

UNA AND THE LION.

ONE day, nigh weary of the irksome way,
From her unhasty beast she did alight;
And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay
In secret shadow, far from all men's sight;
From her fair head her fillet she undight,
And laid her stole aside: her angel's face,
As the great eye of Heaven, shined
bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place;
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortunéd, out of the thickest wood
A ramping lion rushéd suddenly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood:
Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have at once devoured her tender
corse:
But to the prey when as he drew more
nigh,
His bloody rage assuagéd with remorse,
And, with the sight amazed, forgot his
furious force.

Instead thereof he kissed her weary feet,
And licked her lily hands with fawning
tongue;
As he her wrongéd innocence did weat,
O how can beauty master the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
Whose yielded pride and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked
long,
Her heart 'gan melt in great compassion;
And drizzling tears did shed for pure
affection.

"The lion, lord of every beast in field,"
Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth
abate,
And mighty proud to humble weak does
yield,
Forgetful of the hungry rage, which late
Him pricked, in pity of my sad estate:—
But he, my lion, and my noble lord,
How does he find in cruel heart to hate
Her, that him lov'd, and ever most adored
As the god of my life? why hath he me
abhorred?"

Redounding tears did choke th' end of
her plaint,
Which softly echoed from the neighbour
wood;
And, sad to see her sorrowful constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;
With pity calmed, down fell his angry
mood.
At last, in close heart shutting up her
pain,
Arose the virgin born of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy palfrey got again,
To seek her strayéd champion if she might
attain.

The lion would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong
guard
Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still, when she slept, he kept both watch
and ward;
And, when she waked, he waited diligent,
With humble service to her will prepared:
From her fair eyes he took commandé-
ment,
And ever by her looks conceivéd her
intent.

SWEET IS THE ROSE.

SWEET is the rose, but grows upon a
brere;
Sweet is the juniper, but sharp his bough;
Sweet is the eglantine, but pricketh near;
Sweet is the firbloom, but his branches
rough;
Sweet is the cyprus, but his rind is tough;
Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;
Sweet is the broom flower, but yet sour
enough;
And sweet is moly, but his root is ill;
So, every sweet, with sour is tempered
still,
That maketh it be coveted the more:
For easy things that may be got at will
Most sorts of men do set but little
store.
Why then should I account of little pain,
That endless pleasure shall unto me
gain?

THE RED CROSS KNIGHT.

A GENTLE knight was pricking on the
plain,
Yclad in mighty arms and silver shield,
Wherein old dints of deep wounds did
remain,
The cruel marks of many a bloody field;
Yet arms till that time did he never wield:
His angry steed did chide his foaming bit,
As much disdainig to the curb to yield:
Full jolly knight he seem'd, and fair did sit,
As one for knightly guists and fierce en-
counters fit.

And on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge
he wore,
And dead, as living, ever him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For sovereign hope, which in his help he
had.
Right, faithful, true he was in deed and
word:
But of his cheer did seem too solemn sad:
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was
ydrad.

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
(That greatest glorious Queen of Faery
Lond)
To win him worship, and her grace to
have,
Which of all earthly things he most did
crave.
And ever, as he rode, his heart did yearn
To prove his puissance in battle brave;
Upon his foe, and his new force to learn;
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stern.

THE HERMITAGE.

A LITTLE lowly hermitage it was,
Down in a dale, hard by a forest's side,
Far from resort of people that did pass
In travel to and fro: a little wide
There was an holy chapel edifyde,
Wherein the hermit duly went to say
His holy things each morn and eventide;
Thereby a crystal stream did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountain welled forth
alway.

THE SEASONS.

So forth issued the Seasons of the year;
First lusty Spring, all dight in leaves and
flowers
That freshly budded, and new blossoms
did bear,
In which a thousand birds had built their
bowers,
That sweetly sung to call forth paramours;
And in his hand a javelin he did bear,
And on his head (as fit for warlike
stours)
A gilt engraven morion he did wear,
That as some did him love, so others did
him fear,

Then came the jolly Summer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock coloured green
That was unlined all, to be more light,
And on his head a garland well beseen
He wore, from which, as he had chafed
been,
The sweat did drop, and in his hand he
bore
A bow and shaft, as he in forest green
Had hunted late the libbard or the boar,
And now would bathe his limbs, with
labour heated sore.

Then came the Autumn, all in yellow
clad,
As though he joyed in his plenteous store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh,
full glad
That he had banished Hunger, which to-
fore
Had by the belly oft him pinched sore;
Upon his head a wreath, that was enroled
With ears of corn of every sort, he bore,
And in his hand a sickle he did hold,
To reap the ripened fruits the which the
earth had yold.

Lastly came Winter, clothed all in frize,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him
chill,
Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did
freeze,
And the dull drops that from his purpled
bill
As from a limbeck did adown distil;
In his right hand a tipped staff he held,

With which his feeble steps he stayed
still,
For he was faint with cold and weak with
eld
That scarce his loosed limbs he able was
to weld.

