

RENAISSANCE
LITERATURE

AN ANTHOLOGY

EDITED BY MICHAEL PAYNE AND JOHN HUNTER

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potion – with much more which might he said, but that already I find the triflingness of this discourse is much too much enlarged.

So that since the ever-praiseworthy Poesy is full of virtue-breeding delightfulness, and void of no gift that ought to be in the noble name of learning; since the blames laid against it are either false or feeble; since the cause why it is not esteemed in England is the fault of poet-apes, not poets; since, lastly, our tongue is most fit to honour poesy, and to be honoured by poesy; I conjure you all that have had the evil luck to read this ink-wasting toy of mine, even in the name of the nine Muses, no more to scorn the sacred mysteries of poesy; no more to laugh at the name of poets, as though they were next inheritors to fools; no more to jest at the reverent title of a rhymers; but to believe, with Aristotle, that they were the ancient treasurers of the Grecians' divinity; to believe, with Bembo, that they were the first bringers-in of all civility; to believe, with Scaliger, that no philosopher's precepts can sooner make you an honest man than the reading of Virgil; to believe with Clauserus,¹⁷³ the translator of Cornutus, that it pleased the heavenly Deity, by Hesiod and Homer, under the veil of fables, to give us all knowledge, logic, rhetoric, philosophy, natural and moral, and *quid non?*¹⁷⁴ to believe, with me, that there are many mysteries contained in poetry, which of purpose were written darkly, lest by profane wits it should be abused; to believe, with Landino,¹⁷⁵ that they are so beloved of the gods that whatsoever they write proceeds of a divine fury; lastly, to believe themselves when they tell you they will make you immortal by their verses. Thus doing, your name shall flourish in the printers' shops; thus doing, you shall be of kin to many a poetical preface; thus doing, you shall be most fair, most rich, most wise, most all, you shall dwell upon superlatives; thus doing, though you be *libertino patre natus*,¹⁷⁶ you shall suddenly grow *Herculea proles*,¹⁷⁷

Si quid mea Carmina possunt,¹⁷⁸

thus doing, your soul shall be placed with Dante's Beatrice,¹⁷⁹ or Virgil's Anchises. But if (fie of such a but) you be borne so near the dull-making cataract of Nilus¹⁸⁰ that you cannot hear the planet-like music of poetry; if you have so earth-creeping a mind that it cannot lift itself up to look to the sky of poetry, or rather, by a certain rustical disdain, will become such a mome, as to be a Momus of poetry;¹⁸¹ then though I will not wish unto you the ass's ears of Midas,¹⁸² nor to be driven by a poet's verses, as Bubonax¹⁸³ was, to hang himself, nor to be rhymed to death, as is said to be done in Ireland; yet thus much curse I must send you, in the behalf of all poets, that while you live, you live in love, and never get favour, for lacking skill of a sonnet; and when you die, your memory die from the earth for want of an epitaph.

ASTROPHIL AND STELLA

I

Loving in truth, and fain in verse my love to show,
That the dear She might take some pleasure of my pain:
Pleasure might cause her read, reading might make her know,
Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace obtain,
I sought fit words to paint the blackest face of woe,
Studying inventions fine, her wits to entertain:

needing

173 German humanist (c.1520–1611) who translated the Greek philosopher Cornutus.

174 "what not?"

175 15th-century humanist scholar who edited Dante's *Comedy*.

176 "son of a freed man."

177 "descendant of Hercules."

178 "If my songs can do anything" (Virgil, *Aeneid* 9.446).

179 Dante's spiritual muse, whom he meets in heaven in the *Paradiso*.

180 The Nile.

181 The mythical personification of mockery and abuse.

182 Apollo transformed Midas' ears after Midas judged Pan to be a better flute-player than the god.

183 In his edition of this text, Albert S. Cook shows that this is Sidney's mistake for "Bupalus," who was driven to suicide by the poems of Hipponax.

10 Oft turning others' leaves, to see if thence would flow
 Some fresh and fruitful showers upon my sun-burned brain.
 But words came halting forth, wanting Invention's stay,
 Invention, Nature's child, fled step-dame Study's blows,
 And others' feet¹ still seemed but strangers in my way.
 Thus great with child to speak, and helpless in my throes,
 Biting my truant pen, beating myself for spite,
 'Fool,' said my Muse to me, 'look in thy heart and write.'

pages
barren
limping
pregnant
idle

2
 Not at the first sight, nor with a dribbed shot
 Love gave the wound, which while I breathe will bleed:
 But known worth did in mine² of time proceed,
 Till by degrees it had full conquest got.
 I saw and liked, I liked but loved not,
 I loved, but straight did not what Love decreed:
 At length to Love's decrees, I forc'd, agreed,
 Yet with repining at so partial lot.
 Now even that footstep of lost liberty
 Is gone, and now, like slave-born Muscovite,³
 I call it praise to suffer Tyranny;
 And now employ the remnant of my wit,
 To make myself believe, that all is well,
 While, with a feeling skill I paint my hell.

wide
 complaining/desiny
trace

3
 Let dainty wits cry on the Sisters nine,⁴
 That bravely masked, their fancies may be told:
 Or Pindar's Apes,⁵ flaunt they in phrases fine,
 Enam'ling with pied flowers their thoughts of gold:
 Or else let them in statelier glory shine,
 Ennobling new found Tropes⁶ with problems old:
 Or with strange similes enrich each line,
 Of herbs or beasts, which Ind or Africk hold.⁷
 For me in sooth, no Muse but one I know:
 Phrases and Problems from my reach do grow,
 And strange things cost too dear for my poor sprites.
 How then? even thus: in Stella's face I read,
 What Love and Beauty be, then all my deed
 But Copying is, what in her Nature writes.

brightly dressed
 multi-coloured
 India/Africa
truth
 rare/spirits

4
 Virtue alas, now let me take some rest,
 Thou sett'st a bate between my will and wit,
 If vain love have my simple soul oppressed,
 Leave what thou lik'st not, deal thou not with it.
 Thy sceptre use in some old Cato's⁸ breast;

contention
futile

ASTROPHIL AND STELLA

1 A "foot" is a prosodic unit into which lines of poetry are divided (in the present case, iambic feet). In this sonnet, Astrophil is studying other poets to find a mode of poetry that will allow him to express his feelings for Stella.

2 A tunnel dug under the wall of a castle during a siege.

3 Muscovites were popularly believed to prefer life under tyranny to liberty.

4 The Muses (see gazetteer).

5 Greek poet (518–c.445 BC) who wrote victory odes in honor of the champions at the Olympics and other ancient games; his "Apes" are his imitators.

6 A trope is a rhetorical term for a figure of speech that changes the meaning of a word or words.

7 A slighting reference to the rhetorical excesses of Euphuism, a prose style popularized by John Lyly (c.1554–1606) and his wildly successful prose tale *Euphues: the Anatomy of Wit*. Euphuistic style was characterized, among other things, by a frequent use of similes drawn from obscure classical learning or folklore.

8 See gazetteer.

Churches or schools are for thy seat more fit:
 I do confess, pardon a fault confessed,
 My mouth too tender is for thy hard bit. *bridle mouthpiece*
 But if that needs thou wilt usurping be,
 The little reason that is left in me,
 10 And still th'effect of thy persuasions prove: *test*
 I swear, my heart such one shall show to thee,
 That shrines in flesh so true a Deity, *enshrines*
 That *Virtue*, thou thyself shalt be in love.

5

It is most true, that eyes are formed to serve
 The inward light: and that the heavenly part *reason/soul*
 Ought to be king, from whose rules who do swerve, *those who*
 Rebels to Nature, strive for their own smart. *punishment*
 It is most true, what we call *Cupid's*⁹ dart,
 An image is, which for ourselves we carve;
 And, fools, adore in temple of our heart,
 Till that good God make Church and Churchmen starve.¹⁰
 True, that true Beauty *Virtue* is indeed,
 10 Whereof this Beauty can be but a shade, *shadow*
 Which elements with mortal mixture breed:
 True, that on earth we are but pilgrims made,
 And should in soul up to our country move: *i.e. heaven*
 True, and yet true that I must *Stella* love.

6

Some Lovers speak when they their Muses entertain,
 Of hopes begot by fear, of wot not what desires: *who knows what*
 Of force of heav'nly beams,¹¹ infusing hellish pain:
 Of living deaths, dear wounds, fair storms and freezing fires:¹²
 Some one his song in *Jove*, and *Jove's* strange tales attires, *Jupiter*
 Bordered with bulls and swans, powdered with golden rain:¹³
 Another humbler wit to shepherd's pipe retires,
 Yet hiding royal blood full oft in rural vein.¹⁴
 To some a sweetest plaint, a sweetest style affords, *lamentation*
 10 While tears pour out his ink, and sighs breathe out his words:
 His paper, pale despair, and pain his pen doth move.
 I can speak what I feel, and feel as much as they,
 But think that all the Map of my state I display, *epitome*
 When trembling voice brings forth that I do *Stella* love.

7

When Nature made her chief work, *Stella's* eyes,
 In colour black, why wrapped she beams so bright?
 Would she in beamy black, like painter wise, *radiant*
 Frame daintiest lustre, mixed of shades and light? *splendor*
 Or did she else that sober hue devise, *color*
 In object best to knit and strength our sight, *purpose/strengthen*

9 The Roman love god (son to Venus) whose arrows cause mortals to fall in or out of love; see gazetteer.

10 i.e. Love makes both his devotees and his ministers suffer.

11 A reference to the glance of the women with whom these lovers are in love. It was believed at this time that human eyesight worked by sending out beams or rays to the objects it perceived, rather than acting as a receiver for light from outside the self. The image of the eye's "beams" is thus very important in love poetry of this period.

12 A list of common poetic descriptions of the pains of being in love.

13 A bull, a swan, and a shower of gold were all forms that Jupiter assumed in order to have sex with mortal women (often against their will).

14 Sidney is here referring to pastoral poetry, in which the speaker is usually a poor shepherd, and which has historically been used as a poetic vehicle for veiled social commentary and criticism.

Lest if no veil those brave gleams did disguise,
 They sun-like should more dazzle than delight?
 Or would she her miraculous power show,
 10 That whereas black seems Beauty's contrary,
 She even in black doth make all beauties flow?
 Both so and thus, she minding *Love* should be
 Placed ever there, gave him this mourning weed,
 To honour all their deaths, who for her bleed.

8

Love born in *Greece*,¹⁵ of late fled from his native place,
 Forced by a tedious proof, that Turkish hard'ned heart,
 Is no fit mark to pierce with his fine pointed dart:
 And pleased with our soft peace, stayed here his flying race.
 But finding these North climes do coldly him embrace,
 Not used to frozen clips, he strave to find some part,
 10 Where with most ease and warmth he might employ his art:
 At length he perched himself in *Stella's* joyful face,
 Whose fair skin, beamy eyes, like morning sun on snow,
 Deceived the quaking boy, who thought from so pure light,
 Effects of lively heat, must needs in nature grow.
 But she most fair, most cold, made him thence take his flight
 To my close heart, where, while some firebrands he did lay,
 He burnt un'wares his wings, and cannot fly away.

embraces

shivering

captive

9

Queen *Virtue's* court, which some call *Stella's* face,
 Prepared by Nature's choicest furniture,
 Hath his front built of Alabaster pure;
 10 Gold is the covering of that stately place.
 The door by which sometimes comes forth her Grace,
 Red Porphyry is, which lock of pearl makes sure:
 Whose porches rich (which name of cheeks endure)
 Marble mixed red and white do interlace.
 The windows now, through which this heav'nly guest
 Looks o'er the world, and can find nothing such,
 Which dare claim from those lights the name of best,
 Of touch they are that without touch doth touch,¹⁶
 Which *Cupid's* self from Beauty's mine did draw:
 Of touch they are, and poor I am their straw.

white stone

decorative stone

10

Reason, in faith thou art well serv'd, that still
 Wouldst brabbling be with sense and love in me:
 I rather wished thee climb the Muses' hill,¹⁷
 Or reach the fruit of Nature's choicest tree,
 5 Or seek heav'n's course, or heav'n's inside to see:
 Why shouldst thou toil our thorny soil to till?
 Leave sense, and those which sense's objects be:
 Deal thou with powers of thoughts, leave love to will.
 But thou wouldst needs fight both with love and sense,
 10 With sword of wit, giving wounds of dispraise,

quarreling

the senses

reason

15 A reference to Cupid's mother, the Greek goddess Aphrodite, whose seat was on Cyprus; Cyprus had been captured by the Turks in 1573.

16 A complex series of puns: the noun "touch" here refers to touchstone, a black quartz stone that was used in Early Modern Europe to test the purity of gold and silver; it also refers to jet, which can "attract" straw or paper when it is charged (or "touched") with static electricity.

17 The Muses lived on Mt. Helicon.

Till down-right blows did foil thy cunning fence: *defense*
 For soon as they strake thee with *Stella's* rays, *sight*
 Reason thou kneeled'st, and offered'st straight to prove
 By reason good, good reason her to love.

I I

In truth, O Love, with what a boyish kind *disposition*
 Thou dost proceed in thy most serious ways:
 That when the heav'n to thee his best displays,
 Yet of that best thou leav'st the best behind.
 For like a child that some fair book doth find,
 With gilded leaves or coloured Vellum¹⁸ plays, *pages*
 Or at the most on some fine picture stays,
 But never heeds the fruit of writer's mind:
 So when thou saw'st in Nature's cabinet
 10 *Stella*, thou straight look'st babies in her eyes, *i.e. seest thyself*
 In her cheek's pit thou didst thy pitfold set, *trap*
 And in her breast bo-peep or couching lies, *hiding*
 Playing and shining in each outward part:
 But, fool, seek'st not to get into her heart.

