Chrétien de Troyes
'The Knight of the Cart (Lancelot)"
a typical challenge:

①

They rode straight on until night started to fall, reaching the Sword Bridge after the hour of nones, near vespers. At the foot of that very dangerous bridge they dismounted and saw the treacherous water, black and roaring, swift and swirling – as horrifying and frightening as if it were the Devil's stream – and so perilous and deep that there's nothing in the whole world that, were it to fall into it, would not be lost as surely as if it had fallen into the frozen sea. The bridge across was unlike any other: there never was and never will be another like it. I'd say, were you to ask me for the truth, that there has never been such a treacherous bridge and unstable crossing. The bridge across the cold waters was a sharp and gleaming sword – but the sword was strong and stiff and as long as two came at once: courteous and handsome boys, and knights, and comely daughters. Some she asked to unsaddle and groom the horses, which they willingly did without a word of protest. At her request the girls hastened to help the knights remove their armour; when they were disarmed, they were each given a short mantle to wear. Then they were led directly into the magnificent house. The lord of the manor was not there, for he was out in the woods hunting with two of his sons. But he soon returned, and his household, showing proper manners, hastened to welcome him at the gate. They untied and unloaded the venison he was carrying and said as they reached him: 'Sir, you don't know it yet, but you are host to three knights.'

'May God be praised!' he replied.

The knight and his two sons were delighted to have this company, and even the least member of the household did his best to do what had to be done. Some hastened to prepare the meal, others to light the tapers; still others fetched the towels and basins and brought generous amounts of water for washing their hands. They all washed and took their places. Therein, nothing could be found that was unpleasant or objectionable.

While they were partaking of the first course, there appeared before them at the outside door a knight who was prouder than the proudest bull. He was armed from head to toe and sat upon his charger, with one foot fixed in the stirrup but the other, in a jaunty style, thrown over his steed's flowing mane.

No one noticed him until he was right in front of them and said: 'I want to know which one of you was so proud and foolish and so empty-headed as to come into this land, believing he can cross the Sword Bridge? He is wasting his strength; he is wasting his steps.'

Unruffled, our knight answered with great assurance: 'I am he who wishes to cross the Sword Bridge.'

'You! You? Whatever gave you that idea? Before undertaking such a thing you should have thought of how you might end up; and you should have recalled the cart you climbed into. I don't know whether you feel ashamed for having ridden in it, but no one with good sense would have undertaken such a great task having first been shamed in this manner.'

To these insults our knight did not deign to reply a single word; but the lord of the manor and all those with him rightly were astounded beyond measure at this.

'Oh God! What a misfortune!' thought each to himself. 'Damned be the hour when a cart was first conceived and constructed, for it is a vile and

②

despicable thing. Oh God! What was he accused of? Why was he driven in the cart? For what sin? For what crime? It will always be held against him. Were he innocent of this reproach, no knight in all the world could match him in boldness; and if all the world's knights were assembled in a single place, you'd not see a fairer or nobler one, if the truth be told.' On this matter, everyone spoke with one voice.

The intruder continued his haughty words, saying: 'Knight, hear this, you who are going to the Sword Bridge: if you wish, you can cross over the water quite safely and easily. I'll have you taken swiftly across in a boat. However, if I decide to exact the toll once I have you on the other side, then I'll have your head if I want it; or, if not, it will be at my mercy.'

Our knight answered that he was not seeking trouble: he would never risk his head in this manner, no matter what the consequences. Whereupon the intruder continued: 'Since you refuse my aid, you must come outside here to face me in single combat, which will be to the shame and grief of one of us.'

'If I could refuse, I'd gladly pass it up,' said our knight to taunt him, 'but indeed, I'd rather fight than have something worse befall me.'

Before rising from where he was seated at table, he told the youths who were serving him to saddle his horse quickly and to fetch his armour and bring it to him. They hurried to do as he commanded. Some took pains to arm him; others brought forward his horse. And you can rest assured that, as he was riding off fully armed upon his horse and holding his shield by the arm-straps, he could only be counted among the fair and the good. The horse suited him so well that it seemed it could only be his own – as did the shield strapped to his arm. The helmet he had laced upon his head fitted him so perfectly that you'd never have imagined it was borrowed or on loan; rather you'd have said – so pleasing was the sight of him – that he had been born and bred for it. I trust you will believe my description of all this.

Beyond the gate, on a heath where the battle was to be held, the challenger waited. As soon as the one saw the other, they spurred full speed to the attack and met with a clash, striking such mighty thrusts with their lances that they bent like bows before flying into splinters. With their swords they dented their shields, helmets, and hauberks; they split the wood and broke the chain-mail, and each was wounded several times. Every blow was repaid by another, as if in their fury they were settling a debt. Their sword blows often struck through to their horses' cruppers: they were so drunk in their blood-thirst that their strokes even fell on the horses' flanks, and both were slain. When their steeds had fallen, they pursued one another on foot. In truth they could not have struck more mightily with their swords had they hated one another with a mortal passion. Their payments fell more swiftly than the coins of the gambler who doubles the wager with each toss of the dice. But this game was quite different: there were no dice cast, only blows and fearful strokes, vicious and savage.

Everyone – the lord, his lady, their daughters and sons – had come forth from the house and assembled to watch the battle on the broad heath. When he saw his host there watching him, the Knight of the Cart blamed himself for faintheartedness; then, as he saw the others assembled there observing him, his whole body shook with anger, for he was convinced he should have defeated his adversary long since. With his sword he struck him a blow near the head, then stormed him, pushing him relentlessly backwards until he had driven him from his position. He forced him to give ground and pursued him until the intruder had almost lost his breath and was nearly defenceless.

Then our knight recalled that the other had reproached him most basely for having ridden in the cart; he pummelled and assailed him until no strap or lacing remained unbroken around his neckband. He knocked the helmet from his head and the ventail flew off. He pressed and beleaguered him, compelling him to beg for mercy. Like the lark, which is unable to find cover and is powerless before the merlin that flies more swiftly and attacks it from above, the intruder to his great shame was forced to plead for mercy, since he could not better his adversary.

When the victor heard his foe pleading for mercy, he did not strike or touch him, but said: 'Do you want me to spare you?'

'That's a smart question,' he retorted, 'such as a fool would ask! I've never wanted anything as much as I now want mercy.'

'Then you shall have to ride in a cart. Say anything you wish, but nothing will move me unless you mount the cart for having reproached me so basely with your foolish tongue.'

But the proud knight answered him: 'May it never please God that I ride in a cart!'

'No?' said the other. 'Then you shall die!'

'Sir, my life is in your hands. But in God's name I beg your mercy, only don't make me climb into a cart! Except for this, there is nothing I wouldn't do no matter how painful or difficult. But I believe I'd rather be dead than suffer this disgrace. No matter what else you could ask of me, however difficult, I'd do it to obtain your mercy and pardon.'

Just as he was asking for mercy, a girl came riding across the heath on a tawny mule, with her mantle unpinned and hair dishevelled. She was striking her mule repeatedly with a whip, and no horse at full gallop, to tell the truth, could have run faster than that mule was going. The girl addressed the Knight of the Cart: 'May God fill your heart with perfect happiness and grant your every wish.'

Delighted to hear this greeting, he replied: 'May God bless you and grant you happiness and health!'

Then she announced her purpose: 'Sir knight, I have come from far off in great distress to ask a favour of you, for which you will earn the greatest reward I can offer. And I believe that a time will come when you will need my assistance.'

'Tell me what you wish,' he answered, 'and if I have it, you will receive it at once, so long as it is not impossible.'

'I demand the head of this knight you have just defeated. To be sure, you have never encountered a more base and faithless knight. You will be committing no sin, but rather will be doing a good and charitable act, for he is the most faithless being who ever was or ever might be.'

When the defeated knight heard that she wanted him killed, he said: 'Don't believe a word she says, because she hates me. I pray you to show mercy to me in the name of the God who is both Father and Son, and who caused His daughter and handmaiden to become His mother.'

'Ah knight!' said the girl. 'Don't believe this traitor. May God give you as much joy and honour as you desire, and may He give you success in the quest you have undertaken!'

Now the victorious knight hesitated and reflected upon his decision: should he give the head to this girl who has asked him to cut it off, or should he be touched by compassion for the defeated knight? He wishes to content them both: Generosity and Compassion demand that he satisfy them both, for he is both generous and merciful. Yet if the girl carries off the head, Compassion will have been vanquished and put to death, and if she must leave without it, Generosity will have been routed. Compassion and Generosity hold him doubly imprisoned, with each in turn spurring him on and causing him anguish. One wants him to give the head to the girl who asked for it; the other urges pity and kindness. But since the knight has begged for mercy, should he not have it? Indeed he must, for no matter how much our knight hates another, he has never refused one application for mercy – though only one – when a knight has been defeated and forced to plead with him for his life. So he will not refuse mercy to this knight who now begs and implores him, since this is his practice. Yet will she who desires the head not have it? She will, if he can arrange it.

'Knight,' he said, 'you must fight with me again if you wish to save your head. I will have mercy enough on you to let you take up your helmet and arm yourself anew as best you are able. But know that you will die if I defeat you again.'

'I could wish no better and ask no other mercy,' replied the knight.

'I shall give you this advantage,' added the Knight of the Cart: 'I will fight you without moving from this spot I have claimed.'

The other knight made ready and they soon returned hotly to the fight, but he was defeated now with more ease than he had been the first time. The girl immediately shouted: 'Don't spare him, sir knight, no matter what he says, for he would certainly never have spared you even the first time! If you listen to his pleas, you know he'll deceive you again. Cut off the head of this most faithless man in the whole kingdom and give it to me, brave knight. It is right that you give it to me, because that day will yet come when I shall reward you for it. If he could, he would deceive you again with his false promises.'

The knight, seeing that his death was at hand, cried out loudly for mercy, but his cries and all the arguments he could muster were of no avail to him. Our knight grabbed him by the helmet, ripping off all the fastenings; the ventail and white coif he struck from his head.

The knight pleaded again, for he had no choice: 'Mercy, for the love of God! Mercy, noble vassal!'

'Having once set you free, I'll never again show you mercy, even if it were to ensure my eternal salvation.'

'Ah,' said he. 'It would be a sin to believe my enemy and slay me like this!'

All the while the girl, eager for him to die, was urging the knight to behead him quickly, and not to believe his words. His blow fell swiftly; the head flew out on to the heath; the body crumpled. The girl was pleased and satisfied. The knight grasped the head by the hair and presented it to her. She was overjoyed and said: 'May your heart find great joy in what it most desires, as my heart has now in what I most hated. I had only one sorrow in life: that he lived so long. You will be repaid at a time when you most need it. Rest assured that you will be greatly rewarded for this service you have done me. I am going now, but I commend you to God, that He might protect you from harm.' With that the girl took leave, and each commended the other to God.

"The Knight of the Cart (Lancelot)"
a Tournament:

Already the crowds had assembled on every side:[22] the queen with all her ladies and the knights with their many men-at-arms. The most magnificent, the largest, and the most splendid viewing stands ever seen had been built there on the tournament field, since the queen and her ladies were to be in attendance. All the ladies followed the queen on to the platform, for they were eager to see who would do well or poorly in the combat. The knights arrived by tens, by twenties, by thirties – here eighty and there ninety, a hundred or more here, two hundred there. The crowd gathered before and around the stands was so great that the combat was begun.

Knights clashed whether or not they were already fully armed. There seemed to be a forest of lances there, for those who had come for the pleasure of the tourney had brought so many that, looking in every direction, one saw only lances, banners, and standards. Those who were to joust moved down the lists, where they encountered a great many companions with the same intent. Others, meanwhile, made ready to perform other deeds of knighthood. The meadows, fields, and clearings were so packed with knights that it was impossible to guess how many there were. Lancelot did not participate in this first encounter; but when he did cross the meadow and the herald saw him coming on to the field, he could not refrain from shouting: 'Behold the one who will take their measure! Behold the one who will take their measure!'

'Who is he?' they all asked. But the herald refused to answer.

When Lancelot entered the fray, he alone proved a match for twenty of the best. He began to do so well that no one could take their eyes from him, wherever he went. A bold and valiant knight was fighting for Pomelegoi, and his steed was spirited and swifter than a wild stag. He was the son of the king of Ireland, and he fought nobly and well, but the unknown knight pleased the onlookers four times as much. They were all troubled by the same question: 'Who is this knight who fights so well?'

* * *

Then the queen returned to the window to observe the knights. Without a moment's hesitation Lancelot thrust his arm through the shield-straps, for he was inflamed with a burning desire to show all his prowess. He neck-reined his horse and let it run between two ranks. Soon all those deluded, mocking men, who had spent much of the past night and day ridiculing him, would be astounded: they had laughed, sported, and had their fun long enough!

With his arm thrust through the straps of his shield, the son of the king of Ireland came charging headlong across the field at Lancelot. They met with such violence that the king of Ireland's son wished to joust no more, for his lance was splintered and broken, having struck not moss but firm dry shield-boards. Lancelot taught him a lesson in this joust: striking his shield from his arm, pinning his arm to his side, and then knocking him off his horse to the ground. Knights from both camps rushed forward at once, some to help the fallen knight and others to worsen his plight. Some, thinking to help their lords, knocked many knights from their saddles in the mêlée and skirmish. But Gawain, who was there with the others, never entered the fray all that day, for he was content to observe the prowess of the knight with the red shield, whose deeds seemed to make everything done by the other knights pale by comparison. The herald, too, found new cause for happiness and cried out for all to hear: 'The one has come who will take the measure! Today you will witness his deeds; today you will see his might!'

At this moment Lancelot wheeled his horse and charged towards a magnificent knight, striking him a blow that laid him on the ground a hundred feet or more from his horse. Lancelot performed such deeds with both his lance and sword that all the spectators marvelled at what they saw. Even many of the knights participating in the jousts watched him with admiration and delight, for it was a pleasure to see how he caused both men and horses to stumble and fall. There was scarcely a knight he challenged who was able to remain in the saddle, and he gave the horses he won to any who wanted them. Those who had been mocking him now said: 'We are ashamed and mortified. We made a great mistake to slander and vilify him. Truly he is worth a thousand of the likes of those on this field, since he has so vanquished and surpassed all the knights in the world, that there now remains no one to oppose him.'

The young women who were watching him in amazement all said that he was destroying their chances of marriage. They felt that their beauty, their wealth, their positions, and their noble births would bring them little advantage, for surely a knight this valiant would never deign to marry any one of them for beauty or wealth alone. Yet many of them swore that if they did not marry this knight, they would not take any other lord or husband in this year. The queen, overhearing their boastful vows, laughed to herself. She knew that the knight they all desired would never choose the most beautiful, nor the fairest among them, even if they were to offer him all the gold of Arabia. Yet the young women had but one thing in mind: they all wanted to possess that knight. And they were already as jealous of one another as if they were married to him, because they believed him to be so skilled in arms that they could not conceive of any other knight, no matter how pleasing, who could have done what he had done.

'The Knight with the Lion (Yvain)'
courtly love:

ARTHUR, the good king of Britain whose valour teaches us to be brave and courteous, held a court of truly royal splendour at that most costly feast known as Pentecost. The king was at Carlisle in Wales.[1] After dining, the knights gathered in the halls at the invitation of ladies, damsels, or maidens. Some told of past adventures, others spoke of love: of the anguish and sorrows, but also of the great blessings often enjoyed by the disciples of its order, which in those days was sweet and flourishing. But today very few serve love: nearly everyone has abandoned it; and love is greatly abased, because those who loved in bygone days were known to be courtly and valiant and generous and honourable. Now love is reduced to empty pleasantries, since those who know nothing about it claim that they love, but they lie, and those who boast of loving and have no right to do so make a lie and a mockery of it.

⑦

"The Knight of the Cart (Lancelot)"
a courtly lover:

The Knight of the Cart was lost in thought, a man with no strength or defence against love, which torments him. His thoughts were so deep that he forgot who he was; he was uncertain whether or not he truly existed; he was unable to recall his own name; he did not know if he were armed or not, nor where he was going nor whence he came. He remembered nothing at all save one creature, for whom he forgot all others; he was so intent upon her alone that he did not hear, see, or pay attention to anything. His horse carried him swiftly along, following not the crooked way, but taking the better and more direct path. Thus unguided it bore him on to a heath. On this heath was a ford, and on the other side of the ford was an armed knight who guarded it; with him was a girl who had come on a palfrey. Though by this time it was nearing the hour of nones, our knight had not grown weary of his unceasing meditations. His horse, by now quite thirsty, saw the good clear water and galloped towards the ford. From the other side the guardian cried out:

'Knight, I guard the ford and I forbid you to cross it!'

Our knight did not hear or pay attention to this, for he was still lost in his thoughts; all the while his horse kept racing towards the water. The guard cried out loudly enough to be heard: 'You would be wise not to take the ford, for that is not the way to cross!'

And he swore by the heart within his breast to slay him if he entered the ford. Yet the knight heard not a word, and so the guard shouted to him a third time: 'Knight, do not enter the ford against my order, or by my head I'll strike you the moment I see you in it!'

The knight, still wrapped in his thoughts, heard nothing. His horse leapt quickly into the water, freed himself from the bit, and began to drink thirstily. The guardian swore that the knight would pay for this and that neither his shield nor the hauberk on his back would ever save him. He urged his horse to a gallop, and from the gallop to a run; he struck our knight from his steed flat into the ford that he had forbidden him to cross. The knight's lance fell into the stream and his shield flew from round his neck. The cold water awakened him with a shock; startled, he leapt to his feet like a dreamer from sleep. He regained his sight and hearing and wondered who could have struck him. Then he saw the guardian and shouted to him: 'Varlet, tell me why you struck me when I didn't realize you were in front of me and had done you no wrong?'

'Upon my word, you have indeed wronged me,' he answered. 'Were you not contemptuous of me when I shouted to you three times, as loudly as I could, not to cross the ford? You certainly must have heard at least two of my warnings, yet you entered in spite of me, and I said that I would strike you as soon as I saw you in the water.'

To that the knight replied: 'May I be damned if ever I heard you or if ever I saw you before! It's quite possible you did warn me not to cross the ford, but I was lost in my thoughts. Rest assured that you'll regret this if I ever get even one hand on your reins!'

The guardian of the ford replied: 'What good would that do you? Go ahead and grab my reins if you dare. I don't give a fistful of ashes for your haughty threats!'

8

'I'd like nothing better than to seize hold of you right now,' he retorted, 'no matter what might come of it!'

At that the guardian advanced to the middle of the ford. The unknown knight grabbed the reins with his left hand and a leg with his right. He pulled and tugged and squeezed the leg so hard that the guard cried out, for it felt as if his leg was being yanked from his body.

He implored him to stop: 'Knight, if it pleases you to fight me on equal terms, then remount your horse and take your lance and shield and come joust with me.'

'Upon my word, I won't do it. I think you'll try to run away as soon as you're free from my grasp.'

When the other heard this, he was greatly shamed, and answered: 'Sir knight, mount your horse and have no fear, for I give you my solemn oath that I'll not flee. You have cast shame upon me and I am offended.'

The unknown knight replied: 'First you will pledge me your word: I want you to swear to me that you will not flinch or flee, and that you will not touch or approach me until you see me remounted. I shall have been very generous indeed to set you free, when now I have you.'

The guardian of the ford had no choice but to give his oath. When the knight heard his pledge, he went after his lance and shield, which had been floating in the ford, going along with the current, and were by now a good distance downstream. Then he returned to get his horse; when he had overtaken it and remounted, he took the shield by the straps and fewtered his lance.

Then the two spurred towards each other as fast as their steeds could carry them. The knight responsible for guarding the ford reached the other knight first and struck him so hard that he shattered his lance at once. The other dealt him a blow that sent him tumbling flat beneath the water, which closed completely over him. Then the Knight of the Cart withdrew and dismounted, confident that he could drive away a hundred such before him. He drew his steel-bladed sword from his scabbard, and the other knight sprang up and drew his fine, flashing blade. Again they engaged in hand-to-hand struggle, protected behind their shields, which gleamed with gold.

Their swords flashed repeatedly; they struck such mighty blows and the battle was so lengthy that the Knight of the Cart felt shame in his heart and said that he would be unable to meet the trials of the way he had undertaken, since he needed so long to defeat a single knight. Had he met a hundred such in a valley yesterday, he felt certain they would have had no defence against him, so he was exceedingly distressed and angry to be so weak today that his blows were feeble and his day wasted. Thereat he rushed the guardian of the ford until he was forced to give way and flee; though loath to do so, he left the ford's passage free. Our knight pursued him until he fell forward on to his hands; then the rider of the cart came up to him and swore by all he could see that he would rue having knocked him into the ford and disturbed his meditations.

Wolfram von Eschenbach
"Parzival"
courtly love!

This was the oath, as you have heard it. Now will you hear where his journey has taken Parzival the Waleis? That night fresh snow had fallen thick upon him. Yet it was not the time for snow, if it was the way I heard it. Arthur is the man of May, and whatever has been told about him took place at Pentecost or in the flowering time of May. What fragrance, they say, is in the air around him! But *here* this tale is cut of double fabric and turns to the color of snow.

Arthur's falconers from Karidoel had ridden out in the evening for hawking along the Plimizoel and had suffered the misfortune of losing their best falcon. It had suddenly taken flight and remained in the woods all night. This came of overfeeding, for it spurned the food put out to lure it. All night it stayed near Parzival, for the forest 282 was strange to both, and they very nearly froze.

When Parzival saw the daylight, he found his pathway covered over with snow and rode then at random over fallen tree trunks and stones. The day steadily shone brighter, and the forest began to thin out into a meadow, level except for one fallen tree toward which he slowly rode, Arthur's falcon following along. Resting there were perhaps a thousand geese, and a great cackling went up. Like a flash the falcon darted among them and struck at one so fiercely that it barely managed to escape under the branches of the fallen tree. Pain no longer let it fly.

From its wounds there fell upon the snow three red drops of blood. These brought Parzival great distress, from the trueness of his love. When he saw the blood-drops on the snow which was so white, he thought, "Who created this color so pure? Condwiramurs, this color does in truth resemble you. God must wish to give me fullness of bliss, since I have found here something which resembles 283 you. Honor be to the hand of God and to all His creatures! Condwiramurs, here lies your image, for the snow offered the blood its whiteness, and the blood reddens the snow. Conwiramurs, your *beau corps* is like these colors. That you must confess."

From the way the drops lay on the snow, the hero's eyes fancied two as her cheeks and the third as her chin. His love for her was true and knew no wavering. And thus he mused, lost in thought, until his senses deserted him. Mighty Love held him in thrall. Such distress did his own wife bring him, for she had the very same colors, the Queen of Pelrapeire. She it was who robbed him of his senses.

So he remained still as if he were sleeping. And who came running up to him there? A squire of Cunneware's had been sent out on an errand to Lalant. Just then he saw a helmet with many wounds and a much-battered shield.

And there was a warrior in armor—in the service 284
of the squire's lady[1]—with spear erect, as if he were waiting to do combat. The squire quickly retraced his steps. If he had recognized him as his lady's knight, he would not have raised such a hue and cry. He urged the people out to attack him as if he were an outlaw. He wanted to do him harm, but he lost thereby his name for courtesy. Never mind, his lady was also thoughtless.[2]

"Fie upon you, fie, you cowards," cried the squire. "Do Gawan and the rest of this company of knights deserve knightly honor, and Arthur the Briton?" So cried the lad. "The Round Table is disgraced. Someone has ridden your tent ropes down."

Then there was a great clamor among the knights. They all began to ask whether a battle were going on. When they heard that a single man was there ready for combat, many a one regretted the oath he had given to Arthur. Quick as a flash, not walking, up leaped Segramors, always eager for a fight, and broke into a run. Whenever he suspected 285
a fight, they had to tie him hand and foot or he would be in the midst of it. Nowhere is the Rhine so wide but if he saw combat on the opposite shore there was no feeling if the bath were warm or cold—in he plunged, the reckless warrior.

Speedily the youth arrived at court in Arthur's circle of tents. The worthy King was fast asleep. Segramors ran in among the tent ropes, burst through the doorway of the tent, and snatched off the sable cover from the King and Queen as they lay there sleeping sweetly. They were awakened, yet they could not help laughing at his impudence.

"Ginover, my lady the Queen," he said to his mother's sister, "everyone knows we are kin, and far and wide it is known that I can count on your favor. Now help me, Lady, speak to Arthur your husband and say he must grant me this—there is an adventure nearby—that I be the first to the joust."

Arthur replied to Segramors, "You promised 286
me on your oath that you would abide by my will and hold your folly in check. If you engage in a joust here, then many another man will ask me to let him ride out to combat and seek for fame in battle, and my own defense will be weakened. We are nearing the host of Anfortas which rides out from Munsalvaesche to defend the forest in combat. Since we do not know where the castle lies,[3] things might well go hard with us."

But Ginover pleaded with Arthur so well that Segramors' wish was granted. When she won him this adventure, he would have done anything in return—except perhaps die for joy. Not for the world would he have given anyone a share in the adventure and his coming glory, that proud youth, still beardless.

Both he and his horse were armed, and away rode Segramors *le roi.* Galloping *par le jeune bois,* his horse leaped over tall underbrush, and many a golden bell rang on the horse's trappings and on the man. One could have

thrown him into the briars like a falcon to start 287
the pheasant. If you wanted to look for him in a hurry, you
would find him by the loud jingling of the bells.

So the reckless hero rode toward him who was so completely in thrall to love, but refrained from blow or thrust until he had given him his challenge. Parzival remained rooted to the spot, lost to all around. Such was the power of the three blood drops and of that relentless love—which often robs me also of my senses and disquiets my heart. O, the grief one woman is causing me! If she wants to vanquish me thus and seldom give me succor, then she may take the blame and I shall flee from any solace she may offer.

