert thou to the tafte,

Comes breath persum'd, that breedeth loue by For from the stillitory of thy face excelling, And that I could not see, nor heare, nor touch, And nothing but the very smell were left mee, \$ay that the sense of seeling were bereft me, Yet would my loue to thee be still as much.

Earths deepe sweet musicke, and hearts deep fore Though neither eyes nor ears, to heare nor see Or were I deafe, thy outward parts would moue, Had I no eyes but eares, my eares would loue Yet fhould I be in loue by touching thee. Each part in me, that were but fenfible. That inward beauty and inuifible:

What, canst thou talk (quoth she) hast thou a tong? Thy mermaids voice hath done me double wrog: Melodious discord, heauenly tune harsh souding, I had my load before, now prest with bearing, O would thou hadft not, or I had no hearing.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

WENVS AND ADONIS.

He lookes vpon his loue, and neighs vnto her, She puts on outward ftrangenefle, leemes vnkin She answeres him as if the knew his mind, Being proud, as temales are, to lee him woocher, Beating his kind embracements with her heeles, Spurnes at his loue, & scornes the heat hefceles,

He stampes and bites the poore flies in his sume Coole shadow to his melting buttocks lent. He vailes his taile: that, like a falling plume, Then like a melancholy male content, Grewekinder, and his fury was allwag'd. His love perceiving how he is enrag'd,

His reaftie mailter goeth about to take him, When lo, the vnbackt breeder full of feare, With her the horie, and left Adonu there; Outstripping crowes, that It iue to ouerly them, lealous of catching, swiftly doth for take him, As they were mad vnto the wood they hie them,

That loue-ficke Loue, by pleading may be bleft, For louers fay, the heart hath trebble wrong, And now the happy featon once more hts Banning his boyftrous and vnruly beaft; All swolne with chasing, downe Adoniu fits, When it is bard the aidance of the tong.

> Are they not quickly rold, and quickly gone? Say for non paimet that the debt should double, A thousand kisses buies my heart from me, Is twenty thouland kisses such a trouble? And pay them at thy lessure one by one. What is ten hundred touches vnto thee?

Which purchase if thou make, for seare of slips Pure lips, sweete seales, in my soft lips imprinted, So thou wilt buy, and pay, and vie good dealing: What bargaines may I make full to be scaling? Set thy feale manuell on my wax-red lips. To sell my selfe I can be well contented,

To driue infection from the dangerous yeare, That the star-gazers having writ on death, May say the plague is banisht by thy breath. Long may they kiffe each other for this cure, And as they laft, their verdure still endure, Oh neuer let their crimfon liueries weare,

That they have murdred this poore heart of mine And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen, Hath taught then scornfull tricks, & such distain, Thy eyes shiewd tutor, that hard heart of thine, But for thy pitious lips no morehad feene. O thou didft kill mee, kill me once againe,

VENVS AND ADONIS.

VENVS AND ADONIS,

His fnout digs sepulchres where ere he goes, Being mou'd, he strikes, what ere is in his way, Of briftly pikes, that euer threate his foes, On his bow backe, he hath a battell fet, His eyes like glow-worms shine whe he doth fiet, And whom he strikes, his crooked tushes slay.

Being irefull, on the Lion he will venter, His short thick necke can not be easly harmed, Are better proofe the thy spears point can enter, His brawny fides with hairy briftles armed, The thorny brambles and embracing bushes, As scarefull of him, part, through who he rushes.

Whose full perfection all the world amazes: Nor thy foft hands, sweete lips, and crystall cyne, Alas, he nought effeemes that face of thine, To which loues eyes paies tributary gazes, Would root these beauties, as he roots the mead. But having thee at vantage (wonderous dread!)

O let him keepe his loathsome cabbin full: Come not within his danger by thy will, Beauty hath naught to do with fuch foule fiends. They that thrine wel, take counfell of their frieds. Whe thou didft name the boare, not to diffeble, Iscard thy fortune, and my roynts did tremble.