I 2

Cupid, because thou shin'st in *Stella's* eyes,
 That from her locks, thy day-nets, none 'scapes free, *bird-catching nets*
 That those lips swell, so full of thee they be,
 That her sweet breath makes oft thy flames to rise,
 That in her breast thy pap well sugared lies,
 That her Grace gracious makes thy wrongs, that she
 What words soe'er she speaks persuades for thee,
 That her clear voice lifts thy fame to the skies.
 Thou countest *Stella* thine, like those whose powers *army*
 10 Having got up a breach by fighting well, *i.e. breach in a castlè wall*
 Cry 'Victory, this fair day all is ours.'
 O no, her heart is such a Citadel,
 So fortified with wit, stored with disdain,¹⁹
 That to win it, is all the skill and pain. *occupy*

I 3

Phoebus was Judge between *Jove*, *Mars*, and *Love*,²⁰
 Of those three gods, whose arms the fairest were: *coats of arms*
Jove's golden shield did Eagle sables bear, *black*
 Whose talons held young *Ganymede*²¹ above:
 But in Vert field *Mars* bare a golden spear, *green*
 Which through a bleeding heart his point did shove:
 Each had his crest, *Mars* carried *Venus'* glove,
Jove on his helm the thunderbolt did rear.
 10 *Cupid* then smiles, for on his crest there lies
Stella's fair hair, her face he makes his shield,
 Where roses gules are borne in silver field. *red*
Phoebus drew wide the curtains of the skies
 To blaze these last, and sware devoutly then, *proclaim*
 The first, thus matched, were scarcely gentlemen.²²

18 A fine paper-like material made of calfskin.

19 The conceit of this sonnet is a competition between three gods over which of them has the fairest coat of arms; the archaic names for the various colors come from the language of heraldry.

20 See the gazetteer for references to all these gods and their attributes.

21 See gazetteer.

22 i.e. scarcely worthy of having a coat of arms at all.

14

Alas have I not pain enough my friend,
 Upon whose breast a fiercer Gripe doth tire *vulture/ear*
 Than did on him who first stale down the fire,²³
 While *Love* on me doth all his quiver spend,
 But with your Rhubarb words you must contend *purgative*
 To grieve me worse, in saying that Desire
 Doth plunge my well-formed soul e'en in the mire *swamp*
 Of sinful thoughts, which do in ruin end?
 If that be sin which doth the manners frame,
 10 Well stayed with truth in word and faith of deed, *supported*
 Ready of wit and fearing naught but shame:
 If that be sin which in fixed hearts doth breed
 A loathing of all loose unchastity,
 Then Love is sin, and let me sinful be.

15

You that do search for every purling spring, *rippling*
 Which from the ribs of old *Parnassus*²⁴ flows,
 And every flower, not sweet perhaps, which grows
 Near thereabout, into your Poesy wring;
 You that do Dictionary's method bring
 Into your rhymes, running in rattling rows:
 You that poor *Petrarch's*²⁵ long deceased woes,
 With new-born sighs and denized wit do sing; *newly accepted*
 You take wrong ways, those far-fet helps be such, *far-fetched*
 10 As do bewray a want of inward touch: *betray*
 And sure, at length stol'n goods do come to light,
 But if (both for your love and skill) your name
 You seek to nurse at fullest breasts of Fame,
Stella behold, and then begin to indite. *write*

16

In nature apt to like when I did see *i.e. By nature*
 Beauties, which were of many Carats fine,
 My boiling sprites did thither then incline, *spirits*
 And, Love, I thought that I was full of thee:
 But finding not those restless flames in me,
 Which others said did make their souls to pine:
 I thought those babes of some pin's hurt did whine,
 By my love judging what Love's pain might be.
 But while I thus with this young lion played,
 10 Mine eyes (shall I say cursed or blest) beheld
Stella; now she is named, need more be said?
 In her sight I a lesson new have spelled, *read*
 I now have learned Love right, and learn'd even so,
 As who that being poisoned doth poison know. *i.e. those who*

17

His mother dear *Cupid* offended late, *i.e. Venus*
 Because that *Mars*, grown slacker in her love,
 With pricking shot he did not throughly move, *i.e. Cupid's arrows*
 To keep the place of their first loving state.

23 A reference to the myth of Prometheus, who stole fire from the gods and gave it to mortals; as punishment, he was chained to a rock where a vulture came daily to gnaw out his liver (which grew back at night).

24 See gazetteer.

25 See gazetteer.

The boy refused for fear of *Mars's* hate,
 Who threatened stripes, if he his wrath did prove: *blows/test*
 But she in chafe him from her lap did shove, *anger*
 Brake bow, brake shafts, while *Cupid* weeping sate:
 Till that his grandame *Nature* pitying it,
 10 Of *Stella's* brows made him two better bows,
 And in her eyes of arrows infinite.
 O how for joy he leaps, O how he crows, *cries out*
 And straight therewith, like wags new got to play, *boys*
 Falls to shrewd turns, and I was in his way. *tricks*

18

With what sharp checks I in myself am shent, *rebukes/disgraced*
 When into Reason's audit I do go:
 And by just counts my self a bankrupt know *accounts*
 Of all those goods, which heaven to me hath lent:
 Unable quite to pay even Nature's rent,
 Which unto it by birthright I do owe:
 And which is worse, no good excuse can show,
 But that my wealth I have most idly spent.
 10 My youth doth waste, my knowledge brings forth toys,
 My wit doth strive those passions to defend,
 Which for reward spoil it with vain annoys.
 I see my course to lose myself doth bend: *tend*
 I see and yet no greater sorrow take,
 Than that I lose no more for *Stella's* sake.

19

On *Cupid's* bow how are my heart-strings bent,
 That see my wrack, and yet embrace the same? *ruin*
 When most I glory, then I feel most shame:
 I willing run, yet while I run, repent.
 My best wits still their own disgrace invent: *faculties*
 My very ink turns straight to *Stella's* name;
 And yet my words, as them my pen doth frame,
 Advise themselves that they are vainly spent. *Advise*
 10 For though she pass all things, yet what is all *surpass*
 That unto me, who fare like him that both
 Looks to the skies, and in a ditch doth fall?²⁶
 O let me prop my mind, yet in his growth
 And not in Nature for best fruits unfit:
 'Scholar,' saith *Love*, 'bend hitherward your wit.' *this way*

20

Fly, fly, my friends, I have my death wound; fly,
 See there that boy, that murth'ring boy I say, *i.e. Cupid*
 Who like a thief, hid in dark bush doth lie,
 Till bloody bullet get him wrongful prey.
 So Tyrant he no fitter place could spy, *i.e. like a tyrant*
 Nor so fair level in so secret stay, *aim*
 As that sweet black which veils the heav'nly eye:
 There himself with his shot he close doth lay. *hidden*
 10 Poor passenger, pass now thereby I did, *passer-by*
 And stayed pleased with the prospect of the place,
 While that black hue from me the bad guest hid: *color*

26 The Greek philosopher Thales fell into a well while looking up at the stars (Plato, *Theaetetus* 174a). For later writers, he was the type of

the academic who is too concerned with abstract speculations to pay attention to everyday life.

But straight I saw the motions of lightning grace,
 And then descried the glist'ring of his dart:
 But ere I could fly thence, it pierced my heart.

perceived/shining

21

Your words my friend, (right healthful caustics²⁷) blame
 My young mind marred, whom *Love* doth windlass so,
 That mine own writings like bad servants show
 My wits, quick in vain thoughts, in virtue lame:
 That *Plato* I read for naught, but if he tame
 Such coltish gyres, that to my birth I owe
 Nobler desires, lest else that friendly foe,
 Great expectation, wear a train of shame.
 For since mad March great promise made of me,
 If now the May of my years much decline,
 What can be hoped my harvest time will be?
 Sure you say well, your wisdom's golden mine
 Dig deep with learning's spade, now tell me this,
 Hath this world aught so fair as *Stella* is?

*ensnare**revolutions**garment*

10

22

In highest way of heav'n the Sun did ride,
 Progressing then from fair twins' golden place:
 Having no scarf of clouds before his face,
 But streaming forth of heat in his chief pride;
 When some fair Ladies, by hard promise tied,
 On horseback met him in his furious race,
 Yet each prepared, with fan's well-shading grace,
 From that foe's wounds their tender skins to hide.
Stella alone with face unarmed marched,
 Either to do like him, which open shone,
 Or careless of the wealth because her own:
 Yet were the hid and meaner beauties parched,
 Her dainties bare went free; the cause was this,
 The Sun which others burned, did her but kiss.

*Gemini's**splendor**journey*

10

23

The curious wits, seeing dull pensiveness
 Bewray itself in my long settled eyes,
 Whence those same fumes of melancholy rise,
 With idle pains, and missing aim, do guess.
 Some that know how my spring I did address,
 Deem that my Muse some fruit of knowledge plies:
 Others, because the Prince my service tries,
 Think that I think state errors to redress.
 But harder Judges judge ambition's rage,
 Scourge of itself, still climbing slippery place,
 Holds my young brain captived in golden cage.
 O fools, or over-wise, alas the race
 Of all my thoughts hath neither stop nor start,
 But only *Stella's* eyes and *Stella's* heart.

*reveal**futile efforts**applies**tests*

10

24

Rich fools²⁸ there be, whose base and filthy heart
 Lies hatching still the goods wherein they flow:

27 A caustic is a substance which destroys living tissue, used medically to remove sores etc.

28 The first of a series of punning references to Lord Rich, who married Penelope Devereux, the model for *Stella*.

And damning their own selves to *Tantal's*²⁹ smart,
 Wealth breeding want, more blest, more wretched grow. *desire*
 Yet to those fools heav'n doth such wit impart,
 As what their hands do hold, their heads do know,
 And knowing, love, and loving, lay apart
 As sacred things, far from all danger's show.
 But that rich fool, who by blind Fortune's lot
 10 The richest gem of Love and life enjoys, *i.e. Stella*
 And can with foul abuse such beauties blot;
 Let him, deprived of sweet but unfelt joys,
 (Exiled for ay from those high treasures, which *ever*
 He knows not) grow in only folly rich.

25

The wisest scholar of the wight most wise³⁰
 By *Phoebus'* doom, with sugared sentence says, *judgement*
 That Virtue, if it once met with our eyes,
 Strange flames of *Love* it in our souls would raise;
 But for that man with pain this truth descries, *Because*
 While he each thing in sense's balance weighs,
 And so nor will, nor can behold those skies *neither . . . nor . . .*
 Which inward sun to *Heroic* mind displays, *reason*
 Virtue of late, with virtuous care to stir
 10 Love of herself, takes *Stella's* shape, that she
 To mortal eyes might sweetly shine in her.
 It is most true, for since I her did see,
 Virtue's great beauty in that face I prove,
 And find th'effect, for I do burn in love.

26

Though dusty wits dare scorn Astrology, *worthless*
 And fools can think those Lamps of purest light,
 Whose numbers, ways, greatness, eternity,
 Promising wonders, wonder do invite, *Foretelling*
 To have for no cause birthright in the sky,
 But for to spangle the black weeds of night: *garments*
 Or for some brawl, which in that chamber high, *dance*
 They should still dance to please a gazer's sight.
 For me, I do Nature unidle know, *not idle*
 10 And know great causes, great effects procure:
 And know those Bodies high reign on the low.³¹
 And if these rules did fail, proof makes me sure,
 Who oft fore-judge my after-following race,
 By only those two stars in *Stella's* face.

27

Because I oft in dark abstracted guise,
 Seem most alone in greatest company,
 With dearth of words, or answers quite awry,
 To them that would make speech of speech arise,
 They deem, and of their doom the rumour flies, *judgel judgement*
 That poison foul of bubbling pride doth lie

29 See gazetteer under Tantalus.

30 Plato was the student of Socrates, who was pronounced the wisest person of his time by the Delphic Oracle.

31 A reference to the hermetic concept of astrological influence on earthly events. It was widely believed that all events on earth corresponded to (and were directed by) movements in the heavenly bodies, and could thus be anticipated by interpreting the motions of the heavens.

10 So in my swelling breast that only I
 Fawn on my self, and others do despise
 Yet pride I think doth not my soul possess,
 Which looks too oft in his unflatt'ring glass:
 But one worse fault, *Ambition*, I confess,
 That makes me oft my best friends overpass, *ignore*
 Unseen, unheard, while thought to highest place
 Bends all his powers, even unto *Stella's* grace.

28
 You that with allegory's curious frame, *ingenious*
 Of other's children changelings use to make,³²
 With me those pains for God's sake, do not take:
 I list not dig so deep for brazen fame.
 When I say '*Stella*', I do mean the same
 Princess of Beauty, for whose only sake
 The reins of *Love* I love, though never slake, *slacken*
 And joy therein, though Nations count it shame.
 I beg no subject to use eloquence,
 10 Nor in hid ways to guide Philosophy:
 Look at my hands for no such quintessence;³³
 But know that I in pure simplicity,
 Breathe out the flames which burn within my heart,
Love only reading unto me this art.

29
 Like some weak Lords, neighboured by mighty kings,
 To keep themselves and their chief cities free,
 Do easily yield, that all their coasts may be
 Ready to store their³⁴ camps of needful things:
 So *Stella's* heart, finding what power *Love* brings,
 To keep itself in life and liberty,
 Doth willing grant, that in the frontiers he
 Use all to help his other conquerings:
 And thus her heart escapes, but thus her eyes
 10 Serve him with shot, her lips his heralds are:
 Her breasts his tents, legs his triumphal car:
 Her flesh his food, her skin his armour brave, *splendid*
 And I, but for because my prospect lies *view*
 Upon that coast, am giv'n up for a slave.