Now hear about those two knights, how they met and
how they parted. This was what Segramors said, "You be-
have, Sir, as though you were pleased that a king with his
following is encamped so near. For all that you take it so
lightly, you will have to pay him dearly for that, or I shall
lose my life. In your search for combat you have ridden too
close to us. Yet for courtesy's sake will I beg you to give
yourself into my power, else you will make me such swift
restitution that your fall will make the snow fly. 288
You would do better to make an honorable peace before."

Parzival made no response in spite of the threat. Lady Love was speaking to him of other cares. The bold Segramors wheeled his horse around to gain the proper distance for the charge. At that Parzival's Castilian also turned, and the eyes of the fair Parzival, who had been sitting there in a trance, staring at the blood, were turned away from the drops. Whereby his honor was restored. When he saw the drops no longer, Lady Reason gave him his senses back again.

Here came Segramors *le roi*. Parzival lowered his spear,
the spear from Troyes, firm and tough and gaily colored,
which he had found outside the chapel. He received one
thrust through his shield, but his return thrust was so
aimed that Segramors, the noble warrior, was forced to quit
the saddle. But the spear which taught him what falling
was remained whole. Without a word Parzival rode back to
where the blood drops lay, and when his eyes found them,
Lady Love drew her chains tightly about him and 289
he spoke no word at all, for he had parted again from his
senses.

Segramors' Castilian set off for its stall, while he himself had to stand up to rest, that is, if he wanted to go and rest at all. Most people lie down to rest, you have heard that often enough. But what rest could he get in the snow? —I, for one, would find it very uncomfortable. It has always been thus—the reward for the loser is scorn, for the victor the help of God.

The army was encamped so near that they saw Parzival halt and stay motionless as before. He had to acknowledge the triumph of Love, which vanquished even Solomon. It was not long before Segramors returned to camp, as amicable to those who hated him as to those who wished him well—he rewarded them all with abuse.

"You know very well," he said, "that fighting is a game
of chance and that a man can fall in a joust. A ship can
sink, too, in the sea. I tell you there is no doubt he would
never have dared to face me if he had recognized my shield.
But then he was too much for me, he who is still 290
waiting there for combat. Well, even he is worthy of praise."

The brave Keie straightway brought this news to the King, how Segramors had been unhorsed and how a sturdy youth was waiting out there, still intent on combat. "Sir," he said, "I shall always regret it if he gets away without being punished. If you think me worthy, let me attempt what he wants, since there he waits with spear erect, and that in the presence of your wife. I can remain no longer in your service, and the Round Table will be dishonored, if he is not checked in time. His challenge is a threat to our fame. Give me leave to fight. If we were all blind or deaf, you would have to defy him yourself—and that very soon."

Arthur gave Keie permission to fight, and the seneschal was armed. He meant to use up the forest for spears against the unbidden guest. Yet the stranger already bore the heavy burden of love; snow and blood had laid it upon him. It is sinful to harass him further now. And Love gains but little fame thereby, for she had long since set her mighty seal upon him.

Lady Love, why do you so? Why do you 291
make the unhappy man glad with a joy so briefly enduring and then leave him all but dead?

Is it fitting for you, Lady Love, to cause manly spirits and courage bold and high to be so humiliated?

Whatever on earth opposes you in any way, be it contemptible or noble, you have always quickly vanquished.

In all truth, without deception, we must grant that your power is great.

Lady Love, you can claim but one honor, and little else beside: Lady Affection is your companion, else your power would be riddled for fair.

Lady Love, you are disloyal in ways that are old, yet
ever new. You rob many a woman of her good name,
you urge upon them lovers blood kindred to them. And
it is by your power that many a lord has wronged his
vassal, friend has wronged friend, and the vassal has
wronged his lord. Your ways can lead to Hell. Lady
Love, you should be troubled that you pervert
the body to lust, wherefore the soul must suffer.
Lady Love, since you have the power to 292
make the young old, whose years are yet so few, your
works are insidious treachery.

Such words would be seemly only for one who never received consolation from you. Had you been of more help to *me,* I would not be so slow to praise you. To me you have allotted privation, and have thrown me such luckless dice that I have no trust in you. Yet you are far too highly born that my puny wrath should bring a charge against you. Your thrust has so sharp a point, and on the heart you lay a heavy burden.

Heinrich von Veldeke, with true artistry, fitted his tree to your nature.[4] If he had only taught us more of how to keep you! He has given us only a splinter from the tree—how one can win you. From ignorance many a fool must lose his precious find. If that was my lot in the past and is still to be my lot in the future, I blame you, Lady Love, for you keep Reason under lock and key.

Neither shield nor sword avails against you, nor
swift horse, nor high fortress with stately towers—
your power transcends any defense. What can 293
escape your attack, by land or by sea, swimming or fly-
ing? Lady Love, you proved your power when Par-
zival, the warrior bold, took leave of his wits because
of you, as his fidelity directed him. His noble, sweet,
and lovely wife, the Queen of Pelrapeire, sent you as
messenger to him. And Kardeiz, *le fils de* Tampenteire,
her brother, you killed. If one must pay you such a
price, it is well for me that I have nothing from you—
unless you gave me something more pleasant. I have
spoken for all of us.

Now hear what was happening there. The mighty Keie came riding out in knightly armor, as if he would do battle. And battle, I think, the son of King Gahmuret gave him. All ladies who know how to vanquish men should wish him safekeeping now, for a woman brought him to such a pass that love chopped away his wits.

Keie withheld his charge, first saying to the Waleis, "Sir,
since it has so happened that you have insulted 294
the King, if you will take my advice, I think your best
course is to put a hound's leash about your neck and let
yourself be led like that before him. You cannot escape me,
I shall take you there by force in any case, and then they
will deal with you in a rather unpleasant fashion."

The power of love held the Waleis silent. Keie raised his spear shaft and gave him such a blow on the head that his helmet rang. "Wake up!" he said. "You shall sleep, but not between sheets. I am aiming at something quite different—on the snow you shall find your bed. Even the beast that carries the sack from the mill would rue his indolence if he got such a beating as I have given you now."

Lady Love, look here, this is an insult to you. Only a peasant would speak so about what has been done to my lord. And Parzival would also protest if he could speak. Lady Love, let him seek revenge, the noble Waleis. If you set him free from your harshness and the bitter burden of your torment, this stranger would defend himself well, I think.

Keie charged hard against him and in so doing 295 forced his horse to turn around so that the Waleis lost sight of his bitter-sweet distress, the image of his wife the Queen of Pelrapeire—I mean the red against the snow. Then Lady Reason came to him as before and gave him his senses back. Keie set his horse at a gallop, and the other came on for the joust. Both knights lowered their spears as they charged. Keie aimed his thrust as his eyes directed and drove a wide breach in the Waleis' shield. This blow was repaid. At the countercharge Arthur's seneschal Keie was thrown right over the fallen tree where the goose had taken refuge, so that horse and man both suffered harm. The man was wounded, his horse lay dead. Caught between the saddlebow and a stone, Keie's right arm and left leg were broken in this fall. Saddlegirth, bells, and saddle were shattered by the crash. Thus did the stranger avenge two beatings; the one a maiden had suffered for his sake, the other he had endured himself.

Once more Parzival, the uprooter of falseness, 296 was shown by his fidelity where to find the three snowy drops of blood that set him free of his wits. His thoughts about the Grail and the Queen's likeness here—each was a painful burden, but heavier lay on him the leaden weight of love. Sorrow and love can break the strongest spirit. Can these be called adventure? They both should better be called pain.

Courageous men should lament Keie's misfortune. His manly spirit sent him bravely into many a fight. Far and wide it is said that Arthur's seneschal Keie was a rogue. *My* tale acquits him of this charge and calls him honor's companion. Though few may agree with me—Keie was a brave and loyal man—this I do maintain.

The Thrush and the Nightingale

Summer's here with love again,[1]
With blossom and with birds' refrain
From hazel bushes springing.
Dew is dropping in the dale
And, longing like the nightingale,
The birds are gladly singing.
I heard a wordy battle flow –
On one side joy, the other woe –
Between two birds I knew.
One praised women for their good.
But shame the sex the other would:
Their strife I tell to you.

The one was Nightingale by name,
And he would shield them all from shame
And safe from injury.
The thrush declared that night and day
Women go the Devil's way
And keep him company;

For every man who would believe
And trust in women, they deceive,
Though fair and mild of mien;
False and fickle, everywhere
They bring distress, and better it were
If they had never been.

NIGHTINGALE: 'To censure ladies is a shame,
For they are kind and fair of fame:
Desist, I beg of you.
For there was never breach so strong
That man pursuing right or wrong
Could not at last break through.

'They cheer the angry, noble or base,
With pleasing pastime and with grace.
Woman was once created
As man's companion: how could earth
Be anything without her birth,
Or man so sweetly mated?'

THRUSH: 'No praise of women I report,
For I affirm them false in thought
And know that they will cheat;
For though they're beautiful, their mind
Is false and faithless, and I find
Them prone to act deceit.

'King Alexander censured them –
He the prince of stratagem
And first in wealth and fame;
And I could tell a hundredfold

The Thrush and the Nightingale (2)

Of rich and powerful men of old
   Whom women brought to shame.'

This speech enraged the Nightingale.

NIGHTINGALE: 'You seem most loath to tell the tale
   Of all those heroes' shame!
A thousand ladies I could show
And none there sitting in a row
   Would be of evil fame.

'Modest and mild of heart are all;
And shielded by their bower wall,
   They're safe from shame and snare;
The sweetest things to fold in arms
For men delighting in their charms! –
   Bird, are you not aware?'

THRUSH: 'What! Me aware, my gentle bird?
I've been in bower and often stirred
   Those ladies to my will.
They'll do a sinful secret deed
For slight reward, and so with speed
   Their souls they help to kill.

'I think you're lying now, my bird,
For though you're meek and mild of word,
   Your wilful utterance palls.
I name to you the primal man,
Adam, who our race began:
   He found women false.'

NIGHTINGALE: 'Thrush, it seems you're either mad
Or know of nothing else but bad
   To slander women so!
They have true courtliness at heart,
And sweetly use love's secret art,
   Most wonderful to know.

'Man's highest bliss in earthly state
Is when a woman takes her mate
   And twines him in her arms.
To slander ladies is a shame!
I'll banish you for laying blame
   On those who have such charms.'

THRUSH: 'Nightingale, you do me wrong
To banish me when all my song
   Was urging of the right.
I testify to Sir Gawain,
Whom Jesus Christ gave might and main
   And valour for the fight.

The Thrush and the Nightingale (3)

'However far and wide he went,
He never failed in true intent
By day or yet by night.'

NIGHTINGALE: 'Bird, for that untruthful word,
Your utterance shall be widely heard,
So off with you! Take flight!

'I sojourn here by lawful right,
In orchard and in garden bright,
And here my songs I sing.
Of women I've known but kindly word
Of grace and courtesy, and heard
Of blisses that they bring.

'Delight is theirs without an end,
They tell me: I tell you, my friend,
They live in sweet desire.
Bird, you sit on hazel bough:
You slandered them, you'll suffer now!
I'll spread your tales, you liar!'

THRUSH: 'They're spread abroad, I know it well;
Who doesn't know them, go and tell:
My tales are hardly new.
Listen, bird, to my advice:
You haven't noticed half their vice;
I'll tell you what they do.

'Think how the queen of Constantine
Found something filthy fair and fine:
(Regret she later knew!)
She loved a cripple whom she fed[1]
And hid within her royal bed.
Just see if women are true!'

NIGHTINGALE: 'Thrush, your tale is wholly wrong,
For as I always say in song,
And men know far and wide,
When women to shady woods are drawn,
They're brighter than the brilliant dawn
At height of summer-tide.

'If you come here to hostile ground
They'll shut you up, in prison bound,
And there you shall remain.
The lying tales your lips let fall,
There you shall unsay them all,
And live in utter shame.'

The Thrush and the Nightingale (4)

THRUSH: 'Nightingale, your speech is free:
You say that women'll ruin me –
Curse them, young and old!
The holy book is swift to show
How women brought so many low
Who once were proud and bold.

'Think of Samson, brave and strong,
To whom his wife did such a wrong;
For him she took a price.
Jesus said ill-gotten gain
Was worst for one who would attain
To bliss of paradise.'

Then said to him the Nightingale,

NIGHTINGALE: 'Well, bird, that sounds a likely tale!
Attend to what I say.
Woman's a flower of lasting grace,
And highest praised in every place,
And lovely her array.

'There's not on earth a better leech,
So mild of thought and fair of speech,
To heal man's aching sore.
Bird, you pull apart my thought,
But shall not win with your retort.
Such evil, do no more!'

THRUSH: 'Nightingale, you are unwise
To put on women such a price;
Your profit will be lean;
For in a hundred, hardly five
Of all the wives and maids alive
Continue pure and clean,

'And do no harm in any place,
And bring no men to vile disgrace,
We know with certainty.
But though we sit in wordy strife
About the fame of maid and wife,
The truth you'll never see.'

NIGHTINGALE: 'Your words have now confounded you!
Through whom was all this world made new? –
A Maiden meek and mild,
Who bore in Bethlehem a Son.
He sprang from her a holy one
Who tames all beings wild.

The Thrush and the Nightingale (5)

'She knew of neither sin nor shame,
And truly, Mary was her name:
   May Christ be all her shield!
Bird, for slanders that you wove,
I ban you from this wooded grove,
   So go into the field!'

THRUSH: 'Nightingale, my mind was mad,
Or else I thought of only bad
   In this our wordy war.
I see that I am overcome
Through her who bore that holy Son;
   Five wounds he suffered sore.

'I promise by his holy name
That of a wife's or maiden's fame
   No harm I'll ever say.
I'll leave your land at once, I swear,
And where I go, I do not care:
   I'll simply fly away.'

REFORMATION

1517 Luther's theses at Wittenberg
Translation of the Bible:
William Tyndale (1484-1536) 1522 started the translation of the New Testament
1525 had it printed in Cologne
John Wyclif (1324-1384) professor at Oxford, chaplain to Edward III
Lollards - "poor priests"
Wyclif translated the New Testament, his coadjutor Hereford translated the Old Testament - the very first translation of the Bible into a vulgar tongue (rahvakeel)
Tindale's translation completed by Miles Coverdale in 1535
4 other translations during the next 30 years
the Authorized Version of 1611 (King James Bible) (the AV)
Archbishop **Cranmer's Book of Common Prayer** 1549
the dissolution of the religious houses 1535-1539
John Leland "Itinerary"
Raphael Holinshed

John Skelton (c. 1460-1529)
ragged, uncouth lines, broken and irregular but compact in meaning and brutal in directness
fondness for allegory and biting satire
a crude medieval buffoon/a charming naif/a dotty trickster
a learned humanist praised by Erasmus, an Oxford poet laureate famous for his Latin verses and known as a grammarian, tutor to future Henry VIII, advisor to Caxton
Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503-42) courtier to Henry VIII
went on diplomatic missions to France, Italy, Spain
introduced the Petrarchan sonnet into English verse
Henry Howard Earl of Surrey (c. 1517-47) courtier to Henry VIII
introduced blank verse into English verse with his translation of Virgil's "Aeneid"
decasyllabic or heroic meter *without rhyme*
Richard Tottel **"Tottel's Miscellany"**

ELIZABETHAN

the papal bull of 1570 excommunicated Elizabeth in favour of Mary Queen of Scots
the new class of landed "magistrates", men of power and wealth educated enough to serve the Crown
Sir Thomas Elyot "Book of the Governor"
Roger Ascham (Elizabeth's tutor) "Schoolmaster"
Castiglione "Il Cortegiano" (1528, translated into Egnlish by Sir Thomas Hoby in 1561 as "The Book of the Courtier", the basic source for Ascham's "Schoolmaster")
Aristotle St. Thomas Aquinas Aristotelian-Ptolemaic universe
Copernicus Galiloe Tycho Brahe Kepler Thomas Digges Thomas Hariot
Francis Bacon "The Advancement of Learning" 1605 took a stand against "the errors and vanities of learning". As "diseases and humours of learning" he enlists "mistaking or misplacing of the last and furthest end of knowledge - whichare intellectual curiosity for its own sake, the connoisseur's and dilettante's delight in curious and varied knowledge, the sophist's and aphorist's satisfaction in victory of wit and contradiction",the acquisition of

knowledge for personal gain , either in terms of reputation, professional advancement , or money." The ultimate end of knowledge should be "the knowledge of causes, of secret motions of things and the enlarging of the bound of human empire" - i.e. the harnessing of the physical universe to the end of security and extending man's intellectual and physical well-being - i.e. the improvement of human living conditions through scientific and technological progress.

Machiavelli's "Il Principe" ("The Prince", 1513) revealed the true mechanism of the God-given state

Gentillet "Contra-Machiavel"

fad for Senecan blood-and-thunder tragedies, literature of blood and bombast, violence and melodrama

"Mirror for Magistrates", a collection of versified English biographies by Inns of Court men, published in 1559 and later many times enlarged

stoicism (Roman stoics, like Seneca)

search for the "Philosopher's Stone" (a mythical substance which would convert base metals into gold and would grant eternal youth)

esoteric lore mingled with science created a whole tribe of versatile and talented vagabonds

Marlowe's "Faustus"

age of contrasts: aspiration and despair, piety and brutality, idealism and cynicism, confidence and melancholy, gentility and coarseness

Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch's "Lives of the Noble Grecian and Romans" (through Amyot's French translation)

Neoplatonism - early Christian transformation of Plato's teachings by Ammonius Saccas in Alexandria and Plotinus in Rome in the 3rd and 6th cc.

l'amante razionale

Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586)

the Neoplatonic courtier par excellence, Castiglione's courtier come to life, Oxford graduate soldier, scholar, poet, friend and patron of poets, killed in battle in the Low Countries at the age of 32

mother the sister of Robert Dudley Earl of Leicester, the queen's lover and favourite

father Sir Henry Sidney was three times Lord Deputy of Ireland

sister Mary Countess of Pembroke

pastoral romance "**Arcadia**"

the pastoral convention

Arcadia, the central region of the greek Peloponnese, home of Pan

Theocritus's idylls

Hellenistic romance such as "Daphnis and Chloe"

Virgil's "Eclogues"

Jacopo Sannazaro's "Arcadia" 1481

1579 "**The Defense of Poesy**/An Apology for Poetry"

"**Astrophel and Stella**" ("Starlover and Star") 1591

The Authorized (King James) Bible

preacher was wise, he still taught the people knowledge; yea, he gave good heed, and sought out, *and* set in order many proverbs.

10 The preacher sought to find out acceptable words: and *that which was* written *was* upright, *even* words of truth.

11 The words of the wise *are* as goads, and as nails fastened *by* the masters of assemblies, *which* are given from one shepherd.

12 And further, by these, my son, be admonished: of making many books *there is* no end; and much study *is* a weariness of the flesh.

13 Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this *is* the whole *duty* of man.

14 For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether *it be* good, or whether *it be* evil.

THE SONG OF SOLOMON

CHAPTER 1

THE song of songs, which *is* Solomon's.

2 Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth: for thy love *is* better than wine.

3 Because of the savour of thy good ointments thy name *is as* ointment poured forth, therefore do the virgins love thee.

4 Draw me, we will run after thee: the king hath brought me into his chambers: we will be glad and rejoice in thee, we will remember thy love more than wine: the upright love thee.

5 I *am* black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Ke'dar, as the curtains of Solomon.

6 Look not upon me, because I *am* black, because the sun hath looked upon me: my mother's children were angry with me; they made me the keeper of the vineyards; *but* mine own vineyard have I not kept.

7 Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest *thy flock* to rest at noon: for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?

8 If thou know not, O thou fairest among women, go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids beside the shepherds' tents.

9 I have compared thee, O my love, to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots.

10 Thy cheeks are comely with rows *of jewels*, thy neck with chains *of gold*.

11 We will make thee borders of gold with studs of silver.

12 While the king *sitteth* at his table, my spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof.

13 A bundle of myrrh *is* my wellbeloved unto me; he shall lie all night betwixt my breasts.

14 My beloved *is* unto me *as* a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of En-ge'di.

15 Behold, thou *art* fair, my love; behold, thou *art* fair; thou *hast* doves' eyes.

16 Behold, thou *art* fair, my beloved, yea, pleasant: also our bed *is* green.

17 The beams of our house *are* cedar, *and* our rafters of fir.

CHAPTER 2

I AM the rose of Shar'on, *and* the lily of the valleys.

2 As the lily among thorns, so *is* my love among the daughters.

3 As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so *is* my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit *was* sweet to my taste.

4 He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me *was* love.

5 Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples: for I *am* sick of love.

6 His left hand *is* under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me.

7 I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake *my* love, till he please.

8 The voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills.

9 My beloved is like a roe or a young hart: behold, he standeth behind our wall, he looketh forth at the windows, shewing himself through the lattice.

10 My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.

11 For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over *and* gone;

12 The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing *of birds* is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;

13 The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines *with* the tender grape give a *good* smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

14 O my dove, *that art* in the clefts of the rock, in the secret *places* of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet *is* thy voice, and thy countenance *is* comely.

15 Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines *have* tender grapes.

16 My beloved *is* mine, and I *am* his: he feedeth among the lilies.

17 Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Be'ther.

CHAPTER 3

BY night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not.

2 I will rise now, and go about the city in the streets, and in the broad ways I will seek him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not.

3 The watchmen that go about the city found me: *to whom I said*, Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?

4 *It was* but a little that I passed from them, but I found him whom my soul loveth: I held him, and would not let him go, until I had brought him into my mother's house, and into the chamber of her that conceived me.

5 I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake *my* love, till he please.

6 Who *is* this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant?

7 Behold his bed, which is Solomon's; threescore valiant men *are* about it, of the valiant of Israel.

8 They all hold swords, *being* expert in war: every man *hath* his sword upon his thigh because of fear in the night.

9 King Solomon made himself a chariot of the wood of Lebanon.

10 He made the pillars thereof *of* silver, the bottom thereof *of* gold, the covering of it *of* purple, the midst thereof being paved *with* love, for the daughters of Jerusalem.

11 Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, and behold king Solomon with the crown wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals, and in the day of the gladness of his heart.

CHAPTER 4

BEHOLD, thou *art* fair, my love; behold, thou *art* fair; thou *hast* doves' eyes within thy locks: thy hair *is* as a flock of goats, that appear from mount Gilead.

2 Thy teeth *are* like a flock *of sheep that are even* shorn, which came up from the washing; whereof every one bear twins, and none *is* barren among them.

3 Thy lips *are* like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech *is* comely: thy temples *are* like a piece of a pomegranate within thy locks.

4 Thy neck *is* like the tower of David builded for an armoury, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men.

5 Thy two breasts *are* like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies.

6 Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense.

7 Thou *art* all fair, my love; *there is* no spot in thee.

8 Come with me from Lebanon, *my* spouse, with me from Lebanon: look from the top of A-ma'na, from the top of She'nir and Hermon, from the lions' dens, from the mountains of the leopards.

9 Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, *my* spouse; thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes, with one chain of thy neck.

10 How fair is thy love, my sister, *my* spouse! how much better is thy love than wine! and the smell of thine ointments than all spices!

11 Thy lips, O *my* spouse, drop *as* the honeycomb: honey and milk *are* under thy tongue; and the smell of thy garments *is* like the smell of Lebanon.

12 A garden inclosed *is* my sister, *my* spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.

13 Thy plants *are* an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits; camphire, with spikenard,

14 Spikenard and saffron; calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense; myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices:

15 A fountain of gardens, a well of

living waters, and streams from Lebanon.

16 Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, *that* the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits.

CHAPTER 5

I AM come into my garden, my sister, *my* spouse: I have gathered my myrrh with my spice; I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey; I have drunk my wine with my milk: eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved.

2 I sleep, but my heart waketh: *it is* the voice of my beloved that knocketh, *saying,* Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled: for my head is filled with dew, *and* my locks with the drops of the night.

3 I have put off my coat; how shall I put it on? I have washed my feet; how shall I defile them?

4 My beloved put in his hand by the hole *of the door,* and my bowels were moved for him.

5 I rose up to open to my beloved; and my hands dropped *with* myrrh, and my fingers *with* sweet smelling myrrh, upon the handles of the lock.

6 I opened to my beloved; but my beloved had withdrawn himself, *and* was gone: my soul failed when he spake: I sought him, but I could not find him; I called him, but he gave me no answer.

7 The watchmen that went about the city found me, they smote me, they wounded me; the keepers of the walls took away my veil from me.

8 I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find my beloved, that ye tell him, that I *am* sick of love.

9 What *is* thy beloved more than *another* beloved, O thou fairest among women? what *is* thy beloved more than *another* beloved, that thou dost so charge us?

10 My beloved *is* white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand.

11 His head *is as* the most fine gold, his locks *are* bushy, *and* black as a raven.

12 His eyes *are* as *the eyes* of doves by the rivers of waters, washed with milk, *and* fitly set.

13 His cheeks *are* as a bed of spices, *as* sweet flowers: his lips *like* lilies, dropping sweet smelling myrrh.

14 His hands *are as* gold rings set with the beryl: his belly *is as* bright ivory overlaid *with* sapphires.

15 His legs *are as* pillars of marble, set upon sockets of fine gold: his countenance *is* as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars.

16 His mouth *is* most sweet: yea, he *is* altogether lovely. This *is* my beloved, and this *is* my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem.

CHAPTER 6

WHITHER is thy beloved gone, O thou fairest among women? whither is thy beloved turned aside? that we may seek him with thee.

2 My beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies.

3 I *am* my beloved's, and my beloved *is* mine: he feedeth among the lilies.

4 Thou *art* beautiful, O my love, as Tir'zah, comely as Jerusalem, terrible as *an army* with banners.

5 Turn away thine eyes from me, for they have overcome me: thy hair *is* as a flock of goats that appear from Gilead.

6 Thy teeth *are* as a flock of sheep which go up from the washing, whereof every one beareth twins, and *there is* not one barren among them.