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THE TRUE WOMAN.

THRICE happy she that is so well assur'd  
Unto herself, and settled so in heart,  
That neither will for better be allur'd,  
Ne fears to worse with any chance to  
start,  
But like a steady ship doth strongly part  
The raging waves, and keeps her course  
aright ;  
Ne ought for tempest doth from it depart,  
Ne ought for fairer weather's false delight.  
Such self-assurance need not fear the  
spight  
Of grudging foes, ne favour seek of  
friends ;  
But in the stay of her own stedfast might,  
Neither to one herself or other bends.  
Most happy she that most assur'd doth  
rest,  
But he most happy who such one loves  
best.

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LOVE IN ABSENCE.

LIKE as the culver on the bared bough
Sits mourning for the absence of her
mate,
And in her songs sends many a wishful
vow
For his return, that seems to linger late ;
So I alone, now left disconsolate,
Mourn to myself the absence of my love,
And wandering here and there all deso-
late,
Seek with my plaints to match that
mournful dove.
Ne joy of ought that under heaven doth
hove
Can comfort me, but her own joyous
sight,
Whose sweet aspect both god and man
can move,
In her unspotted pleasance to delight :

Dark is my day whiles her fair light I
miss,
And dead my life, that wants such lively
bliss.

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THE GARDEN OF BEAUTY.

COMING to kiss her lips (such grace I  
found),  
Me seem'd I smelt a garden of sweet  
flow'rs,  
That dainty odours from them threw  
around,  
For damsels fit to deck their lovers'  
bow'rs.  
Her lips did smell like unto gilliflowers,  
Her ruddy cheeks like unto roses red,  
Her snowy brows like budded bella-  
moures,  
Her lovely eyes like pinks but newly  
spred,  
Her goodly bosom like a strawberry  
bed,  
Her neck like to a bunch of cullambines,  
Her breast like lilies ere their leaves be  
shed,  
Her nipples like young blossom'd jessa-  
mines :  
Such fragrant flow'rs do give most odo-  
rous smell,  
But her sweet odour did them all excel,

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THE POWER OF POETRY TO
CONFER FAME.

ONE day I wrote her name upon the
strand,
But came the waves and washed it away ;
Again I wrote it with a second hand,
But came the tide, and made my pains
his prey.
Vain man I said she, that doth in vain
assay
A mortal thing so to immortalize,
For I myself shall like to this decay,
And eke my name be wiped out likewise.
Not so, quoth I, let baser things devise
To die in dust, but you shall live by
fame :
My verse your virtues rare shall eternize,

And in the heavens write your glorious
name,
Where, when as Death shall all the world
subdue,
Our love shall live, and later life renew.

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ASTROPHEL (SIR PHILIP  
SIDNEY).

"WOODS, hills, and rivers, now are deso-  
lolate,  
Sith he is gone, the which them all did  
grace ;  
And all the fields do wail their widow  
state,  
Sith death their fairest flower did late  
deface :  
The fairest flower in field that ever grew  
Was Astrophel ; that was we all may rue.

"What cruel hand of cursed foe un-  
known  
Hath cropt the stalk which bore so fair a  
flower ?  
Untimely cropt, before it well were  
grown,  
And clean defaced in untimely hour ;  
Great loss to all that ever him did see,  
Great loss to all, but greatest loss to me.

"Break now your girlonds, O ye shep-  
herds' lasses !  
Sith the fair flower which them adorn'd  
is gone ;  
The flower which them adorn'd is gone  
to ashes,  
Never again let lass put girlond on :  
Instead of girlond wear sad cypress now,  
And bitter elder broken from the bough.

"Ne ever sing the love-lays which he  
made ;  
Who ever made such lays of love as  
he ?  
Ne ever read the riddles which he said  
Unto yourselves to make you merry glee :  
Your merry glee is now laid all abed,  
Your merry maker now, alas ! is dead.

"Death, the devourer of all world's  
delight,

Hath robbed you, and reft fro me my  
joy ;  
Both you and me, and all the world, he  
quite  
Hath robb'd of joyance, and left sad  
annoy.  
Joy of the world, and shepherds' pride,  
was he ;  
Shepherds, hope never like again to see.

"O Death ! that hast us of such riches  
reft,  
Tell us, at least, what hast thou with it  
done ?  
What is become of him whose flower here  
left  
Is but the shadow of his likeness gone ?  
Scarce like the shadow of that which he  
was,  
Nought like, but that he like a shade did  
pass.