The heaucnly moysture that sweete corall mouth, Whereon they furfet, yet complaine on droughth. He with her plenty preft, she faint with dearth, Whose precious rafte, her thirstie lips well knew, Till breathleffe he diffoynd, and backward drew Their lips togither glew'd, fall to the earth.

Her armes do lend his neck a sweere embrace, Good night (quoth she) and ere he faies adue, Now let me say good night, and so say you, Ifyou will fay fo, you shall have a kisse, The hony fee of parting tendred is;

Incorporat thé they feeme, face growes to face,

The fheepe are gone to fold, birds to their neft, The cole-black clouds that shadow heaues light, The owle (nights herald) threekes, tis very late, Looke, the worlds comforter with weary gate, Do summon vs to part and bid Good night. His daies hot taske hath ended in the Weft,

Faire Queene (quothhe) if any loue you owe me, The mellow plum doth fal, the grene flicks faft. Measure my strangenesse with my vnripe yeares: Before I know my selfe, seeke not to know mec, No fisher but the vngrowne frie forbeares, Or being early pluckt, is fowre to taft.

AND ADONIS. VENVS

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Now is the in the very lifts of loue, All is imaginarie the doth proouc, Her champion mounted for the hot incounter, He will not manage her, although he mount her, To clip Elizium, and to lacke her ioy. That worse then Tantalus is her annoy,

As those poore birds, that helplesse berries saws Euen so the languisheth in her mishappes, Euen so poore birds, decein'd with painted grapes, Do surfet by the eye, and pine the maw, She feekes to kindle with continual kiffing. The warm effects which the in him finds milling,

Shee's loue, the loues, and yet the is not lou'd Her pleading hath deferu'd a greater fee, But all in vaine, good Queene, it will not be, She hath affai'd as much as may be prou'd, You have no reason to withhold me so. Fie, he faies, you cruth me, let me go,

O be aduif d, thou knowst not what it is, Thou hadft bin gon (quoth fne) lweet boy erethis With iauclins point a churlish swine to goare: But that thou roldst me, thou woldst hut the boar Whose tushes never sheath'd he whetteth still, Like to a mortall butcher bent to kill. Õ

Difmisse your vows, your fained tears, your flattry:

For where a heart is hard, they make no battry

Remoone your stege from my vnyeelding heart,

To loues alarm it will not ope the gate:

And Jeauc this idle theame, this bootleffe chat,

You hurt my hand with wringing, let vs part,

They wither in their prime, proue nothing worth: The colt that's backt and burthend being yong, Who weares a garment shapelesse and vnfinishts Who plucks the bud before one leafe put forth? Loofeth his pride, and neuer waxeth ftrong. Iffpringing things be any ior diminifit,

That laughes, & weeps, & all but with a breath, I know not loue (quoth he) nor will not know it, Tis much to borrowe, and I will not oweit, My loue to loue, is loue but to difgrace it: Vnlesse it be a Boare, and then I chaseit. For I haue heard it is a life in death

Let me excuse thy course game -/, And learne of him I heartily beseech thee, (thee, Though I were dumbe, yet his proceedings teach O learne to loue, the lefton is but plaine, And once made perfect, neuer lost againe. To take aduantage on prefented ioy,

ADONIS. VENVS AND

VENVS AND ADONIS

Free vent of words loues fire doth allwage: So of concealed for row may be faid Burneth more horly, swelleth with more rage: An Ouen that is stopt; or river staid, But when the hearts Atturney once is mute, The elyent breakes, as delperate in his fifte.