7 As a piece of a pomegranate *are* thy temples within thy locks.

8 There are threescore queens, and fourscore concubines, and virgins without number.

9 My dove, my undefiled is *but* one; she *is* the *only* one of her mother, she *is* the choice *one* of her that bare her. The daughters saw her, and blessed her; *yea,* the queens and the concubines, and they praised her.

10 Who *is* she *that* looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, *and* terrible as *an army* with banners?

11 I went down into the garden of nuts to see the fruits of the valley, *and* to see whether the vine flourished, *and* the pomegranates budded.

12 Or ever I was aware, my soul made me *like* the chariots of Am-min'a-dib.

13 Return, return, O Shu'lam-ite; return, return, that we may look upon thee. What will ye see in the Shu'lam-ite? As it were the company of two armies.

CHAPTER 7

HOW beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter! the joints of thy thighs *are* like jewels, the work of the hands of a cunning workman.

2 Thy navel *is like* a round goblet, *which* wanteth not liquor: thy belly *is like* an heap of wheat set about with lilies.

3 Thy two breasts *are* like two young roes *that are* twins.

4 Thy neck *is* as a tower of ivory; thine eyes *like* the fishpools in Hesh'bon, by the gate of Bath-rab'bim: thy nose *is* as the tower of Lebanon which looketh toward Damascus.

5 Thine head upon thee *is* like Carmel, and the hair of thine head like purple; the king *is* held in the galleries.

6 How fair and how pleasant art thou, O love, for delights!

7 This thy stature is like to a palm tree, and thy breasts to clusters *of grapes.*

8 I said, I will go up to the palm tree, I will take hold of the boughs thereof: now also thy breasts shall be as clusters of the vine, and the smell of thy nose like apples;

9 And the roof of thy mouth like the best wine for my beloved, that goeth *down* sweetly, causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak.

10 I *am* my beloved's, and his desire *is* toward me.

11 Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field; let us lodge in the villages.

12 Let us get up early to the vineyards; let us see if the vine flourish, *whether* the tender grape appear, *and* the pomegranates bud forth: there will I give thee my loves.

13 The mandrakes give a smell, and at our gates *are* all manner of pleasant *fruits,* new and old, *which* I have laid up for thee, O my beloved.

CHAPTER 8

O THAT thou *wert* as my brother, that sucked the breasts of my mother! *when* I should find thee without, I would kiss thee; yea, I should not be despised.

2 I would lead thee, *and* bring thee into my mother's house, *who* would instruct me: I would cause thee to drink of spiced wine of the juice of my pomegranate.

3 His left hand *should be* under my head, and his right hand should embrace me.

4 I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, that ye stir not up, nor awake *my* love, until he please.

5 Who *is* this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved? I raised thee up under the apple tree: there thy mother brought thee forth: there she brought thee forth *that* bare thee.

6 Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm: for love *is* strong as death; jealousy *is* cruel as the grave: the coals thereof *are* coals of fire, *which hath* a most vehement flame.

7 Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it: if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned.

8 We have a little sister, and she hath no breasts: what shall we do for our sister in the day when she shall be spoken for?

9 If she *be* a wall, we will build upon her a palace of silver: and if she *be* a door, we will inclose her with boards of cedar.

10 I *am* a wall, and my breasts like towers: then was I in his eyes as one that found favour.

11 Solomon had a vineyard at Ba'al-ha'mon; he let out the vineyard unto keepers; every one for the fruit thereof was to bring a thousand *pieces* of silver.

12 My vineyard, which *is* mine, *is* before me: thou, O Solomon, *must have* a thousand, and those that keep the fruit thereof two hundred.

13 Thou that dwellest in the gardens, the companions hearken to thy voice: cause me to hear *it.*

14 Make haste, my beloved, and be thou like to a roe or to a young hart upon the mountains of spices.

THE BOOK OF THE PROPHET

ISAIAH

CHAPTER 1

THE vision of Isaiah the son of Amoz, which he saw concerning Judah and Jerusalem in the days of Uz-zi'ah, Jo'tham, Ahaz, *and* Hez-e-ki'ah, kings of Judah.

2 Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth: for the LORD hath spoken, I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me.

3 The ox knoweth his owner, and

SKELTON

Upon a Dead Man's Head

That was sent to him from an honorable gentlewoman for a token, Skelton, Laureate, devised this ghostly[3] meditation in English covenable,[4] in sentence, commendable, lamentable, lacrimable, profitable for the soul.

Your ugly token
My mind hath broken
From worldly lust;
For I have discussed,
We are but dust
And die we must.

It is general
To be mortal;
I have well espied
No man may him hide
From Death hollow-eyed
With sinews wyderéd° *withered*
With bones shyderéd,° *shattered*
With his worm-eaten maw
And his ghastly jaw
Gaping aside,
Naked of hide,
Neither flesh nor fell.° *skin*

Then, by my counsel
Look that ye spell° *study*
Well this gospel,
For whereso we dwell
Death will us quell
And with us mell.° *mix*

For all our pampered paunches
There may no fraunchis° *franchise*
Nor worldly bliss
Redeem us from this:
Our days be dated
To be checkmated
With draughtes of death
Stopping our breath;
Our eyen sinking,
Our bodies stinking,
Our gummes grinning,
Our soules brinning.° *burning*

To whom, then, shall we sue
For to have rescue
But to sweet Jesu
On us then for to rue?
O goodly child
Of Mary mild
Then be our shield,
That we be not exiled
To the dyne° dale *dark*

Of bootless bale[5]
Nor to the lake
Of fiendes° black.

But grant us grace
To see thy face
And to purchase
Thine heavenly place
And thy palace
Full of solace
Above the sky
That is so high,
Eternally
To behold and see
The Trinity.

Amen.

Myrres vous y.[6]

6. See yourself in it.

WYATT

Whoso List to Hunt[1]

Whoso list [2] to hunt, I know where is an hind,
But as for me, alas, I may no more.
The vain travail hath wearied me so sore
I am of them that farthest cometh behind.
Yet may I, by no means, my wearied mind
Draw from the deer, but as she fleeth afore,
Fainting I follow. I leave off therefore,
Since in a net I seek to hold the wind.
Whoso list her hunt, I put him out of doubt,
As well as I, may spend his time in vain.
And graven with diamonds in letters plain
There is written, her fair neck round about,
"*Noli me tangere*, for Caesar's I am,
And wild for to hold, though I seem tame."

[1] An adaptation of Petrarch, *Rime* 190, perhaps influenced by commentators on Petrarch, who said that *Noli me tangere quia Caesaris sum* ("Touch me not, for I am Caesar's") was inscribed on the collars of Caesar's hinds which were then set free and were presumably safe from hunters. Wyatt's sonnet is usually supposed to refer to Anne Boleyn, in whom Henry VIII became interested in 1526.

The Lover Showeth How He Is Forsaken of Such as He Sometime Enjoyed

They flee from me, that sometime did me seek
With naked foot stalking within my chamber.
Once have I seen them gentle, tame, and meek
That now are wild, and do not once remember
That sometime they have put themselves in danger
To take bread at my hand, and now they range,
Busily seeking in continual change.

Thankéd be fortune, it hath been otherwise,
Twenty times better; but once especial,
In thin array, after a pleasant guise,
When her loose gown did from her shoulders fall,
And she me caught in her arms long and small,
And therewithal, so sweetly did me kiss
And softly said, "Dear heart, how like you this?"

It was no dream, for I lay broad awaking.
But all is turned now, through my gentleness,
Into a bitter fashion of forsaking.
And I have leave to go, of her goodness,
An she also to use newfangleness.
But since that I unkindly so am servéd,
How like you this, what hath she now deservéd?

Tottel, 1557

These bloody days have broken my heart:
My lust, my youth did them depart,
And blind desire of estate.
Who hastes to climb seeks to revert:
Of truth, *circa Regna tonat.*

The bell-tower showed me such sight
That in my head sticks day and night:
There did I learn out of a grate,
For all favour, glory or might,
That yet *circa Regna tonat.*

By proof, I say, there did I learn
Wit helpeth not defence to earn,
Of innocency to plead or prate:
Bear low, therefore, give God the stern,
For sure, *circa Regna tonat.*

A PRAYER FOR THE QUEEN'S MAJESTY.

Wonderful, O most excellent and almighty GOD, is the depth of thy judgments. Thou King of kings, Lord of lords; thou, which at thy pleasure dost take away and transpose, root out and plant, confound and establish, kingdoms; thou, of thy singular goodness, hast delivered our Queen, thy handmaid, when she was almost at death's door: yea, thou hast delivered her out of prison, and settled her in her father's throne. To thee, therefore, do we give render thanks: to thee do we sing laud and praise: thy name do we honour day and night.

Thou hast restored again the liberty of our country, and the sincerity of thy doctrine, with peace and tranquillity of thy church. Thine, thine was the benefit: the means, the labour, and service, was hers. A burthen too heavy (alas) for a woman's shoulders, yet easy and tolerable by thy helping hand.

Assist her, therefore, O most merciful Father: neither respect her offences, or the deserts of her parents, or the manifold sins of us, her people; but think upon thy wonted compassion, always at hand to thy poor afflicted.

Preserve her kingdom, maintain religion, defend thy cause, our Queen, us, thy sheep and her people. Scatter thine enemies, which thirst after war. Let them be ashamed and confounded, that worship idols. Let us not be a prey to the nations, that know not thee, neither call upon thy name.

Strengthen and confirm, O Lord, that good work, which thou hast begun. Inspire our gracious Queen, thy servant, and us, thy poor flock with thy Holy Spirit; that with uncorrupt life we may so join purity of religion, as we may not yield and bring forth wild and bastard fruits, but mild and sweet grapes, and fruits beseeming repentance, and meet and convenient for thy gospel, to the intent we may enjoy this immortal treasure immortally, and that, living and dying in thee, we may finally possess the inheritance of thy heavenly kingdom. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

[FROM *Book of Common Prayers*, 1578]

ELIZABETHAN

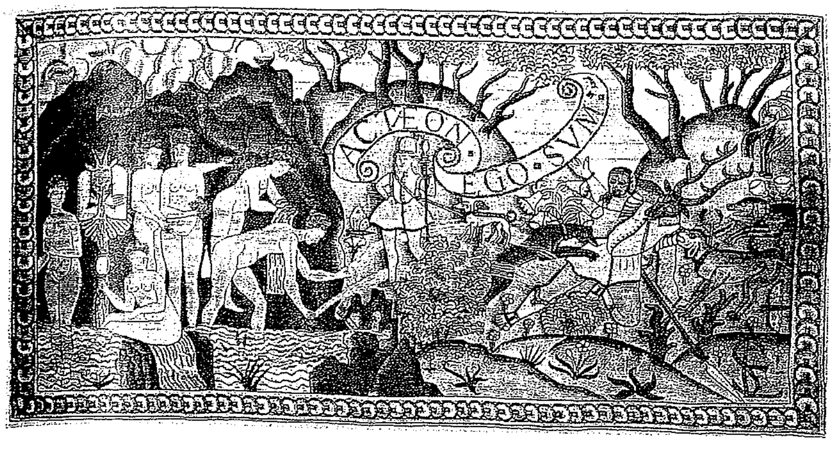
Cult of Elizabeth

Three years after the defeat of the great Armada sent by Catholic Spain to subjugate the tiny island kingdom of England the greatest poem of the age was published. Edmund Spenser's *The Faerie Queene* (1591) signals in one epic work that a new civilisation was already in full flower. No other English poem of comparable scope or literary structure has inspired so many later poets from Milton and Dryden down to Keats and the Romantics. Interwoven into it is every aspect of what was the apogee of the English Renaissance, which reached its climax during the last twenty years of the sixteenth century. And the poem's pivot is one which provides the key to this extraordinary resurgence of creativity, an unmarried woman, Elizabeth I, daughter of Henry VIII and his second queen, Anne Boleyn. She it was who dominated the culture of her age. *The Faerie Queene* is suffused with her multi-faceted presence, the poet indeed opening his epic, one designed to immortalise the Tudor dynasty, with an invocation addressed less to a human being than to a sacred icon:

> . . . O goddesse heavenly bright!
> Mirrour of grace and Majestie divine,
> Great Ladie of the greatest Isle, whose light
> Like Phoebus lampe throughout the world doth shine,
> Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,
> And raise my thoughtes, too humble and too vile,
> To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
> The argument of mine affected stile . . .

It was recognised from the moment of publication that this was the supreme literary masterpiece of the age. The numerous dedicatory verses gather in virtually everyone of importance at court: the queen's glamorous new young favourite, the Earl of Essex; Lord Admiral Howard, who had commanded the fleet against the 'Castilian King'; Sir Walter Raleigh, 'the summer's nightingale'; the queen's Secretary of State, Sir Francis Walsingham, 'the great Maecenas of the age'; her First

Elizabeth I enthroned, supported by two of the virtues her rule personified to her subjects, Justice bearing the sword and Wisdom clasping her serpent. The illumination is by the queen's miniaturist, Nicholas Hilliard, and adorns the charter founding Emmanuel College, Cambridge, in 1584.



Cushion embroidered with the story of Diana and the hunter Actaeon. On the left Actaeon surprises the goddess and her nymphs while bathing, for which he is punished, right, by being transformed into a stag and torn to pieces by the goddess's hounds. The cushion bears the initials ES for Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury, who embroidered it for her great house, Hardwick Hall. Such a scene would have been read as a warning against the violation of chastity.

Elizabethan (2)

Minister, Lord Burghley; her Lord Chancellor, Sir Christopher Hatton; her Lord Chamberlain, Lord Hunsdon. More are there but Spenser moves on to salute the ladies of the court including the sister of that flower of chivalry Sir Philip Sidney, the Countess of Pembroke, and concludes with a valedictory tribute: 'To all the gracious and beautiful Ladies of the Court.'

This was a new culture which had reached a sudden astounding zenith, one which was to go on with a relentless explosive drive past the year 1600 and spill over into the opening years of the reign of the queen's successor, James VI of Scotland and I of England. What was it that triggered this breathtaking phenomenon, which, four centuries later, still fills the world with wonder? *The Faerie Queene* will give us our bearings. Its lodestar is the queen, not her reality but her carefully composed image. Secondly it is of significance that the poem takes the form of a romance, a genre which looks back to the Middle Ages. It is one peopled by knights whose quest is virtue and its exercise; in other words, it is art as a vehicle for moralising to the reader. The poem in addition is one gigantic allegory, stuffed with signs and symbols, all of which call for a highly educated mind able to unravel its often esoteric allusions. Ease of access is foreign to its concept. Its inner message is deliberately a hidden one purveyed in a luxuriance of rich images not, as in pre-Reformation times, rendered in two or three dimensions, but in words. And this is a touchstone.

It is the emergence of a society which no longer expresses its innermost convictions and ideas by way of the visual arts but by way of the pen. The complex images Spenser paints in his poetry assail our mental subconscious through the text and not by means of a painted or sculpted verisimilitude. Everywhere in the Elizabethan age one senses this fear of the visual image, at least fear of it in any deceptive optical sense. Images are now to be locked into the mind, into the visual imagination. If and when they took visual form, whether in architecture, painting or sculpture, they were to be abstract, diagrammatic, anti-naturalistic compilations, either pattern or symbols which called for reading. The visual image, in short, was turned into a text to be read. And this verbalisation of visual experiences was to become central to the island's culture until the television age. Even our landscape was to become literary.

The Elizabethan revival of chivalry. The new society of Protestant England clothed itself with the panoply of medieval knightly endeavour fused with the trappings of the Renaissance courtier. These aspirations are caught in Nicholas Hilliard's miniature of Sir Anthony Mildmay, painted about 1590.

The England of Elizabeth I was an insular nation state in the making. It was a country which for most of the reign was under siege, externally threatened by the mega-power of Catholic Spain and internally by those who remained either openly or covertly loyal to the old religion. But the incoming government in 1558 laid sure foundations both politically and economically. The new ruling classes consolidated their power, headed by great dynasties like the Cecils, the Russells and the Cavendishes. This was an élite society and an élite culture, which, through inter-marriage, spread its net not only across country but also across the social spectrum. The English aristocracy never became a caste, and never hesitated to indulge in lucrative trade and commerce or indeed to marry into it. And riches, the sure foundation of any aesthetic flowering, were well in evidence as almost half-a-century of peace brought a commercial boom. Never before had so many lay people been drawn into the creation of a new national identity, one in which the arts were seen to play a crucial role. Even then nothing could have quite prepared anyone for the explosive energy of creation which followed the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588.

Elizabethan (3)

This sense of cultural oneness reflected the unique alliance of monarch and people as expressed by the Crown in Parliament. In no other period of the nation's history was the role of the ruler to be so pivotal to a cultural renaissance. In Elizabeth I there occurred a unique fusion of art and power. Never a patron herself, she nonetheless dominated every form of literary and artistic endeavour. The vulnerability of the new state meant that it drew in the arts to affirm a vision of national unity expressed through a cult of the monarch both as sovereign and lady. In her, no dividing line could be drawn between her public ceremonial image and her private role. The two were as one. To achieve that, the arts paid a price for what in retrospect can be regarded as outright sycophancy on a scale far on the other side of idolatry which they paid the queen. In harnessing their creative powers to the State, artists inevitably had to forgo much that Renaissance art as it had evolved in Italy had been about. There was no such thing as freedom of expression in Elizabethan England. It was dominated by State-controlled censorship, but the price was worth the paying.

Art was thus in the service of the State sustaining and helping to establish the mythology of a new society. But of what kind? The irony was that this new society was rooted in a cult of history and antiquity, both real and manufactured. Central to finding its new identity was the necessity to re-invent the past. Everywhere one looks this aggressive *nouveau* culture vests itself in the garb of bygone eras. Chivalry, far from slipping into oblivion, was revived, or at least its showy outward trappings. It provided surface glamour to the new rich who spent untold sums establishing the antiquity of their descent, on scattering their coats of arms over absolutely every form of artefact, from a cushion cover to a tomb, and seeing themselves depicted as medieval knights in their portraits. Even Elizabethan architecture looks firmly backwards, a continuation in bizarre guise of late medieval Perpendicular. Castles continued to be built, albeit ones more suited to the knights of poetic romance than the realities of contemporary warfare. Chivalry also provided the ideal vehicle for the heroine of the age, the queen. Virginal and unattainable, she it was for whom knights fought on the field of battle or circumnavigated the globe. The chivalric convention was paramount at the court, indeed its greatest expression was to be its annual festival of chivalry, the fancy dress tournament staged each 17 November, the day Elizabeth ascended the throne, when her knights came in disguise as the heroes of romance to pay her homage. This living out the life of today in terms of the romantic make-believe of yesterday provides the key to the era, its literature, its architecture, its painting, even its music.

Emblems

Fear of the wrong use and perception of the visual image dominates the Elizabethan age. The old pre-Reformation idea of images, religious ones, was that somehow they partook of the essence of what they depicted. Any advance in technique which could reinforce that experience for the viewer was embraced. That was now reversed, indeed it may account for the Elizabethans failing to take cognisance of the optical advances which created the art of the Italian Renaissance, ones like scientific and aerial perspective which increased verisimilitude and placed the viewer directly into the spatial experience. They certainly knew about these things but, and this is central to the understanding of the Elizabethans, chose not to employ them. Instead the visual arts retreated in favour of presenting a series of signs or sym-

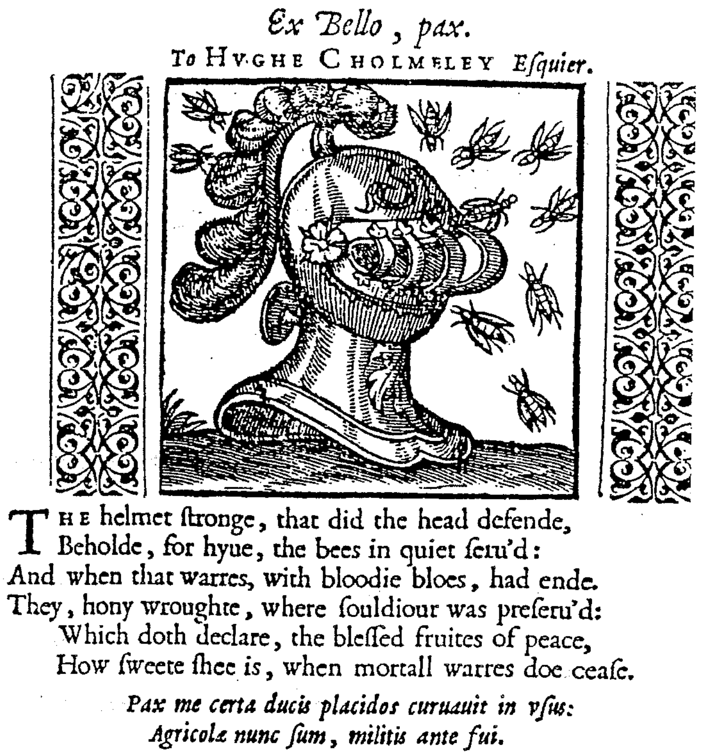
Elizabethan (4)

bols through which the viewer was meant to pass to an understanding of the idea behind the work. In this manner the visual arts were verbalised, turned into a form of book, a 'text' which called for reading by the onlooker. There are no better examples of this than the quite extraordinary portraits of the queen herself which increasingly, as the reign progressed, took on the form of collections of abstract pattern and symbols disposed in an unnaturalistic manner for the viewer to unravel, and by doing so enter into an inner vision of the idea of monarchy. As a result Elizabethan painting, apart from the miniature, may be unique but is a disappointment when set within a European context. This problem was not to arise in the case of either literature or music because their means of expression was through words and sounds. Sir Philip Sidney's *Apologie for Poetrie*, published in 1595 after his death, bills poetry along with painting in the classical canon as being sister arts, but this was never to happen in the Elizabethan period. Image-making was to be the prime function of the poet whose role was to purvey verbal images so compelling that they would remain stored within the memory, inciting the reader to virtue.

So images could exist in the mind but if they took two- or three-dimensional form they had to eschew reality for symbol. That explains why the Elizabethans had no difficulty in assimilating one crucial aspect of European Renaissance culture, the cult of emblems. Along with coats of arms, everywhere we look, from plaster ceilings to embroidered cushions, is covered with evidence of this lost language, one of the prime keys to the culture of the age. The approach is best summed up in Prospero's words when conjuring up the spectacle of a courtly masque in *The Tempest*: 'No tongue! all eyes! be silent!' This lost means of silent communication, which became a common language of the educated classes, continued and expanded for a new secular culture the medieval tradition of hidden meanings. Just as commentators had argued that the Bible had complex layers of symbolic and allegorical meaning so that approach was extended to the writings of the pagan philosophers, who were cast as having had glimmerings of the coming divine revelation. Fired by Renaissance fervour for antiquity these texts and others were studied with a view to uncovering a lost secret wisdom which stemmed down from Creation via the classical world. The turning point was the discovery in 1419 of a book supposedly written by an Ancient Egyptian priest, Hor Apollo, which gave meaning to hieroglyphs. It confirmed that ancient secret wisdom had been transmitted by means of symbol. In it the reader could learn, for example, that a swan represented a musical old man or that a serpent biting its tail was eternity. The result was an escalation and expansion of the belief that the role of images was to purvey deep philosophical truths. In 1531 this discovery was re-invented for the present by Andrea Alciati whose *Emblemata* ignited a mania for emblems. The formula was an image which was a collection of naturalistic objects arranged in an unnaturalistic way, accompanied by a Latin motto. Together image and word, which were inseparable, embodied some particular moral truth. Thus a swarm of bees making a helmet a hive symbolised peace, or someone trying to scrub a black man white the impossible.

This initiated a flood of illustrated books of emblems which were to engulf Europe until the second half of the seventeenth century. Few were English, Geoffrey

Elizabethan ⑤



Ex Bello, pax.

To Hughe Cholmeley *Eſquier.*

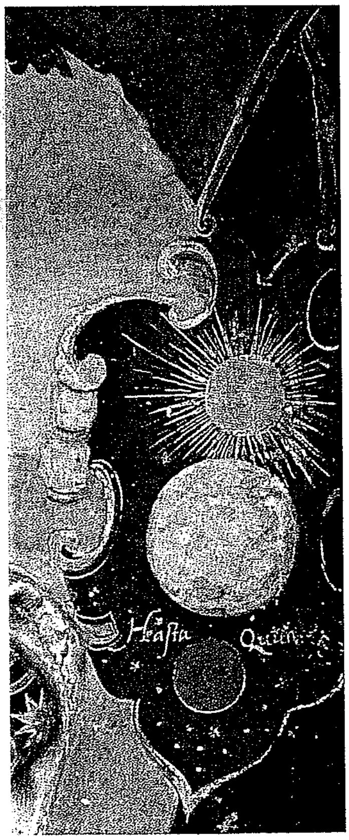
The helmet ſtronge, that did the head defende,
Beholde, for hyue, the bees in quiet ſeru'd:
And when that warres, with bloodie bloes, had ende.
They, hony wroughte, where ſouldiour was preſeru'd:
Which doth declare, the bleſſed fruites of peace,
How ſweete ſhee *is*, when mortall warres doe ceaſe.

Pax me certa ducis placidos curuauit in vſus:
Agricolæ nunc ſum, militis ante fui.

The passion for emblems dominated the art and literature of the age. This one, showing a helmet transformed into a beehive as an image of peace, comes from one of the few English emblem books, Geoffrey Whitney's Choice of Emblemes *(1586).*

Whitney's *Choice of Emblemes* (1586) being the most important, but the continental ones were known and devoured in Elizabethan England. We see their impact in the decoration of houses and even on costumes, let alone their appearance in portraits or on jewels. Everywhere the eye fell there was this new secular silent vocabulary. The queen herself was a monument to it. Her imagery embraced globes, sieves, the phoenix, the pelican, the eglantine rose, the column, the rainbow and the moon, allusions to a whole range of the virtues attributed to her, chastity, constancy, peace and the nurturing of both church and state.