30³⁵
 Whether the Turkish new-moon minded be
 To fill his horns this year on Christian coast;
 How *Poles'* right king means, without leave of host,
 To warm with ill-made fire cold *Muscovy*;
 If French can yet three parts in one agree;

32 An allegory is an extended metaphor in which the elements of a narrative ("other's children") are used to signify something completely different (hence "changelings").

33 Originally an alchemical term referring to the "fifth essence" (the substance of which the heavenly bodies were composed) supposedly inherent in all matter. The term later came to mean the most essential part of any non-material thing.

34 "their" here refers to "mighty kings".

35 Sonnet 30 is made up of a series of questions concerning contemporary European events in 1582: the threat of a Turkish invasion, under

the crescent moon banner of Islam; the Polish invasion of Russia ("Muscovy"); the civil strife in France between three factions (Catholics, Protestants, and *politiques*); the Diet (a kind of parliament) of the Holy Roman Emperor; the Spanish invasion of Holland, which was led by William of Orange; Sir Henry Sidney's taxation ("bit") of landowners in Ulster; and political unrest in the Scottish court. This last reference was modified to "no welt'ring" in the 1598 edition of the text in order to avoid giving offence to King James VI of Scotland (who was shortly to become King of England).

10 What now the Dutch in their full diets boast;
 How *Holland* hearts, now so good towns be lost,
 Trust in the shade of pleasant *Orange* tree;
 How *Ulster* likes of that same golden bit,
 Wherewith my father once made it half tame;
 If in the Scottish Court be welt'ring yet;
 These questions busy wits to me do frame;
 I, cumbered with good manners, answer do,
 But know not how; for still I think of you.

agitation

31

10 With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies,
 How silently, and with how wan a face,
 What, may it be that even in heav'nly 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 describes.
 Then, e'en 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?

describes

32

10 *Morpheus*,³⁶ the lively son of deadly sleep,
 Witness of life to them that living die:
 A Prophet oft, and oft an history,
 A Poet eke, as humours fly or creep,
 Since thou in me so sure a power dost keep,
 That never I with closed-up sense do lie,
 But by thy work my *Stella* I descry,
 Teaching blind eyes both how to smile and weep,
 Vouchsafe of all acquaintance this to tell,
 Whence hast thou Ivory, Rubies, pearl and gold,
 To show her skin, lips, teeth and head so well?
 'Fool,' answers he, 'no *Ind*'s such treasures hold,
 But from thy heart, while my sire charmeth thee,
 Sweet *Stella*'s image I do steal to me.'

also/whimsies

India

33

10 I might, unhappy word, O me, I might,
 And then would not, or could not see my bliss:³⁷
 Till now, wrapped in a most infernal night,
 I find how heav'nly day wretch I did miss.
 Heart rend thyself thou dost thyself but right,
 No lovely *Paris* made thy *Helen* his:³⁸
 No force, no fraud, robbed thee of thy delight,
 Nor Fortune of thy fortune author is:
 But to myself my self did give the blow,
 While too much wit (forsooth) so troubled me,
 That I respects for both our sakes must show:

consideration

36 See gazetteer.

37 Sometimes taken as a reference to the abortive marriage plans between Sidney and Penelope Devereux.

38 See the gazetteer under Paris and Helen of Troy.

And yet could not, by rising Morn foresee
 How fair a day was near, O punished eyes,
 That I had been more foolish, or more wise.

34

Come let me write, 'And to what end?' To ease
 A burthen'd heart. 'How can words ease, which are
 The glasses of thy daily vexing care?'
 Oft cruel fights well pictured forth do please.
 'Art not ashamed to publish thy disease?'
 Nay, that may breed my fame, it is so rare:
 'But will not wise men think thy words fond ware?'
 Then be they close, and so none shall displease.
 'What idler thing then speak and not be heard?'
 What harder thing than smart, and not to speak?
 Peace, foolish wit, with wit my wit is marred.
 Thus write I while I doubt to write, and wreak
 My harms on Ink's poor loss, perhaps some find
Stella's great pow'rs, that so confuse my mind.

*burdened
 mirrors*

proclaim

trivial matters

silent

ache

10

35

What may words say, or what may words not say,
 Where truth itself must speak like flattery?
 Within what bounds can one his liking stay,
 Where Nature doth with infinite agree?
 What *Nestor's*³⁹ counsel can my flames allay,
 Since Reason's self doth blow the coal in me?
 And ah what hope, that hope should once see day,
 Where *Cupid* is sworn page to Chastity?
 Honour is honoured, that thou dost possess
 Him as thy slave, and now long needy Fame
 Doth even grow rich, naming my *Stella's* name.⁴⁰
 Wit learns in thee perfection to express,
 Not thou by praise, but praise in thee is raised:
 It is a praise to praise, when thou art praised.

10

36⁴¹

Stella, whence doth this new assault arise,
 A conquered, yelden, ransacked heart to win?
 Whereto long since, through my long battered eyes,
 Whole armies of thy beauties entered in.
 And there long since, *Love* thy Lieutenant lies,
 My forces razed, thy banners raised within:
 Of conquest, do not these effects suffice,
 But wilt new war upon thine own begin?
 With so sweet voice, and by sweet Nature so,
 In sweetest strength, so sweetly skilled withal,
 In all sweet stratagems sweet Art can show,
 That not my soul, which at thy foot did fall,
 Long since forc'd by thy beams, but stone nor tree
 By Sense's privilege,⁴² can 'scape from thee.

defeated/yielded

wiped out

10

39 See gazetteer.

40 Another pun on "Rich," which was Penelope Devereux's married name.

41 The organizing conceit of Sonnet 36 is that *Astrophil* is a conquered city, and *Stella* the conquering army; this is a reversal of the siege metaphor that was a commonplace image for male lovers seeking sexual favors from women.

42 i.e. by the immunity granted by their insensibility.

37⁴³

My mouth doth water, and my breast doth swell,
 My tongue doth itch, my thoughts in labour be:
 Listen then Lordings with good ear to me,
 For of my Life I must a riddle tell.
 Toward *Aurora's* Court⁴⁴ a Nymph doth dwell,
 Rich in all beauties which man's eye can see:
 Beauties so far from reach of words, that we
 Abase her praise, saying she doth excel:
 Rich in the treasure of deserv'd renown,
 Rich in the riches of a royal heart,
 Rich in those gifts which give th'eternal crown;
 Who though most rich in these and every part,
 Which make the patents of true worldly bliss,
 Hath no misfortune, but that Rich she is.

proofs

38

This night while sleep begins with heavy wings
 To hatch mine eyes, and that unbitted thought
 Doth fall to stray, and my chief powers are brought
 To leave the sceptre of all subject things,
 The first that straight my fancy's error brings
 Unto my mind, is *Stella's* image, wrought
 By *Love's* own self, but with so curious draught,
 That she, methinks, not only shines but sings.
 I start, look, hark, but in what closed-up sense
 Was held, in opened sense it flies away,
 Leaving me naught but wailing eloquence:
 I, seeing better sights in sight's decay,
 Called it anew, and wooed sleep again:
 But him her host that unkind guest had slain.

*cover/unbridled**governance
imagination's wandering**design**ruin*

39

Come, sleep, O sleep, the certain knot of peace,
 The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
 Th' indifferent Judge between the high and low;
 With shield of proof shield me from out the prease
 Of those fierce darts, despair at me doth throw:
 O make in me those civil wars to cease;
 I will good tribute pay if thou do so.
 Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
 A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to light:
 A rosy garland,⁴⁵ and a weary head:
 And if these things, as being thine by right,
 Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
 Livelier than elsewhere, *Stella's* image see.

*resting place**proven strength/crowd*

40

As good to write as for to lie and groan.
 O *Stella* dear, how much thy power hath wrought,
 That hast my mind, none of the basest, brought
 My still-kept course, while others sleep, to moan.
 Alas, if from the height of Virtue's throne,

43 Sonnet 37 is another series of puns on the name "Rich."

44 *Aurora* was the goddess of the dawn, so toward her court means "east."

45 The rose is here being used as an emblem of silence.

10 Thou canst vouchsafe the influence of a thought
 Upon a wretch, that long thy grace hath sought;
 Weigh then how I by thee am overthrown:
 And then, think thus, although thy beauty be
 Made manifest by such a victory,
 Yet noblest Conquerors do wrecks avoid.⁴⁶
 Since then thou hast so far subdued me,
 That in my heart I offer still to thee,
 O do not let thy Temple be destroyed.

41⁴⁷

10 Having this day my horse, my hand, my lance
 Guided so well, that I obtained the prize,
 Both by the judgement of the English eyes,
 And of some sent from that sweet enemy *France*;
 Horsemen my skill in horsemanship advance;
 Town-folks my strength; a daintier judge applies
 His praise to sleight, which from good use doth rise;
 Some lucky wits impute it but to chance;
 Others, because of both sides I do take
 My blood from them, who did excel in this,
 Think Nature me a man of arms did make.
 How far they shot awry! The true cause is,
Stella look'd on, and from her heav'nly face
 Sent forth the beams, which made so fair my race.

*manual dexterity**course*

42

10 O eyes, which do the Spheres⁴⁸ of beauty move,
 Whose beams be joys, whose joys all virtues be,
 Who while they make *Love* conquer, conquer *Love*,
 The schools where *Venus* hath learned chastity.
 O eyes, where humble looks most glorious prove,
 Only lov'd Tyrants, just in cruelty,
 Do not, O do not from poor me remove,
 Keep still my Zenith, ever shine on me.
 For though I never see them, but straight ways
 My life forgets to nourish languished sprites;
 Yet still on me, O eyes, dart down your rays:
 And if from Majesty of sacred lights,
 Oppressing mortal sense, my death proceed,
 Wracks Triumphs be, which *Love* (high set) doth breed.

*highest state**Wrecks*

43

Fair eyes, sweet lips, dear heart, that foolish I
 Could hope, by *Cupid's* help, on you to prey;
 Since to himself he doth your gifts apply,
 As his main force, choice sport, and easeful stay.
 For when he will see who dare him gainsay,
 Then with those eyes he looks, lo by and by
 Each soul doth at *Love's* feet his weapons lay,
 Glad if for her he give them leave to die.
 When he will play, then in her lips he is,

46 i.e. Noblest conquerors do not destroy the lands which they conquer.

47 Sonnet 41's organizing conceit is that of a tournament, in which Astrophil has won a prize for jousting.

48 A reference to the layers of transparent hollow globes which were thought to enclose the earth by medieval and Renaissance astronomers. The moon and planets were thought to be fixed in them and to move as the spheres moved.

10 Where, blushing red, that *Love's* self them doth love,
 With either lip he doth the other kiss:
 But when he will, for quiet's sake remove
 From all the world, her heart is then his room,
 Where well he knows, no man to him can come.

44

My words I know do well set forth my mind,
 My mind bemoans his sense of inward smart; *hurt*
 Such smart may pity claim of any heart,
 Her heart, sweet heart, is of no Tiger's kind:
 And yet she hears, yet I no pity find;
 But more I cry, less grace she doth impart,
 Alas, what cause is there so overthwart, *perverse*
 That Nobleness itself makes thus unkind?
 I much do guess, yet find no truth save this,
 10 That when the breath of my complaints doth touch
 Those dainty doors unto the Court of bliss,
 The heav'nly nature of that place is such,
 That once come there, the sobs of mine annoys
 Are metamorphosed straight to tunes of joys.

45

Stella oft sees the very face of woe
 Painted in my beclouded stormy face:
 But cannot skill to pity my disgrace, *understand/misfortune*
 Not though thereof the cause herself she know:
 Yet hearing late a fable, which did show
 Of Lovers never known, a grievous case, *i.e. fictional lovers*
 Pity thereof gat in her breast such place
 That, from that sea deriv'd, tears' spring did flow.
 Alas, if Fancy drawn by imaged things, *Imagination*
 10 Though false, yet with free scope more grace doth breed *favor*
 Than servant's wrack, where new doubts honour brings;
 Then think my dear, that you in me do read
 Of Lover's ruin some sad Tragedy:
 I am not I, pity the tale of me.

46

I cursed thee oft, I pity now thy case,
 Blind-hitting boy, since she that thee and me *i.e. Cupid*
 Rules with a beck, so tyrannizeth thee, *whim*
 That thou must want or food, or dwelling place.
 For she protests to banish thee her face,
 Her face? O *Love*, a Rogue thou then shouldst be,
 If *Love* learn not alone to love and see,
 Without desire to feed of further grace.
 Alas poor wag, that now a scholar art *boy/pupil*
 10 To such a schoolmistress, whose lessons new
 Thou needs must miss, and so thou needs must smart. *fail to learn/be punished*
 Yet Dear, let me this pardon get of you,
 So long (though he from book mitch to desire) *is truant*
 Till without fuel you can make hot fire.

47

What, have I thus betrayed my liberty?
 Can those black beams such burning marks engrave

In my free side?⁴⁹ Or am I born a slave,
 Whose neck becomes such yoke of tyranny?
 Or want I sense to feel my misery?
 Or sprite, disdain of such disdain to have?
 Who for long faith, tho' daily help I crave,
 May get no alms but scorn of beggary.
 Virtue awake, Beauty but beauty is,
 I may, I must, I can, I will, I do
 Leave following that, which it is gain to miss.
 Let her go. Soft, but here she comes. Go to,
 Unkind, I love you not: O me, that eye
 Doth make my heart to give my tongue the lie.

charity

10

48

Soul's joy, bend not those morning stars from me,
 Where Virtue is made strong by Beauty's might,
 Where *Love* is chasteness, Pain doth learn delight,
 And Humbleness grows one with Majesty.
 Whatever may ensue, O let me be
 Co-partner of the riches of that sight:
 Let not mine eyes be hell-driv'n from that light:
 O look, O shine, O let me die and see.
 For though I oft myself of them bemoan,
 That through my heart their beamy darts be gone,
 Whose cureless wounds even now most freshly bleed:
 Yet since my death-wound is already got,
 Dear Killer, spare not thy sweet cruel shot:
 A kind of grace it is to slay with speed.

i.e. Stella's eyes

10

*radiant*49⁵⁰

I on my horse, and *Love* on me, doth try
 Our horsemanships, while by strange work I prove
 A horseman to my horse, a horse to *Love*;
 And now man's wrongs in me, poor beast, descry.
 The reins wherewith my Rider doth me tie,
 Are humbled thoughts, which bit of Reverence move,
 Curb'd in with fear, but with gilt boss above
 Of Hope, which makes it seem fair to the eye.
 The Wand is Will, thou, Fancy, Saddle art,
 Girt fast by memory; and while I spur
 My horse, he spurs with sharp desire my heart:
 He sits me fast, however I do stir:
 And now hath made me to his hand so right,
 That in the Manage myself takes delight.