And with his bonnet hides his angry brow, He fees her comming, and begins to glowe, Euen as a dying coale reusues with winde, Lookes on the dull earth with difturbed minde: For all askance he holds her in his cie, Taking no notice that the is to nie,

To note the fighting conflict of her hew, How the came fealing to the wayward boy, O what a fight it was wiftly to viewe: How white and red each other did deftroy: It fiasht forth fire, as lightning from the skie. But now her cheek was pale, and by and by

And like a lowly louer downe the kneeles, With one faire hand the heaueth vp his hat, Now was she just before him as he fat, Her other tender hand his faire checke feeles: As apt as new faine snowe takes any dint. His tender cheeks reuiues her loft hands print, 0

To make the cunning hounds mistake their finell, And sometime where earth-deluing conies keepe, sometime he runnes among the flock of sheepe, And sometime sorteth with a heard of deere, Danger deuiseth shifts, wit waites on seare, To ftop the loud purfuers in their yell

Marke the poore wretch, to ouerflut his troubles How he out-runs the winde, and with what care, Purfue thefe feareful creatures o're the downes, And on thy well breath'd horfe keepe with thy and when thou haft on foote the purblind Hare, He crankes and croffes with a thousand doubles: The many musits through the which he goes, But if thou needs wilt hunt be rul'd by me, Are like a labyrinth t'amaze his foes, Or at the Roe, which no incounter dare, Vacouple at the timorous flying Hare, Or at the Fox which lines by subtiltie,

The thought of it doth make my faint hart bleedes If thou encounter with the boare to morrow. VENVS AND ADONIS. prophecie thy death, my liuing forrow, What should I doe? seing thee so indeede, And seare doth teach it diumation; That trembling at th'imagination,

VENVS AND ADONIS.

How loue makes young men thral, & old me dote, How loue is wife in folly, foolith wittie: And fings extemp rally a wofull dittie She marking them, begins a wailing note, And still the quier of ecchoes answere so. Her heavie antheme still concludes in wo.

Her long was tedious, and our-wore the night, In fuch like circumstance, with such like sport For louers houres are long, though feeming short, If pleased themselues, others they thinke delight End without audience, and are neuer done. Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,

Soothing the humour of fantastick wits: Buridle foundes refembling paralites, Like shrild tongu'd Tapsters answering every call, For who hath the to spend the night withall, And would fay after her, if she said no. She faid, tis fo, they answere all tis so,

From his mort cabinet mounts vp on high, And wakes the morning, fro whole filter breft The funne arifeth in his maiefty, Loe here the gentle Larke, wearie of reft, That Cedar tops and hils feeme burnisht gold. Who doth the world fo glorioufly behold,

> This mutinie each part doth so surprise, (cies, That fro their dark beds once more leape her Struggling for passage, earths foundation shakes, Which with cold terror doth mens minds cofould As when the winde imprifond in the ground, Whereat each tributary subject quakes,

To the diffosing of her troubled braine: Who bids them still confort with vgly night, And neuer wound the heart with lookes againe, Where they refigne their office and their light, By their fuggeffion, giues a deadly grone. Who like a king perplexed in his throne,

Shrinks backward in his shelly caue with paine, Or as the snaile, whose tender horns being hit, And there all smothered vp in shade doth sit, Into the deepe darke cabbins of her head Long after fearing to creepe forth againe: So at his bloudy viewe her eies are fled

Which seen, her eyes as murdred with the view, Likestars asham d of day, theselues withdrew, he graffe ftoopes not, the treades on it so light, The foule Boares conquest on her faire delight: As faulcons to the lure, away she slies, And in her hafte vnfortunately spies

VENUS AND ADONIS,

VENVS AND ADONIS.

O thou cleere God, and Patron of all light, Venus falutes him with this faire good morrow, Fro whom each lamp & shining star doth borrow The beautious influence that makes him bright, May lend thee light as thou doft lend to other. There liues a son, that suckt an earthly mother,

She hearkens for his hounds, and for his horne: Musing the morning is to much ore-worne, This faid, the hafteth to a mirtle groue, And yet the heares no tidings of her loue, And all in hafte she coasteth to the crie. Anon the heares them chant it luftily,

Some catch her by the necke, some kille her face, She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace, Some twinde about her thigh to make her stay: and as the runs, the bushes in the way, Hasting to seede her fawn hid in some brake. Like a milch Doe, whose swelling dugs do ake,

Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder, Whreath'd vp in fatall foldes just in his way, By this, fhe heares the hounds ar**e at a** bay The feare wherof dorh make him shake& shudder: Appalles her fenies, and her ipirit confounds. buen to the timorous yelping of the hounds,

By this, far off, the hears fome huntiman hallows A nurses song nere pleased her babe so well, For now reuiuing toy bids her retoyce, I histound of hope doth labour to expell: And flatters her, it is Adonis voice. The dry imagination she did follow,

Like many clouds cosusting for foule weather, But none is best, then joyne they altogither, Variable paffions throng her confrant wo, As ftruing who should best become her griefe; That every prefent forrow feemeth chiefe: All entertaind, each paffions labour fo,

Both cryftals, where they viewd each others for ow, Sighs drie her cheeks,teares make the wet again. O how her eies and teares did lend and borrow? But like a stormie day, now winde now raine, Her eies seene in the teares, teares in her eye, Sorrow, that friendly fighs fought still to dry:

In the sweete channell of her bosome dropt (rain, But through the flud-gates breakes the filuer he crystall tide, that from her two cheeks faire, And with his strong course opens them againe. She vaild her eye-lids, who like sluces stope Here ouercome, as one full of despaire,

VENVS AND ADONIS.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

To stiffe beauty, & to steale his breath? (meane Grim-grinning ghost, earths worm what dost thou Hatefull dinorce of loue (thus chides the death) Hard fauoured tyrant, vgly, meagre leane, Who when he liu'd, his breath and beauty fet Glosse on the rose, smell to the violet.

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

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

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

> Seeming to bury that posteritie, Which by the rights of time thouneeds must have, ŝ If fo, the world will hold thee in diffaine, Sith in thy pride, so faire a hope is flaine. If thou destroy them not in their obscuritie? What is thy bodie but a swallowing graue,

Be prodigalithe lange, that burnes by mght, Dries vp his oyle, to lend the world his light, And barren death of daughters and of sonnes, Loue-lacking Vestals, and selfe louing Nuns, That on the earth would breede a scarcity, Therefore despight of fruitlesse chastitie,

Whereat th imperial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the fudden wasted, thaw'd and done,
As mountain snow melts, with the midday sun, But in one minutes fight brings beauty vnder; Both fauour, fauour, hew, and qualities, And nor the least of all these maladies,

Surfets, impostumes, griefe & damn'd despaire Sweare natures death for framing thee so faire, As burning feauers, agues, pale and faint, Life-poil ning peltilence, and frenzies wood, The marrow-eating sicknesse, whose attaint Diforder breedes by heating of the bloud:

VENVS AND ADONIS,

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Or theirs whose desperate hands theselues do slay, So in thy felfe, thy felfe art made away, Orbutchers fire, that reaues his sonne of life: A mischiefe worse then civill home-bred strife, But gould that s put to vse more gold begets. Foule cankring rust the hidden treasure frets:

And all in vaine you ftriue against the streame. Into your idle ouer-handled theame: Nay then quoth(Adon) you will fall againc Your treatile makes me like you worfe& worfe. The kiffe I gaue you is bestow'd in vaine,

liloue haue lent you twenty thousand tongues, For by this black-fac't night, defires foule nourfe, et from mine care the tempting tune is blowne. sewitching like the wanton mermaides longs, and enery tongue more mouing then your ownes And will not let a falle found enter there, For know my heart stands armed in min**e c**are_a

In his bed-chamber to be bard of rest: And then my little heart were quite vidoone into the quiet closure of my breaft, least the deceauing harmony should run But foundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone. No Lady no, my heart longs not to grone,

That al the neighbour caues, as feeming troubled, Ay mee shee cries, and twenty times woe, wo, and now she beates her heart: whereat it grones, And twenty ecchoes twentie times trie so. Passion on passion deepely is redoubled: Make verbal repetition of her mones,