Imprese



Emblems were general imagery. More tantalising were the devices, or *imprese* as they were called, adopted by individuals. These were again compilations of images with a motto embodying the aspirations and commitment of a particular person. They could be of extraordinary obscurity because their whole point was to hide, rather than to reveal, their meaning, except only to the intellectually initiated. Elizabeth I's sailor champion at the tilt, George Clifford, 3rd Earl of Cumberland, had one which depicted the earth betwixt the sun and moon in total eclipse with the motto *Hasta quando* meaning that he would wield his lance in defence of his sovereign until such a celestial configuration occurred. Nor did this obsession with symbols end there, for the whole pantheon of the classical world, its gods and goddesses, myths and legends, was systematically codified and glossed with meaning in a series of iconographical textbooks which were on the shelf of every educated person, especially those who were creators in the world

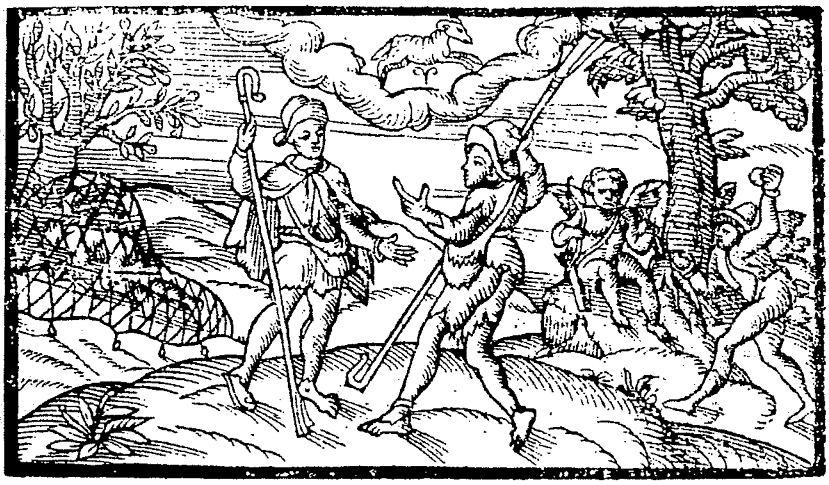
Elizabethan (6)

of the arts. For the educated, knowledge of this sign language of abstract symbols was as important as being able to read, more important in one sense for it was more fully in accord with the prevailing philosophy of the age, Neoplatonism.

Impresa *borne by the Queen's Champion at the tilt, the Earl of Cumberland. The earth is depicted on the pasteboard shield he would have presented to the queen in a state of total eclipse between sun and moon. The Latin motto,* Hasta quando, *means that the earl will wield his lance in his sovereign's defence until such an heavenly configuration occurs.*

Neoplatonism

This revived Platonism (for Plato's works were known to the Middle Ages) stemmed from fifteenth century Florence. Its two most influential figures were the philosophers Marsiglio Ficino and Pico della Mirandola (of whom Thomas More wrote a life), and it predicated an immensely enhanced concept of man's place in the divine order of things. Man the microcosm, the mirror of the cosmos, was capable of rising to the stars or sinking to the level of the brute beasts. Through the exercise of reason and the will and the taming of the passions he could control his own destiny. More, because in the Platonic scheme of things the key to the universe lay in number. By attuning himself to its harmonious mathematical structure man could not only place himself at one with the universe, he could go further and control its workings. This endowed man, made in God's image, with tremendous power. Such beliefs not only account for the central place, for example, of music and dance, in the practice of which man placed himself in harmony with the music of the spheres, but also for the huge drive forwards in the realm of practical technology in which the mysterious forces of nature, which could, for example, make wheels move or water spurt, were harnessed.



Woodcut illustrating 'The March Eclogue' of Spenser's The Shepheardes Calendar, *published in 1579. 'Two shepherd boys taking occasion of the season, begin to make purpose of love and other pleasance, which to spring time is most agreeable.'*

Platonism rejected the material world as transient and believed in a higher eternal realm in which opposites could be reconciled in an ideal and ultimate truth. Everything in the arts reflects this preoccupation with the holding up for emulation of ideal types. Sir Philip Sidney, for instance, was made to approximate to heroic prototypes from both classical antiquity and the Christian tradition. The urge was always towards ideal types, abstract symbols in their human vesture. And nowhere was this impulse to be more clearly revealed than in the literature of the age.

(For further details, see, if you wish, R. Strong, The Spirit of Britain)

MARY AMBREE

(*The tune is* "The blind beggar")

When Captain Courageous, whom death could not daunt,
Had roundly besiegèd the city of Gaunt,
And manly they marched by two and by three,
And foremost in battle was Mary Ambree.

Thus being enforced to fight with her foes,
On each side most fiercely they seemed to close;
Each one sought for honor in every degree,
But none so much won it as Mary Ambree.

When brave Sergeant Major was slain in the fight,
Who was her own true love, her joy and delight,
She swore unrevenged his blood should not be;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

She clothed herself from the top to the toe
With buff of the bravest and seemly to show;
A fair shirt of mail over that striped she;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?
A helmet of proof she put on her head,
A strong armed sword she girt on her side,
A fairly goodly gauntlet on her hand wore she;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Then took she her sword and her target in hand,
And called all those that would be of her band—
To wait on her person there came thousands three;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Before you shall perish, the worst of you all,
Or come to any danger of enemy's thrall,
This hand and this life of mine shall set you free;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

The drums and the trumpets did sound out alarm,
And many a hundred did lose leg and arm,
And many a thousand she brought on their knee;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

The sky then she filled with smoke of her shot,
And her enemies' bodies with bullets so hot,
For one of her own men, a score killed she;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

And then her false gunner did spoil her intent,
Her powder and bullets away he had spent,
And then with her weapon she slashed them in three;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Then took she her castle where she did abide,
Her enemies besieged her on every side;
To beat down her castle walls they did agree,
And all for to overcome Mary Ambree.
Then took she her sword and her target in hand,
And on her castle walls stoutly did stand,
So daring the captains to match any three;
Oh, what a brave captain was Mary Ambree!

At her then they smiled, not thinking in heart
That she could have performed so valorous a part;
The one said to the other, we shortly shall see
This gallant brave captain before us to flee.

Why, what do you think or take me to be?
Unto these brave soldiers so valiant spoke she.
A knight, sir, of England, and captain, quoth they,
Whom shortly we mean to take prisoner away.
No captain of England behold in your sight,
Two breasts in my bosom, and therefore no knight;
No knight, sir, of England, nor captain, quoth she,
But even a poor bonny lass, Mary Ambree.

But art thou a woman as thou dost declare,
That hath made us thus spend our armor in war?
The like in our lives we never did see,
And therefore we'll honor brave Mary Ambree.

The Prince of great Parma heard of her renown,
Who long had advanced for England's fair crown;
In token he sent a glove and a ring,
And said she should be his bride at his wedding.

Why, what do you think or take me to be?
Though he be a prince of great dignity,
It shall never be said in England so free
That a stranger did marry with Mary Ambree.
Then unto fair England she back did return,
Still holding the foes of brave England in scorn;
In valor no man was ever like she;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

In this woman's praises I'll here end my song,
Whose heart was approved in valor most strong;
Let all sorts of people, whatever they be,
Sing forth the brave valors of Mary Ambree.

WILLIAM ELDERTON (?)

Elizabeth

WHEN I WAS FAIR AND YOUNG

When I was fair and young, and favor gracèd me,
Of many was I sought, their mistress for to be;
But I did scorn them all, and answered them therefore,
"Go, go, go, seek some otherwhere,
Impòrtune me no more!"

How many weeping eyes I made to pine with woe,
How many sighing hearts, I have no skill to show;
Yet I the prouder grew, and answered them therefore,
"Go, go, go, seek some otherwhere,
Impòrtune me no more!"

Then spake fair Venus' son, that proud victorious boy,
And said, "Fine dame, since that you be so coy,
I will so pluck your plumes that you shall say no more,
'Go, go, go, seek some otherwhere,
Impòrtune me no more!' "

When he had spake these words, such change grew in my breast
That neither night nor day since that, I could take any rest.
Then lo! I did repent that I had said before,
"Go, go, go, seek some otherwhere,
Impòrtune me no more!"

THE ELIZABETHAN SONNET

①

A Sonnet

A Sonnet is a moment's monument, –
Memorial from the Soul's eternity
To one dead deathless hour. Look that it be,
Whether for lustral rite or dire portent,
Of its own arduous fullness reverent:
Carve it in ivory or in ebony,
As Day or Night may rule; and let Time see
Its flowering crest impearled and orient.

A Sonnet is a coin: its face reveals
The soul, – its converse, to what Power 'tis due: –
Whether for tribute in the august appeals
Of Life, or dower in Love's high retinue,
It serve; or, 'mid the dark wharf's cavernous breath,
In Charon's palm it pay the toll to Death.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

Loving in truth

Loving in truth, and faine in verse my love to show,
That the deare She might take some pleasure of my paine:
Pleasure might cause her reade, reading might make her know,
Knowledge might pitie winne, and pitie grace obtaine,
I sought fit words to paint the blackest face of woe,
Studying inventions fine, her wits to entertaine:
Oft turning others' leaves, to see if thence would flow
Some fresh and fruitfull showers upon my sunne-burn'd braine.
But words came halting forth, wanting Invention's stay,
Invention, Nature's child, fled step-dame Studie's blowes,
And others' feete still seem'd but strangers in my way.
Thus great with child to speake, and helplesse in my throwes,
Biting my trewand pen, beating my selfe for spite,
'Foole,' said my Muse to me, 'looke in thy heart and write.'

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

Coming to kiss her lips

Coming to kiss her lips, (such grace I found)
Me seemed I smelt a garden of sweet flowers:
That dainty odours from them threw around
For damsels fit to deck their lovers' bowers.
Her lips did smell like unto gillyflowers,
Her ruddy cheeks like unto roses red:
Her snowy brows like budded bellamoures,
Her lovely eyes like pinks but newly spread.
Her goodly bosom like a strawberry bed,
Her neck like to a bunch of colombines:
Her breast like lillies, ere their leaves be shed,
Her nipples like young blossomed jessamines.
Such fragrant flowers do give most odorous smell,
But her sweet odour did them all excell.

EDMUND SPENSER

x bellamoures = bellflowers
gillyflowers = carnations
jessamines = jasmines

Sonnet 130

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red:
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound:
I grant I never saw a goddess go,
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Sonnet 140

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;
As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know;
For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee:
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believèd be.
That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Sonnet 57

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
Save, where you are how happy you make those.
So true a fool is love that in your will,
Though you do any thing, he thinks no ill.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Sonnet (2)

147

My love is as a fever, longing still[1]
For that which longer nurseth[2] the disease,
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,[3]
Th' uncertain sickly appetite[4] to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve
Desire is death, which physic did except.[5]
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,[6]
And frantic mad with evermore unrest;
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
At random from the truth vainly expressed;[7]
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

Shakespeare

When men shall find thy flower

When men shall find thy flower, thy glory, pass,
And thou, with careful brow sitting alone,
Receivèd hast this message from thy glass,
That tells the truth and says that all is gone;
Fresh shalt thou see in me the wounds thou madest,
Though spent thy flame, in me the heat remaining:
I that have loved thee thus before thou fadest,
My faith shall wax, when thou art in thy waning.
The world shall find this miracle in me,
That fire can burn when all the matter's spent:
Then what my faith hath been thyself shalt see,
And that thou wast unkind thou may'st repent.
Thou may'st repent that thou hast scorned my tears,
When winter snows upon thy sable hairs.

SAMUEL DANIEL

Like as a huntsman after weary chase

Like as a huntsman after weary chase,
Seeing the game from him escaped away,
Sits down to rest him in some shady place,
With panting hounds beguilèd of their prey:
So after long pursuit and vain assay,
When I all weary had the chase forsook,
The gentle deer returned the self-same way,
Thinking to quench her thirst at the next brook.
There she beholding me with milder look,
Sought not to fly, but fearless still did bide:
Till I in hand her yet half trembling took,
And with her own goodwill her firmly tied.
Strange thing me seemed to see a beast so wild,
So goodly won with her own will beguiled.

EDMUND SPENSER

5

It is most true that eyes are formed to serve
The inward light,[4] and that the heavenly part
Ought to be king, from whose rules who do swerve,
Rebels to nature, strive for their own smart.
It is most true, what we call Cupid's dart
An image is, which for ourelves we carve,
And, fools, adore in temple of our heart,
Till that good god make church and churchman starve.
True, that true beauty virtue is indeed,
Whereof this beauty can be but a shade,
Which elements with mortal mixture breed.[5]
True, that on earth we are but pilgrims made,
And should in soul up to our country move.
True, and yet true that I must Stella love.

Sidney

Oh that my heart could hit upon a strain

Oh that my heart could hit upon a strain
Would strike the music of my soul's desire;
Or that my soul could find that sacred vein
That sets the consort of the angels' choir.
Or that that spirit of especial grace
That cannot stoop beneath the state of heaven
Within my soul would take his settled place
With angels' *Ens*, to make his glory even.
Then should the name of my most gracious King,
And glorious God, in higher tunes be sounded
Of heavenly praise, than earth hath power to sing,
Where heaven, and earth, and angels, are confounded.
And souls may sing while all heart strings are broken;
His praise is more than can in praise be spoken.

NICHOLAS BRETON

Sonnet 79

Men call you fayre, and you doe credit° it,	*believe*
For that your selfe ye dayly such doe see:	
But the trew fayre,° that is the gentle wit,	*beauty*
And vertuous mind, is much more praysd of me.	
For all the rest, how ever fayre it be,	
Shall turne to nought and loose that glorious hew:°	*form*
But onely that is permanent and free	
From frayle corruption, that doth flesh ensew.°	*outlast*
That is true beautie: that doth argue you	
To be divine and borne of heavenly seed:	
Derived from that fayre Spirit,[6] from whom al true	
And perfect beauty did at first proceed.	
He onely fayre, and what he fayre hath made:	
All other fayre, lyke flowres, untymely fade.	

Spenser

Sonnet (3)

I saw the object of my pining thought

I saw the object of my pining thought
Within a garden of sweet Nature's placing;
Wherein an arbour, artificial wrought,
By workman's wondrous skill the garden gracing,
Did boast his glory, glory far renownèd,
For in his shady boughs my mistress slept:
And with a garland of his branches crownèd,
Her dainty forehead from the sun ykept.
Imperious Love upon her eyelids tending,
Playing his wanton sports at every beck,
And into every finest limb descending,
From eyes to lips, from lips to ivory neck;
  And every limb supplied, and t' every part
  Had free ac'cess, but durst not touch her heart.

THOMAS WATSON

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.

There shall he find all vices' overthrow,
Not by rude force, but sweetest sovereignty
Of reason, from whose light those night birds[2] fly;
That inward sun in thine eyes shineth so.
And not content to be Perfection's heir
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."

Sidney

One day I wrote her name upon the strand

One day I wrote her name upon the strand,
But Came the waves and washèd it away:
Again I wrote it with a second hand,
But came the tide, and made my pains his prey.
Vain man, said she, that dost in vain assay,
A mortal thing so to immortalise,
But I myself shall like to this decay,
And eke my name be wipèd out likewise.
Not so (quod I), let baser things devise
To die in dust, but you shall live by fame:
My verse your virtues rare shall eternise,
And in the heavens write your glorious name.
  Where whenas death shall all the world subdue,
  Our love shall live, and later life renew.

EDMUND SPENSER

How many paltry, foolish, painted things

How many paltry, foolish, painted things,
That now in coaches trouble every street,
Shall be forgotten, whom no poet sings,
Ere they be well-wrapped in their winding sheet?
Where I to thee Eternity shall give,
When nothing else remaineth of these days,
And queens hereafter shall be glad to live
Upon the alms of thy superfluous praise;
Virgins and matrons reading these my rhymes,
Shall be so much delighted with thy story,
That they shall grieve, they lived not in these times,
To have seen thee, their Sex's only glory:
  So shalt thou fly above the vulgar throng,
  Still to survive in my immortal song.

MICHAEL DRAYTON

Let others sing

Let others sing of knights and paladins
In agèd accents and untimely words,
Paint shadows in imaginary lines,
Which well the reach of their high wits records:
But I must sing of thee, and those fair eyes
Authentic shall my verse in time to come,
When yet the unborn shall say, 'Lo, where she lies,
Whose beauty made him speak that else was dumb.'
These are the arks, the trophies, I erect,
That fortify thy name against old age;
And these thy sacred virtues must protect
Against the dark and Time's consuming rage.
  Though the error of my youth in them appear,
  Suffice they show I lived, and loved thee dear.

SAMUEL DANIEL

55

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time.[1]
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his[2] sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity[3]
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.[4]
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

60

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.[1]
Nativity, once in the main[2] of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish[3] set on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.
And yet to times in hope[4] my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

Shakespeare

ELIZABETHAN NON-DRAMATIC VERSE

Edmund Spenser (1552-1599) the greatest non-dramatic poet of the English Renaissance Puritan, graduate of Cambridge (B.A. & M.A.), had series of positions in the retinues of prominent men, incl. the Earl of Leicester, the queen's favourite, in whose household came to know Sir Philip Sidney and his friend Sir Edward Dyer, courtiers who were interested in promoting English poetry. Inspired by them wrote his **"The Shepheardes Calender"** (1579) which he dedicated to Sidney ("Goe little book: thyself present/As child whose parent is unkent/To him that is the president/Of noblesse and of chevalree."). It consists of 12 pastoral eclogues, one for each month of the year. Commentator E.K. divided the eclogues into 3 groups: plaintive, recreative, moral. Archaic lg, partly out of homage to Chaucer (Tityrus, god of shepherds in the book), partly for rustic effect. Skillful use of many verse forms, a "word-musician" who inaugurated the "new poetry" of the Elizabethans. A prolific experimenter: in the "Calender" alone he used 13 different meters, some invented, some adapted, most of them novel; a special rhyme scheme of the Spenserian sonnet in his sonnet sequence **"Amoretti"**, adaptations of Italian canzone forms for **"Epithalamion"** and **"Prothalamion"** and the nine-line stanza of **"The Faerie Queene"** (1590, first three books published). "FQ": interpretations range from: a romantic and moralistic yet highly topical epic of the Elizabethans, a verbal symphony for the Romantics, an esoteric poem full of complicated symbol-systems subject to highly personal interpretations for the New Critics, a cross-word puzzle for symbol-seekers, allusion-spotters, source-hunters. It is definitely: 1) a romance of knight-errantry, a romantic epic like Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso" (1516), 2) an allegory like Torquato Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata" (1575), 3) a "courtesy book" like Castiglione's "Courtier" (out of 12 planned books 6 were finished exhibiting virtues -Holiness, Temperance, Chastity, Friendship, Justice, Courtesy), 4) it deals with contemporary politics and ideology (Gloriana, the Faerie Queen, Belphoebe - Elizabeth I, Duessa - Mary Queen of Scots but also the Church of Rome etc.), 5) it is also a series of psychological landscapes of both men and women.

Vogue for Neo-Platonic love sonnets 1591 (Sidney's "Astrophel and Stella") - 1593-4
Samuel Daniel (1562-1619) protege and neighbour of Lady Pembroke, Sidney's sister. Sonnet sequence **"Delia"** (1592)
Michael Drayton ((1536-1631) sonnet sequence **"Idea"** (1594)
Shakespeare's sonnets (1598?)

Age of Song
Anthologies published yearly between 1557 ("Tottel's Miscellany") to 1600 ("A Handful of Pleasant Delights", "A Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions", "The Paradise of Dainty Devices", "The Phoenix Nest", "England's Helicon")
broadside ballad madrigal air
great Elizabethan song books **Thomas Campion** (1567-1620)

ELIZABETHAN FICTION/PROSE

best-sellers: ballads, jest books, chivalric and pastoral romances, long poems, short stories, Bibles, prayer books, religious tracts, Latin grammars, practical books like almanacs (calendars with lots of practical information)

John Lyly (1554-1606) grandson of the famous William Lily ("Eton Latin Grammar"), one of the most exquisite persons of his age. **"Euphues: the Anatomy of Wit" (Part I, 1578), "Euphues and His England" (Part II, 1580)** "euphuistic" style - a combination of laboured elegance, unnatural history, classical allusion, contrived antithesis, occasional flashes of genuine wit, verbal ingenuity, sententiousness, weighty learning lightly handled

Robert Greene (1560-1592) the literary chameleon of his age, a typical Elizabethan: rather poor, educated at Cambridge, travelled in Italy, lived a Bohemian's life in the London underworld. **20 "euphuistic" novels/romances**: "Gwydonius or the Card of Fancy", "Morando, the Tritameron of Love", "Arbosto, the Anatomy of Fortune", "Ciceronis Amor or Tully' Love". **Cony-Catching pamhlets**, "Greene's Groatsworth of Wit Bought with a Million of Repentance"

Thomas Lodge (1558-1625) "euphuistic" romance **"Rosalinde"** (1590)

Thomas Nashe (1567-1601) successor of Greene as a pamphleteer, the author of the **first picaresque novel in England "The Unfortunate Traveller, or the Life of Jack Wilton"**

Thomas Deloney (1543?-1600?) popular balladist, novelist of craftsmen **"Thomas of Reading"** (about clothiers), **"Jack of Newbury"** (ab. weavers), **"The Gentle Craft"** (ab. shoemakers)

"university wits" (common univ. background): Lyly, Greene, Lodge, Nashe, George Peele, Christopher Marlowe

ELIZABETHAN DRAMA

John Heywood's interludes or farces in the reign of Henry VIII

after 1550 formation of the troops of professional players

public playhouses outside the corporate limits: in the Shoreditch suburb outside the city walls - **Theatre** and **Curtain** (1657), **Fortune** (1600), **Red Bull** (1605), on the south bank of the Thames opposite the City in the county of Surrey - **Rose** (1587), **Swan** (1595), **Globe** (1599), **Hope** (1614)

"private" playhouses: **Paul's Boys, Blackfriars, Inns of Court**,

choristers of Chapel Royal, boy actors of London schools - St. Paul's, Westminster, Merchant Taylors'

COMEDY

Plautus (c. 254-184 B.C.) Plautine - boisterous low comedy of middle and lower class life

Terence (c. 190-159 B.C.) Terentian - polished, humanitarian, psychologically motivated

Nicholas Udall, headmaster of Westminster public school **"Ralph Roister Doister"** (1553)

William Stevenson, master of Christ's College, Cambridge **"Gammer Gurton's Needle"** (1575)

translations and adaptations of contemporary Italian comedies

Lyly 7 comedies between 1581 and 1590 - witty and thinly disguised allegories intended to flatter Elizabeth

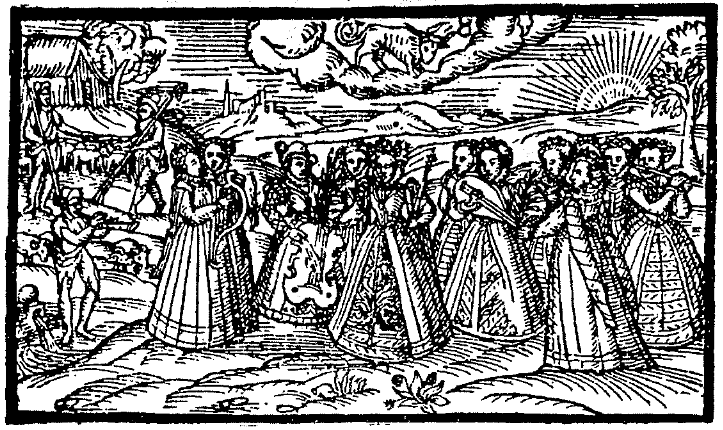
Peele Greene

SPENSER

'The Shepheardes Calender'

①

Aprill[1]



Aegloga Quarta[2]

ARGUMENT

This Aeglogue is purposely intended to the honor and prayse of our most gracious sovereigne, Queene Elizabeth. The speakers herein be Hobbinoll and Thenot, two shepheardes: the which Hobbinoll being before mentioned, greatly to have loved Colin, is here set forth more largely, complayning him of that boyes great misadventure in Love, whereby his mynd was alienate and with drawen not onely from him, who moste loved him, but also from all former delightes and studies, aswell in pleasaunt pyping, as conning[3] ryming and singing, and other his laudable exercises. Whereby he taketh occasion, for proofe of his more excellencie and skill in poetrie, to recorde a songe, which the sayd Colin sometime made in honor of her Majestie, whom abruptely[4] he termeth Elysa.

THENOT HOBBINOLL

Tell me good Hobbinoll, what garres thee greete?[5]
What? hath some Wolfe thy tender Lambes ytorne?

---

[1] When *The Shepheardes Calender* was published in 1579, each of the 12 eclogues was followed by a "Glosse," which contained explications of difficult or archaic words, together with learned discussions of—and disagreements with—Spenser's ideas, imagery, and poetics. The glosses are by one "E. K.," whom some scholars identify with one of Spenser's friends, others with Spenser himself. E. K.'s editorial apparatus is usually published along with the poems. In these notes, the editors have incorporated the glosses that are especially useful to the modern reader; they are marked [E. K.]. The original spelling is retained.

[2] Fourth Eclogue. An eclogue ("aeglogue") is a short pastoral poem in the form of a dialogue or soliloquy. Spenser's spelling is based on a false etymology (*aix*-goat + *logos*-speech), satisfying, according to E. K., "Goteheards tales." The illustration portrays Colin Clout (the Shepherd persona assumed by Spenser) piping a song of Elizabeth, shown with the ladies of her court. The shepherds Thenot and Hobbinol are in the background, and the astrological sign for April, Taurus the bull, is at the top of the picture.

[3] Learning.

[4] With a sudden change.

[5] "Causeth thee weepe and complain" [E. K.]