*reveal**bridle cover**riding crop**Confined securely**securely**training*

10

50

Stella, the fullness of my thoughts of thee
 Cannot be stayed within my panting breast,
 But they do swell and struggle forth of me,
 Till that in words thy figure be expressed.
 And yet as soon as they so formed be,
 According to my Lord *Love's* own behest:
 With sad eyes I their weak proportion see,

*restrained**command*

49 i.e. Does Stella's glance brand me, like a free person who is branded when sold into slavery?

50 Sonnet 49 is an extended metaphor in which the speaker rides his horse and compares himself to a horse being ridden by *Love*. By the last couplet, *Love* has become so skilled a rider that the speaker enjoys being ridden.

10 To portrait that which in this world is best.
 So that I cannot choose but write my mind,
 And cannot choose but put out what I write, *erase*
 While these poor babes their death in birth do find:⁵¹
 And now my pen these lines had dashed quite,
 But that they stopped his fury from the same,
 Because their forefront bare sweet *Stella's* name.

51

Pardon mine ears, both I and they do pray,
 So may your tongue still fluently proceed,
 To them that do such entertainment need,
 So may you still have somewhat new to say.
 On silly me do not the burden lay, *innocent*
 Of all the grave conceits your brain doth breed; *opinions*
 But find some *Hercules* to bear, instead
 Of *Atlas* tired,⁵² your wisdom's heav'nly sway.
 For me, while you discourse of courtly tides,⁵³
 10 Of cunningest fishers in most troubled streams,
 Of straying ways, when valiant error guides:
 Meanwhile my heart confers with *Stella's* beams,
 And is even irked that so sweet Comedy,
 By such unsuited speech should hindered be.

52

A strife is grown between *Virtue* and *Love*,
 While each pretends that *Stella* must be his:
 Her eyes, her lips, her all, saith *Love*, do this,
 Since they do wear his badge, most firmly prove.
 But *Virtue* thus that title doth disprove,
 That *Stella* (O dear name) that *Stella* is
 That virtuous soul, sure heir of heav'nly bliss:
 Not this fair outside, which our heart doth move.
 And therefore, though her beauty and her grace
 10 Be *Love's* indeed, in *Stella's* self he may
 By no pretence claim any manner place.
 Well *Love*, since this demur our suit doth stay, *delay/suit*
 Let *Virtue* have that *Stella's* self; yet thus,
 That *Virtue* but that body grant to us.

53

In Martial sports I had my cunning tried, *i.e. jousting*
 And yet to break more staves did me address: *lances*
 While with the people's shouts I must confess,
 Youth, luck, and praise, even filled my veins with pride.
 When *Cupid*, having me his slave descried
 In *Mars's* livery, prancing in the press: *uniform/crowd*
 'What now Sir Fool,' said he, 'I would no less,⁵⁴
 Look here, I say.' I look'd, and *Stella* spied,
 Who hard by made a window send forth light.
 10 My heart then quaked, then dazzled were mine eyes,

51 Astrophil is crossing out his lines of poetry about Stella as soon as they are written.

52 See Hercules and Atlas in the gazetteer.

53 This line, and the two after it, use metaphors of fishing and of wandering in order to represent the shifting situations ("tides") of court life in which the speaker professes to be completely uninterested.

54 Cupid wants Astrophil to be as strongly devoted to love as he presently is to military prowess.

One hand forgot to rule,⁵⁵ th'other to fight.
 Nor trumpets' sound I heard, nor friendly cries;
 My Foe came on, and beat the air for me,
 Till that her blush taught me my shame to see.

54

Because I breathe not love to every one,
 Nor do not use set colours for to wear,
 Nor nourish special locks of vowed hair,
 Nor give each speech a full point of a groan,
 The courtly Nymphs, acquainted with the moan,
 Of them, who in their lips *Love's* standard bear;
 'What, he?' say they of me, now I dare swear,
 He cannot love: no, no, let him alone.'
 And think so still, so *Stella* know my mind,
 Profess in deed I do not *Cupid's* art;
 But you fair maids, at length this true shall find,
 That his right badge is but worn in the heart:
 Dumb Swans,⁵⁶ not chatt'ring Pies, do Lovers prove,
 They love indeed, who quake to say they love.

55

Muses, I oft invoked your holy aid,
 With choicest flowers⁵⁷ my speech to engarland so;
 That it, despised in true but naked show,
 Might win some grace in your sweet skill arrayed.
 And oft whole troupes of saddest words I stayed,
 Striving abroad a foraging to go,
 Until by your inspiring I might know,
 How their black banner might be best displayed.
 But now I mean no more your help to try,
 Nor other sugaring of my speech to prove,
 But on her name incessantly to cry:
 For let me but name her whom I do love,
 So sweet sounds straight mine ear and heart do hit,
 That I well find no eloquence like it.

56

Fie, school of Patience, fie, your lesson is
 Far far too long to learn it without book:
 What, a whole week without one piece of look,
 And think I should not your large precepts miss?
 When I might read those letters fair of bliss,
 Which in her face teach virtue, I could brook
 Somewhat thy leaden counsels, which I took
 As of a friend that meant not much amiss:
 But now that I, alas, do want her sight,
 What, dost thou think that I can ever take
 In thy cold stuff a phlegmatic delight?
 No, Patience, if thou wilt my good, then make
 Her come, and hear with patience my desire,
 And then with patience bid me bear my fire.

57

Woe, having made with many fights his own
 Each sense of mine, each gift, each power of mind,

55 i.e. manage his horse.

56 Swans do not sing.

57 Rhetorical flowers.

Grown now his slaves, he forced them out to find
 The thorough'st words, fit for woe's self to groan,
 Hoping that when they might find *Stella* alone,
 Before she could prepare to be unkind,
 Her soul, armed but with such a dainty rind,
 Should soon be pierced with sharpness of the moan.
 She heard my plaints, and did not only hear,
 But them (so sweet is she) most sweetly sing,⁵⁸
 With that fair breast making woe's darkness clear:
 A pretty case! I hoped her to bring
 To feel my griefs, and she with face and voice
 So sweets my pains, that my pains me rejoice.

outward form

10

58

Doubt there hath been, when with his golden chain⁵⁹
 The Orator so far men's hearts doth bind,
 That no pace else their guided steps can find,
 But as he them more short or slack doth rein,
 Whether with words this sovereignty he gain,
 Cloth'd with fine tropes, with strongest reasons lin'd,
 Or else pronouncing grace,⁶⁰ wherewith his mind
 Prints his own lively form in rudest brain.
 Now judge by this: in piercing phrases late,
 Th' anatomy of all my woes I wrate,
Stella's sweet breath the same to me did read.
 O voice, O face, maugre my speech's might,
 Which wooed woe, most ravishing delight
 Even those sad words even in sad me did breed.

despite

10

59

Dear, why make you more of a dog than me?
 If he do love, I burn, I burn in love:
 If he wait well, I never thence would move:
 If he be fair, yet but a dog can be.
 Little he is, so little worth is he;
 He barks, my songs thine own voice oft doth prove:
 Bidden, perhaps he fetcheth thee a glove,
 But I unbid, fetch even my soul to thee.
 Yet while I languish, him that bosom clips,
 That lap doth lap, nay lets, in spite of spite,
 This sour-breath'd mate taste of those sugared lips.
 Alas, if you grant only such delight
 To witless things, then *Love* I hope (since wit
 Becomes a clog) will soon ease me of it.

try

embraces

10

relieve

60

When my good Angel guides me to the place,
 Where all my good I do in *Stella* see,
 That heav'n of joys throws only down on me
 Thundered disdains and lightnings of disgrace:
 But when the rugged'st step of Fortune's race
 Makes me fall from her sight, then sweetly she

58 i.e. *Stella* herself recites the poems that *Astrophil* has been writing to convince her of how he suffers.

59 The goal of oratory is to sway the opinions of listeners in the direction which the speaker intends; here, a successful orator is described as having his listeners' hearts on a chain which he controls.

60 Style, invention, and delivery are three of the parts of rhetoric (arrangement and memory are the other two).

10 With words, wherein the Muses' treasures be,
Shows love and pity to my absent case.
Now I, wit-beaten long by hardest Fate,
So dull am, that I cannot look into
The ground of this fierce *Love* and lovely hate:
Then some good body tell me how I do,
Whose presence, absence, absence presence is;
Bless'd in my curse, and cursed in my bliss.

sluggish
reason for

61

10 Oft with true sighs, oft with uncalled tears,
Now with slow words, now with dumb eloquence
I *Stella's* eyes assail, invade her ears;
But this, at last, is her sweet breath'd defence:
That who indeed in-felt affection bears,
So captives to his Saint both soul and sense,
That, wholly hers, all selfness he forbears,
Thence his desires he learns, his life's course thence.
Now since her chaste mind hates this love in me,
With chastened mind, I straight must show that she
Shall quickly me from what she hates remove.
O Doctor *Cupid*, thou for me reply,
Driv'n else to grant by Angel's Sophistry,
That I love not, without I leave to love.

inwardly felt

specious reasoning
cease

62

10 Late tired with woe, even ready for to pine
With rage of *Love*, I called my Love unkind;
She in whose eyes *Love*, though unfelt, doth shine,
Sweet said that I true love in her should find.
I joyed, but straight thus watered was my wine,
That love she did, but loved a Love not blind,
Which would not let me, whom she loved, decline
From nobler course, fit for my birth and mind:
And therefore by her Love's authority,
Willed me these tempests of vain love to fly,
And anchor fast myself on *Virtue's* shore.
Alas, if this the only metal be
Of *Love*, new-coin'd to help my beggary,
Dear, love me not, that you may love me more.

63

10 O Grammar rules, O now your virtues show;
So children still read you with awful eyes,
As my young Dove may in your precepts wise
Her grant to me, by her own virtue know.
For late with heart most high, with eyes most low,
I crav'd the thing which ever she denies:
She lightning *Love*, displaying *Venus'* skies,
Lest once should not be heard, twice said, No, no.
Sing then my Muse, now *Io Paeon* sing,⁶¹
Heav'n's envy not at my high triumphing:
But Grammar's force with sweet success confirm,
For Grammar says, (O this, dear *Stella* weigh,)
For Grammar says, (to Grammar who says nay)
That in one speech two Negatives affirm.

fearful

gift

61 A cry of triumph, originally in a hymn to a god.

First Song

Doubt you to whom my Muse these notes intendeth,
Which now my breast o'ercharged to Music lendeth?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only in you my song begins and endeth.

Who hath the eyes which marry state with pleasure,
Who keeps the key of Nature's chiefest treasure?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only for you the heav'n forgot all measure.

*magnificence**moderation*

10 Who hath the lips, where wit in fairness reigneth,
Who womankind at once both decks and staineth?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only by you *Cupid* his crown maintaineth.

Who hath the feet, whose step all sweetness planteth,
Who else, for whom Fame worthy trumpets wanteth?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only to you her Sceptre *Venus* granteth.

20 Who hath the breast, whose milk doth passions nourish,
Whose grace is such, that when it chides doth cherish?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only through you the tree of life doth flourish.

virtue

Who hath the hand which without stroke, subdueth,
Who long dead beauty with increase reneweth?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only at you all envy hopeless rueth.

feels penitent

Who hath the hair, which, loosest, fastest tieth,
Who makes a man live then glad when he dieth?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due:
Only of you the flatterer never lieth.

30 Who hath the voice, which soul from senses sunders,
Whose force but yours the bolts of beauty thunders?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due:
Only with you not miracles are wonders.

Doubt you to whom my Muse these notes intendeth,
Which now my breast o'ercharged to Music lendeth?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due:
Only in you my song begins and endeth.

64

No more, my dear, no more these counsels try,
O give my passions leave to run their race:
Let Fortune lay on me her worst disgrace,
Let folk o'ercharged with brain against me cry,
Let clouds bedim my face, break in mine eye,
Let me no steps but of lost labour trace,
Let all the earth with scorn recount my case,
But do not will me from my *Love* to fly.
I do not envy *Aristotle's* wit,

intellect

10

Nor do aspire to *Caesar's* bleeding fame,⁶²
 Nor ought do care though some above me sit,⁶³
 Nor hope, nor wish another course to frame,
 But that which once may win thy cruel heart:
 Thou art my Wit, and thou my Virtue art.