Their light blowne out in fome miftruffull wod: Hauing loft the faire discouery of her way, Euen so confounded in the darke she lay, Hath dropt a pretious iewell in the flowd, Or 'ftonifht, as night wandrers often are, Whereat amaz'd, as one that vnaware,

Till the wilde waues wil haue him seene no more, Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend: Fold in the obiect that did feede her fight. Which after him the darts, as one on fhore, So did the mercilesse and pitchy night Gazing vpon a late embarked friend,

Of those faire arms which bound him to her breff, And homeward through the darke lawnes runs a Leaues loue vpon her back deepely diffrest: (pafe, Looke how a bright starre shooteth from the sky, With this he breaketh from the sweete embrace So glides he in the night from Venus eye:

VENVS AND ADONIS.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Ccasting their clamorous cry, til they have singled For there his finell with others being mingled, The hot sent snuffing hounds are driven to doubt, Then doo they spend their mouths, eccho replies, With much ado the cold fault cleanly out, As if another chale were in the skies.

By this, poore Wat far off vpon a hill Anon their loude alarums he doth heare, To hearken if his focs purfue him still: Stands on his hinder legs with liftning care, To one fore fick, that he ares the passing bell And now his griefe may be compared well,

Turne and returne, indenting with the way, Then shalt thou see the deaw-bedabbled wretch Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay. Each enuious brier his wearie legges doth/cratch, And being lowe, neuer releeu'd by any. For mifery is troden on by many,

Vnlike thy selfe thou hear'st me moralize, Nay do not struggle, for thou shalt not rife, Lie quietly, and heare a little more, To make thee hate the hunting of the Boare, Applying this to that, and so to so: For lone can comment ypon enery wo.

> Which madly hurries her, she knows nor whither This way the runs, and now the will no further, But back retires, to rate the boare for murther.

Like milk and bloud being mingled both togither,

• I fecond feare through all her finews spread, Whose frothy mouth bepainted all with red,

(more, And with that word she spi'd the hunted bore, Bids them leaue quaking, bids them feare no Till cheering vp her fenfes fore difmaide, She tels them us a causelesse phantasse, Thus stands she in a trembling extaste, And childish error that they are afraid

With cold-pale weaknesse nums each seeling part Like souldiers when their captaine once doth They basely fly, & dare not stay the field. (yeeld, Through which it enters to furprise her heart: Who ouercome by doubt and bloudlesse feare, This dismall cry rings sadly in her care,

But the blunt boare, rough beare, or lion proude; They all straine curtific who shal cope him first. VENVS AND ADONIS. Where fearefully the dogs exclaime aloude: For now she knowes it is no gentle chase, Because the cry remaineth in one place, Finding their enemie to be so curst,

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Be wreakt on him (inuifible commander) Tis he, foule creature, that hath done thee wrong, I did but act, he's author of thy flander: Tis not my fault, the boare prouokt my tong, Could rule them both, without ten womens wit. Griefe hath two tongues, and neuer woman yet

Her rath suspect the doth extenuare, With death she humbly doth infinuate; And that his beautic may the better thriue, Thus hoping that Adonis is aliue, His victories, his triumphs, and his glories. Tels him of trophies, statties, tombes & stories,

O Ioue (quoth the, how much a foole was I, fill mutuall ouerthrow of mortall kinde! fo waile his death who lines and must not dic, To be of fuch a weake and filly minde, And beauty dead, blacke Chaos comes againe. For he being dead, with him is beauty flaine,

Fie, fie, fond loue, thou art fo full of feare, Thy coward heart with falle bethinking greeues: frifies (vnwitneffed with eye,or eare) hs one with treasure laden, hemd with theeues, Whereat the leaps, that was but late for lorne. Euen at this word she heares a merry horne,

Hard

Wheron with feareful eyes they long have gazed, So the at these sad signes drawes vp her breath, Looke how the worlds poore people are amazed And fighing it againe, exclaimes on death: Infusing them with dreadfull prophecies:

Another flapmouth'd mourner black and grim

To whom she speaks, & he replies withhowling. Gainst venim'd forces the onely soueraign plaister, And here she meets another fadly scouling, Here kenneld in a brake the findes a hound, And askes the wearie catife for his maifter, And there another licking of his wound,

In hand with all things; nought at all effecting. A thousand spleenes beare her a thousand waies, She treades the path that the vntreades againe, Like the proceedings of a drunken braine, Full of respective nought at all respecting, Her more then hafte is mated with delaies,

VENVS AND ADONIS.