72

Or is thy Bagpype broke, that soundes so sweete?
Or art thou of thy lovèd lasse forlorne°? *forsaken*

Or bene thine eyes attempred to the yeare,[6]
Quenching the gasping furrowes thirst with rayne?
Like April shoure, so stremes the trickling teares
Adowne thy cheeke, to quenche thy thirstye° payne. *thirsty*

HOBBINOLL

Nor thys, nor that, so muche doeth make me mourne,
But for the ladde,[7] whome long I lovd so deare,
Nowe loves a lasse,[8] that all his love doth scorne:
He plongd in payne, his tressèd° locks dooth teare. *curled*

Shepheards delights he dooth them all forsweare,
Hys pleasaunt Pipe, whych made us meriment,
He wylfully hath broke, and doth forbeare
His wonted songs, wherein he all outwent.[9]

THENOT

What is he for a Ladde,[1] you so lament?
Ys love such pinching payne to them, that prove?
And hath he skill to make[2] so excellent,
Yet hath so little skill to brydle love?

HOBBINOLL

Colin thou kenst,° the Southerne shepheardes boye: *knowest*
Him Love hath wounded with a deadly darte.
Whilome° on him was all my care and joye, *once*
Forcing° with gyfts to winne his wanton heart. *striving*

But now from me hys madding° mynd is *foolish*
starte,° *broken away*
And woes the Widdowes daughter of the glenne:[3]
So nowe fayre Rosalind hath bredde° hys smart, *caused*
So now his frend is chaungèd for a frenne.° *stranger*

THENOT

But if hys ditties bene so trimly dight,[4]
I pray thee Hobbinoll, recorde° some one: *sing*

---

[6] "Agreeable to the season of the yeare, that is Aprill, which moneth is most bent to shoures and seasonable rayne: to quench . . . the drought" [E. K.]. "Bene": are.

[7] "Colin Clout" [E. K.]; "for": that.

[8] "Rosalinda" [E. K.].

[9] His usual songs, which surpassed those of all others.

[1] "What maner of Ladde is he?" [E. K.].

[2] "To rime and versifye" [E. K.]. "Maker" is the Greek word for "poet."

[3] "He calleth Rosalind the Widowes daughter of the glenne, that is, of a country Hamlet or borough, which I thinke is rather sayde to concele the person, then simply spoken. For it is well knowen . . . that shee is a Gentle woman of no meane house" [E. K.]. "Woes": woos.

[4] "Adorned" [E. K.].

The whiles our flockes doe graze about in sight,
And we close shrowded in thys shade alone.

HOBBINOLL

Contented I: then will I singe his laye° *song*
Of fayre Elisa, Queene of shepheardes all:[5]
Which once he made, as by a spring he laye,
And tunèd it unto the Waters fall.

"Ye dayntye Nymphs, that in this blessèd Brooke
doe bathe your brest,
For sake your watry bowres, and hether looke,
at my request:
And eke you Virgins, that on Parnasse dwell,
Whence floweth Helicon the learnèd well,[6]
Helpe me to blaze[7]
Her worthy praise,
Which in her sexe doth all excell.

"Of fayre Elisa be your silver song,
that blessèd wight:° *being*
The flowre of Virgins, may shee florish long,
In princely plight.° *condition*
For shee is Syrinx daughter without spotte,
Which *Pan* the shepheards God of her begot:[8]
So sprong° her grace *sprung*
Of heavenly race,
No mortall blemishe may her blotte.

"See, where she sits upon the grassie greene,
(O seemely° sight) *pleasing*
Yclad in Scarlot like a mayden Queene,
And Ermines white.
Upon her head a Cremosin° coronet, *crimson*
With Damaske roses and Daffadillies set:
Bayleaves betweene,
And Primroses greene
Embellish[9] the sweete Violet.

---

[5] "In all this songe is not to be respected, what the worthinesse of her Majestie deserveth, nor what to the highnes of a Prince is agreeable, but what is moste comely for the meanesse of a shepheards witte, or to conceive, or to utter" [E. K.].

[6] "The nine Muses, daughters of Apollo and Memorie, whose abode the Poets faine to be on Parnassus, a hill in Grece" [E. K.]. According to Spenser and E. K., Helicon is a well or spring at the foot of Parnassus, but in fact it is a mountain itself sacred to the Muses.

[7] A blason was a poem cataloguing and praising a lady's various physical features.

[8] "Syrinx is the name of a Nymphe of Arcadie, whom when Pan being in love pursued. . . . By Pan is here meant the most famous and victorious King, her highnesse Father, late of worthy memorye K. Henry the eyght" [E. K.]. "Without spotte" qualifies Syrinx, not daughter, a covert repudiation of the scandals surrounding Anne Boleyn.

[9] "Beautifye and set out" [E. K.], i.e., by contrast of colors.

"Tell me, have ye seene her angelick face,
Like Phoebe fayre?[1]
Her heavenly haveour,° her princely grace *bearing*
can you well compare?
The Redde rose medled with the White yfere,[2]
In either cheeke depeincten° lively chere. *depict*
Her modest eye,
Her Majestie,
Where have you seene the like, but there?

"I sawe Phoebus thrust out his golden hedde,
upon her to gaze:
But when he sawe, how broade her beames did spredde,
it did him amaze.
He blusht to see another Sunne belowe,
Ne durst againe his fyrye face out showe:[3]
Let him, if he dare,
His brightnesse compare
With hers, to have the overthrowe.[4]

"Shewe thy selfe Cynthia[5] with thy silver rayes,
and be not abasht:
When shee the beames of her beauty displayes,
O how art thou dasht?
But I will not match her with *Latonaes* seede,
Such follie great sorow to Niobe did breede.[6]
Now she is a stone,
And makes dayly mone,
Warning all other to take heede.

"Pan may be proud, that ever he begot
such a Bellibone,[7]
And Syrinx rejoyse, that ever was her lot
to beare such an one.
Soone as my younglings cryen for the dam,
To her will I offer a milkwhite Lamb:
Shee is my goddesse plaine,° *absolute*
And I her shepherds swayne,° *servant*
Albee forswonck and forswatt I am.[8]

---

[1] "The Moone, whom the Poets faine to be sister unto Phoebus, that is the Sunne" [E. K.].

[2] "Together" [E. K.]. "Medled": mingled. Elizabeth, like her father Henry VIII, descends from both the houses of Lancaster and of York (symbolized, respectively, by the red and the white rose), whose conflicting claims to the throne caused the Hundred Years' War.

[3] Show abroad.

[4] Be overthrown.

[5] "The Moone" [E. K.].

[6] When Niobe vaunted herself above Latona by reason of her seven sons and seven daughters, the goddess caused her two children, Apollo and Diana, to slay Niobe's entire progeny, after which her sorrow transformed her to stone.

[7] A *belle bonne*: "homely spoken for a fayre mayde or Bonilasse" [E. K.].

[8] "Overlaboured and sunneburnt" [E. K.].

"I see Calliope[9] speede her to the place,
where my Goddesse shines:
And after her the other Muses trace,° *step*
with their Violines.
Bene° they not Bay braunches,[1] which they doe beare, *are*
All for Elisa in her hand to weare?
So sweetely they play,
And sing all the way,
That it a heaven is to heare.

"Lo how finely the graces[2] can it foote
to the Instrument:
They dauncen deffly,° and singen soote,° *nimbly/sweet*
in their meriment.
Wants not a fourth grace, to make the daunce even?
Let that rowme° to my Lady be yeven:° *place/given*
She shalbe a grace,
To fyll the fourth place,
And reigne with the rest in heaven.

"And whither rennes° this bevie° of Ladies bright, *runs/company*
raungèd in a rowe?
They bene all Ladyes of the lake[3] behight,
that unto her goe.
Chloris,[4] that is the chiefest Nymph of al,
Of Olive braunches beares a Coronall:° *crown*
Olives bene° for peace, *are*
When wars doe surcease:
Such for a Princesse bene principall.° *princely*

"Ye shepheards daughters, that dwell on the greene,
hye° you there apace:° *come/quickly*
Let none come there, but that Virgins bene,
to adorne her grace.
And when you come, whereas shee is in place,
See, that your rudenesse doe not you disgrace:
Binde your fillets° faste, *hair ribbons*
And gird in your waste,° *waist*
For more finesse, with a tawdrie lace.[5]

"Bring hether the Pincke and purple Cullambine,
With Gelliflowres:
Bring Coronations, and Sops in wine,
worne of Paramoures.° *lovers*
Strowe me the ground with Daffadowndillies,
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and lovèd Lillies:
The pretie° Pawnce, *pretty*
And the Chevisaunce,[6]
Shall match with the fayre flowre Delice.

"Now ryse up Elisa,[7] deckèd as thou art,
in royall aray:
And now ye daintie Damsells may depart
echeone° her way. *each one*
I feare, I have troubled your troupes to° longe: *too*
Let dame Eliza thanke you for her song.
And if you come hether,
When Damsines° I gether, *plums*
I will part them all you among."[8]

THENOT

And was thilk° same song of Colins owne making? *this*
Ah foolish boy, that is with love yblent:° *blinded*
Great pittie is, he be in such taking,° *plight*
For naught caren, that bene so lewdly bent.[9]

HOBBINOLL

Sicker° I hold him, for a greater fon,° *surely/fool*
That loves the thing, he cannot purchase.
But let us homeward: for night draweth on,
And twincling starres the daylight hence chase.

Thenots Embleme[1]
O quam te memorem virgo?
Hobbinolls Embleme
O dea certe.

1597

---

[9] The muse of epic poetry.
[1] "Be the signe of honor and victory . . . and eke [also] of famous Poets" [E. K.].
[2] "Be three sisters, the daughters of Jupiter, whose names are Aglaia, Thalia, Euphrosyne . . . whom the Poetes feyned to be Goddesses of al bountie and comelines" [E. K.]. "Foote": dance.
[3] Nymphs. E. K. records the ancient view that every spring and fountain had a goddess as its sovereign. "Behight": called.
[4] According to E. K., the nymph of flowers and green herbs; her name signifies greenness.
[5] I.e., to present a finer appearance, with a band of lace bought at the fair of St. Audrey (Etheldreda).

[6] All these are names of flowers common in pastoral poetry. "Coronations" are carnations; "sops in wine" are clove pinks; "paunce," the pansy; "daffadowndillies," daffodils; "flowre Delice (fleur de lis)," a kind of iris; "chevisaunce" may be a species of wallflower.
[7] "Is the conclusion. For having so decked her with prayses and comparisons, he returneth all the thanck of hys laboure to the excellencie of her Majestie" [E. K.].
[8] Among you all.
[9] I.e., for they that are so foolishly inclined are heedless of everything.
[1] An "embleme" is a motto or relevant quotation. Both emblems are from *Aeneid* 1.327–8, in which Aeneas is overwhelmed by the appearance of Venus in the guise of one of Diana's maidens and cries out: "By what name should I call thee, O maiden? . . . O goddess surely." E. K. notes that Hobbinoll and Thenot are similarly struck with amazement by the "divine" Elizabeth.

SPENSER
"The Faerie Queen"
Canto XII
[The Bower of Bliss]

42
Thence passing forth, they shortly do arrive,
Whereas the Bowre of Blisse was situate;
A place pickt out by choice of best alive,[2]   i.e. the best living artists
That natures worke by art can imitate:
In which what ever in this worldly state
Is sweet, and pleasing unto living sense,
Or that may dayntiest fantasie aggrate,°   *please, satisfy*
Was pouréd forth with plentifull dispence,°   *liberality*
And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

43
Goodly it was encloséd round about,
Aswell their entred guestes to keepe within,
As those unruly beasts to hold without;
Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin;
Nought feard their force, that fortilage° to win,   *fortalice, fort*
But wisedomes powre, and temperaunces might,[3]
By which the mightiest things efforcéd bin:°   *were*
And eke the gate was wrought of substaunce light,
Rather for pleasure, then for battery or fight.

44
Yt framéd was of precious yvory,
That seemd a worke of admirable wit;
And therein all the famous history
Of Jason and Medaea was ywrit;
Her mighty charmes, her furious loving fit,
His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,
His falséd faith, and love too lightly flit,
The wondred° Argo, which in venturous peece   *admired*
First through the Euxine seas bore all the flowr of Greece.

45
Ye might have seene the frothy billowes fry°   *foam*
Under the ship, as thorough them she went,
That seemd the waves were into yvory,
Or yvory into the waves were sent;
And other where the snowy substaunce sprent
With vermell,° like the boyes bloud therein shed,   *vermilion*
A piteous spectacle did represent,
And otherwhiles° with gold besprinkeléd;   *elsewhere*
Yt seemd th' enchaunted flame, which did Creüsa wed.[4]

46
All this, and more might in that goodly gate
Be red; that ever open stood to all,[5]
Which thither came: but in the Porch there sate
A comely personage of stature tall,
And semblaunce° pleasing, more than naturall,   *appearance*
That travellers to him seemd to entize;
His looser° garment to the ground did fall,   *too loose*
And flew about his heeles in wanton wize,
Not fit for speedy pace, or manly exercize.

47
They in that place him Genius° did call: *guiding spirit*
Not that celestiall powre, to whom the care
Of life, and generation of all
That lives, pertaines in charge particulare,
Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
And straunge phantomes doth let us oft forsee,
And oft of secret ill bids us beware:
That is our Selfe, whom though we do not see,
Yet each doth in him selfe it well perceive to bee.

48
Therefore a God him sage Antiquity
Did wisely make, and good Agdistes call:
But this same was to that quite contrary,
The foe of life, that good envyes° to all,   *grud*
That secretly doth us procure to fall,
Through guilefull semblaunts,° which he makes us see.   *illusi*

He of this Gardin had the governall,
And Pleasures porter was devizd° to bee,   *conside*
Holding a staffe in hand for more formalitee.

49
With diverse flowres he daintily was deckt,
And strowéd round about, and by his side
A mighty mazer° bowle of wine was set,   *drin*
As if it had to him bene sacrifide;
Wherewith all new-come guests he gratifide:
So did he eke Sir Guyon passing by:
But he his idle curtesie defide,
And overthrew his bowle disdainfully;
And broke his staffe, with which he charméd semblants sly.[6]

50
Thus being entred, they behold around
A large and spacious plaine, on every side
Strowed with pleasauns,° whose faire grassy ground   *gar*
Mantled with greene, and goodly beautifide
With all the ornaments of Floraes pride,
Wherewith her mother Art, as halfe in scorne
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride
Did decke her, and too lavishly adorne,
When forth from virgin bowre she comes in th' early morne.[7]

51
Thereto the Heavens alwayes Joviall,°   *propit*
Lookt on them lovely,° still in stedfast state,   *lovi*
Ne suffred storme nor frost on them to fall,
Their tender buds or leaves to violate,
Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate
T' afflict the creatures, which therein did dwell,
But the milde aire with season moderate
Gently attempred, and disposd so well,
That still it breathéd forth sweet spirit and holesome smell.

52
More sweet and holesome, then the pleasaunt hill
Of Rhodope, on which the Nimphe, that bore
A gyaunt babe, her selfe for griefe did kill;
Or the Thessalian Tempe, where of yore
Faire Daphne Phoebus hart with love did gore;
Or Ida, where the Gods loved to repaire,
When ever they their heavenly bowres forlore;[8]
Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of Muses faire;
Or Eden selfe, if ought with Eden mote compaire.

53
Much wondred Guyon at the faire aspect
Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight
To sincke into his sence, nor mind affect,
But passéd forth, and lookt still forward right,°   *straight a*
Bridling his will, and maistering his might:
Till that he came unto another gate;
No gate, but like one, being goodly dight
With boughes and braunches, which did broad dilate°   *spread*
Their clasping armes, in wanton wreathings intricate.

54
So fashionéd a Porch with rare device,
Archt over head with an embracing vine,
Whose bounches hanging downe, seemed to entice
All passers by, to tast their lushious wine
And did themselves into their hands incline,
As freely offering to be gatheréd:
Some deepe empurpled as the Hyacint,
Some as the Rubine, laughing sweetly red,
Some like faire Emeraudes, not yet well ripenéd.

---

[4] Jason, in his ship the *Argo*, sought the Golden Fleece of the king of Colchis; the witch Medea, the king's daughter, fell in love with him and used "her mighty charmes" to help him obtain it (lines 392–93). The "boyes bloud" (line 402) refers to Absyrtus, Medea's younger brother, whose body she cut into pieces and scattered, to delay her father's pursuit by making him stop to collect the fragments. Later, Jason deserted Medea for Creüsa; in revenge, Medea gave the girl a dress which burst into fire when she put it on; the flame consumed and thus "wed" her (line 405). This tale of unnatural "furious loving," with all its attendant violence, is appropriate to the Bower.

[8] Deserted. The nymph Rhodope, who had a "gyaunt babe," Athos, by Neptune (lines 460–62), was turned into a mountain; Daphne, another nymph, charmed Apollo so that he pursued h until she prayed for aid and was turn into a laurel tree; Mount Ida was t scene of the rape of Ganymede and t judgment of Paris, and the gods watch the Trojan War from its heights. The are all allusions to violent and unhap passion—and yet the Bower is also co pared to Mt. Parnassus, home of t Muses, and to the Garden of Eden.

'The Faerie Queen' (2)

55
And them amongst, some were of burnisht gold,
So made by art, to beautifie the rest,
Which did themselves emongst the leaves enfold,
As ~~lu~~rking from the vew of covetous guest,
That the weake bowes, with so rich load opprest,
Did bowe adowne, as over-burdenéd.
Under that Porch a comely dame did rest,
Clad in faire weedes,° but fowle disorderéd, *garments*
And garments loose, that seemd unmeet for womanhed.° *womanhood*

56
In her left hand a Cup of gold she held,
And with her right the riper° fruit did reach, *overripe*
Whose sappy liquor, that with fulnesse sweld,
Into her cup she scruzd,° with daintie breach *crushed*
Of her fine fingers, without fowle empeach,° *hindrance*
That so faire wine-presse made the wine more sweet:
Thereof she usd to give to drinke to each,
Whom passing by she happenéd to meet:
It was her guise,° all Straungers goodly so to greet. *custom*

57
So she to Guyon offred it to tast;
Who taking it out of her tender hond,
The cup to ground did violently cast,
That all in peeces it was broken fond,° *found*
And with the liquor stainéd all the lond.° *land*
Whereat Excesse exceedingly was wroth,
Yet no'te° the same amend, ne yet withstond, *knew not how to*
But suffered him to passe, all° were she loth; *although*
Who nought regarding her displeasure forward goth.

58
There the most daintie Paradise on ground,
It selfe doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plenteously abound,
And none does others happinesse envye:
The painted flowres, the trees upshooting hye,
The dales for shade, the hilles for breathing space,
The trembling groves, the Christall running by;
And that, which all faire workes doth most aggrace,° *add grace to*
The art, which all that wrought, appearéd in no place.

59
One would have thought (so cunningly, the rude,
And scornéd parts were mingled with the fine)
That nature had for wantonesse ensude° *imitated*
Art, and that Art at nature did repine;° *complain*
So striving each th' other to undermine,
Each did the others worke more beautifie;
So diff'ring both in willes, agreed in fine:[9]
So all agreed through sweete diversitie,
This Gardin to adorne with all varietie.

60
And in the midst of all, a fountaine stood,
Of richest substaunce, that on earth might bee,
So pure and shiny, that the silver flood
Through every channell running one might see;
Most goodly it with curious imageree
Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked boyes,
Of which some seemd with lively jollitee,
To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,° *sports*
Whilest others did them selves embay° in liquid joyes. *drench*

61
And over all, of purest gold was spred,
A trayle of yvie in his native hew:
For the rich metall was so colouréd,
That wight, who did not well avised it vew,
Would surely deeme it to be yvie trew:[1]
Low his lascivious armes adown did creepe,
That themselves dipping in the silver dew,
Their fleecy flowres they tenderly did steepe,
Which° drops of Christall seemd for wantones° to weepe. *on which/wantonness*

62
Infinit streames continually did well
Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
The which into an ample laver° fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantitie,
That like a little lake it seemd to bee;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
That through the waves one might the bottom see,
All pavéd beneath with Jasper shining bright,
That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle upright.

63
And all the margent round about was set,
With shady Laurell trees, thence to defend° *wa*
The sunny beames, which on the billowes bet,
And those which therein bathéd, mote offend.
As Guyon hapned by the same to wend,
Two naked Damzelles he therein espyde,
Which therein bathing, seeméd to contend,
And wrestle wantonly, ne cared to hyde,
Their dainty parts from vew of any, which them eyde.

64
Sometimes the one would lift the other quight
Above the waters, and then downe againe
Her plong, as over maisteréd by might,
Where both awhile would coveréd remaine,
And each the other from to rise restraine;
The whiles their snowy limbes, as through a vele,
So through the Christall waves appearéd plaine:
Then suddeinly both would themselves unhele,° *u*
And th' amarous sweet spoiles to greedy eyes revele.

65
As that faire Starre, the messenger of morne,
His deawy face out of the sea doth reare:
Or as the Cyprian goddesse,[2] newly borne
Of th' Oceans fruitfull froth, did first appeare:
Such seeméd they, and so their yellow heare
Christalline humour[3] droppéd downe apace.
Whom such when Guyon saw, he drew him neare,
And somewhat gan relent his earnest pace,
His stubborne brest gan secret pleasaunce to embrace.

66
The wanton Maidens him espying, stood
Gazing a while at his unwonted guise;° *r*
Then th' one her selfe low duckéd in the flood,
Abasht, that her a straunger did avise:°
But th' other rather higher did arise,
And her two lilly paps aloft displayd,
And all, that might his melting hart entise
To her delights, she unto him bewrayed:° *re*
The rest hid underneath, him more desirous made.

67
With that, the other likewise up arose,
And her faire lockes, which formerly were bownd
Up in one knot, she low adowne did lose: °
Which flowing long and thick, her clothed arownd,
And th' yvorie in golden mantle gownd:
So that faire spectacle from him was reft,
Yet that, which reft it, no lesse faire was fownd:
So hid in lockes and waves from lookers theft,
Nought but her lovely face she for his looking left.

68
Withall she laughéd, and she blusht withall,
That blushing to her laughter gave more grace,
And laughter to her blushing, as did fall:
Now when they spide the knight to slacke his pace,
Them to behold, and in his sparkling face
The secret signes of kindled lust appeare,
Their wanton meriments they did encreace,
And to him beckned, to approach more neare,
And shewd him many sights, that courage cold could reare.[4]

69
On which when gazing him the Palmer saw,
He much rebukt those wandring eyes of his,
And counseld well, him forward thence did draw.
Now are they come nigh to the Bowre of blis
Of her fond favorites so named amis:
When thus the Palmer: "Now Sir, well avise;° *tak*
For here the end of all our travell is:
Here wonnes° Acrasia, whom we must surprise,
Else she will slip away, and all our drift° despise." *plan,*

The Faerie Queen' (3)

72
There, whence that Musick seeméd heard to bee,
Was the faire Witch her selfe now solacing,
With a new Lover, whom through sorceree
And witchcraft, she from farre did thither bring:
There she had him now layd a slombering,
In secret shade, after long wanton joyes:
Whilst round about them pleasauntly did sing
Many faire Ladies, and lascivious boyes,
That ever mixt their song with light licentious toyes.

73
And all that while, right over him she hong,
With her false eyes fast fixéd in his sight,
As seeking medicine, whence she was stong,
Or greedily depasturing° delight: *feeding on*
And oft inclining downe with kisses light,
For feare of waking him, his lips bedewd,
And through his humid eyes did sucke his spright,
Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd;
Wherewith she sighéd soft, as if his case she rewd.° *pitied*

//

77
Upon a bed of Roses she was layd,[6]
As faint through heat, or dight to pleasant sin,
And was arayd, or rather disarayd,
All in a vele of silke and silver thin,
That hid no whit her alablaster skin,
But rather shewd more white, if more might bee:
More subtile web Arachne° cannot spin, *the spider*
Nor the fine nets, which oft we woven see
Of scorched deaw, do not in th' aire more lightly flee.° *float*

78
Her snowy brest was bare to readie spoyle
Of hungry eies, which n'ote° therewith be fild, *could not*
And yet through languor of her late sweet toyle,
Few drops, more cleare than Nectar, forth distild,
That like pure Orient perles adowne it trild,° *trickled*
And her faire eyes sweet smyling in delight,
Moys~~tened~~ their fierie beames, with which she thrild
Fraile harts, yet quenchéd not; like starry light
Which sparckling on the silent waves, does seeme more bright.

79
The young man sleeping by her, seemd to bee
Some goodly swayne of honorable place,° *rank*
That certés it great pittie was to see
Him his nobilitie so foule deface;° *disgrace*
A sweet regard, and amiable grace,
Mixed with manly sternnesse did appeare
Yet sleeping, in his well proportioned face,
And on his tender lips the downy heare
Did now but freshly spring, and silken blossomes beare.

80
His warlike armes, the idle instruments
Of sleeping praise, were hong upon a tree,
And his brave shield, full of old moniments,
Was fowly ra'st,[7] that none the signes might see; the removal of
Ne for them, ne for honour caréd hee, emblems from
Ne ought, that did to his advauncement tend, his shield
But in lewd loves, and wastfull luxuree,
His dayes, his goods, his bodie he did spend:
O horrible enchantment, that him so did blend.° *blind*

81
The noble Elfe,[8] and carefull Palmer drew knight of
So nigh them, minding nought, but lustfull game, fairyland
That suddein forth they on them rusht, and threw
A subtile net, which onely for the same
The skilfull Palmer formally° did frame. *scientifically*
So held them under fast, the whiles the rest
Fled all away for feare of fowler shame.
The faire Enchauntresse, so unwares opprest,
Tryde all her arts, and all her sleights, thence out to wrest.

82
And eke her lover strove: but all in vaine;
For that same net so cunningly was wound,
That neither guile, nor force might it distraine.°
They tooke them both, and both them strongly bound
In captive bandes, which there they readie found:
But her in chaines of adamant he tyde;
For nothing else might keepe her safe and sound;
But Verdant[9] (so he hight) he soone untyde, i.e. 'green'
And counsell sage in steed thereof to him applyde.