65

10

Love by sure proof I may call thee unkind,
 That giv'st no better ear to my just cries:
 Thou whom to me such good turns should bind,
 As I may well recount, but none can prize:
 For when, nak'd boy, thou couldst no harbour find
 In this old world, grown now so too too wise:
 I lodged thee in my heart, and being blind
 By Nature born, I gave to thee mine eyes.
 Mine eyes, my light, my heart, my life, alas,
 If so great services may scorn'd be:
 Yet let this thought thy Tig'rish courage pass:
 That I perhaps am somewhat kin to thee;
 Since in thine arms, if learn'd fame truth hath spread,
 Thou bear'st the arrow, I the arrow-head.⁶⁴

penetrate

66

10

And do I see some cause a hope to feed,
 Or doth the tedious burden of long woe
 In weakened minds, quick apprehending breed,
 Of every image, which may comfort show?
 I cannot brag of word, much less of deed,
 Fortune wheels still with me in one sort slow,
 My wealth no more, and no whit less my need,
 Desire still on stilts of fear doth go.
 And yet amid all fears a hope there is
 Stol'n to my heart, since last fair night, nay day,
Stella's eyes sent to me the beams of bliss,
 Looking on me, while I looked other way:
 But when mine eyes back to their heav'n did move,
 They fled with blush, which guilty seem'd of love.

*always slow**crutches*

67

10

Hope, art thou true, or dost thou flatter me?
 Doth *Stella* now beam with piteous eye,
 The ruins of her conquest to espy:
 Will she take time, before all wracked be?
 Her eye's speech is translated thus by thee:
 But fail'st thou not in phrase so heav'nly high?
 Look on again, the fair text better try:⁶⁵
 What blushing notes dost thou in margin see?
 What sighs stol'n out, or killed before full born?
 Hast thou found such and such like arguments?
 Or art thou else to comfort me forsworn?
 Well, how so thou interpret the contents,

62 See Aristotle and Julius Caesar in the gazetteer.

63 A reference to the speaker's lack of social ambitions. The seating plan at Early Modern English banquets was determined by social status; the higher one's rank, the closer to the head table ("higher") one sat.

64 The speaker is joking that he is like Cupid because he bears Cupid's arrow-head in his breast (the one that caused him to love Stella).

65 The conceit of this poem lies in the speaker's request that Hope "read" Stella's expression. The references to a "fair text," "margin," and "arguments" all refer to this process of interpreting Stella's expression as if it was a book.

I am resolved thy error to maintain,
Rather than by more truth to get more pain.

68

Stella, the only Planet of my light,
Light of my life, and life of my desire,
Chief good, whereto my hope doth only aspire,
World of my wealth, and heav'n of my delight.
Why dost thou spend the treasures of thy sprite,
With voice more fit to wed *Amphion's* lyre,⁶⁶
Seeking to quench in me the noble fire,
Fed by thy worth, and kindled by thy sight?
And all in vain, for while thy breath most sweet,
With choicest words, thy words with reasons rare,
Thy reasons firmly set on *Virtue's* feet,
Labour to kill in me this killing care:
O think I then, what paradise of joy
It is, so fair a *Virtue* to enjoy.

10

painful burden

69

O joy, too high for my low style to show:
O bliss, fit for a nobler seat than me:
Envy, put out thine eyes, lest thou do see
What Oceans of delight in me do flow.
My friend, that oft saw through all masks my woe,
Come, come, and let me pour myself on thee;
Gone is the winter of my misery,
My spring appears, O see what here doth grow.
For *Stella* hath with words where faith doth shine,
Of her high heart giv'n me the monarchy:
I, I, O I, may say, that she is mine.
And though she give but thus condition'lly
This realm of bliss, while virtuous course I take,
No kings be crowned, but they some covenants make.

10

*residence**promises*

70

My Muse may well grudge at my heav'nly joy,
If still I force her in sad rhymes to creep:
She oft hath drunk my tears, now hopes to enjoy
Nectar of Mirth, since I *Jove's* cup do keep⁶⁷
Sonnets be not bound 'prentice to annoy:
Trebles sing high, as well as basses deep:
Grief but *Love's* winter livery is, the Boy
Hath cheeks to smile, as well as eyes to weep.
Come then my Muse, show thou height of delight
In well raised notes, my pen the best it may
Shall paint out joy, though but in black and white.
Cease eager Muse, peace pen, for my sake stay,
I give you here my hand for truth of this,
Wise silence is best music unto bliss.

10

apprentice

71

Who will in fairest book of Nature know,
How *Virtue* may best lodged in beauty be,
Let him but learn of *Love* to read in thee,
Stella, those fair lines which true goodness show.

66 See gazetteer.

67 A reference to the myth of Ganymede (see gazetteer).

There shall he find all vices' overthrow,
 Not by rude force, but sweetest sovereignty
 Of reason, from whose light those night-birds fly;
 That inward sun in thine eyes shineth so.
 And not content to be Perfection's heir
 10 Thyself, dost strive all minds that way to move,
 Who mark in thee what is in thee most fair.
 So while thy beauty draws the heart to love,
 As fast thy Virtue bends that love to good:
 'But, ah,' Desire still cries, 'give me some food.'

firmly

72

Desire, though thou my old companion art,
 And oft so clings to my pure Love, that I
 One from the other scarcely can descry,
 While each doth blow the fire of my heart;
 Now from thy fellowship I needs must part,
 Venus is taught with Dian's wings to fly:
 I must no more in thy sweet passions lie;
 10 Virtue's gold must now head my Cupids dart.
 Service and Honour, wonder with delight,
 Fear to offend, will worthy to appear,
 Care shining in mine eyes, faith in my sprite,
 These things are left me by my only Dear;
 But thou Desire, because thou wouldst have all,
 Now banished art, but yet alas how shall?

arrow

Second Song

Have I caught my heav' nly jewel,
 Teaching sleep most fair to be?
 Now will I teach her that she,
 When she wakes, is too too cruel.

Since sweet sleep her eyes hath charmed,
 The two only darts of Love:
 Now will I with that boy prove
 10 Some play, while he is disarmed.

i.e. Cupid

Her tongue waking still refuseth,
 Giving frankly niggard No:
 Now will I attempt to know,
 10 What No her tongue sleeping, useth.

ungenerous

See the hand which waking guardeth,
 Sleeping, grants a free resort:
 Now I will invade the fort;⁶⁸
 Cowards Love with loss rewardeth.

But O fool, think of the danger,
 Of her just and high disdain:
 Now will I alas refrain,
 20 Love fears nothing else but anger.

68 From classical times onward, one of the most common metaphors for a man attempting to "seduce" (forcibly or otherwise) a woman in Western poetry is that of an army besieging a castle. The last three

stanzas of this poem reveal the speaker's rather sinister ambivalence about possessing Stella by force. In Sonnet 36, Sidney reverses the usual gender positions of this image.

Yet those lips so sweetly swelling,
Do invite a stealing kiss:
Now will I but venture this,
Who will read must first learn spelling.

Oh sweet kiss, but ah she is waking,
Louring beauty chastens me:
Now will I away hence flee:
Fool, more Fool, for no more taking.

Frowning

73

Love still a boy, and oft a wanton is,
Schooled only by his mother's tender eye:
What wonder then if he his lesson miss,
When for so soft a rod dear play he try?
And yet my *Star*, because a sugared kiss
In sport I sucked, while she asleep did lie,
Doth lour, nay, chide; nay, threat for only this:
Sweet, it was saucy *Love*, not humble I.
But no 'scuse serves, she makes her wrath appear
In Beauty's throne, see now who dares come near
Those scarlet judges,⁶⁹ threat'ning bloody pain?
O heav'nly fool, thy most kiss-worthy face,
Anger invests with such a lovely grace,
That Anger's self I needs must kiss again.

brat

i.e. Stella

10

74

I never drank of *Aganippe*⁷⁰ well,
Nor ever did in shade of *Tempe*⁷¹ sit:
And Muses scorn with vulgar brains to dwell,
Poor Layman I, for sacred rites unfit.
Some do I hear of Poets' fury tell,
But (God wot) wot not what they mean by it:
And this I swear by blackest brook of hell,
I am no pick-purse of another's wit.⁷²
How falls it then, that with so smooth an ease
My thoughts I speak; and what I speak doth flow
In verse, and that my verse best wits doth please?
Guess we the cause: 'What, is it thus?' Fie no:
'Or so?' Much less: 'How then?' Sure thus it is:
My lips are sweet, inspired with *Stella's* kiss.

divine inspiration
know(s)

10

75⁷³

Of all the Kings that ever here did reign,
Edward, named fourth, as first in praise I name,
Not for his fair outside, nor well lined brain,
Although less gifts imp⁷⁴ feathers oft on Fame,
Nor that he could, young-wise, wise-valiant, frame

69 The speaker is referring to Stella's red lips, but also evoking the red gowns that British judges wore then and now.

70 See gazetteer.

71 A mountain pass in Thessaly which linked Mt. Olympus to Mt. Ossa. It was there that the nymph Daphne was transformed into a laurel tree (see gazetteer). It is thus a place with strong associations for poetry.

72 i.e. I have not plagiarized my poetry from someone else.

73 This sonnet ostensibly sets out to praise Edward IV (reigned 1461-83), but Edward's status as a usurper of his throne from Henry

VI and a man with a bad reputation for sexual overindulgence makes it clear that Sidney is being ironic. The "bloody Lion" refers to the red lion flag of Scotland, and "witty Lewis" is the French King Louis XI. Edward is the reigning king at the outset of Shakespeare's *Richard III*, in which one of his "loves" (Jane Shore) is discussed in much less elevated language than Sidney uses.

74 A term from falconry. To "imp" feathers onto a bird is to graft new ones on to replace feathers that have been lost.

His Sire's revenge, joined with a kingdom's gain:
 And gained by *Mars*, could yet mad *Mars* so tame,
 That Balance weighed what sword did late obtain,
 Nor that he made the flour-de-luce so 'fraid, *fleur-de-lis* (the French flag)
 10 Though strongly hedged of bloody Lion's paws,
 That witty *Lewis* to him a tribute paid. *cunning*
 Nor this, nor that, nor any such small cause,
 But only for this worthy King durst prove
 To lose his Crown, rather than fail his Love.

76⁵

She comes, and straight therewith her shining twins do move i.e. Stella's eyes
 Their rays to me, who in their tedious absence lay
 Benighted in cold woe, but now appears my day,
 The only light of joy, the only warmth of *Love*.
 She comes with light and warmth, which like *Aurora* prove *dawn*
 Of gentle force, so that mine eyes dare gladly play
 With such a rosy morn, whose beams most freshly gay
 Scorch not, but only do dark chilling sprites remove.
 But lo, while I do speak, it groweth noon with me,
 10 Her flamy glist'ring lights increase with time and place,
 My heart cries 'ah', it burns, mine eyes now dazzled be:
 No wind, no shade can cool, what help then in my case,
 But with short breath, long looks, stayed feet and walking head,
 Pray that my sun go down with meeker beams to bed.

77

Those looks, whose beams be joy, whose motion is delight,
 That face, whose lecture⁷⁶ shows what perfect beauty is:
 That presence, which doth give dark hearts a living light:
 That grace, which *Venus* weeps that she her self doth miss:
 That hand, which without touch holds more than *Atlas*⁷⁷ might;
 Those lips, which make death's pay a mean price for a kiss:
 That skin, whose pass-praise hue scorns this poor term of white:
 Those words, which do sublime the quintessence⁷⁸ of bliss: *extract*
 That voice, which makes the soul plant himself in the ears:
 10 That conversation sweet, where such high comforts be,
 As constr'd in true speech, the name of heav'n it bears, *construed*
 Makes me in my best thoughts and quietest judgement see
 That in no more but these I might be fully blest:
 Yet ah, my Maiden Muse doth blush to tell the best.

78

O how the pleasant airs of true love be
 Infected by those vapours, which arise
 From out that noisome gulf, which gaping lies
 Between the jaws of hellish Jealousy.
 A monster, other's harm, self-misery,
 Beauty's plague, Virtue's scourge, succour of lies:
 Who his own joy to his own hurt applies,
 And only cherish doth with injury.
 Who since he hath, by Nature's special grace,
 10 So piercing paws, as spoil when they embrace,
 So nimble feet as stir still, though on thorns:

75 The next two sonnets are written in hexameters (lines of six feet), rather than the usual pentameters.

76 i.e. That face, the reading of which shows what perfect beauty is.

77 See gazetteer.

78 See note 33 above.

So many eyes ay seeking their own woe,
 So ample ears as never good news know:
 Is it not evil that such a Devil wants horns?

always

79

Sweet kiss, thy sweets I fain would sweetly indite,
 Which even of sweetness sweetest sweet'ner art:
 Pleasing'st consort,⁷⁹ where each sense holds a part,
 Which, coupling Doves, guides *Venus'* chariot right.⁸⁰
 Best charge, and bravest retreat in *Cupid's* fight,
 A double key, which opens to the heart,
 Most rich, when most his riches it impart:
 Nest of young joys, schoolmaster of delight,
 Teaching the mean, at once to take and give
 The friendly fray, where blows both wound and heal,
 The pretty death,⁸¹ while each in other live.
 Poor hope's first wealth, hostage of promised weal,
 Breakfast of *Love*, but lo, lo, where she is,
 Cease we to praise, now pray we for a kiss.

*proclaim**moderation**good*

10

80

Sweet swelling lip, well mayst thou swell in pride,
 Since best wits think it wit thee to admire;
 Nature's praise, Virtue's stall, *Cupid's* cold fire,
 Whence words, not words, but heav'nly graces slide.
 The new *Parnassus*,⁸² where the Muses bide,
 Sweet'ner of music, wisdom's beautifier,
 Breather of life, and fast'ner of desire,
 Where Beauty's blush in Honour's grain is dyed.⁸³
 Thus much my heart compelled my mouth to say,
 But now spite of my heart my mouth will stay,
 Loathing all lies, doubting this Flattery is:
 And no spur can his resty race renew,
 Without how far this praise is short of you,
 Sweet lip, you teach my mouth with one sweet kiss.