VENVS AND ADONIS,

Which her cheeke melts, as forming it shold paste Yet sometime falles an orient drop beside, Whereat her teares began to turne their tide, Being prison'd in her eye like pearles in glaffe, Who is but drunken when she seemeth drownd To wash the foule face of the sluttish ground,

Not to beleeue, and yet too credulous: O hard beleeuing loue, how firange it seemes! Despaire and hope makes thee ridiculous. Thy weale and woe, are both of them extreames, With likely thoughts the other kils thee quickly, The one doth flatter thee in thoughts vnlikelie,

Now the vnweaues the web that the hath wrought Now the ads honour to his hatefull name It was not she that cald him all to nought, Adonus lives, and death is not too blame: She clepes him king of graues, & graue for kings, Imperial supreame of all mortal things.

Which knowes no pittie, but is still seucres When as I met the boare that bloudy beaft, Yet pardon mee, I felt a kinde offeare, No,no(quoth she)sweete death, I did but leaft; I raild on thee, fearing my loues deceaile. Then gentle shadowe (truth I must confesse) 115

At apparitions, fignes, and prodigies,

Mine ears, that to your wanton talke attended,

My face is full of shame, my heart of teene:

More I could tell:but more I dare not fay.

The text is old, the Orator too greene. Therefore in fadnesse, now I will away, Do burne themselues for hauing so offended.

Clapping their proud tailes to the groud below, Shaking their fcratcht-eares, bleeding as they go. When he hath ceaft his ill refounding noife, Against the welkin vollies out his voice, Another, and another answere him,

oues gentle spring doth alwaies fresh remaine;

Loue comforteth like funshine after raine:

But lufts effect is tempest after sunne.

Lufts winter comes, ere summer halfe be done.

Loue furfets not: luft like a glutton dies.

Loue is all truth: luft full of forged lies.

Which the hor tyrant stains, & soone bereaues, Since sweating lust on earth vsurpt his name: Vnder whose simple semblance he hath sed, Vpon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame; Call it not loue, for loue to heauen is fled, As caterpillers doe the tender leaues.

That lends imbracements vnto euery stranger. What have you vrg'd that I cannot reprodue? The path is smooth that leadeth vnto danger. When reason is the bawd to lusts abuse. You do it for increase: htrange excuse! I hate not loue, but your deuise in loue,

ADONIS. VENVS AND

VENVS AND ADONIS

Where did I leave? No matter where (quoth hee) am(quoth hee)expected of my friends, And now tis darke, and going I shall fall: The night is spent: why what of that (quoth shee?) Leaue mee, and then the story aprly ends, In night (quoth she) desire sees best of all.

But if thou fall, oh then imagine this, Rich preyes make rich men theeues, so do thy lips The earth in loue with thee, thy footing trips, and all is but to rob thee of a kiffe: Leaft the thould fleale a kille & die forfworne. Make modest Diane cloudy and forlorne,

for ftealing moulds fro heaven that were divine, Now of this darke night I perceive the reason, ill forging Nature be condemn'd of treason, juibut for shame obscures her silver shine, Wherin the fram'd thee in hie heaues despight, To fname the funne by day, and her by night.