83
But all those pleasant bowres and Pallace brave,
Guyon broke downe, with rigour pittilesse;
Ne ought their goodly workmanship might save
Them from the tempest of his wrathfulnesse,
But that their blisse he turned to balefulnesse:
Their groves he feld, their gardins did deface,
Their arbers spoyle, their Cabinets° suppresse, *summerh*
Their banket houses burne, their buildings race,°
And of the fairest late, now made the fowlest place.

84
Then led they her away, and eke that knight
They with them led, both sorrowfull and sad:
The way they came, the same retourned they right,
Till they arrivéd, where they lately had
Charmed those wild-beasts, that raged with furie mad.
Which now awaking, fierce at them gan fly,
As in their mistresse reskew, whom they lad;°
But them the Palmer soone did pacify.
Then Guyon askt, what meant those beastes, which there did ly.

85
Said he, "These seeming beasts are men indeed,
Whom this Enchauntresse hath transforméd thus,
Whylome her lovers, which her lusts did feed,
Now turned into figures hideous,
According to their mindes like monstruous."[10]
"Sad end," quoth he, "of life intemperate,
And mournefull meed of joyes delicious:
But Palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,° *p*
Let them returnéd be unto their former state."

86
Streight way he with his vertuous staffe them strooke,
And streight of beasts they comely men became;
Yet being men they did unmanly looke,
And staréd ghastly, some for inward shame,
And some for wrath, to see their captive Dame:
But one above the rest in speciall,
That had an hog beene late, hight Grille by name,
Repinéd greatly, and did him miscall,° *a*
That had from hoggish forme him brought to naturall.

87
Said Guyon, "See the mind of beastly man,
That hath so soone forgot the excellence
Of his creation, when he life began,
That now he chooseth, with vile difference,° *ch*
To be a beast, and lacke intelligence."
To whom the Palmer thus, "The donghill kind
Delights in filth and foule incontinence:
Let Grill be Grill, and have his hoggish mind,
But let us hence depart, whilest wether serves and wind."

ELIZABETHAN TRAGEDY

up to the 1580s tragedy as exotic entertainment for élite groups such as the Inns of Court with emphasis upon musical and spectacular adornment

Seneca (c. 4 BC - 65 AD) Roman orator, statesman, philosopher, wrote nine tragedies

Senecan tragedy: Greek legends, no action or dramatic movement, characters rarely voice their sentiments, their speeches abound with maxims, lg is emphatic and lyrical, full of choice metaphors, long monologues alternate with passages made up of short questions and answers, political allusions frequent, tyrants attacked

"Agamemnon", "Oedipus", "Medea", "Phaedra", "Thyestes" (especially the horrible banquet of Atreus when Atreus and Thyestes eat the parts of the body of the latter's murdered sons inspired later tragedies of atrocious vengeance like Shakespeare's (attributed) "Titus Andronicus" and Webster's "Duchess of Malfi" and the ghost who demands revenge and explains what's happening)

5 of Seneca's plays were separately translated and performed between 1559 and 1566

his "Ten Tragedies" translated and published collectively in 1581

1562 Thomas Sackville & Thomas Norton's "Gorboduc, or Ferrex and Porrex" (Seneca's influence apparent in the uninterrupted seriousness of the play, the sustained nobility of the style, in the abstract character of the scenes, in the abundant speechifying, in the bloody plot)

"G" brought the idea of fatality onto the English stage, established a high artistic level, was the first play to use blank verse invented by Surrey

Thomas Kyd (1558-94) "Spanish Tragedy" 1586 - for years the most popular of the gloomy, bloodthirsty romantic dramas

Horatio Hieronimo Prince Balthazar Bel-Imperia Duke of Castile Don Andrea (ghost)

Seneca's influence: the ghost, theme of atrocious vengeance, speeches highlighted with striking lyrical expressions, skillfully produced atmosphere of gloom and terror

1601 Ben Jonson made additions, improving the play's dramatic psychology

Christopher Marlowe (1564-93) "Tamburlaine" Part I 1587, Part II 1588 - for years the most popular herioc play

extraordinary spirit of defiance and revolt, admiration for a superman standing above law and morals

Timur-Lonkur (1336-1406) (in Arabic Timur-Leng, in European pronunciation Tamerlane) was in contemporary accounts depicted as an unbelievably bloodthirsty and cruel tyrant but also an instrument of God in defeating the Turks at Ankara in 1402 thus postponing the fall of Constantinople to the Turks for 50 more years. He was a Scythe (Tartar) from Samarkand who had conquered Persia and Muscovy, Hindustan and Syria, vanquished the Ottomans, had strangled 100,000 captives before the walls of Delhi and set up before Bagdad an obelisk built of 90,000 severed heads, he died while attacking China.

Alleyn Zenocrate Sultan Bajazeth

M. **makes blank verse, hitherto without any brightness or ring, thunder and echo throughout his play**, his **"drumming decasyllabon"** was the first completely formed meter on the English stage

"The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus" (1588)

"The Jew of Malta" (1589) Barabas Moorish slave Ithamore

"Edward the Second" 1592 - the best tragedy of national history before Shakespeare

Marlowe
'Tamburlaine'

And know my customs are as peremptory
As wrathful planets, death, or destiny.

Enter TECHELLES.

What, have your horsemen shown the virgins Death?
TECHELLES. They have, my lord, and on Damascus' walls
Have hoisted up their slaughtered carcasses.
TAMBURLAINE. A sight as baneful to their souls, I think,
As are Thessalian drugs* or mithridate.*
But go, my lords, put the rest to the sword.
Exeunt [*all except* TAMBURLAINE].
Ah, fair Zenocrate, divine Zenocrate!
Fair is too foul an epithet for thee,
That in thy passion for thy country's love
And fear to see thy kingly father's harm
With hair dishevell'd wip'st thy watery cheeks;
And like to Flora*, in her morning's pride,
Shaking her silver tresses in the air,
Rain'st on the earth resolved pearl* in showers
And sprinklest sapphires on thy shining face,
Where Beauty, mother to the Muses,* sits
And comments volumes with her ivory pen,
Taking instructions from thy flowing eyes,
Eyes, when that Ebena* steps to heaven,
In silence of thy solemn evening's walk,
Making the mantle of the richest night,
The moon, the planets, and the meteors, light.*
There angels in their crystal armors fight
A doubtful battle with my tempted thoughts
For Egypt's freedom and the Soldan's life,
His life that so consumes Zenocrate,
Whose sorrows lay more siege unto my soul
Than all my army to Damascus' walls,
And neither Persians' sovereign nor the Turk
Troubled my senses with conceit of foil
So much by much as doth Zenocrate.
What is beauty, saith my sufferings, then?
If all the pens that ever poets held
Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts,
And every sweetness that inspir'd their hearts,
Their minds, and muses on admired themes;
If all the heavenly quintessence they still
From their immortal flowers of poesy,

Wherein as in a mirror we perceive
The highest reaches of a human wit;
If these had made one poem's period,
And all combin'd in beauty's worthiness,
Yet should there hover in their restless heads
One thought, one grace, one wonder at the least,
Which into words no virtue can digest.
But how unseemly is it for my sex,
My discipline of arms and chivalry,
My nature, and the terror of my name,
To harbor thoughts effeminate and faint!
Save only that in beauty's just applause,
With whose instinct the soul of man is touch'd.*
And every warrior that is rapt with love
Of fame, of valor, and of victory,
Must needs have beauty beat on his conceits.
I thus conceiving and subduing both
That which hath stopp'd the tempest of the gods,*
Even from the fiery-spangled veil of heaven
To feel the lovely warmth of shepherds' flames
And march in cottages of strowed weeds,
Shall give the world to note, for all my birth,
That virtue solely is the sum of glory
And fashions men with true nobility.
Who's within there?

Enter two or three.

Hath Bajazeth been fed today?
ATTENDANT. Ay, my lord.
TAMBURLAINE. Bring him forth; and let us know if the town be ransack'd.
[*Exeunt* ATTENDANTS.]

Enter TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS, USUMCASANE, *and others.*

TECHELLES. The town is ours, my lord, and fresh supply
Of conquest and of spoil is offered us.
TAMBURLAINE. That's well, Techelles. What's the news?
TECHELLES. The Soldan and the Arabian king together
March on us with such eager violence
As if there were no way but one with us.
TAMBURLAINE. No more there is not, I warrant thee,
Techelles.

Ben Jonson

To the Memory of My Beloved Master William Shakespeare

AND WHAT HE HATH LEFT US[1]

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame,
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man nor Muse can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage.[2] But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:
For silliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection,[3] which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin where it seemed to raise.

These are as some infamous bawd or whore
Should praise a matron. What could hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,
Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin. Soul of the age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!
My Shakespeare, rise; I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further to make thee a room:[4]
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,
I mean with great, but disproportioned[5] Muses;
For, if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.[6]
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,[7]
From thence to honor thee I would not seek
For names, but call forth thund'ring Aeschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,[8]
To life again, to hear thy buskin[9] tread
And shake a stage; or, when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain; thou hast one to show
To whom all scenes[1] of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime
When like Apollo he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm.
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines,
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit:
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,

Neat Terence, witty Plautus[2] now not please,
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all; thy Art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter Nature be,
His Art doth give the fashion;[3] and that he
Who casts to write a living line must sweat
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the muses' anvil; turn the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame,
Or for the laurel he may gain a scorn;
For a good poet's made as well as born.
And such wert thou! Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue; even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well-turned and true-filed lines,
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,[4]
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.

Sweet swan of Avon, what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
That so did take Eliza and our James![5]
But stay; I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced and made a constellation there![6]
Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage
Or influence[7] chide or cheer the drooping stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.

1623

from 'Timber'.

I remember, the Players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare, that in his writing, (whatsoever he penn'd) hee never blotted out line. My answer hath beene, would he had blotted a thousand. Which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who choose that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted. And to justify mine owne candor, (for I lov'd the man, and doe honour his memory (on this side Idolatry) as much as any.) Hee was (indeed) honest, and of an open, and free nature: had an excellent *Phantsie;* brave notions, and gentle expressions: wherein hee plow'd with that facility, that sometime it was necessary he should be stop'd: *Sufflaminandus erat* [he required restraining]; as *Augustus* said of *Haterius.* His wit was his owne power; would the rule of it had beene so too. Many times hee fell into those things, could not escape laughter: As when hee said in the person of *Caesar,* one speaking to him; *Caesar thou dost me wrong.* Hee replyed: *Caesar did never wrong, but with just cause:* and such like, which were ridiculous. But hee redeemed his vices, with his vertues. There was ever more in him to be praysed, then to be pardoned.

ROBERT GREENE (1560?–1592)

"AN UPSTART CROW"

IF woeful experience may move you, gentlemen, to beware, or unheard-of wretchedness entreat you to take heed, I doubt not but you will look back with sorrow on your time past, and endeavour with repentance to spend that which is to come. . . . Base-minded men all three of you, if by my misery ye be not warned; for unto none of you (like me) sought those burs to cleave, those puppets I mean that speak from our mouths, those antics garnished in our colours. Is it not strange that I to whom they all have been beholden—shall (were ye in that case that I am now) be both of them at once forsaken? Yes, thrust them not: for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his *tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide,* supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute *Johannes factotum,* is in his own conceit the only *Shake-scene* in a country. Oh, that I might entreat your rare wits to be employed in more profitable courses, and let these apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions! I know the best husband of you all will never prove an usurer, and the kindest of them all will never prove a kind nurse: yet, whilst you may, seek you better masters; for it is pity men of such rare wits should be subject to the pleasures of such rude grooms.

In this I might insert two more, that both have writ against these buckram gentlemen; but let their own work serve to witness against their own wickedness, if they persevere to maintain any more such peasants. For other new-comers, I leave them to the mercy of these painted monsters, who (I doubt not) will drive the best minded to despise them; for the rest, it skills not though they make a jest at them.

SHAKESPEARE ①

„Henry IV“

Hotspur. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reap'd
Show'd like a stubble land at harvest home.
He was perfumed like a milliner,
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again;
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff; and still he smil'd and talk'd;
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He questioned me, amongst the rest demanded
My prisoners in your Majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pest'red with a popingay,
Out of my grief and my impatience
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what—
He should, or he should not; for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman
Of guns and drums and wounds—God save the mark!—
And telling me the sovereignest thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villanous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answered indirectly, as I said,
And I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

„Julius Caesar“

Enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes Antony. Welcome, Mark Antony.
Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank.
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die;
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand.
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours.
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all—Alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true!
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this indeed, O world, the heart of thee!
How like a deer, stroken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!
Cass. Mark Antony—

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy
(Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue),
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use
And dreadful objects so familiar
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of war,
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds;
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry 'Havoc!' and let slip the dogs of war,
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

SHAKESPEARE ②

'Julius Caesar' (cont.)

ANT. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious.
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest
(For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men),
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill.
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And sure he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause.
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! Bear with me.
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

ANT. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world. Now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! If I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong. I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.

ANT. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle. I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on.
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through.
See what a rent the envious Casca made.
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him. Then burst his mighty heart;
And in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statuë
(Which all the while ran blood) great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity. These are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here!
Here is himself, marr'd as you see with traitors.

ANT. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable.
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it. They are wise and honourable,
And will no doubt with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts.
I am no orator, as Brutus is,
But (as you know me all) a plain blunt man
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech
To stir men's blood. I only speak right on.
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

'As You Like It'

JAQ. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

SHAKESPEARE (3)

RICHARD II

Act 3, Scene 2

Aumerle Where is the duke, my father, with his power?
Richard No matter where; of comfort no man speak.
Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs,
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors and talk of wills.
And yet not so; for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
How some have been deposed, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed,
Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping killed;
All murdered. For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court; and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchise, be feared, and kill with looks,
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable; and, humoured thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
Tradition, form and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while.
I live with bread like you, feel want,
Taste grief, need friends; subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a king?

Act 3, Scene 3

Richard We are amazed, and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king;
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismissed us from our stewardship;
For well we know no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, steal or usurp.
And though you think that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls by turning them from us,
And we are barren and bereft of friends,
Yet know, my Master, God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his clouds on our behalf
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke, for yond methinks he is,
That every stride he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treason. He is come to open
The purple testament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face,
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

What must the king do now? Must he submit?
The king shall do it. Must he be deposed?
The king shall be contented. Must he lose
The name of king? In God's name, let it go.
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
My gay apparel for an almsman's gown,
My figured goblets for a dish of wood,
My sceptre for a palmer's walking staff,
My subjects for a pair of carved saints,
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little, little grave, an obscure grave.
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
For on my heart they tread now whilst I live.
And, buried once, why not upon my head?

Down, down I come, like glistering Phaeton,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,
To come at traitors' calls and do them grace!
In the base court? Come down? Down, court!
Down, king!
For night-owls shriek where mounting larks should sing.

Act 4, Scene 1

Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reigned? I hardly yet have learned
To insinuate, flatter, bow and bend my knee.
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men. Were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry 'All hail' to me?
So Judas did to Christ; but he in twelve
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the king! Will no man say 'Amen'?
Am I both priest and clerk? Well then, 'Amen'.
God save the king, although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.
To do what service am I sent for hither?

RICHARD II

Act 4, Scene 1 (cont.)

Give me the crown.
Here, cousin, seize the crown.
Here, cousin,
On this side my hand, and on that side thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well
That owes two buckets, filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water.
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my griefs whilst you mount up on high.

Now, mark me how I will undo myself.
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart.
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths;
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues I forgo;
My acts, decrees and statutes I deny.
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me,
God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieved,
And thou with all pleased, that hast all achieved.
Long mayest thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit.
God save King Henry, unkinged Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days.

Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity, yet you Pilates
Have here delivered me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

O, that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops!
Good king, great king, and yet not greatly good,
And if my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may show me what a face I have
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Give me the glass, and therein will I read.
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds? O flattering glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me. Was this face the face
That every day, under his household roof,
Did keep ten thousand men! Was this the face
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
Was this the face which faced so many follies,
That was at last out-faced by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face;
As brittle as the glory is the face,

(*throwing the mirror to the ground*)

For there it is, cracked in an hundred shivers.
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport:
How soon my sorrow hath destroyed my face.

MACBETH

Scene VII: Inverness. Macbeth's Castle.

Hautboys. Torches. Enter a Sewer, *and divers* Servants *with dishes and service over the stage. Then enter* Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly. If th' assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'ld jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here, that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague th' inventor. This even-handed justice
Commends th' ingredience of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject—
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murtherer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on th' other side.

Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.
[*Exit* Servant.]

SHAKESPEARE (5)

'Macbeth' (cont.)

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee!
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses,
Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing.
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep. Now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murther,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives;
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
[*A bell rings.*]
I go, and it is done. The bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. *Exit.*

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

'The Tempest'

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd.
Bear with my weakness. My old brain is troubled.
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity.
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell
And there repose. A turn or two I'll walk
To still my beating mind.
FER., MIR. We wish your peace.
Exeunt.

PROS. [*makes a magic circle with his staff*] Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves,
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrumps, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be) I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar; graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure; and when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music (which even now I do)
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*]

Epilogue.

Spoken by PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint. Now 'tis true
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free. *Exit.*

EARLY JACOBEAN DRAMA

Despite their 'civility' (Lily's *Euphues*!) the Elizabethans retained a strong liking for vigorous speech, as Eliz. lit. was predominantly a literature of the spoken word - the spoken literary forms of preaching and acting prevailed over the printed forms of journalism and fiction and poetry was still very closely related to song. This gave an unequalled racy vigour to common prose and the language of the stage, a unique combination of racy tang and majestic stateliness, characteristic of Shakespeare and the Authorized Version of the Bible. Dryden: "their wit was not that of gentlemen; there was ever somewhat that was ill-bred and clownish in it and which confessed the conversation of the authors."

The Elizabethans loved mockery, irony (the 'dry mock') and sarcasm (the 'bitter taunt')

The popular tendency to ridicule and burlesque came to a head in the writings of

THOMAS NASHE (1567-1601) the pamphleteer

A university wit like Greene and Lodge, an admirer of Lily, Spencer and Sidney, he maintained throughout his career the pose of a humanist indignant at the follies of the age. He "railed" both against the ill-educated ballad-mongers and the eloquence and civility of the learned, so his satiric attitude combined the caustic mood of a disgruntled scholar and the mockery of the rustic Fool in folkgames or the clown of the popular stage. N. **revived satire in the 1590s** which, in turn, stimulated the creation of the "humour" comedies at the end of the decade.

The emerging professional men of letters, frustrated in their hopes, turned to satire to give vent to personal discontent, which gave rise to **generalized satire** where the righteous scholar-poet is surrounded by his friends and enemies - the **wit**, the **would-be wit**, the **melancholy gallant**, the **malcontent**, the **professional charlatan**, the **seedy adventurer**, the **travelled and Machiavellian sceptic**, the **usurer**, the **sycophant.** A slightly younger group of wits modelled themselves directly on the conventions of **Latin poetic satire, in harsh rhythms, scornful invective** and **grotesque character portraits** (Donne c. 1593-7, Hall *Virgidemiae* 1598, Marston *The Scourge of Villainy* 1598).

In DRAMA some of the qualitites labelled 'Jacobean' were already in place in Eliz. plays: **sophisticated violence** (Shakespeare *Titus Andronicus*, Kyd *Spanish Tragedy*), the tendency for **tragedy and satire to converge in dark comedy leading to death** (Marlowe *The Jew of Malta*), the **uncertainty about the universe** (Donne: "the new philosophy calls all in doubt" etc.)

NEW DEVELOPMENTS which make Jacobean drama distinctive were: in **verse style: a new freedom of movement, a more sustained conversational tone; an intense concentration on the present moment; preoccupation with money, property, class and sex;** there is a good deal of **overt moralizing** but it is accompanied by a **gleeful fascination with the vice and folly** under attack; **virtue** does not just exist naturally, it is there to be **displayed, goaded, if possible corrupted, virtue** is **under attack** and **passive** while evil is **vigorous** and **energetic**; playwrights work for **the effect of the moment**, even if it means being **flippant** or **sensational.**

GEORGE CHAPMAN (1559?-1634)

was famous for his **translation of Homer** (*The Whole Works of Homer Prince of Poets in His Iliads and Odysseys*, 1616). He wrote 6 comedies and 6 tragedies. All his tragedies may be described as **dramatic studies of the interaction between a great man and his society, viewed from the neo-Stoic perspective.** There are 4 main elements at work in this interaction: in the hero his **moral nature** (his goodness or badness), and his **outward role** (as soldier, rebel or servant to the king); ranged opposite to him in society are two kinds of men, the **mouthpieces of Chapman's ideas** on the social order, or the **personifications of** various instances of **social corruption.** The plays are built up from the innumerable conflicts which arise amongst these elements. His heroes are great men flawed by their inability to control their inner passions and resist the outward temptations to which this inner disorder exposes them. The other positive characters are meant to be exemplars of men capable of achieving the inward peace of Stoic teaching. Dryden brilliantly sums up the weaknesses of Chapman's *The Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois*: "a dwarfish thought, dressed up in gigantic words, repetition in abundance, looseness of expression, and gross hyperboles; the sense of one line expanded prodigiously into ten; and, to sum up all, uncorrect English and a hideous mingle of false poetry and true nonsense."

JOHN MARSTON (1575?-1634)

began his career as a writer of **scurrilous satires** and ended it as a priest. Like Chapman, he was heavily influenced by Marlowe and Kyd's *The Spanish Tragedy*. By temperament he was inclined to **romantic drama** and he too adopted the Senecan ghost and his conceptions of atrocious vengeance and the horror of crime. In his tragedies, like in his satires, he seems to wish to attract attention by the most **tumultous violence**, by using **more furious and eccentric language** and **greater coarseness** than any other writer. He **declaims more violently than Marlowe, describes with metaphors as foggy and disjointed as Chapman's, piles up pedantic, trivial and mouth-filling words, his vocabulary is full of ear-grating novelties.** He is the Crispinus caricatured by Jonson in *The Poetaster* to whom "a light vomit" is administered and who vomits up a fantastic rigmarole. Yet there is something impressive in his very inflatedness, his bombastic and turgid language, as his most detestably emphatic passages are interspersed with nervous eloquence, his tragedies also have flashes of true poetry in them. The tragedies *Antonio and Mellida, Antonio's Revenge* and the bitter comedy *The Malcontent* are his best known works. He seems to have been the man who **introduced the fashion of railing against society and life in a mood of lyrical irony.** He attempts to outdo other fashionable playwrights by shouting louder than they and he often recalls or anticipates Shakespearean subjects, and for moments at a time he does not loose too much by the consequent comparison.

BEN JONSON (1572-1637)

is the playwright who in his own time and ever afterwards provided the typical antithesis to Shakespeare. If Sh. accepted the existing conditions of the stage, then J. was **in angry and arrogant opposition to the Eliz. stage and set up his own taste, ideas and theories, all derived from the ancients, against the popular taste.** As a self-appointed disciple of the ancients, he **set out to reform the English stage.** The stepson of a simple bricklayer, J. **constructed a literary career for himself** with a self-conscious effort for which there is **no parallel in any other playwright of the period.** A pupil at Westminster school of William Camden, the famous antiquary, and a graduate of Cambridge, J. was **truly learned.** His career took him into the highest circles. He wrote **masques** for the court of James I like many great dramatic writers of the period but in his hands they reached their **highest degree of elaboration.** The great architect, Inigo Jones, designed the machinery and decorations for some of them. The addressees of his non-dramatic work included important members of the aristocracy and the learned. Yet he remained always **an outsider, guarding his independence, standing on his dignity, trying as much as possible to depend on his own abilities** and not the precarious favours of the great. We can see a certain academic self-consciousness in the way he presented his work: the first edition of his Roman tragedy *Sejanus* includes notes on the sources, and *Every Man Out of His Humour* includes a scientific discussion of the natures of "humours". J. took unusual pains to shape his career as a whole, including publishing his **collected works in the Folio of 1616.**

Temperamentally J. was a satirist and **his education made him a realist.** His first celebrated and really personal work *Every Man in His Humour* (1598) revealed his true tendencies, introducing a set of **English eccentrics**, each of whom has his particular **"humour" - his prevailing mood** or rather his **oddity, mental habit or fad.** Popular handbooks on psychology like Robert Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" (1621) pictured man as a little state wherein the **bodily fluids** could break out in disease and unruly passion if not temperately governed by the faculties of the soul, with its agents the vital spirits. The 4 bodily fluids (**blood, phlegm, spleen, choler**) each, if in excess, cause 4 kinds of temperament (**sanguine, phlegmatic, melancholy, choleric**). While other playwrights made stereotyped oddity the characteristic only of the secondary characters, J. makes humour the capital characteristic of all his characters, especially the principals (an excessively worried old gentleman, a jealous husband, 2 young self-confident and foolish fops, a magistrate with a drinking problem, a blusterer). In that J. **excludes romanticism** and is **careful to sustain the comic tone** of his comedy J. shows himself the **disciple of the ancients** but he did not fully observe the classical unities, assimilating them only gradually, one by one, in his plays. With his inclination to **notice only obvious individual peculiarities** and **violent actions of exceptional persons**, his **almost total disregard for fundamental feelings common to mankind** and his **ignorance of love**, J. never got near to nature in the classical meaning of the word as to find in his plays a character who is merely a man or a woman is almost impossible. In this essential respect J. is far less classical than Shakespeare.