*throne**crimson**restrain**stubborn immobility*

10

81

O kiss, which dost those ruddy gems impart,
 Or gems, or fruits of new-found *Paradise*,
 Breathing all bliss and sweet'ning to the heart,
 Teaching dumb lips a nobler exercise.
 O kiss, which souls, even souls together ties
 By links of *Love*, and only Nature's art:
 How fain would I paint thee to all men's eyes,
 Or of thy gifts at least shade out some part.
 But she forbids, with blushing words, she says,
 She builds her fame on higher seated praise:
 But my heart burns, I cannot silent be.
 Then, since (dear life) you fain would have me peace,
 And I, mad with delight, want wit to cease,
 Stop you my mouth with still still kissing me.

*red**either . . . or**sketch*

10

79 "Consort" here refers to a musical harmony (in which each sense has a "part"), but also to any partnership or society.

80 See Aphrodite in the gazetteer.

81 The "pretty death" is the climax of the metaphor of love as a friendly combat, but it was also a euphemism for orgasm in Early Modern England.

82 See gazetteer.

83 Sidney is here punning on "grain" as an archaic term for the color scarlet and "dying in the grain," which means to dye something permanently (or "fast," which connects to the verb in the previous line).

82

Nymph of the garden, where all beauties be:
 Beauties which do in excellency pass
 His who till death looked in a war'ry glass,
 Or hers whom naked the *Trojan* boy did see.⁸⁴
 Sweet garden Nymph, which keeps the Cherry tree,
 Whose fruit doth far th'*Hesperian* taste surpass.⁸⁵
 Most sweet-fair, most fair-sweet, do not alas,
 From coming near those Cherries banish me:
 For though full of desire, empty of wit,
 10 Admitted late by your best-graced grace,
 I caught at one of them a hungry bite; bite (i.e. kiss)
 Pardon that fault, once more grant me the place,
 And I do swear even by the same delight,
 I will but kiss, I never more will bite.

83

Good brother *Philip*,⁸⁶ I have borne you long,
 I was content you should in favour creep,
 While craftily you seemed your cut to keep, fortune
 As though that fair soft hand did you great wrong.
 I bare (with Envy) yet I bare your song,
 When in her neck you did *Love* ditties peep;
 Nay, more fool I, oft suffered you to sleep
 In Lilies' nest where *Love's* self lies along. i.e. Stella's breast
 What, doth high place ambitious thoughts augment? rank
 10 Is sauciness reward of courtesy?
 Cannot such grace your silly self content,
 But you must needs with those lips billing be?
 And through those lips drink Nectar from that tongue;
 Leave that Sir *Phip*, lest off your neck be wrung.

Third Song

If *Orpheus*'⁸⁷ voice had force to breathe such music's love
 Through pores of senseless trees, as it could make them move:
 If stones good measure danced, the *Theban* walls to build,
 To cadence of the tunes, which *Amphion's* lyre did yield,⁸⁸
 More cause a like effect at leastwise bringeth:
 O stones, O trees, learn hearing, *Stella* singeth.

10 If Love might sweeten so a boy of shepherd brood,⁸⁹
 To make a Lizard dull to taste Love's dainty food:
 If Eagle fierce could so in *Grecian* Maid delight,
 As his light was her eyes, her death his endless night:
 Earth gave that Love, heav'n I trow Love refineth:
 O birds, O beasts, look Love, lo, *Stella* shineth.

The birds, beasts, stones and trees feel this, and feeling, *Love*:
 And if the trees, nor stones stir not the same to prove,
 Nor beasts, nor birds do come unto this blessed gaze,
 Know, that small Love is quick, and great Love doth amaze: lively/bewilder

84 References to Narcissus and Helen of Troy's abduction by Paris respectively (see gazetteer).

85 A reference to the golden apples of the Hesperides (see gazetteer).

86 "Philip" is the conventional Early Modern name for a sparrow, here used for one of Stella's pets. Sidney is also referring to himself, of course.

87 See gazetteer.

88 See gazetteer.

89 This line and the three after it contain references to stories from the Roman historian Pliny's *Natural History*: the shepherd boy Thoas was rescued from robbers by a dragon which he had helped once; an eagle willingly died on the funeral pyre of the Greek girl who had tamed and fed it.

They are amazed, but you with reason armed,
O eyes, O ears of men, how are you charmed!

84

Highway, since you my chief *Parnassus*⁹⁰ be,
And that my Muse to some ears not unsweet,
Tempers her words to trampling horses' feet
More oft than to a chamber melody;
Now, blessed you, bear onward blessed me
To her, where I my heart safeliest, shall meet.
My Muse and I must you of duty greet
With thanks and wishes, wishing thankfully.
Be you still fair, honoured by public heed,
By no encroachment wronged, nor time forgot:
Nor blamed for blood, nor shamed for sinful deed.
And that you know, I envy you no lot
Of highest wish, I wish you so much bliss,
Hundreds of years you *Stella's* feet may kiss.

10

*regard**destiny*

85

I see the house, my heart thy self contain,
Beware full sails drown not thy tott'ring barge:
Lest joy, by Nature apt sprites to enlarge,
Thee to thy wrack beyond thy limits strain.
Nor do like Lords, whose weak confused brain,
Not 'pointing to fit folks each undercharge,⁹¹
While every office themselves will discharge,
With doing all, leave nothing done but pain.
But give apt servants their due place, let eyes
See Beauty's total sum summed in her face:
Let ears hear speech, which wit to wonder ties,
Let breath suck up those sweets, let arms embrace
The globe of weal, lips *Love's* indentures make:
Thou but of all the kingly Tribute take.

10

*unstable**goodness/contracts**Fourth Song*

Only joy, now here you are,
Fit to hear and ease my care:
Let my whispering voice obtain,
Sweet reward for sharpest pain:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
'No, no, no, no, my Dear, let be.'

Night hath closed all in her cloak,
Twinkling stars Love-thoughts provoke:
Danger hence good care doth keep,
Jealousy itself doth sleep:
Take me to thee, and thee to me:
'No, no, no, no, my Dear, let be.'

10

Better place no wit can find,
Cupid's yoke to loose or bind:
These sweet flowers on fine bed too,
Us in their best language woo:

90 See gazetteer.

91 i.e. Not delegating minor tasks to the appropriate servants.

Take me to thee, and thee to me.
 'No, no, no, no, my Dear, let be.'

20 This small light the Moon bestows,
 Serves thy beams but to disclose,
 So to raise my hap more high;
 Fear not else, none us can spy:
 Take me to thee, and thee to me.
 'No, no, no, no, my Dear, let be.'

fate

30 That you heard was but a Mouse,
 Dumb sleep holdeth all the house:
 Yet asleep, methinks they say,
 Young folks, take time while you may:
 Take me to thee, and thee to me.
 'No, no, no, no, my Dear, let be.'

Niggard Time threatens, if we miss
 This large offer of our bliss,
 Long stay ere he grant the same:
 Sweet then, while each thing doth frame:
 Take me to thee, and thee to me.
 'No, no, no, no, my Dear, let be.'

Miser

40 Your fair mother is abed,
 Candles out, and curtains spread:
 She thinks you do letters write:
 Write, but first let me indite:
 Take me to thee, and thee to me.
 'No, no, no, no, my Dear, let be.'

Sweet alas, why strive you thus?
 Concord better fitteth us:
 Leave to *Mars* the force of hands,
 Your power in your beauty stands:
 Take me to thee, and thee to me.
 'No, no, no, no, my Dear, let be.'

struggle

50 Woe to me, and do you swear
 Me to hate? But I forbear,
 Cursed be my dest'nies all,
 That brought me so high to fall:
 Soon with my death I will please thee.
 'No, no, no, no, my Dear, let be.'

86

Alas, whence came this change of looks? If I
 Have changed desert, let mine own conscience be
 A still felt plague, to self condemning me:
 Let woe gripe on my heart, shame load mine eye.
 But if all faith, like spotless Ermine⁹² lie
 Safe in my soul, which only doth to thee
 (As his sole object of felicity)
 With wings of *Love* in air of wonder fly,
 O ease your hand, treat not so hard your slave:

*gripe**happiness*

92 Ermine fur is pure white, and is often used as a symbol for purity in poetry.

10 In justice pains come not till faults do call;
 Or if I needs (sweet Judge) must torments have,
 Use something else to chasten me withal,
 Then those blest eyes, where all my hopes do dwell,
 No doom should make one's heav'n become his hell.

*judgment**Fifth Song*

While favour fed my hope, delight with hope was brought,
 Thought waited on delight, and speech did follow thought:
 Then grew my tongue and pen records unto thy glory:
 I thought all words were lost, that were not spent of thee:
 I thought each place was dark but where thy lights would be,
 And all ears worse than deaf, that heard not out thy story.

I said, thou wert most fair, and so indeed thou art:
 I said, thou wert most sweet, sweet poison to my heart:
 I said, my soul was thine (O that I then had lied)
 10 I said, thine eyes were stars, thy breast the milk'n way,
 Thy fingers *Cupid's* shafts, thy voice the Angels' lay:
 And all I said so well, as no man it denied.

song

But now that hope is lost, unkindness kills delight,
 Yet thought and speech do live, though metamorphosed quite:
 For rage now rules the reins, which guided were by Pleasure.
 I think now of thy faults, who late thought of thy praise,
 That speech falls now to blame, which did thy honour raise,
 The same key op'n can, which can lock up a treasure.

20 Thou then whom partial heavens conspir'd in one to frame,
 The proof of Beauty's worth, th'inheritor of fame,
 The mansion seat of bliss, and just excuse of Lovers;
 See now those feathers plucked, wherewith thou flew'st most high:
 See what clouds of reproach shall dark thy honour's sky,
 Whose own fault cast him down, hardly high state recovers.

*female inheritor**with difficulty*

And, O my Muse, though oft you lulled her in your lap,
 And then, a heav'nly child, gave her Ambrosian pap:
 And to that brain of hers your hid'nest gifts infused,
 Since she disdain'd me, doth you in me disdain:
 30 Suffer not her to laugh, while both we suffer pain:
 Princes in subjects wronged, must deem themselves abused.

i.e. food of the gods

Your Client poor myself, shall *Stella* handle so?
 Revenge, revenge, my Muse, Defiance' trumpet blow:
 Threat'n what may be done, yet do more than you threat'n.
 Ah, my suit granted is, I feel my breast doth swell:
 Now child, a lesson new you shall begin to spell:
 Sweet babes must babies have, but shrewd girls must be beat'n.

dolls/naughty

40 Think now no more to hear of warm fine odoured snow,⁹³
 Nor blushing Lilies, nor pearls' ruby-hidden row,
 Nor of that golden sea, whose waves in curls are brok'n:
 But of thy soul, so fraught with such ungratefulness,

laden down

93 This stanza outlines Astrophil's threat to stop praising Stella's beauty and to write about her callous "ingratitude" for not succumbing to his desires.

As where thou soon might'st help, most faith dost most oppress,
Ungrateful who is called, the worst of evils is spok'n,

Yet worse than worst, I say thou art a thief, a thief?
Now God forbid. A thief, and of worst thieves the chief:
Thieves steal for need, and steal but goods, which pain recovers,
But thou rich in all joys, dost rob my joys from me,
Which cannot be restored by time nor industry:
Of foes the spoil is evil, far worse of constant lovers.

50 Yet gentle English thieves do rob, but will not slay;
Thou English murd'ring thief, wilt have hearts for thy prey:
The name of murd'rer now on thy fair forehead sitteth:
And even while I do speak, my death wounds bleeding be:
Which (I protest) proceed from only Cruel thee,
Who may and will not save, murder in truth committeth.

60 But murder, private fault, seems but a toy to thee,
I lay then to thy charge unjustest Tyranny,
If Rule by force without all claim a Tyrant showeth,
For thou dost lord my heart, who am not born thy slave,
And which is worse, makes me most guiltless torments have,
A rightful Prince by unright deeds a Tyrant groweth.

Lo you grow proud with this, for tyrants make folk bow:
Of foul rebellion then I do appeach thee now;
Rebel by Nature's law, Rebel by law of Reason,
Thou, sweetest subject, wert born in the realm of Love,
And yet against thy Prince thy force dost daily prove:
No virtue merits praise, once touched with blot of Treason.

charge

70 But valiant Rebels oft in fools' mouths purchase fame:
I now then stain thy white with vagabonding shame,
Both Rebel to the Son, and Vagrant from the mother;
For wearing *Venus'* badge, in every part of thee,
Unto *Diana's* train thou runaway didst flee:⁹⁴
Who faileth one, is false, though trusty to another.

wandering (i.e. inconstant)

What, is not this enough? nay far worse cometh here;
A witch I say, thou art, though thou so fair appear;
For I protest, my sight never thy face enjoyeth,
But I in me am changed, I am alive and dead:
My feet are turned to roots, my heart becometh lead,
No witchcraft is so evil, as which man's mind destroyeth.

80 Yet witches may repent, thou art far worse then they,
Alas, that I am forced such evil of thee to say,
I say thou art a Devil, though clothed in Angel's shining:
For thy face tempts my soul to leave the heav'n for thee,
And thy words of refuse, do power even hell on me:
Who tempt, and tempted plague, are Devils in true defining.

You then ungrateful thief, you murd'ring Tyrant you,
You Rebel runaway, to Lord and Lady untrue,

94 The speaker is asserting that, although Stella provokes amorous love by her appearance, she behaves like a devotee of Diana (i.e. one dedicated to virginity).

90 You witch, you Devil, (alas) you still of me beloved,
 You see what I can say; mend yet your froward mind,
 And such skill in my Muse you reconciled shall find,
 That all these cruel words your praises shall be proved.

*intractable**Sixth Song*

O you that hear this voice,
 O you that see this face,
 Say whether of the choice
 Deserves the former place:
 Fear not to judge this bate,
 For it is void of hate.

*which**contention*

10 This side doth beauty take,
 For that doth Music speak,
 Fit orators to make
 The strongest judgements weak:
 The bar to plead their right,
 Is only true delight.