"But that immortal spirit, which was  
deck'd  
With all the dowries of celestial grace,  
By sovereign choice from th' heavenly  
quires select,  
And lineally deriv'd from angels' race,  
O what is now of it become ? aread :  
Aye me ! can so divine a thing be dead :

"Ah ! no : it is not dead, ne can it die,  
But lives for aye in blissful paradise,  
Where like a new-born babe it soft doth  
lie  
In bed of lilies, wrapt in tender wise,  
And compass'd all about with roses  
sweet,  
And dainty violets from head to feet.

"There thousand birds, all of celestial  
brood,  
To him do sweetly carol day and night,  
And with strange notes, of him well un-  
derstood,  
Lull him asleep in angel-like delight ;  
Whilst in sweet dream to him presented  
be  
Immortal beauties, which no eye may see.

"But he them sees, and takes exceeding  
pleasure  
Of their divine aspects, appearing plain,

And kindling love in him above all measure;  
Sweet love, still joyous, never feeling pain:  
For what so goodly form he there doth see  
He may enjoy, from jealous rancour free.

"There liveth he in everlasting bliss,  
Sweet Spirit! never fearing more to die,  
Ne dreading harm from any foes of his,  
Ne fearing savage beasts' more cruelty,  
Whilst we here wretches wail his private lack,  
And with vain vows do often call him back,

"But live thou there still, happy, happy Spirit!  
And give us leave thee here thus to lament;  
Not thee that dost thy heaven's joy inherit,  
But our own selves, that here in dole are dreant.  
Thus do we weep and wail, and wear our eyes,  
Mourning in others our own miseries."

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THE BRIDAL DAY.

"Open the temple-gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillars deck with garlands trim,
For to receive this saint with honour due,
That cometh in to you.
With trembling steps and humble reverence
She cometh in before th' Almighty's view:
Of her, ye virgins! learn obedience,
When so ye come into these holy places,
To humble your proud faces.
Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endless matrimony make;
And let the roaring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord, in lively notes,
The whiles with hollow throats

The choristers the joyous anthems sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their echo ring.

"Behold whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
And blesses her with his two happy hands,
How red the roses flush up in her cheeks!
And the pure snow, with goodly vermilion stain,

Like crimson dy'd in grain,
That even the angels, which continually
About the sacred altar do remain,
Forget their service, and about her fly,
Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair

The more they on it stare;
But her sad eyes, still fast'ned on the ground,
Are governed with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one look to glance awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsound.

Why blush ye, Love! to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all your band?
Sing, ye sweet angels! Alleluia sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

"Now all is done: bring home the bride again,
Bring home the triumph of our victory:
Bring home with you the glory of her gain,

With joyance bring her, and with jollity.
Never had man more joyful day than this,
Whom Heaven would heap with bliss.
Make feast, therefore, now all this live-long day,

This day for ever to me holy is;
Pour out the wine without restraint or stay,

Pour not by cups, but by the belly-full:
Pour out to all that wull,
And sprinkle all the posts and walls with wine,
That they may sweat, and drunken be withal:

Crown ye god Bacchus with a coronal,
And Hymen also crown with wreaths of vine,
And let the Graces dance unto the rest,

For they can do it best,
The whiles the maidens do their carol sing,
To which the woods shall answer, and their echo ring.

"Ring ye the bells, ye young men of the town,
And leave your wonted labours for this day;
This day is holy; do you write it down,
That ye for ever it remember may.

* * * * *
"Now cease, ye damsels! your delights forepast,
Enough it is that all the day was yours;
Now day is done, and night is nighing fast,
Now bring the bride into the bridal bowers;

Now night is come, now soon her disarray,
And in her bed her lay;
Lay her in lilies and in violets,
And silken curtains over her display,
And odour'd sheets, and arras coverlets.
Behold how goodly my fair love does lie,
In proud humility;
Like unto Maia, when as Jove her took
In Tempe, lying on the flow'ry grass,
'T'wixt sleep and wake, after she weary was
With bathing in the Acidalian brook:
Now it is night, ye damsels may be gone,
And leave my love alone,
And leave likewise your former lays to sing;
The woods no more shall answer, nor your echo ring.

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[SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. 1554—1586.]

TO THE MOON.

WITH how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies!  
How silently, and with how wan a face!  
What!—may it be, that ev'n in heavenly place  
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?  
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes  
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;  
I read it in thy looks; thy languished grace,

To me, that feel the like, thy state descries.  
Then, ev'n of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,  
Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?  
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?  
Do they above love to be loved, and yet  
Those lovers scorn, whom that love doth possess?  
Do they call virtue there—ungratefulness?

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[ANONYMOUS. 1570.]

LOVE ME LITTLE—LOVE ME LONG.

LOVE me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song.
Love that is too hot and strong
Burneth soon to waste.
Still I would not have thee cold,
Not too backward or too bold;
Love that lasteth till 'tis old
Fadeth not in haste.

If thou lovest me too much,
It will not prove as true as touch;
Love me little, more than such,
For I fear the end.
I am with little well content,
And a little from thee sent
Is enough, with true intent,
To be steadfast friend.