In his **later comedies** J.'s **satirical attitude is accentuated**. In *Every Man Out of His Humour* J. himself is Asper, the harsh and pitiless judge of whatever is ridiculous, a cynic descended from Diogenes. More than one character in this play is probably the caricature of an actual person who was recognized by a section of the public. The superiority which J. constantly claims for himself and his ill-will to everyone and everything grows tedious. J. thinks his personal quarrels interesting enough to furnish scenes for his plays or even whole plays. He, the representative of reason, morality and knowledge does not fear to bring his enemies upon the stage. *Cynthia's Revels*, and even more *The Poetaster* are so many acts of homage to himself, not to mention the prologues and epilogues to his plays. In *The Poetaster* he is Horace, whose friend is Virgil, whose admirer is Augustus, and to whom the bad poets Crispinus (i.e. Marston) and Demetrius (i.e. Dekker) are jealous enemies.

The **great comedies of his maturity** - *Volpone*, *Epicoene*, *The Alchemist* and *Bartholomew Fair* are among the **most remarkable of the dramatic works of the English Renaissance** and stand **at the peak of Jacobean comedy**, *Volpone* being the greatest comedy in English. In them J. invents everything - the matter, plot and characters, the plays are of very sound construction. *Volpone* is **a violent attack on cupidity/avarice and Machiavellism.** Volpone the Venetian magnifico (the Fox), the lawyer Voltore (Vulture), the dying Corbaccio (Old Crow), the merchant Corvino (Little Crow), the intermediary Mosca (Fly) all display such irredeemable vice that the play is a ferocious satire, totally lacking any fun. In *Epicoene* J. aims at producing merriment. Yet, even when he is writing farce, J. is weighed down with his learning and his fondness for scrupulous realism in details. As a result of this J. lacks spontaneity, he is too industrious and too learned to evoke light laughter.

Ben Jonson made two attempts at **historical tragedy** - *Sejanus* (1603) and *Catiline* (1611). In contrast to Shakespeare's inaccurate knowledge of Roman customs and manners, J.'s tragedies are **completely historical**. J. studs "S" with translated quotations, small incidents and curious touches borrowed directly from Suetonius, Juvenal, Tacitus, Seneca. Historical details in the long run overshadow the play's character-drawing.

THOMAS DEKKER (1572-1632)

Although Jonson associated **Marston** and **Dekker** in his attacks, they are no less different from each other than they are from him: **M's habitual cynicism** connected him with J., while in **Dekker's** work there is **a vein of poetry and optimism, a tenderness and charm**, which the other two playwrights lack. Like Greene D. had to write pot-boilers for which he found material in the London streets. He carefully **observes the low life of the town with its misery, vice and eccentricities**, but also notices **amusing scenes** and collects **good-tempered jokes**. He had also read the **satirists**. His **art** is **composite:** there is his **inherent romanticism, homely realism** and **rebellion against all laws**. He also recalls Greene by the **freshness of some of his scenes, his joy in life, his ability to create gentle, feeling women**. He is an **improviser, alive and spontaneous**. his trademark is his **cheerfulness**. He addressed his plays to the London **cockney** public. He dramatized Deloney's novel "The Gentle Craft" about Simon Eyre, a shoemaker's apprentice who became lord mayor and the founder of leather-market in Leadenhall in the reign of Henry VI as *Shoemaker's Holiday* over which spreads the **spirit of heartiness and merriment, trivial, unthinking gaiety**. Always in financial difficulties, D. was all his life obliged to collaborate with other playwrights like Jonson, Middleton, Drayton, Webster, Rowley, Ford and Massinger. Only some 8 or 9 play written by him alone are preserved.

THOMAS HEYWOOD (1574-1641)

It is H's **tenderness** and **pity** which bring him nearest to Dekker but he lacks Dekker's **lyricism, fancy, gaiety**. His **strength** lies in **creating dramatic, moving situations rather than strongly individualized characters**. Because he found it easier than D. to do without romance, he was, in some of his plays, **more successful** than D. **in realizing the ideals of citizen drama**. His work constantly betrays his great desire **to minister to the tastes and vanities and prejudices of the citizens of London and their guilds**. Like Shakespeare he was both an actor and a playwright. He was also **the most prolific of the Elizabethans**: he claims to have been the chief author of 220 plays of which 24 have reached us. This copious writer is **never stopped by artistic considerations - at his best he achieves clarity and fluency** and he desires no more. H's acknowledged masterpiece is *A Woman Killed with Kindness* (1603), a **domestic drama**. **Gentleness, deep sympathy, moral loftiness** and **poignant melancholy** in conveying the deep suffering of all principal characters, especially the wife's remorse and the pity of the husband, was then exceptional.

THOMAS MIDDLETON (1580-1627)

Like Dekker and Heywood, M. depicted the life of the citizens of London. Instead of flattering them, however, he was amused by them. It pleased him **to show up their oddities and vices**. He thus connects with Jonson, with the difference that he seems less anxious to point to a moral. He has a **taste for cynical pictures** and a **natural tendency towards the most licentious implications**, although as a rule he **abstains from the more brutal obscenity** of such of his contemporaries as Marston. M. tried several paths before he found his right one - **light comedy**. He produced from 1604 to 1612 a series of highly flavoured **farcical comedies**, distinguished by the **vivacity of their scenes, their skilful construction** and the very close acquiantance with the least desirable circles of London society. M's London is a place where people **make deals** which involve commodities, human beings and sex. M. points to a moral, but he is usually **ambiguous in his condemnations**, though a strong feeling of moral disgust permeats his comedies and tragedies. Like in Jonsons's comedies, M's characters are also **dehumanized, but** while Jonson is passionate in exposing vice and consequently his personifications of evil have vigour and vitality and acquire almost epic dimensions, M's **characters engage in role-playing coolly** and **their appetites are meaner**. They engage in intrigues for money, property and sex.

M. is a **careful observer of realities**, he paints the manner of his time with great accuracy and his **realistic psychological portraits** and the way he builds up intrigues with utmost logicality and assurance show a master craftsman.

At the height of his career M. turned to tragedy. The only tragedy he wrote without a collaborator was *Women Beware Women*, a tragedy about an Italian courtesan Bianca Cappello. M.'s other tragedies and tragi-comedies were all written in collaboration with William Rowley (1585-1642). It is only because he had no high ambition that M. is not in the first rank of writers. He had neither Fletcher's poetry nor the artistic scrupulousity of Webster, nor the humanity of Heywood and Dekker. The **tone** of his tragedies, as of his comedies, is generally **hard and dry**. But **in his power to convey the impression of reality** he surpasses them all.

CYRIL TOURNEUR (1575?-1626)

and Webster put new life into MELODRAMA. Like Kyd's, Marston's and Chettle's work before them, their plays are revenge tragedies of the Senecan school. Most of these revenge plays are set in Italy. ITALY was appropriate to an exotic love story (like Marston's *Antonio and Mellida* (1599)), but it was also the land of poisoning Cardinals (Barnabe Barnes's lurid melodrama of the Borgias *The Devil's Charter* (1607)), the land of duelling and vendetta (Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*), the land of the 'atheist' Machiavelli, ancestor of all the villains who flaunt their 'policy' and manipulate the intrigue with the aid of the needy subordinates. Above all, Italy stood for the two extremes of 'civility' and corruption. The Italian revenge plays, accordingly, dwell on lust and moral corruption in place of the political theme of Shakespeare, Jonson and Chapman. Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, Shakespeare's *Othello*, Jonson's *Volpone*, Tourneur's *The Revenger's Tragedy*, Webster's *The Duchess of Malfi* accustomed the public to see Italy as the natural home of voluptuous pleasure, bloodshed and death. None, however, Italianized his scenes more exclusively and intesively than Webster who specialized in Italy at a time when Fletcher and his collaborators were beginning to turn their attention to Spanish heroism. The **principal contrast** in these plays is no longer between the machiavellian and the stoic (as in Kyd) but **between the empty glitter of the Italianate grandees and the discontented poverty of the gentleman-scholars** who were forced to sell their honour and whom the dramatists advance as spokesmen. The portrayal of wealth and patronage by Marston, Tourner and Webster indicates the decay of the Tudor aristocracy and the disenchantment of Elizabethan men of letters. The Italian setting is used for **social complaint** and for **a generalized satire** which is the main contribution of Marston, Tourneur and Webster to a form of drama which had originated with Kyd as tragedy (or melodrama) illustrating the moral law.

There is no certainty about the authorship of the sombre masterpiece *The Revenger's Tragedy* (1606-7). It is attributed to Cyril Tourneur on the grounds that its imagery and moral tone are consistent with an obscure verse allegory on religion (*The Transformed Metamorphosis*, which was published by Tourneur in 1600). However,T.'s one surviving play which is undoubtedly his, *The Atheist's Tragedy* (1611), though interesting and unususal, is so much inferior that many scholars deny them a common author. Whoever the author of *The Revenger's Tragedy* may be, the play is unique in its **unremitting sardonic fury** and **compression of language.** The characters are the **bearers of abstract qualities of good and evil rhetorically heightened** and endowed here with a **burning intensity of passion.**. **Human justice is irretrievably corrupt and evil tramples on goodness.**

JOHN WEBSTER (1575?-1624?)

W. wrote for the stage from 1602 onwards, serving for 5 years a sort of apprenticeship as collaborator with Heywood, Middleton, Marston and Dekker. His two masterpieces, *The White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona*, played about 1611, and *The Duchess of Malfi*, about 1614, have been responsible for his survival as playwright.

The White Devil is one of the series of studies of COURTESANS which appeared one after another within a few years. It seems to have been Marston who broke the ice with his *Dutch Courtesan*, a comedy which introduces an intriguing and calculating courtesan who is willing to go to any lengths, even murder her lover who plans to marry somebody else, in order to keep him for herself. At the end she is condemned to the whip and gaol. Dekker answered with a domestic drama *The Honest Whore* where the whore is very different. She falls in love with a young lord who opens her eyes to the shamefulness of her trade. Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Maid's Tragedy* tells the story of a king's mistress who, having been shown the enormity of her crime and that of her lover (adultery), kills the king and herself. Bianca in Middleton's *Women Beware Women* and Webster's Vittoria in *The White Devil* are closely analogous characters. Even Shakespeare's Cleopatra is a variation on the theme. All of them appreared round about 1611. Webster's and Middleton's plays are closely related with their atrocities, their Italian atmosphere and the equally brilliant and criminal careers of the historic courtesans they portray.

Melodramatic devices abound in W.'s tragedies, his characters meet with singularly atrocious adventures. His plays are full of colourful pageants and ceremonies. He achieves a **perfect fusion of pure drama** (by truthfully representing vigorous characters and great passions) **and melodrama** (with its emphasis on the horror of physical impressions and on spectacular strangeness).

The Duchess of Malfi makes the same appeal. The theme is **persecuted virtue and vengeance.** The avengers are moved by blind fury and greed, the victim (the Duchess of Malfi (Amalfi)) is driven to madness and death because she has married, out of virtuous love, her steward, a low-born but equally virtuous Antonio. W. aims at **showing the pathos inherent in situations**, using for this purpose different effects meant to highlight the horror and suffering in such scenes. It is this search for the most powerful effects which is proper to real melodrama and W. has a strange **power of evoking shudders.** Like Jonson, W. distrusted spontaneous improvisation and looked to other authors for inspiration - modern scholarship has found a literary source for nearly every phrase and concept in his plays. But what he made of his reading is distinctly his own - **a regular, sententious tragedy which makes the utmost of the contrast between virtue - stoic, noble, unblemished - and vice - irredeemably corrupt, base and irresistible.**

FRANCIS BEAUMONT (1584/5-1616) & JOHN FLETCHER (1579-1625)

Shakespeare's successors as principal writers for the King's Men were B. & F., who together set their stamp on playwriting for the rest of the century. The ROMANTIC

TRAGEDIES and TRAGI-COMEDIES of B. & F., and after them Massinger, Ford and Shirley and the courtly amateurs under Charles I. developed consistently into the Heroic Drama of the age of Dryden. They mark at once a **decisive change in the social outlook of the theatre** and striking **artistic decadence**. In tragic, even more than in comic, writing, what the late Jacobean and Caroline stages offered was no longer a representative national art but a **diversion for a single class** - the court aristocracy. Middleton's work apart, it was **theatrical in the most limiting sense, emotionally shallow, arbitrary and the world it presents lacks a central principle** which would prevent the plays from sliding into banality. This new phase might be dated from **1609**, for in that year the King's Men began to concentrate on their newly acquired 'private' playhouse, **the Blackfriars**. The Blackfriars audience was supplied with plays by a kind of play-factory/syndicate headed by B. & F. B., the younger son of a judge, and F., the younger son of a bishop, were themselves typical members of the new and self-conscious Stuart aristocracy gravitating to London and the Jacobean court. They worked together from about 1608 to 1613 when B. married an heiress (and died in 1616), and at least 54 plays are connected with their names; 2 of these are now attributed solely to B., the better poet; 7 to their partnership and 15 solely to Fletcher who prolonged his success until 1625, and the remainder to Fletcher with some distinct collaboratos, principally Massinger from 1613 onwards. This group of B. & F. plays captured the lead in fashionable taste after Shakespeare's retirement, as stage records indicate: in 1616-42 the King's Men alone gave 43 productions of B. & F. at court, i.e. 1/3 of their 113 identified court performances, as against 16 of Shakespeare and only 7 of Jonson. The general repertory for the same years, with 170 plays known on their active list, contained 47 of B. & F. beside only 16 of Shakespeare and 9 of Jonson. **The 1647 Folio of B. & F.**, with its chorus of courtly tributes, contains a preface by a Caroline playwright Shirley, which reveals the nature of their success: theirs, he says, was *"the wit that made the Blackfriars an academy ... usually of more advantage to the hopeful young heir than a costly, dangerous foreign travel. The young spirits of the time, whose birth and quality made them impatient of the sourer ways of education, have from the attentive hearing of these pieces, got ground in point of wit and carriage of the most severely-employed students, while these recreations were digested into rules, and the very pleasure did edify."*

Very little remains in B. & F. tragedies of the national consciousness that Shakespeare had brought to tragedy from the history plays; on the contrary, their heroes and heroines are dwellers in a **charmed circle**, defensive towards their privileges but free from any responsibility outwards. While their **manner is more relaxed and open**, and on the surface, at least, there is **dignity and smoothness**, foreign to the temper of writers like Marston and Webster, **spiritually, the horizons of drama have begun to shrink**. The probing of the unseen world, the questioning of gods, even of God, that runs from Marlowe through to Webster, the problem of divine justice - the main basis of the older tragedy - has given place to **ethical motifs that are more purely social**. It is not that the great questions have been answered - they are no longer being asked. **Class, breeding and behaviour** are becoming more important than salvation and damnation. There is **a conscious appeal to gentlemanly values: courage, honour, friendship**. B. & F. combine **a high heroic style** with **a low view of human nature** like Webster, Marston and Chapman before them. The difference is that **the contrast no longer seems shocking: it is obscured, reported, accepted** - the urgency has gone. The humanist gravity and the note of exited speculation have gone, and with them the tension and the stoic grandeur of the individual profoundly at odds with his universe.

Instead, the later heroes conform to a single type - they are all **Cavalier gallants idealized**, and their adventures move invariabley on the plane of **love and honour**. The sense of place has also undergone a change. In early Jacobean drama we may not be able to tell one Italian court from another, but the sense of Italy is quite sharp, as is the sense of London in Middleton and Dekker. In B. & F. the setting may be called anything but it is really **a place of the 'imagination'**, a precursor of the world of heroic drama of Dryden where characters live in perspective sets and wear ostrich feathers in their helmets.

Fletcher and his associates brought into the theatre qualities of **glamour and easy-going wit** that would feed the drama for generations to come. While there are touches of pity, admiration and even kindliness in their work, they did not, in the end, replace the scepticism of earlier Jacobean drama with a more positive vision. They simply **expressed this scepticism** with **a new, studied casualness**. Honour, friendship, loyalty, wit - these are the values of their **genteel, self-contained world**. They are expressed as **gestures**: in moments of crisis the characters are concerned to find the right gesture for the occassion. B. & F. **characters live for the moment**, the court being the only world for them as both the city and the country are simply caricatured. Yet even court settings suffer from vagueness: while Shakesperian and early Jacobean courts were held together by benevolent, or more often, corrupt rulers who provided a strong focus for their courts, the rulers of B. & F. are weak and trivial even in their crimes. It becomes the private responsibility of the courtiers to decide how gentlemen ought to behave. **Improvising their behaviour around a missing centre**, the characters are still not altogether free, for they are **gripped by simple and straightforward passions**. The ways in which they react to these simplified stimuli, improvising, indulging in gestures, are **dispassionately and complacently observed** and **recorded** by B. & F. Quite often the result of such a treatment is sheer **banality**. These banal **characters are invariably inflated, their sentiments are lofty, arbitrary and chaotic**. Their **passions are irresistible**, their **honour unshakeable**, they are **driven by extravagant impulses** and are frequently saved by **the whim of the Fate** alone.

With *Philaster* (c. 1609) and *A King and No King* (1611) B. & F. introduced a new kind of TRAGI-COMEDY which came to characterize a whole generation: the action of these plays commonly passes from a mysterious quarrel or disappearance, through episodes of concealed identity and mistaken purpose, to the moment of discovery that brings about the triumphant dénouement, i.e. they go back to Sidney's *Arcadia* or to more recent French or Spanish variants. The whole series of tragi-comedies from *Philaster* onwards is made up of the **chivalric adventures and the love-dilemmas of *Arcadia* transposed into terms of Stuart gallantry** and the whole series adopts the tone of **flattery towards its public**, whether the playwright is nominally exalting or reproving or merely providing a day-dream. Moreover, the formal tragedies of B. & F. and their followers are barely to be distinguished from their tragi-comedies - the same romantic style pervades all of their writing.

Fletcher's second associate

PHILIP MASSINGER (1583-1639)

was a serious and skilful playwright, but his tragedies and tragi-comedies, the bulk of his work, are **at best coldly impressive, at their worst simply dull**. They suffer from the influence of B. & F. in their **wilful romanticism** and the **over-contrived plots**. M.'s constant **aim is to instruct**, to drive home **a lesson in morality**. His verse rhetoric has developed away from emotion towards driving home an argument (T.S. Eliot: "impoverishment of feeling")

M. could never really decide between his conservative ethics and the romantic values of Fletcher. Consequently the feelings and even the actions of his plays fall apart.

JOHN FORD (1586-1639?)

is the first, and by far **the best, of the Caroline tragic playwrights**. He can be regarded as a successor to Webster, but a Webster whose power has been **diluted with B. & F. romanticism.**

Ford is the most delicate poet of his day, but he is a poet of **passive suffering and frustrated fortitude**. Although he follows Robert Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* and although he stresses the conflict between desires of the heart and the laws of conscience and of civil use, his real aim is **pathos**. Though he lets his protagonists suffer mental anguish because they sin and break sexual taboos (adultery, incest), he does not explore the possibilities such topics yield for psychological analysis and all sorts of arguments. The heroes suffer stoically, but this is not the older stoicism of Chapman or Webster, but **a new stoicism, entirely self-pitying and theatrical. Melancholy resignation** forms the core of his drama - silent grief eats away at the heroes, they pine and die.

By **1625** most of the major figures of the earlier period were gone. Ford tried to hold up heroic drama but the **dramatic style of** his younger rivals, **the 'Cavalier' playwrights, sinks to incredible levels of dreariness and boredom**.

By **1642** by **Order of Parliament the theatres were closed.** The reason given was that drama, being a frivolous pastime, was inappropriate in a time of national turmoil. The **1647 Ordinance Against Playing** was a much more principled statement of the fundamnetal Puritan opposition to drama. Playing was not just wrong for the present time, it was wrong altogether.

There was not really much to destroy. Only the King's Men had survived through the entire period, other companies had struggled and died. Yet this break in the development of English drama is not as drastic as it might seem. Though playing was prohibited, printing was not, so old plays were kept alive on the pages of books and survived in the general currency. A number of theatres were pulled down but playing continued in private houses. From **1656** onwards **William Davenant** stages spectacles with music, as this could be classified as something other than 'plays' and his *The Siege of Rhodes* (1656) is traditionally taken to be **the first English opera**. When the theatres were reopened at the Restoration, it became apparent that the tradition had never been broken, it only returned in a new guise.

Jonson
'Volpone'
(1)

A toy, a cap here, of mine own work –
MOSCA. 'Tis well.
I had forgot to tell you I saw your knight,
Where you'd little think it –
LADY WOULDBE. Where?
MOSCA. Marry,
Where yet, if you make haste, you may apprehend him;
Rowing upon the water in a gondole,
With the most cunning courtesan of Venice.
LADY WOULDBE. Is't true?
MOSCA. Pursue 'em, and believe your eyes.
Leave me to make your gift. – I knew 'twould take.
For lightly, they that use themselves most licence,
Are still most jealous.
VOLPONE. Mosca, hearty thanks
For thy quick fiction, and delivery of me.
Now to my hopes, what sayst thou?
LADY WOULDBE. But do you hear, sir?–
VOLPONE. – Again! I fear a paroxysm.
LADY WOULDBE. Which way
Rowed they together?
MOSCA. Toward the Rialto.*
LADY WOULDBE. I pray you lend me your dwarf.
MOSCA. I pray you take him.
Exit LADY WOULDBE.
Your hopes, sir, are like happy blossoms fair,
And promise timely fruit, if you will stay
But the maturing. Keep you at your couch;
Corbaccio will arrive straight, with the will.
When he is gone, I'll tell you more. *Exit.*
VOLPONE. My blood,
My spirits are returned; I am alive!
And, like your wanton gamester at primero,*
Whose thought had whispered to him, not go less,
Methinks I lie, and draw – for an encounter.

Enter MOSCA *with* BONARIO.

MOSCA. Sir, here concealed, you may hear all.
But pray you
Have patience, sir. *One knocks.* The same's your father knocks.
I am compelled to leave you.

BONARIO. Do so. – Yet
Cannot my thought imagine this a truth.

MOSCA *leaves* BONARIO, *and admits* CORVINO, *followed by* CELIA

MOSCA. Death on me! you are come too soon, what meant you?
Did not I say I would send?
CORVINO. Yes, but I feared
You might forget it, and then they prevent us.
MOSCA.– Prevent! Did e'er man haste so for his horns?
A courtier would not ply it so for a place.–
Well, now there's no helping it, stay here;
I'll presently return.
CORVINO. Where are you, Celia?
You know not wherefore I have brought you hither?
CELIA. Not well, except you told me.
CORVINO. Now I will:
Hark hither. *Whispers to her*
MOSCA. *To* BONARIO. Sir, your father hath sent word,
It will be half an hour ere he come.
And therefore, if you please to walk the while
Into that gallery – at the upper end
There are some books to entertain the time –
And I'll take care no man shall come unto you, sir.
BONARIO. Yes, I will stay there.– I do doubt this fellow.
MOSCA. There, he is far enough; he can hear nothing;
And for his father, I can keep him off.
Withdraws to VOLPONE'S *couch.*
CORVINO. Nay, now there is no starting back, and therefore
Resolve upon it; I have so decreed.
It must be done. Nor would I move't afore,
Because I would avoid all shifts and tricks
That might deny me.
CELIA. Sir, let me beseech you,
Affect not these strange trials. If you doubt
My chastity, why, lock me up forever;
Make me the heir of darkness. Let me live
Where I may please your fears, if not your trust.
CORVINO. Believe it, I have no such humour. I.
All that I speak I mean; yet I'm not mad,

"Volpone" (2)

Not horn-mad, see you? Go to, show yourself
Obedient, and a wife.
CELIA. O Heaven!
CORVINO. I say it,
Do so.
CELIA. Was this the train?
CORVINO. I've told you reasons:
What the physicians have set down, how much
It may concern me, what my engagements are,
My means, and the necessity of those means
For my recovery. Wherefore, if you be
Loyal, and mine, be won, respect my venture.
CELIA. Before your honour?
CORVINO. Honour! tut, a breath;
There's no such thing in nature: a mere term
Invented to awe fools. What is my gold
The worse for touching? clothes for being looked on?
Why, this 's no more. An old, decrepit wretch,
That has no sense, no sinew; takes his meat
With others' fingers;* only knows to gape
When you do scald his gums; a voice, a shadow;
And what can this man hurt you?
CELIA. Lord! what spirit
Is this hath entered him?
CORVINO. And for your fame,
That's such a jig; as if I would go tell it,
Cry it on the Piazza! Who shall know it
But he that cannot speak it, and this fellow,
Whose lips are i' my pocket? Save yourself –
If you'll proclaim't, you may. I know no other
Should come to know it.
CELIA. Are heaven and saints then nothing?
Will they be blind or stupid?
CORVINO. How?
CELIA. Good sir,
Be jealous still, emulate them; and think
What hate they burn with toward every sin.
CORVINO. I grant you. If I thought it were a sin,
I would not urge you. Should I offer this
To some young Frenchman, or hot Tuscan blood,
That had read Aretine, conned all his prints,
Knew every quirk within lust's labyrinth,
And were professed critic in lechery;

And I would look upon him, and applaud him –
This were a sin. But here 'tis contrary:
A pious work, mere charity, for physic,
And honest policy, to assure mine own.
CELIA. O Heaven! canst thou suffer such a change?
VOLPONE. – Thou art mine honour, Mosca, and my pride,
My joy, my tickling, my delight! Go bring 'em.
MOSCA. Please you draw near, sir.
CORVINO. Come on, what –
You will not be rebellious? by that light –
MOSCA. Sir, Signior Corvino, here, is come to see you.
VOLPONE. Oh!
MOSCA. And hearing of the consultation had,
So lately, for your health, is come to offer,
Or rather, sir, to prostitute –
CORVINO. Thanks, sweet Mosca.
MOSCA. Freely, unasked, or unentreated –
CORVINO. Well!
MOSCA. As the true, fervent instance of his love,
His own most fair and proper wife, the beauty
Only of price in Venice –
CORVINO. 'Tis well urged.
MOSCA. To be your comfortress, and to preserve you.
VOLPONE. Alas, I'm past, already! Pray you thank 'im
For his good care and promptness; but for that,
'Tis a vain labour e'en to fight 'gainst heaven,
Applying fire to stone, – uh, uh, uh, uh! –
Making a dead leaf grow again. I take
His wishes gently, though; and you may tell him
What I've done for him. Marry, my state is hopeless!
Will him to pray for me, and t' use his fortune
With reverence when he comes to 't.
MOSCA. Do you hear, sir?
Go to him with your wife.
CORVINO. Heart of my father!
Wilt thou persist thus? Come, I pray thee, come.
Thou seest 'tis nothing, Celia. By this hand,
I shall grow violent. Come, do't, I say.
CELIA. Sir, kill me, rather. I will take down poison,
Eat burning coals,* do anything –