Thus doth the voice and face,
 These gentle Lawyers wage,
 Like loving brothers' case
 For father's heritage,
 That each, while each contends,
 Itself to other lends.

20 For beauty beautifies,
 With heav'nly hue and grace,
 The heav'nly harmonies;
 And in this faultless face,
 The perfect beauties be
 A perfect harmony.

30 Music more loft'ly swells
 In speeches nobly placed:
 Beauty as far excels,
 In action aptly graced:
 A friend each party draws,
 To countenance his cause:

embellished

Love more affected seems
 To beauty's lovely light,
 And wonder more esteems
 Of Music's wondrous might:
 But both to both so bent,
 As both in both are spent.

40 Music doth witness call
 The ear, his truth to try:
 Beauty brings to the hall,
 The judgement of the eye,
 Both in their objects such,
 As no exceptions touch.

The common sense, which might
 Be Arbiter of this,

To be forsooth, upright,
 To both sides partial is:
 He lays on this chief praise,
 Chief praise on that he lays.

50 Then reason, Princess high,
 Whose throne is in the mind,
 Which Music can in sky
 And hidden beauties find,
 Say whether thou wilt crown,
 With limitless renown?

Seventh Song

Whose senses in so evil consort, their stepdame Nature lays,
 That ravishing delight in them most sweet tunes do not raise;
 Or if they do delight therein, yet are so cloyed with wit,
 As with sententious lips to set a title vain on it:
 O let them hear these sacred tunes, and learn in wonder's schools,
 To be (in things past bounds of wit) fools, if they be not fools.

harmony

10 Who have so leaden eyes, as not to see sweet beauty's show,
 Or seeing, have so wooden wits, as not that worth to know;
 Or knowing, have so muddy minds, as not to be in love;
 Or loving, have so frothy thoughts, as eas'ly thence to move:
 O let them see these heav'nly beams, and in fair letters read
 A lesson fit, both sight and skill, love and firm love to breed.

trifling

Hear then, but then with wonder hear; see but adoring see,
 No mortal gifts, no earthly fruits, now here descended be:
 See, do you see this face? a face? nay image of the skies,
 Of which the two life-giving lights are figured in her eyes:
 Hear you this soul-invading voice, and count it but a voice?
 The very essence of their tunes, when Angels do rejoice.

i.e. sun and moon

Eighth Song

In a grove most rich of shade,
 Where birds wanton music made,
 May then young his pied weeds showing,
 New-perfumed with flowers fresh growing,

multi-colored clothes

Astrophil with *Stella* sweet,
 Did for mutual comfort meet,
 Both within themselves oppressed,
 But each in the other blessed.

10 Him great harms had taught much care,
 Her fair neck a foul yoke bare,
 But her sight his cares did banish,
 In his sight her yoke did vanish.

Wept they had, alas, the while,
 But now tears themselves did smile,
 While their eyes by love directed,
 Interchangeably reflected.

20 Sigh they did, but now betwixt
Sighs of woe were glad sighs mixed,
With arms crossed,⁹⁵ yet testifying
Restless rest, and living dying.

Their ears hungry of each word,
Which the dear tongue would afford,
But their tongues restrained from walking,
Till their hearts had ended talking.

But when their tongues could not speak,
Love itself did silence break;
Love did set his lips asunder,
Thus to speak in love and wonder:

30 '*Stella* sovereign of my joy,
Fair triumpher of annoy,
Stella star of heavenly fire,
Stella lodestar of desire.

'*Stella*, in whose shining eyes,
Are the lights of *Cupid*'s skies,
Whose beams, where they once are darted,
Love therewith is straight imparted.

40 '*Stella*, whose voice when it speaks,
Senses all asunder breaks;
Stella, whose voice when it singeth,
Angels to acquaintance bringeth.

'*Stella*, in whose body is
Writ each character of bliss,
Whose face all, all beauty passeth,
Save thy mind which yet surpasseth.

'Grant, O grant, but speech alas,
Fails me fearing on to pass,
Grant, O me, what am I saying?
But no fault there is in praying.

50 'Grant, O dear, on knees I pray,
(Knees on ground he then did stay)
That not I, but since I love you,
Time and place for me may move you.

'Never season was more fit,
Never room more apt for it;
Smiling air allows my reason,
These birds sing: "Now use the season."

60 "This small wind which so sweet is,
See how it the leaves doth kiss,
Each tree in his best attiring,
Sense of love to love inspiring.

95 A conventional sign of melancholy in this period.

'Love makes earth the water drink,
Love to earth makes water sink;
And if dumb things be so witty,
Shall a heavenly grace want pity?'

There his hands in their speech, fain
Would have made tongue's language plain;
But her hands his hands repelling,
Gave repulse all grace expelling.

70 Then she spake; her speech was such,
As not ears but heart did touch:
While such wise she love denied,
And yet love she signified.

'Astrophil,' said she, 'my love
Cease in these effects to prove:⁹⁶
Now be still, yet still believe me,
Thy grief more than death would grieve me.

80 'If that any thought in me,
Can taste comfort but of thee,
Let me, fed with hellish anguish,
Joyless, hopeless, endless languish.

'If those eyes you praised, be
Half so dear as you to me,
Let me home return, stark blinded
Of those eyes, and blinder minded.

'If to secret of my heart,
I do any wish impart,
Where thou art not foremost placed,
Be both wish and I defaced.

90 'If more may be said, I say,
All my bliss in thee I lay;
If thou love, my love content thee,
For all love, all faith is meant thee.

'Trust me while I thee deny,
In myself the smart I try,
Tyrant honour doth thus use thee,
Stella's self might not refuse thee.

pain/prove

100 'Therefore, Dear, this no more move,
Lest, though I leave not thy love,
Which too deep in me is framed,
I should blush when thou art named.'

Therewithal away she went,
Leaving him so passion rent,
With what she had done and spoken,
That therewith my song is broken.

96 The language of this stanza clearly echoes that of the first stanza of Marlowe's "Passionate Shepherd to his Love," although it is impossible to tell which poem came first. Both poems were widely read and hugely influential.

*Ninth Song*⁹⁷

Go my flock, go get you hence,
 Seek a better place of feeding,
 Where you may have some defence
 From the storms in my breast breeding,
 And showers from mine eyes proceeding.

Leave a wretch, in whom all woe
 Can abide to keep no measure,
 Merry flock, such one forego,
 Unto whom mirth is displeasure,
 Only rich in mischief's treasure.

boundaries

10

Yet alas before you go,
 Hear your woeful master's story,
 Which to stones I else would show:
 Sorrow only then hath glory,
 When 'tis excellently sorry.

Stella fiercest shepherdess,
 Fiercest but yet fairest ever;
Stella whom O heav'ns do bless,
 Though against me she persever,
 Though I bliss inherit never.

20

Stella hath refused me,
Stella who more love hath proved,
 In this caitiff heart to be,
 Then can in good ewes he moved
 Toward *Lambkins* best beloved.

miserable

Stella hath refused me,
Astrophil that so well served,
 In this pleasant spring must see
 While in pride flowers be preserved,
 Himself only winter-starved.

splendor

30

Why alas doth she then swear,
 That she loveth me so dearly,
 Seeing me so long to bear
 Coals of love that burn so clearly;
 And yet leave me helpless merely?

absolutely

Is that love? forsooth I trow,
 If I saw my good dog grieved,
 And a help for him did know,
 My love should not be believed,
 But he were by me relieved.

believe

40

No, she hates me, wellaway,
 Feigning love, somewhat to please me:

alas

97 This song uses the conventions of pastoral poetry, so *Astrophil* is represented as a heart-broken shepherd complaining to his flock and *Stella* becomes the shepherdess who refuses to return his love. As he states in *The Defense of Poesy*, Sidney was very interested in the pastoral

as a mode of writing in which dangerous or controversial ideas could be discussed in a seemingly innocent form (see the "Ister bank" eclogue in this volume).

For she knows, if she display
All her hate, death soon would seize me,
And of hideous torments ease me.

Then adieu, dear flock adieu:
But alas, if in your straying
Heavenly *Stella* meet with you,
Tell her in your piteous blaying,
Her poor slave's unjust decaying.

50

bleating

87

When I was forced from *Stella* ever dear,
Stella food of my thoughts, heart of my heart,
Stella whose eyes make all my tempests clear,
By iron laws of duty to depart:
Alas I found, that she with me did smart,
I saw that tears did in her eyes appear;
I saw that sighs her sweetest lips did part,
And her sad words my sadded sense did hear.
For me, I wept to see pearls scattered so,
I sighed her sighs, and wailed for her woe,
Yet swam in joy, such love in her was seen.
Thus while th'effect most bitter was to me,
And nothing than the cause more sweet could be,
I had been vexed, if vexed I had not been.

10

*suffer**saddened*

88

Out traitor absence, dar'st thou counsel me,
From my dear Captainess to run away?
Because in brave array here marcheth she,
That to win me, oft shows a present pay?
Is faith so weak? Or is such force in thee?
When Sun is hid, can stars such beams display?
Cannot heav'n's food, once felt, keep stomachs free
From base desire on earthly cates to pray?
Tush absence, while thy mists eclipse that light,
My Orphan sense flies to the inward sight,
Where memory sets forth the beams of love.
That, where before heart loved and eyes did see,
In heart both sight and love now coupled be;
United powers make each the stronger prove.

10

battle array
*offers/contentment**food*

i.e. the mind's eye

89

Now that of absence the most irksome night,
With darkest shade doth overcome my day;
Since *Stella's* eyes, wont to give me my day,
Leaving my Hemisphere, leave me in night,
Each day seems long, and longs for long-stayed night,
The night as tedious, woos th'approach of day;
Tired with the dusty toils of busy day,
Languished with horrors of the silent night,
Suff'ring the evils both of day and night,
While no night is more dark than is my day,
Nor no day hath less quiet than my night:
With such bad mixture of my night and day,
That living thus in blackest winter night,
I feel the flames of hottest summer day.

10

labors

90

Stella think not that I by verse seek fame,
 Who seek, who hope, who love, who live but thee;
 Thine eyes my pride, thy lips my history:
 If thou praise not, all other praise is shame.
 Nor so ambitious am I, as to frame
 A nest for my young praise in Laurel tree.⁹⁸
 In truth I swear, I wish not there should he
 Graved in mine Epitaph a Poet's name:
 Ne if I would, could I just tittle make,
 That any laud thereof to me should grow,
 Without my plumes from others' wings I take.⁹⁹
 For nothing from my wit or will doth flow,
 Since all my words thy beauty doth indite,
 And love doth hold my hand, and makes me write.

Engraved

dictate

10

91

Stella, while now by honour's cruel might,
 I am from you, light of my life, misled,
 And that fair you my Sun, thus overspread
 With absence' Veil, I live in Sorrow's night.
 If this dark place yet show like candle light,
 Some beauty's piece, as amber coloured head,
 Milk hands, rose cheeks, or lips more sweet, more red,
 Or seeing jets, black, but in blackness bright.
 They please I do confess, they please mine eyes,
 But why? because of you they models be,
 Models such be wood-globes of glist'ring skies.
 Dear, therefore be not jealous over me,
 If you hear that they seem my heart to move,
 Not them, O no, but you in them I love.

eyes

glittering

10

92

Be your words made (good Sir) of Indian ware,
 That you allow me them by so small rate?
 Or do you cutted Spartans imitate?
 Or do you mean my tender ears to spare,
 That to my questions you so total are?
 When I demand of *Phoenix Stella's* state,
 You say forsooth, you left her well of late.
 O God, think you that satisfies my care?
 I would know whether she did sit or walk,
 How clothed, how waited on, sighed she or smiled
 Whereof, with whom, how often did she talk,
 With what pastime, time's journey she beguiled,
 If her lips deigned to sweeten my poor name.
 Say all, and all well said, still say the same.

i.e. exotic materials

cheap price

curt

brief

10

Tenth Song

O dear life, when shall it be,
 That mine eyes thine eyes may see?
 And in them thy mind discover,
 Whether absence have had force

98 A laurel wreath was a sign of Apollo (the god of poetry) and a mark of poetic achievement; see Daphne in the gazetteer.

99 i.e. All of his poetic accomplishments have been borrowed from someone else (Stella, who has inspired them).

Thy remembrance to divorce,
From the image of thy lover?

Or if I myself find not,
After parting aught forgot,
Nor debarred from beauty's treasure,
10 Let not tongue aspire to tell,
In what high joys I shall dwell,
Only thought aims at the pleasure.

anything

Thought therefore I will send thee,
To take up the place for me:
Long I will not after tarry,
There unseen thou mayst be bold,
Those fair wonders to behold,
Which in them my hopes do carry.

Thought see thou no place forbear,
20 Enter bravely everywhere,
Seize on all to her belonging;
But if thou wouldst guarded be,
Fearing her beams, take with thee
Strength of liking, rage of longing.

boldly

Think of that most grateful time,
When my leaping heart will climb,
In thy lips to have his bidding,
There those roses for to kiss,
30 Which do breathe a sugared bliss,
Opening rubies, pearls dividing.

Think of my most Princely power,
When I blessed shall devour,
With my greedy lickerous senses,
Beauty, music, sweetness, love,
While she doth against me prove
Her strong darts, but weak defences.

*lustful**test*

Think, think of those dallyings,
When with Dovelike murmurings,
With glad moaning past anguish,
40 We change eyes, and heart for heart,
Each to other do impart,
Joying till joy make us languish.

O my thought my thoughts surcease,
Thy delights my woes increase,
My life melts with too much thinking;¹⁰⁰
Think no more but die in me,
Till thou shalt revived be,
At her lips my Nectar drinking.

cease

93

O fate, O fault, O curse, child of my bliss,
What sobs can give words grace my grief to show?