Say thou lov'st me while thou live,
I to thee my love will give,
Never dreaming to deceive
While that life endures:
Nay, and after death, in sooth,
I to thee will keep my truth,
As now, when in my May of youth,
This my love assures.

Constant love is moderate ever,
And it will through life persevere;
Give me that, with true endeavour
I will it restore.
A suit of durance let it be,
For all weathers; that for me,

For the land or for the sea,
Lasting evermore.

Winter's cold or summer's heat,
Autumn's tempests on it beat,
It can never know defeat,
Never can rebel.

Such the love that I would gain,
Such the love, I tell thee plain,
Thou must give, or woo in vain;
So to thee farewell.

[THOMAS LODGE. 1556—1625.]

ROSALIND'S COMPLAINT.

LOVE in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest:
Ah, wanton, will you?

And if I sleep, then pierceth he
With pretty slight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The livelong night.
Strike I the lute, he tunes the string;
He music plays if I but sing;
He lends my every lovely thing,
Yet, cruel, he my heart doth sting:
Ah, wanton, will you?

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And bind you when you long to play,
For your offence.

I'll shut my eyes to keep you in,
I'll make you fast it for your sin,
I'll count your power not worth a pin:
Alas! what hereby shall I win,
If he gainsay me?

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then sit thou softly on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be;

Lurk in my eyes, I like of thee,
O Cupid! so thou pity me;
Spare not, but play thee.

[JAMES SHIRLEY. 1596—1666.]

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

THE glories of our birth and state,
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate:
Death lays his icy hand on kings
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and
spade.

Some men with swords may reap the
field,
And plant with laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must
yield,
They tame but one another still;
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring
breath,
When they, pale captives! creep to
death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar, now,
See where the victor victim bleeds!
All heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

VICTORIOUS MEN OF EARTH.

VICTORIOUS men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are;
Though you bind in every shore,
And your triumphs reach as far
As night or day;
Yet you proud monarchs must obey,
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
Death calls ye to the croud of common
men.

Devouring famine, plague, and war,
Each able to undo mankind,
Death's servile emissaries are:
Nor to these alone confin'd:
He hath at will
More quaint and subtle ways to kill;
A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,
Shall have the cunning skill to break a
heart.

[THOMAS DEKKER. 1599.]

SWEET CONTENT.

ART thou poor, yet hast thou golden
slumbers?
Oh, sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?
Oh, punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are
vexed
To add to golden numbers, golden
numbers?
O, sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face;
Then hey noney, noney, hey noney, noney.

Canst drink the waters of the crisped
spring?
O, sweet content!
Swimmest thou in wealth, yet sink'st in
thine own tears?
O, punishment!
Then he that patiently want's burden
bears,
No burden bears, but is a king, a king!
O, sweet content!

Work apace, apace, &c.

[SAMUEL FLETCHER. 1576—1625.]

MELANCHOLY.

HENCE all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
But only melancholy!

Welcome folded arms, and fixed eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up, without a sound!

Fountain heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale Passion loves!
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls!
A midnight bell, a parting groan!—
These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still, gloomy
valley;
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely me-
lancholy!

CONSTANCY.

LAY a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches bear;
Say, I died true.

My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth.
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth!

WEEP NO MORE.

WEEP no more, nor sigh, nor groan,
Sorrow calls no time that's gone:
Violets plucked, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again;
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully;
Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see:
Joys as winged dreams fly fast,
Why should sadness longer last?
Grief is but a wound to woe;
Gentlest fair one, mourn no mo.

[ROBERT GREENE. 1560—1592.]

A DEATH-BED LAMENT.

DECEIVING world, that with alluring toys
Hast made my life the subject of thy
scorn,
And scornest now to lend thy fading joys,
T' out-length my life, whom friends have
left forlorn;

How well are they that die ere they be
born,
And never see thy slights, which few men
shun,
Till unawares they helpless are undone !

O that a year were granted me to live,
And for that year my former wits restored !
What rules of life, what counsel I would
give,
How should my sin with sorrow be
deplored !
But I must die of every man abhorred :
Time loosely spent will not again be won ;
My time is loosely spent, and I undone.

[JOHN LVLV. 1554—1600.]

CUPID AND CAMPASPE,

CUPID and my Campaspe playd
At cards for kisses ; Cupid paid :
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of spar-
rows ;
Loses them too ; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on's cheek (but none knows
how),
With these, the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin ;
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes,
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love ! has she done this to thee ?
What shall, alas ! become of me ?

[WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE. 1564—1616]

ADVICE OF POLONIUS TO HIS SON, ON SETTING FORTH ON HIS TRAVELS.

Hamlet.