And pure perfection with impure defeature, lonungle beauty with infirmities To croffe the carious workmanship of Nature, and therefore hath the brib'd the deffinies, Ofmad mischances, and much miscry. Making it subject to the tyranny [As]

[The page is missing in the Folger copy of Venus and Adonis.] [Blank] [Di] [Blank] [D7]

[Blank]

[Blank] [Blank]

[Blank]

VENVS AND ALOKU

Teaching decrepit age to treade the measures, The fraring Ruffian shall it keepe in quiet, It shall be sparing, and too full of riot, Pluck down the rich, enrich the poore with trea-It shal be raging mad, and fillie milde, (sure Make the yong old, the old become a childe. (lures,

It shall suspect where is no cause of seare, And most deceiuing, when it seemes most iust:
Peruerse it shall be, where it shews most toward, It shall not feare where it should most mistrust, It shall be mercifull, and too seuere, Put feare to valour, courage to the coward.

A purple flower sprong vp checkred with white, Resembling well his pale checkes & the bloud, Was melted like a vapour from her fight, By this, the boy that by her fide lay kild, And in his bloud that on the ground lay spild, Which in roud drops vpo their whitenesse stood.

Nere fettled equally, too high or lowe; That all loues pleafure shall not match his wo. She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes, Where lo two lamps, burnt out, in darknesse lies, That you being dead, the day shold yet be light. With sweeres, that shall the sharpest sight beguile, Strike the wile dumb, & reach the foole to speak. The strongest body shall it make most weake, Wonder of time (quoth the) this is my spight, The bottome poyfon, and the top ore-straw'd Shee lookes vpon his lips, and they are pale, Two glaffes, where her felfe her felfe beheld, She takes him by the hand, and that is cold, Their vertue lost, wherein they late exceld, Find sweete beginning, but vnsauoury end, A thousand times, and now no more reflect: And shall be blasted in a breathing while, Since thou art dead, lo here I prophecie, As if he heard the wofull words the told, Sorrow on loue hereafter shall attend: It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud, She whispers in his eare a heautetale, And euery beauty robd of his effect; It shal be waited on with iealousie,

VENVS AND ADONIS.

It shall be cause ofwar, and dire events, Subject and seruile to all discontents, And fet diffension twixt the son and sire, As drie combustious matter is to fire: They, that lone best, their lone shall not enioy. Sith in his prime, death doth my loue destroy,

[D5]

[D6]

Meanes to immure her felfe, and not be feene FINIS

In her light chariot quickly is conuay de, (Queene Holding their course to Paphos, where their Their mittris mounted, through the Empty skies, And tokes her filuer doues: by whose swift aid Thus wearie of the world, away facthics,

but by a kulle thought to periwade him there. Heran ypon the boare with his sharpe speare, Tis true, tis true, thus was Adoni flaine, Who would not whet his teeth at him againe, Sheath'd vnaware his tuske in his foft groine, And noulling in his flanke, the louing fwine

With kiffing him I should have kild him first Had I beene tooth'd like him I must confesse,

But he is dead and neuer did he bleffe

My youth with his: the more I am accurft:

With this she falleth in the place she stood,

Ne're faw the beautious linery that he wore, Whose downeward eie still looketh for a grauc, But this foule, grim, and vrchin-fnouted boare, If he did fee his face, why then I know, He thought to kiffe him, & hath kild him fo. Witnesse the entertainement that he gaue:

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

VENUS AND ADONIS.

She bowes her head, the new-sprog floure to smel, She crops the stalke, and in the breach appearer Since he himfelfe is reft from her by death? Comparing it to her Adon's breath, And layes, within her bosome it shall dwell, VENUS AND ADONIS.

Green-dropping sap, which the copares to ter Poore floure (quoth she)this was thy fathers s And fo tis thine:but knowe it is as good (Sweet isfue of a more sweet smelling sire) To growe vnto himselfe was his desire, for euery little griefe to wet his eyes,

[Blank]

[Blank]

My throbbing heart shall rocke thee day & nir Thereshall not be one minute in an houre, Thou art the next of bloud, and tis thy right, Here was thy fathers bed, here is my breaft, To wither in my breaft, as in his bloud. Lowe in this hollow cradle take thy reft,"

Wherein I will not kiffe my fweet loves flowe

[Blank] [Blank]

[Blank]

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

[D8]

And staines her face with his congealed bloud.