100 The climax of Astrophil's masturbatory fantasy about Stella is both poetic and literal: he wants her to "die" (come to orgasm) in his mind, while he "melts" as he thinks about her.

What ink is black enough to paint my woe?
 Through me, wretch me, even *Stella* vexed is.
 Yet truth (if Caitiff's breath may call thee) this
 Witness with me, that my foul stumbling so,
 From carelessness did in no manner grow,
 But wit confused with too much care did miss.
 And do I then myself this vain 'scuse give?
 I have (live I and know this) harmed thee,
 Though worlds 'quite me, shall I myself forgive?
 Only with pains my pains thus eased be,
 That all thy hurts in my heart's wrack I read;
 I cry thy sighs; my dear, thy tears I bleed.

10

Requite or acquit

94

Grief find the words, for thou hast made my brain
 So dark with misty vapours, which arise
 From out thy heavy mould, that inbent eyes
 Can scarce discern the shape of mine own pain.
 Do thou then (for thou canst) do thou complain,
 For my poor soul, which now that sickness tries,
 Which even to sense, sense of itself denies,
 Though harbingers of death lodge there his train.
 Or if thy love of plaint yet mine forbears,
 As of a caitiff worthy so to die,
 Yet wail thyself, and wail with causeful tears,
 That though in wretchedness thy life doth lie,
 Yet growest more wretched than thy nature bears,
 By being placed in such a wretch as I.

10

bodily matter/inward-looking

95

Yet sighs, dear sighs, indeed true friends you are,
 That do not leave your least friend at the worst,
 But, as you with my breast I oft have nursed,
 So grateful now you wait upon my care.
 Faint coward joy no longer tarry dare,
 Seeing hope yield when this woe strake him first:
 Delight protests he is for th'accursed.
 Though oft himself my mate-in-arms he sware.
 Nay sorrow comes with such main rage, that he
 Kills his own children, tears, finding that they
 By love were made apt to consort with me.
 Only true sighs, you do not go away,
 Thank may you have for such a thankful part,
 Thank-worthiest yet when you shall break my heart.

10

*linger**mighty*

96

Thought with good cause thou lik'st so well the night,
 Since kind or chance gives both one livery,
 Both sadly black, both blackly darkened be,
 Night barred from Sun, thou from thy own sun's light;
 Silence in both displays his sullen might,
 Slow heaviness in both holds one degree,
 That full of doubts, thou of perplexity;
 Thy tears express night's native moisture right.
 In both a mazeful solitariness:
 In night of sprites the ghastly powers stir,
 In thee or sprites or sprited ghastliness:
 But, but (alas) night's side the odds hath far,

10

*nature/appearance**bewildering*

For that at length yet doth invite some rest,
Thou though still tired, yet still dost it detest.

97

Dian that fain would cheer her friend the Night,
Shows her oft at the full her fairest face,
Bringing with her those starry Nymphs, whose chase
From heav'nly standing hits each mortal wight.
But ah poor Night, in love with *Phoebus'* light,
And endlessly despairing of his grace,
Herself (to show no other joy hath place)
Silent and sad in mourning weeds doth dight:
Even so (alas) a Lady *Dian's* peer,
With choice delights and rarest company,
Would fain drive clouds from out my heavy cheer.
But woe is me, though joy itself were she,
She could not show my blind brain ways of joy,
While I despair my Sun's sight to enjoy.

Diana (i.e. the moon)*shooting position/creature**dress*

10

98

Ah bed, the field where joy's peace some do see,
The field where all my thoughts to war be trained,
How is thy grace by my strange fortune stained!
How thy lee shores by my sighs stormed be!
With sweet soft shades thou oft invitest me
To steal some rest, but wretch I am constrained,
(Spurred with love's spur, though galled, and shortly reined
With care's hard hand) to turn and toss in thee.
While the black horrors of the silent night,
Paint woe's black face so lively to my sight,
That tedious leisure marks each wrinkled line:
But when *Aurora* leads out *Phoebus'* dance,
Mine eye then only wink, for spite perchance,
That worms should have their Sun, and I want mine.

*sheltered**chafed*

10

*dawn**close*

99

When far spent night persuades each mortal eye,
To whom nor art nor nature granteth light,
To lay his then mark wanting shafts of sight,
Closed with their quivers in sleep's armoury;
With windows ope then most my mind doth lie,
Viewing the shape of darkness and delight,
Takes in that sad hue, which with th'inward night
Of his mazed powers keeps perfect harmony:
But when birds charm, and that sweet air, which is
Morn's messenger, with rose enamelled skies
Calls each wight to salute the flower of bliss;
In tomb of lids then buried are mine eyes,
Forced by their Lord, who is ashamed to find
Such light in sense, with such a darkened mind.

*target lacking**confused**sing*

10

100

O tears, no tears, but rain from beauty's skies,
Making those Lilies and those Roses grow,
Which ay most fair, now more than most fair show,
While graceful pity beauty beautifies.
O honeyed sighs, which from that breast do rise,
Whose pants do make unspilling cream to flow,

Winged with whose breath, so pleasing *Zephyrs* blow,
 As can refresh the hell where my soul fries.
 O plaints conserved in such a sugared phrase,
 That eloquence itself envies your praise,
 While sobbed out words a perfect Music give.
 Such tears, sighs, plaints, no sorrow is, but joy:
 Or if such heavenly signs must prove annoy,
 All mirth farewell, let me in sorrow live.

*soft breezes**lamentations*

10

101

Stella is sick, and in that sick-bed lies
 Sweetness, which breathes and pants as oft as she:
 And grace, sick too, such fine conclusion tries,
 That sickness brags itself best graced to be.
 Beauty is sick, but sick in so fair guise,
 That in that paleness beauty's white we see;
 And joy, which is inseparate from those eyes,
Stella now learns (strange case) to weep in thee.
 Love moans thy pain, and like a faithful page,
 As thy looks stir, runs up and down to make
 All folks pressed at thy will thy pain to suage,
 Nature with care sweats for her darling's sake,
 Knowing worlds pass, ere she enough can find
 Of such heav'n stuff, to clothe so heav'nly mind.

10

enforced/assuage

102

Where be those Roses gone, which sweetened so our eyes?
 Where those red cheeks, which oft with fair increase did frame
 The height of honour in the kindly badge of shame?
 Who hath the crimson weeds stol'n from my morning skies?
 How doth the colour vade of those vermilion dyes,
 Which Nature's self did make, and self engrained the same?
 I would know by what right this paleness overcame
 That hue, whose force my heart still unto thraldom ties?
*Galen's*¹⁰¹ adoptive sons, who by a beaten way
 Their judgements hackney on, the fault of sickness lay,
 But feeling proof makes me say they mistake it far:
 It is but love, which makes this paper perfect white
 To write therein more fresh the story of delight,
 While beauty's reddest ink *Venus* for him doth stir.

10

*fade
dyed**ride*

103

O happy Thames, that didst my *Stella* bear,
 I saw thyself with many a smiling line
 Upon thy cheerful face, joy's livery wear:
 While those fair planets on thy streams did shine.
 The boat for joy could not to dance forbear,
 While wanton winds with beauties so divine
 Ravished, stayed not, till in her golden hair
 They did themselves (O sweetest prison) twine.
 And fain those *Aeol's*¹⁰² youths there would their stay
 Have made, but forced by Nature still to fly,
 First did with puffing kiss those locks display:
 She so dishevelled, blushed; from window I

10

101 See gazetteer.

102 In Homer's *Odyssey*, Aeolus is the ruler of the winds; hence, his "youths" are the breezes playing with Stella's hair.

With sight thereof cried out; O fair disgrace,
Let honour's self to thee grant highest place.

104

Envious wits what hath been mine offence,
That with such poisonous care my looks you mark,
That to each word, nay sigh of mine you hark,
As grudging me my sorrow's eloquence?
Ah, is it not enough, that I am thence,
Thence, so far thence, that scanty any spark
Of comfort dare come to this dungeon dark,
Where rig'rous exile locks up all my sense?
But if I by a happy window pass,
10 If I but stars upon mine armour bear,
Sick, thirsty, glad (though but of empty glass:)
Your moral notes straight my hid meaning tear
From out my ribs, and puffing prove that I
Do *Stella* love. Fools, who doth it deny?

*scornfully**Eleventh Song*

'Who is it that this dark night
Underneath my window plaineth?'
It is one who from thy sight,
Being (ah) exiled, disdaineth
Every other vulgar light.

laments

'Why alas, and are you he?
Be not yet those fancies changed?
Dear when you find change in me,
Though from me you be estranged,
10 Let my change to ruin be.

'Well in absence this will die,
Leave to see, and leave to wonder.'
Absence sure will help, if I
Can learn, how myself to sunder
From what in my heart doth lie.

'But time will these thoughts remove:
Time doth work what no man knoweth.'
Time doth as the subject prove,
With time still th'affection groweth
20 In the faithful Turtle dove.

'What if you new beauties see,
Will they not stir new affection?'
I will think they pictures be,
(Image like of Saints' perfection)¹⁰³
Poorly counterfeiting thee.

'But your reason's purest light,
Bids you leave such minds to nourish.'
Dear, do reason no such spite,

103 The speaker is here comparing the real virtue of a saint with people's superstitious faith in painted images of saints.

30 Never doth thy beauty flourish
More than in my reason's sight.

'But the wrongs love bears, will make
Love at length leave undertaking.'
No, the more fools it do shake,
In a ground of so firm making,
Deeper still they drive the stake.

40 'Peace, I think that some give ear:
Come no more, lest I get angry.'
Bliss, I will my bliss forbear,
Fearing (sweet) you to endanger,
But my soul shall harbour there.

'Well, be gone, be gone, I say,
Lest that *Argus*¹⁰⁴ eyes perceive you.'
O unjustest fortune's sway,
Which can make me thus to leave you,
And from louts to run away.

105

Unhappy sight, and hath she vanished by
So near, in so good time, so free a place?
Dead glass, dost thou thy object so embrace,
As what my heart still sees thou canst not spy?
I swear by her I love and lack, that I
Was not in fault, who bent thy dazzling race
Only unto the heav'n of *Stella's* face,
Counting but dust what in the way did lie.
But cease mine eyes, your tears do witness well
10 That you, guiltless thereof, your Nectar missed:
Cursed be the page from whom the bad torch fell,
Cursed be the night which did your strife resist,
Cursed be the Coachman that did drive so fast,
With no less curse than absence makes me taste.

106

O absent presence *Stella* is not here;
False flatt'ring hope, that with so fair a face
Bare me in hand, that in this Orphan place,
Stella, I say my *Stella*, should appear.
What say'st thou now, where is that dainty cheer
Thou told'st mine eyes should help their famished case?
But thou art gone, now that self felt disgrace
Doth make me most to wish thy comfort near.
But here I do store of fair Ladies meet,
10 Who may with charm of conversation sweet,
Make in my heavy mould new thoughts to grow:
Sure they prevail as much with me, as he
That bade his friend, but then new maimed, to be
Merry with him, and not think of his woe.

104 Argus was a mythical herdsman with eyes all over his body. Hera set him to guard the nymph Io (one of Zeus's mortal mistresses). Hermes killed him, and his eyes were set in the tail of the peacock.

107

Stella, since thou so right a Princess art
 Of all the powers which life bestows on me,
 That ere by them ought undertaken be,
 They first resort unto that sovereign part;
 Sweet, for a while give respite to my heart,
 Which pants as though it still should leap to thee:
 And on my thoughts give thy Lieutenancy
 To this great cause, which needs both use and art,
 And as a Queen, who from her presence sends
 Whom she employs, dismiss from thee my wit,
 Till it have wrought what thy own will attends.
 On servants' shame oft Master's blame doth sit;
 O let not fools in me thy works reprove,
 And scorning say, 'See what it is to love.'

delegated authority
experience

108

When sorrow (using mine own fire's might)
 Melts down his lead into my boiling breast,
 Through that dark furnace to my heart oppressed,
 There shines a joy from thee my only light;
 But soon as thought of thee breeds my delight,
 And my young soul flutters to thee his nest,
 Most rude despair my daily unbidden guest,
 Clips straight my wings, straight wraps me in his night,
 And makes me then bow down my head, and say,
 Ah what doth *Phoebus'* gold that wretch avail,
 Whom iron doors do keep from use of day?
 So strangely (alas) thy works in me prevail,
 That in my woes for thee thou art my joy,
 And in my joys for thee my only annoy.

vexation

MISCELLANEOUS POETRY

POEMS FROM THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE'S ARCADIA¹

I

Poor Painters oft with silly Poets join,
 To fill the world with strange but vain conceits:
 One brings the stuff, the other stamps the coin,
 Which breeds nought else but gloses of decepts.
 Thus Painters *Cupid* paint, thus Poets do,
 A naked god, young, blind, with arrows two.²

ignorant
conceptions
raw material
misrepresentations

Is he a God, that ever flies the light?
 Or naked he, disguis'd in all untruth?
 If he be blind, how hitteth he so right?
 How is he young, that tam'd old *Phoebus'* youth?³
 But arrows two, and tipped with gold or lead:
 Some hurt accuse a third with horny head.⁴

shoots
Apollo's

MISCELLANEOUS POETRY

POEMS FROM THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE'S ARCADIA

1 Sidney wrote two versions of this long prose romance and both contain lengthy poetic interludes and many occasional poems inserted into passages of prose. The speakers are usually Arcadian shepherds (or aristocratic heroes disguised as such).

2 See Cupid in the gazetteer.

3 A reference to the god Apollo's love for the nymph Daphne. As Ovid relates in *Metamorphoses* 1, she was transformed into a laurel tree; the god used the laurel as his symbol from that moment on.

4 A "horned head" was the metaphorical sign of a cuckold.