GIVE thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act,
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption
tried,

Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of
steel ;
But do not dull thy palm with entertain-
ment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade.
Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel ; but, being in,
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of
thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy
voice :
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy
judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy ; rich not
gaudy ;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man ;
And they in France, of the best rank and
station,
Are most select and generous, chief in
that.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be :
For loan oft loses both itself and friend ;
And borrowing dulls the edge of hus-
bandry.
This above all—to thine own self be true ;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou can'st not then be false to any man.
Farewell ; my blessing season this in thee.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON LIFE AND DEATH.

To be, or not to be,—that is the ques-
tion :—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous for-
tune ;
Or to take arms against a sea of
troubles,
And, by opposing, end them ?—To die,—
to sleep,—
No more ;—and, by a sleep, to say we
end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural
shocks—
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consumma-
tion
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die ;—to
sleep ;—
To sleep ! perchance to dream ;—ay,
there's the rub ;

For in that sleep of death what dreams
may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal
coil,
Must give us pause ; there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life :
For who would bear the whips and scorns
of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's
contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's
delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy
takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin ? who would fardels
bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary
life ;
But that the dread of something after
death,—
The undiscovered country, from whose
bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will ;
And makes us rather bear those ills we
have,
Than fly to others that we know not
of ?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us
all ;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of
thought ;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn
a-wry,
And lose the name of action.

HAMLET'S REPROACHES TO HIS MOTHER.

LOOK here, upon this picture, and on
this ;
The counterfeit presentment of two
brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this
brow :
Hyperion's curls ; the front of Jove him-
self ;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and com-
mand ;

A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his
seal,
To give the world assurance of a man :
This was your husband.—Look you now,
what follows ;
Here is your husband ; like a mildew'd
ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have
you eyes ?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to
feed,
And batten on this moor ? Ha ! have
you eyes ?
You cannot call it love: for, at your
age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, 'tis
humble,
And waits upon the judgment: and what
judgment
Would step from this to this ? Sense,
sure you have,
Else could you not have motion: but,
sure that sense
Is apoplex'd: for madness would not
err ;
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,
But it reserved some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What
devil was't
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-
blind ?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without
sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans
all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.
O shame ! where is thy blush ? Rebel-
lious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no
shame,
When the compulsive ardour gives the
charge ;
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.
Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more :
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very
soul.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON HIS MOTHER'S MARRIAGE.

O THAT this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God!
O God!

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and
gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come
to this!

But two months dead!—nay, not so
much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my
mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of
heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and
earth!

Must I remember? why, she would hang
on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: and yet, within a
month,—

Let me not think on't;—Frailty, thy
name is woman!—
A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's
body,

Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even
she,—
O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse
Would have mourn'd longer,—married
with my uncle,

My father's brother; but no more like my
father,
Than I to Hercules: Within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married.

HAMLET'S ADDRESS TO HIS FATHER'S GHOST.

ANGELS and ministers of grace defend
us!—

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,

Bring with thee airs from heaven, or
blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee,
Hamlet,

King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me:
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in
death,

Have burst their cerements! why the
sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble
jaws,

To cast thee up again! What may this
mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete
steel,

Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of
nature,

So horribly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our
souls?

HAMLET'S ESTEEM FOR HORATIO.

NAY, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from
thee,

That no revenue hast but thy good spirits
To feed and clothe thee? Why should
the poor be flatter'd?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd
pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the
knee,

Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost
thou hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her
choice,

And could of men distinguish her election,
She hath seal'd thee for herself; for thou
hast been

As one, in suffering all, that suffers no-
thing;

A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hath ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd
are those

Whose blood and judgment are so well
co-mingled,

That they are not a pipe for Fortune's
finger

To sound what stop she please: Give me
that man

That is not passion's slave, and I will
wear him

In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of
hearts,

As I do thee.

SECRET LOVE.

Twelfth Night.

SHE never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in
thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

SONG.

COME away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be
thrown.

A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover ne'er find my grave
To weep there.

A FAITHFUL LOVER.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

HIS words are bonds, his oaths are
oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears pure messengers sent from his
heart,
His heart as far from fraud as heaven
from earth.

CONSCIENCE.

Tempest.

O, IT is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke and told me
of it;

The winds did sing it to me; and the
thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ pipe, pro-
nounced

The name.

MUSIC.

If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken and so die,—
That strain again; it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.

HUMAN NATURE.

THESE our actors,

As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous
palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe it-
self;

Yea, all which it inherit shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such
stuff

As dreams are made on, and our little
life

Is rounded with a sleep.

CASSIUS UPON CÆSAR.

Julius Caesar.

WHY, man, he doth bestride the narrow
world

Like a colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep
about

To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their
fates:

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
 Brutus and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
 Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
 When went there by an age since the great flood,
 But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
 When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
 That her wide walks encompass'd but one man?

~~~~~  
 MARK ANTONY'S ORATION  
 OVER THE BODY OF CÆSAR.

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:  
 I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.  
 The evil that men do lives after them;  
 The good is oft interréd with their bones;  
 So let it be with Cæsar! The noble Brutus  
 Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:  
 If it were so, it were a grievous fault;  
 And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.  
 Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest  
 (For Brutus is an honourable man,  
 So are they all, all honourable men),  
 Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.  
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me;  
 But Brutus says he was ambitious;  
 And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,  
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill;  
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?  
 When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;  
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff;  
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  
 And Brutus is an honourable man.  
 You all did see, that on the Lupercal,  
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?  
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  
 And, sure, he is an honourable man.  
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke.  
 But here I am to speak what I do know.  
 You all did love him once, not without cause;  
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?  
 O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
 And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me,  
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
 And I must pause till it come back to me.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 But yesterday the word of Cæsar might  
 Have stood against the world; now lies he there,  
 And none so poor to do him reverence,  
 O masters! if I were disposed to stir  
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,  
 Who, you all know, are honourable men:  
 I will not do them wrong; I rather choose  
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,  
 Than I will wrong such honourable men.  
 But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar,  
 I found it in his closet,—'tis his will;  
 Let but the commons hear this testament  
 (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),  
 And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;  
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,  
 Unto their issue.

\* \* \* \* \*

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle; I remember  
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on;  
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;  
 That day he overcame the Nervii.

Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;

See, what a rent the envious Casca made;  
 Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;

And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,  
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it!

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd  
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no.

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:

Judge, O you gods! how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all;  
 For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
 Even at the base of Pompey's statua,  
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!  
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us,  
 O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel

The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.  
 Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? look you here,

Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

\* \* \* \* \*

Good Friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They, that have done this deed, are honourable;

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;

I am no orator, as Brutus is;

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That give me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood; I only speak right on;

I tell you that which you yourselves do know;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

~~~~~  
 THE QUARREL OF BRUTUS
 AND CASSIUS.

Car. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,

For Cassius is a-weary of the world;

Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;

Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,

Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,

To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep

My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold;
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:

Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger.
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.

O Cassius, you are yokéd with a lamb,
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforcéd, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-tempered,
vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.
Cas. Do you confess so much? give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.
Cas. O Brutus!
Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

ANTONY'S DESCRIPTION OF BRUTUS.

THIS was the noblest Roman of them all;
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;

He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

MACBETH'S MENTAL STRUGGLE BEFORE THE MURDER OF DUNCAN.

Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done when 'tis done,
then 't were well
It were done quickly; if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch

With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—

We'd jump the life to come. But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach

Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice

Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust;

First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,

Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan

Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead, like angels, trumpet-tongued, against

The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,

Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim
horsed

Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur

To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on the other side.—How now? what news?

Lady. He has almost supp'd; why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he asked for me?

Lady. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought

Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in the newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?

And wakes it now, to look so green and pale

At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid

To be the same in thine own act and valour

As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that

Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,

And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb. P'rythee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

LIFE.

TO-MORROW, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,

To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!

Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,

And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

THE REPOSE OF THE GRAVE.

DUNCAN is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst; nor steel,
nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

THE VISIONARY DAGGER.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,

Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,

Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:

It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.

REMORSE.

WHENCE is that knocking?
How is 't with me, when every noise
appals me?

What hands are here? Ha! they pluck
out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this
blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand
will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

~~~~~  
DISEASES OF THE MIND  
INCURABLE.

CANST thou not minister to a mind  
diseas'd;  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;  
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,  
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous  
stuff  
Which weighs upon the heart?

~~~~~  
MACBETH TO BANQUO'S GHOST.

WHAT man, dare, I dare.
Approach thou like the rugged Russian
bear,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan
tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm
nerves
Shall never tremble: or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy
sword;
If trembling I inhibit thee, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible
shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! Why so—being
gone,
I am a man again.

~~~~~  
DESPISED OLD AGE.

I HAVE liv'd long enough: my way of  
life  
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf;  
And that which should accompany old  
age,  
As honour, love, obedience, troops of  
friends

I must not look to have; but in their  
stead,  
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour,  
breath,  
Which the poor heart would fain deny,  
but dare not.

~~~~~  
CORDELIA'S EMOTION ON
HEARING OF HER SISTERS'
CRUELTY.

King Lear.

PATIENCE and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You
have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and
tears
Were like a better day: Those happy
smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to
know
What guests were in her eyes; which
parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.

~~~~~  
DOVER CLIFF.

How fearful  
And dizzy 't is to cast one's eyes so low!  
The crows, and choughs, that wing the  
midway air,  
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half  
way down  
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dread-  
ful trade!  
Methinks he seems no bigger than his  
head:  
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,  
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring  
bark,  
Diminished to her cock; her cock, a  
buoy  
Almost too small for sight: the murmur-  
ing surge  
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles  
chafes,  
Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no  
more;  
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient  
sight  
Topple down headlong.

KING LEAR IN THE TEMPEST.

BLOW, wind, and crack your cheeks!  
rage! blow!  
You cataracts and huricanoes spout  
Till you have drench'd our steeples,  
drowned the cocks!  
You sulphurous and thought-executing  
fires,  
Vaunt couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-  
bolts,  
Singe my white head! And thou, all-  
shaking thunder,  
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the  
world!

\* \* \* \* \*  
Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout,  
rain!  
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my  
daughters:  
I tax you not, you elements with unkind-  
ness,  
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you  
children,  
You owe me no subscription; why then,  
let fall  
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your  
slave,  
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old  
man:—  
But yet I call you servile ministers,  
That have with two pernicious daughters  
join'd  
Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a  
head  
So old and white as this. O! O! 't is  
foul!

~~~~~  
LEAR TO CORDELIA WHEN
TAKEN PRISONERS.

COME, let's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i' the
cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel
down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll
live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales,
and laugh

At gilded butterflies and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with
them too,—
Who loses, and who wins; who's in,
who's out;
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: and we'll
wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of
great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

~~~~~  
EDGAR'S DEFIANCE OF  
EDMUND.

DRAW thy sword;  
That if my speech offend a noble heart,  
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is  
mine.  
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,  
My oath, and my profession: I protest,—  
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and  
eminence,  
Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new  
fortune,  
Thy valour, and thy heart,—thou art a  
traitor:  
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy  
father;  
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious  
prince;  
And from the extremest upward of thy  
head,  
To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,  
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou,  
*No,*  
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits,  
are bent  
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I  
speak,  
Thou liest.

~~~~~  
THE STORM.

POOR naked wretches, wheresoe'er you
are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless
storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and un-
fed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness,
defend you

From seasons such as these? O! I have
ta'en
Too little care of this, Take physic,
pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches
feel;
That thou mayest shake the superflux to
them,
And show the heavens more just.

CHARACTER OF CORIOLANUS.

Coriolanus,

HIS nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his
trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His
heart's his mouth;
What his breast forges, that his tongue
must vent;
And being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death.

CORIOLANUS'S CONTEMPT FOR
THE MOB.

YOU common cry of curs! whose breath
I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I
prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your
hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their
plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power
still
To banish your defenders; till, at length,
Your ignorance (which finds not till it
feels),
Making not reservation of yourselves
(Still your own foes), deliver you, as
most
Abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows. Despising
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

WHAT would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace nor war? the one
affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that
trusts you,
Where he should find you lions, finds
you hares;
Where foxes, geese; you are no surer,
no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is
To make him worthy whose offence sub-
dues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who
deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate: and your affections
are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most
that
Which would increase his evil. He that
depends
Upon your favours swims with fins of
lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang
ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a
mind;
And call him noble that was now your
hate.
Him vile, that was your garland.

CLEOPATRA ON THE CYDNUS.

Antony and Cleopatra.

THE barge she sat in, like a burnish'd
throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten
gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them: the
oars were silver;
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke,
and made
The water which they beat to follow
faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her
own person,
It beggar'd all description; she did lie
In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tissue),
O'er picturing that Venus, where we see,

The fancy outwork nature: on each side
her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling
Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind
did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they
did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings; at the
helm
A seeming mermaid steers: the silken
tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-
soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the
barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthroned i' the market-place, did sit
alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for
vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And make a gap in nature.

ANTONY'S DESPONDENCY.

O SUN, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even
here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this;
—the hearts
That spaniell'd me at heels, to whom I
gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their
sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is
bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave
charm,
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and
call'd them home,
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief
end,
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.

CLEOPATRA'S SPEECH ON AP-
PLYING THE SERPENT TO
HER BREAST.

GIVE me my robe, put on my crown;
I have
Immortal longings in me: now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist
this lip:
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick—Methinks
I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act: I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give
men
To excuse their after-wrath: Husband, I
come:
Now to that name my courage prove my
title!
I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life.—So,—have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of
my lips,
Farewell, kind Charmian;—Iris, long
farewell.

THE FOOL IN THE FOREST.

As You Like It.

A FOOL, a fool!—I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool—a miserable world!—
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in
the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good
terms—
In good set terms—and yet a motley fool.
“Good morrow, fool,” quoth I—“No,
Sir,” quoth he,
“Call me not fool, till heaven have sent
me fortune.”
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, “it is ten o'clock:
Thus may we see,” quoth he, “how the
world wags:
'T is but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 't will be eleven;
And so from hour to hour we ripe and
ripe,

And then from hour to hour we rot and rot ;
And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear

The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial. O noble fool !
A worthy fool !—motley's the only wear.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

ALL the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely
players :
They have their exits and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many
parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the
Infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then, the whining School-boy, with
his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like
snail
Unwillingly to school. And then, the
Lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then a
Soldier ;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like
the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in
quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then,
the Justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon
lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances ;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age
shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd Pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on
side ;
His youthful hose well saved, a world too
wide
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly
voice,

Turning again toward childish treble,
pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of
all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans
every thing.

THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more
sweet
Than that of painted pomp ? are not these
woods
More free from peril than the envious
court ?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference ; as the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my
body,
Even 'till I shrink with cold, I smile, and
say,
This is no flattery ; these are counsellors
That feclingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.
And this our life, exempt from public
haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the run-
ning brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every-
thing.

JAQUES AND THE WOUNDED DEER.

TO-DAY my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps
out
Upon the brook that brawls along this
wood ;
To the which place a poor sequester'd
stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a
hurt,
Did come to languish : and, indeed, my
lord,

The wretched animal heaved forth such
groans,
That their discharge did stretch his
leathern coat
Almost to bursting ; and the big round
tears
Coursed one another down his innocent
nose

In piteous chase ; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift
brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke. But what said Jaques ?
Did he not moralize this spectacle ?
Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in the needless
stream ;
" Poor deer," quoth he, " thou mak'st a
testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much." Then,
being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends ;
" 'Tis right," quoth he, " thus misery
doth part
The flux of company." Anon, a careless
herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by
him,
And never stays to greet him : " Ay,"
quoth Jaques,
" Sweep on you fat and greasy citizens ;
'T is just the fashion : Wherefore do you
look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt
there ?"

INGRATITUDE.

BLOW, blow thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh, ho ! sing heigh ho ! unto the
green holly :
Most friendship is feigning, most loving
mere folly :
Then heigh, ho, the holly !
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot :
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh, ho ! sing heigh ho ! etc.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

UNDER the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither ;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to lie i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither ;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

SHYLOCK'S REMONSTRANCE WITH ANTONIO.

The Merchant of Venice.

SIGNIOR Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies and my usances :
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug ;
For sufferance is the badge of all our
tribe ;
You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my
help :
Go to then ; you come to me, and you
say,
" Shylock, we would have monies : " you
say so ;
You that did void your rheum upon my
beard,

And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold; monies is your suit;
What should I say to you? should I not
say

“Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?”
or

Shall I bend low, and in a bondsman's
key,

With bated breath, and whispering
humbleness,

Say this,—

“Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday
last:

You spurn'd me such a day; another
time

You call'd me—dog; and for these cour-
tesies

I'll lend you thus much monies?”

CHEERFULNESS.

LET me play the fool:

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles
come;

And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying
groans,

Why should a man, whose blood is warm
within,

Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?

Sleep when he wakes? and creep into
the jaundice

By being peevish?

THE DECEIT OF APPEARANCES.

THE world is still deceiv'd with ornament.

In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,

Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow

Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?

There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.

How many cowards, whose hearts are all
as false

As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their
chins

The beards of Hercules and frowning
Mars;

Who, inward search'd have livers white
as milk?

And these assume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on

beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the
weight;

Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of
it:

So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with
the wind,

Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,

The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore

To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous
scarf

Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times
put on

To entrap the wisest.

MERCY.

THE quality of Mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from
heaven,

Upon the place beneath. It is twice
bless'd;

It blesseth him that gives and him that
takes.

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it be-
comes

The thronèd monarch better than his
crown.

His sceptre shows the force of temporal
power,

The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of
kings;

But mercy is above this sceptred sway,—
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;

And earthly power doth then show likest
God's,

When mercy seasons justice. Therefore,
Jew,

Though justice bethy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation. We do pray for

mercy;

And that same prayer doth teach us all to
render

The deeds of mercy.

CELESTIAL MUSIC.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon
this bank!

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of
music

Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the
night

Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look, how the floor of
heaven

Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb, which thou
behold'st,

But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cheru-
bims,—

Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn!
With sweetest touches pierce your mis-
tress' ear,

And draw her home with music.

THE LOVE OF MUSIC A TEST OF CHARACTER.

THE man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet
sounds,

Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils:
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:

Let no such man be trusted.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

I SAW, but thou could'st not,
Flying between the cold moon and the
earth,

Cupid all-armed: a certain aim he took

At a fair vestal thronèd by the west,
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from
his bow,

As it should pierce a hundred thousand
hearts;

But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the
watery moon,

And the imperial votaress passèd on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.

THE SORROWS OF TRUE LOVE.

AH me! For aught that ever I could
read,

Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run
smooth.

THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

THE poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from
earth to heaven;

And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's
pen

Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy
nothing

A local habitation and a name.

FEMININE FRIENDSHIP.

O, AND is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood in-
nocence?

We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one
flower,

Both on one sampler, sitting on one
cushion,

Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and
minds,

Had been incorporate. So we grew
together,

Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a union in partition,

Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one
heart;

Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,