'Volpone'
③

CORVINO. Be damned!
Heart, I will drag thee hence home by the hair,
Cry thee a strumpet through the streets, rip up
Thy mouth unto thine ears, and slit thy nose
Like a raw rochet – Do not tempt me, come!
Yield, I am loath – Death! I will buy some slave,*
Whom I will kill, and bind thee to him alive,
And at my window hang you forth; devising
Some monstrous crime, which I, in capital letters,
Will eat into thy flesh with aquafortis
And burning corsives, on this stubborn breast.
Now, by the blood thou hast incensed, I'll do it!
CELIA. Sir, what you please, you may; I am your martyr.
CORVINO. Be not thus obstinate; I ha' not deserved it.
Think who it is entreats you. Pray thee, sweet –
Good faith, thou shalt have jewels, gowns, attires,
What thou wilt think, and ask. Do but go kiss him.
Or touch him but. For my sake – At my suit –
This once – No? not? I shall remember this!
Will you disgrace me thus? D'you thirst my undoing?
MOSCA. Nay, gentle lady, be advised.
CORVINO. No, no.
She has watched her time. God's precious, this is scurvy,
'Tis very scurvy; and you are –
MOSCA. Nay, good sir.
CORVINO. An arrant locust, by Heaven, a locust! Whore,
Crocodile, that hast thy tears prepared,
Expecting how thou'lt bid 'em flow –*
MOSCA. Nay, pray you, sir,
She will consider.
CELIA. Would my life would serve
To satisfy!
CORVINO. 'Sdeath! if she would but speak to him,
And save my reputation, it were somewhat;
But spitefully to affect my utter ruin!
MOSCA. Ay, now you've put your fortune in her hands.
Why, i'faith, it is her modesty; I must quit her.
If you were absent, she would be more coming;

107

I know it, and dare undertake for her.
What woman can before her husband? Pray you,
Let us depart, and leave her here.
CORVINO. Sweet Celia,
Thou mayst redeem all yet; I'll say no more.
If not, esteem yourself as lost. Nay, stay there.
Exit with MOSCA.
CELIA. O God and his good angels! Whither, whither
Is shame fled human breasts, that with such ease,
Men dare put off your honours, and their own?
Is that which ever was a cause of life
Now placed beneath the basest circumstance,
And modesty an exile made, for money?
VOLPONE. (*Leaps off from his couch.*) Ay, in Corvino, and such earth-fed minds,
That never tasted the true heav'n of love.
Assure thee, Celia, he that would sell thee,
Only for hope of gain, and that uncertain,
He would have sold his part of paradise
For ready money, had he met a cope-man.
Why art thou 'mazed to see me thus revived?
Rather applaud thy beauty's miracle;
'Tis thy great work, that hath, not now alone,
But sundry times raised me in several shapes,
And, but this morning, like a mountebank,
To see thee at thy window. Ay, before
I would have left my practice for thy love,
In varying figures, I would have contended
With the blue Proteus,* or the hornèd flood.*
Now art thou welcome.
CELIA. Sir!
VOLPONE. Nay, fly me not.
Nor let thy false imagination
That I was bed-rid, make thee think I am so.
Thou shalt not find it. I am now as fresh,
As hot, as high, and in as jovial plight,
As when, in that so celebrated scene,
At recitation of our comedy
For entertainment of the great Valois,*
I acted young Antinous;* and attracted
The eyes and ears of all the ladies present,
T' admire each graceful gesture, note, and footing.

MARSTON

THE MALCONTENT

Vexat censura columbas.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

SCENA SECUNDA

Enter the Duke Pietro, Ferrardo, Count Equato, Count Celso *before, and* Guerrino.

Pietro. Where breathes that music?

Bilioso. The discord rather than the music is heard from the Malcontent Malevole's chamber.

Ferrardo. Malevole!

Malevole (*out of his chamber*). Yaugh, godaman, what dost thou there? Duke's Ganymed, Juno's jealous of thy long stockings: shadow of a woman, what would'st, weasel? thou lamb a'court: what dost thou bleat for? ah you smooth-chinn'd catamite!

Pietro. Come down, thou ragged cur, and snarl here, I give thy dogged sullenness free liberty: trot about and be-spurtle whom thou pleasest.

Malevole. I'll come among you, you goatish-blooded toderers, as gum into taffeta, to fret, to fret: I'll fall like a sponge into water to suck up; to suck up. Howl again. I'll go to church, and come to you. [*Exit above.*]

Pietro. This Malevole is one of the most prodigious affections that ever converst with nature; a man, or rather a monster, more discontent than Lucifer when he was thrust out of the presence, his appetite is unsatiable as the grave; as far from any content as from heaven, his highest delight is to procure others' vexation, and therein he thinks he truly serves heaven; for 'tis his position, whosoever in this earth can be contented is a slave and damn'd; therefore does he afflict all in that to which they are most affected; the elements struggle within him; his own soul is at variance within herself: his speech is halter-worthy at all hours: I like him 'faith, he gives good intelligence to my spirit, makes me understand those weaknesses which others' flattery palliates. Hark, they sing.

[*A song.*]

SCENA TERTIA

Enter Malevole *after the song.*

[*Pietro.*] See: he comes: now shall you hear the extremity of a malcontent: he is as free as air: he blows over every man. And sir, whence come you now?

Malevole. From the public place of much dissimulation, the church.

Pietro. What didst there?

Malevole. Talk with a usurer: take up at interest.

Pietro. I wonder what religion thou art of?

Malevole. Of a soldier's religion.

Pietro. And what dost think makes most infidels now?

Malevole. Sects, sects; I have seen seeming piety change her robe so oft, that sure none but some arch-devil can shape her a new petticoat.

Pietro. O! a religious policy.

Malevole. But damnation on a politic religion: I am weary, would I were one of the Duke's hounds now!

Pietro. But what's the common news abroad, Malevole? thou dogg'st rumour still.

Malevole. Common news? why, common words are 'God save ye', 'Fare ye well': common actions, flattery and cozenage: common things, women and cuckolds. And how does my little Ferrard? ah, ye lecherous animal, my little ferret, he goes sucking up & down the palace into every hen's nest like a weasel: & to what dost thou addict thy time to now, more than to those antique painted drabs that are still affected of young courtiers, flattery, pride, & venery?

Ferrardo. I study languages: what dost think to be the best linguist of our age?

Malevole. Phew, the devil; let him possess thee, he'll teach thee to speak all languages, most readily and strangely; and great reason, marry, he's travell'd greatly i'the world: and is everywhere.

Ferrardo. Save i'th'court.

Malevole. Ay, save i'th'court. (*To* Bilioso.) And how does my old muckhill, overspread with fresh snow? thou half a man, half a goat, all a beast: how does thy young wife, old huddle?

Bilioso. Out, you improvident rascal.

Malevole. Do, kick, thou hugely horn'd old duke's ox, good Maister Make-please.

Vexat . . . columbas] harsh criticism vexes the doves (Juvenal, *Satires*, ii. 63)   I. i, s.d.] cf. Ind. 68–9   2 *Babylon*] i.e. the Tower of Babel   I. ii, 5 godaman] God o' man   8 catamite] male prostitute (corruption of 'Ganymede')   11 toderers] probably sheep-dealers (= male prostitutes)

MARSTON 'The Malcontent' (2)

Malevole. Ay, marry, is't, philosophical Equato, and 'tis pity that thou, being so excellent a scholar by art, shouldst be so ridiculous a fool by nature. I have a thing to tell you, Duke; bid 'em avaunt, bid 'em avaunt!

Pietro. Leave us, leave us. Now, sir, what is't?

Exeunt all saving Pietro *and* Malevole.

Malevole. Duke, thou art a becco, a cornuto.

Pietro. How?

Malevole. Thou art a cuckold.

Pietro. Speak; unshale him quick.

Malevole. With most tumbler-like nimbleness.

Pietro. Who?—by whom? I burst with desire.

Malevole. Mendoza is the man makes thee a horn'd beast; Duke, 'tis Mendoza cornutes thee.

Pietro. What conformance?—relate! short, short!

Malevole. As a lawyer's beard.

There is an old crone in the court, her name is Maquerelle,
She is my mistress, sooth to say, and she doth ever tell me.

Blurt a rhyme, blurt a rhyme; Maquerelle is a cunning bawd, I am an honest villain, thy wife is a close drab, and thou art a notorious cuckold, farewell, Duke.

Pietro. Stay, stay.

Malevole. Dull, dull Duke, can lazy patience make lame revenge? O God, for a woman to make a man that which God never created, never made!

Pietro. What did God never make?

Malevole. A cuckold: to be made a thing that's hudwinkt with kindness whilst every rascal philips his brows; to have a coxcomb, with egregious horns, pinn'd to a Lord's back, every page sporting himself with delightful laughter, whilst he must be the last man know it. Pistols and poniards, pistols and poniards.

Pietro. Death and damnation!

Malevole. Lightning and thunder!

Pietro. Vengeance and torture!

Malevole. Catzo!

Pietro. O revenge!

Malevole. Nay, to select among ten thousand fairs
A lady far inferior to the most,
In fair proportion both of limb and soul:
To take her from austerer check of parents,
To make her his by most devoutful rites,
Make her commandress of a better essence
Than is the gorgeous world, even of a man:
To hug her with as rais'd an appetite,
As usurers do their delv'd up treasury,
(Thinking none tells it but his private self,)
To meet her spirit in a nimble kiss,
Distilling panting ardour to her heart:
True to her sheets, nay, diets strong his blood,
To give her height of Hymeneal sweets——

Pietro. O God!

Malevole. Whilst she lisps, & gives him some court *quelquechose*,
Made only to provoke, not satiate:
And yet even then, the thaw of her delight
Flows from lewd heat of apprehension,
Only from strange imagination's rankness,
That forms the adulterer's presence in her soul,
And makes her think she clips the foul knave's loins.

Pietro. Affliction to my blood's root!

Malevole. Nay think, but think what may proceed of this,
Adultery is often the mother of incest.

Pietro. Incest!

Malevole. Yes, incest: mark, Mendoza of his wife begets perchance a daughter: Mendoza dies. His son marries this daughter. Say you? Nay, 'tis frequent, not only probable, but no question often acted, whilst ignorance, fearless ignorance clasps his own seed.

Pietro. Hideous imagination!

Malevole. Adultery? why, next to the sin of simony, 'tis the most horrid transgression under the cope of salvation!

Pietro. Next to simony?

Malevole. Ay, next to simony, in which our men in next age shall not sin.

Pietro. Not sin? Why?

Malevole. Because (thanks to some church-men) our age will leave them nothing to sin with. But adultery—O dulness!—should show exemplary punishment, that intemperate bloods may freeze, but to think it. I would dam him and all his generation, my own hands should do it: ha, I would not trust heaven with my vengeance any thing.

Pietro. Any thing, any thing, Malevole, thou shalt see instantly what temper my spirit holds; farewell, remember I forget thee not, farewell.

Exit Pietro.

Malevole. Farewell.
Lean thoughtfulness, a sallow meditation,
Suck thy veins dry, distemperance rob thy sleep!
The heart's disquiet is revenge most deep.
He that gets blood, the life of flesh but spills,
But he that breaks heart's peace, the dear soul kills.
Well, this disguise doth yet afford me that
Which kings do seldom hear, or great men use,

---

65 unshale] unshell, i.e., reveal 70 conformance] confirmation 74 Blurt] a fig for 75 close] secret 83 philips] fillips, flicks at (alluding to the cuckold's horns) 90 Catzo] cf. Ind. 30n.

107 *quelquechose*] trifle 124 cope of salvation] heaven 129 should show] Quarto: 'shue, should'. 131 dam] choke up 137 distemperance] upsetting of the humours

MARSTON 'The Malcontent' (3)

SCENA SECUNDA

Enter Malevole *in some frieze gown, whilst* Bilioso *reads his patent.*

Malevole. I cannot sleep, my eyes' ill-neighbouring lids
Will hold no fellowship: O thou pale sober night,
Thou that in sluggish fumes all sense dost steep:
Thou that gives all the world full leave to play,
Unbend'st the feebled veins of sweaty labour!
The galley-slave, that, all the toilsome day,
Tugs at his oar against the stubborn wave,
Straining his rugged veins, snores fast:
The stooping scytheman that doth barb the field,
Thou makest wink sure: in night all creatures sleep,
Only the malcontent that 'gainst his fate
Repines and quarrels, alas he's goodman tell-clock;
His sallow jaw-bones sink with wasting moan,
Whilst others' beds are down, his pillow's stone.

Bilioso. Malevole.

Malevole. (*To* Bilioso) Elder of Israel, thou honest defect of wicked nature and obstinate ignorance, when did thy wife let thee lie with her?

Bilioso. I am going embassador to Florence.

Malevole. Embassador! Now, for thy country's honour, preethee do not put up mutton and porridge in thy clock-bag: thy young lady wife goes to Florence with thee too, does she not?

Bilioso. No, I leave her at the palace.

Malevole. At the palace? now discretion shield, man! for God's love let's ha' no more cuckolds, Hymen begins to put off his saffron robe. Keep thy wife i' the state of grace. Heart o' truth, I would sooner leave my lady singled in a bordello than in the Genoa palace.
Sin there appearing in her sluttish shape
Would soon grow loathsome, even to blushes' sense,
Surfeit would cloak intemperate appetite,
Make the soul scent the rotten breath of lust:
When in an Italian lascivious palace,
A lady guardianless,
Left to the push of all allurement,
The strong'st incitements to immodesty,
To have her bound, incens'd with wanton sweets,
Her veins fill'd high with heating delicates,
Soft rest, sweet music, amorous masquerers,
Lascivious banquets, sin it self gilt o'er,
Strong fantasy tricking up strange delights,
Presenting it dressed pleasingly to sense,
Sense leading it unto the soul, confirm'd
With potent example, impudent custom,
Enticed by that great bawd opportunity——
Thus being prepar'd, clap to her easy ear
Youth in good clothes, well-shap'd, rich, fair-spoken, promising-noble, ardent blood-full, witty, flattering: Ulysses absent, O Ithaca, can chastest Penelope hold out?

Bilioso. Mass, I'll think on't. Farewell. *Exit* Bilioso.

Malevole. Farewell, take thy wife with thee, farewell.
To Florence, um? it may prove good, it may,
And we may once unmask our brows.

---

s.d. *frieze*] coarse woollen cloth *patent*] letter of appointment 9 barb] mow 10 wink sure] sleep soundly 12 tell-clock] the crier, telling the hours 20 clock-bag] for 'cloak-bag', a valise 23 shield] forbid 24 saffron robe] customarily worn by Hymen in a masque 26 bordello] brothel (Ital.) 27 there] i.e., in the bordello

'The Revenger's Tragedy' (1)

ACT. I. SCAE. I

Enter Vindice; *the* Duke, Duchess, Lussurioso *his son,* Spurio *the bastard, with a train, pass over the Stage with Torch-light.*

Vindice. Duke: royal lecher; go, grey-hair'd adultery,
And thou his son, as impious steept as he:
And thou his bastard true-begot in evil:
And thou his Duchess that will do with Devil,
Four ex'lent characters—O that marrowless age
Would stuff the hollow bones with damn'd desires,
And 'stead of heat kindle infernal fires,
Within the spend-thrift veins of a dry Duke,
A parcht and juiceless luxur. O God! one
That has scarce blood enough to live upon,
And he to riot it like a son and heir?
O the thought of that
Turns my abused heart-strings into fret.
Thou sallow picture of my poisoned love,
My study's ornament, thou shell of death,
Once the bright face of my betrothed lady,
When life and beauty naturally fill'd out
These ragged imperfections;
When two heaven-pointed diamonds were set
In those unsightly rings;—then 'twas a face
So far beyond the artificial shine
Of any woman's bought complexion
That the uprightest man, (if such there be,
That sin but seven times a day) broke custom
And made up eight with looking after her.
Oh she was able to ha' made a usurer's son
Melt all his patrimony in a kiss,
And what his father fifty years told
To have consum'd, and yet his suit been cold:
But oh accursed palace!
Thee when thou wert apparell'd in thy flesh,
The old Duke poison'd,
Because thy purer part would not consent
Unto his palsy-lust, for old men lust-full
Do show like young men angry, eager-violent,
Out-bid like their limited performances—
O 'ware an old man hot, and vicious:
'Age as in gold, in lust is covetous.'
Vengeance, thou murder's quit-rent, and whereby
Thou show'st thyself tenant to tragedy,
Oh keep thy day, hour, minute, I beseech,
For those thou hast determin'd: hum: whoe'er knew
Murder unpaid? faith, give revenge her due
Sh'as kept touch hitherto—be merry, merry,
Advance thee, O thou terror to fat folks,
To have their costly three-pil'd flesh worn off
As bare as this—for banquets, ease and laughter
Can make great men, as greatness goes by clay,
But wise men little are more great than they.

Scene II

Duchess. Thence flew sweet comfort.—Earnest and farewell. *Kisses him.*
Spurio. Oh one incestuous kiss picks open hell.
Duchess. Faith now old Duke; my vengeance shall reach high,
I'll arm thy brow with woman's heraldry. *Exit.*
Spurio. Duke, thou didst do me wrong, and by thy act
Adultery is my nature;
Faith if the truth were known, I was begot
After some gluttonous dinner, some stirring dish
Was my first father; when deep healths went round,
And ladies' cheeks were painted red with wine,
Their tongues as short and nimble as their heels
Uttering words sweet and thick; and when they rose,
Were merrily dispos'd to fall again,
In such a whisp'ring and withdrawing hour,
When base male-bawds kept sentinel at stair-head,
Was I stol'n softly; oh—damnation met
The sin of feasts, drunken adultery.
I feel it swell me; my revenge is just,
I was begot in impudent wine and lust:
Step-mother I consent to thy desires,
I love thy mischief well, but I hate thee,
And those three cubs thy sons, wishing confusion
Death and disgrace may be their epitaphs;
As for my brother the Duke's only son,
Whose birth is more beholding to report
Than mine, and yet perhaps as falsely sown
(Women must not be trusted with their own),
I'll loose my days upon him, hate all I,
Duke, on thy brow I'll draw my bastardy.
For indeed a bastard by nature should make cuckolds,
because he is the son of a cuckold-maker. *Exit.*

---

s.d.] Vindice carries a skull, which he addresses at l. 14. 4 do] copulate

'The Revenger's Tragedy' (2)

Scene III

Vindice. O Dutch lust! fulsome lust!
Drunken procreation, which begets so many drunkards;
Some fathers dread not (gone to bed in wine)
To slide from the mother, and cling the daughter-in-law,
Some uncles are adulterous with their nieces,
Brothers with brothers' wives, O hour of incest!
Any kin now next to the rim o'th'sister
Is man's meat in these days, and in the morning
When they are up and drest, and their mask on,
Who can perceive this? save that eternal eye
That sees through flesh and all? Well:—if anything
Be damn'd, it will be twelve o'clock at night;
That twelve will never scape;
It is the Judas of the hours; wherein,
Honest salvation is betray'd to sin.

Lussurioso. Attend me, I am past my depth in lust
And I must swim or drown, all my desires
Are levell'd at a virgin not far from court,
To whom I have convey'd by messenger
Many waxt lines, full of my neatest spirit,
And jewels that were able to ravish her
Without the help of man; all which and more
She, foolish chaste, sent back, the messengers
Receiving frowns for answers.
Vindice. Possible?
'Tis a rare Phoenix whoe'er she be;
If your desires be such, she so repugnant,
In troth my Lord I'd be reveng'd and marry her.
Lussurioso. Push; the dowry of her blood & of her fortunes,
Are both too mean,—good enough to be bad withal—
I'm one of that number can defend
Marriage is good: yet rather keep a friend.
Give me my bed by stealth—there's true delight;
What breeds a loathing in't, but night by night?
Vindice. A very fine religion!
Lussurioso. Therefore thus,
I'll trust thee in the business of my heart
Because I see thee well experienc'd
In this luxurious day wherein we breathe:
Go thou, and with a smooth enchanting tongue
Bewitch her ears, and cozen her of all grace,
Enter upon the portion of her soul,
Her honour, which she calls her chastity
And bring it into expense, for honesty
Is like a stock of money laid to sleep,
Which ne'er so little broke, does never keep.
Vindice. You have gi'n't the tang i'faith my Lord.
Make known the lady to me, and my brain
Shall swell with strange invention: I will move it
Till I expire with speaking, and drop down
Without a word to save me;—but I'll work—
Lussurioso. We thank thee, and will raise thee:—receive her name, it is the only daughter to Madame Gratiana the late widow.
Vindice. [*Aside*] Oh, my sister, my sister!—

Vindice. Oh.
Now let me burst, I've eaten noble poison,
We are made strange fellows, brother, innocent villains,
Wilt not be angry when thou hear'st on't, think'st thou?
I'faith thou shalt. Swear me to foul my sister!
Sword, I durst make a promise of him to thee,
Thou shalt dis-heir him, it shall be thine honour;
And yet now angry froth is down in me,
It would not prove the meanest policy
In this disguise to try the faith of both,
Another might have had the self-same office,
Some slave that would have wrought effectually,
Ay and perhaps o'erwrought'em, therefore I,
Being thought travell'd, will apply myself,
Unto the self-same form, forget my nature,
As if no part about me were kin to 'em,
So touch 'em,—tho' I durst almost for good,
Venture my lands in heaven upon their blood.

---

77 fadom'd] fathomed 87 Indian devil] gold from the East Indies 94 waxt] waxed, i.e., sealed with wax 100 repugnant] reluctant 105 friend] mistress

"The Revenger's Tragedy" (3)
Act II, Scene I

Gratiana. Ay, save their honour.
Vindice. Tut, one would let a little of that go too
And ne'er be seen in't: ne'er be seen in't, mark you,
I'd wink and let it go—
Gratiana. Marry but I would not.
Vindice. Marry but I would I hope, I know you would too,
If you'd that blood now which you gave your daughter,
To her indeed 'tis, this wheel comes about;
That man that must be all this, perhaps ere morning
(For his white father does but mould away)
Has long desir'd your daughter—
Gratiana. Desir'd?
Vindice. —Nay but hear me,
He desires now that will command hereafter,
Therefore be wise, I speak as more a friend
To you than him; Madam, I know y'are poor,
And 'lack the day, there are too many poor ladies already,
Why should you vex the number? 'tis despis'd,
Live wealthy, rightly understand the world,
And chide away that foolish country girl
Keeps company with your daughter, chastity.
Gratiana. O fie, fie, the riches of the world cannot hire a mother to such a most unnatural task.
Vindice. No, but a thousand angels can,
Men have no power, angels must work you to't,
The world descends into such base-born evils
That forty angels can make fourscore devils;
There will be fools still I perceive, still fools.
Would I be poor, dejected, scorn'd of greatness,
Swept from the palace, and see other daughters
Spring with the dew o'th'court, having mine own
So much desir'd and lov'd—by the Duke's son?
No, I would raise my state upon her breast
And call her eyes my tenants, I would count
My yearly maintenance upon her cheeks:
Take coach upon her lip, and all her parts
Should keep men after men, and I would ride,
In pleasure upon pleasure:
You took great pains for her, once when it was,
Let her requite it now, tho' it be but some;
You brought her forth, she may well bring you home.
Gratiana. O heavens! this overcomes me!
Vindice. [*Aside*] Not I hope, already?
Gratiana. [*Aside*] It is too strong for me, men know that know us,
We are so weak their words can overthrow us.
He toucht me nearly, made my virtues bate
When his tongue struck upon my poor estate.
Vindice. [*Aside*] I e'en quake to proceed, my spirit turns edge.
I fear me she's unmother'd, yet I'll venture,
'That woman is all male, whom none can enter.'
[*To her*] What think you now lady, speak, are you wiser?
What said advancement to you? thus it said:
The daughter's fall lifts up the mother's head!
Did it not Madam? but I'll swear it does
In many places, tut, this age fears no man,
''Tis no shame to be bad, because 'tis common.'
Gratiana. Ay, that's the comfort on't.
Vindice. [*Aside*] The comfort on't!
—I keep the best for last, can these persuade you
To forget heaven—and— *Offers her money.*
Gratiana. Ay these are they—
Vindice. Oh!
Gratiana. —that enchant our sex,
These are the means that govern our affections,—
That woman
Will not be troubled with the mother long,
That sees the comfortable shine of you,
I blush to think what for your sakes I'll do!
Vindice. [*Aside*] O suff'ring heaven, with thy invisible finger,
E'en at this instant turn the precious side
Of both mine eye-balls inward, not to see myself.
Gratiana. Look you sir.
Vindice. Holla.
Gratiana. Let this thank your pains. [*Gives him money.*]
Vindice. O you're a kind madam.
Gratiana. I'll see how I can move.
Vindice. Your words will sting.
Gratiana. If she be still chaste I'll ne'er call her mine.
Vindice. [*Aside*] Spoke truer than you meant it.
Gratiana. Daughter Castiza.

[*Enter* Castiza.]

Castiza. Madam?

---

83 angels] gold coins 98 once when it was] once upon a time

105 bate] abate 122 troubled with the mother] affected by hysteria (with of course a quibble on the literal meaning of the word) 125 suff'ring] permissive

'The Revenger's Tragedy' (4)

Vindice. O she's yonder.
Meet her.
[*Aside*] Troops of celestial souldiers guard her heart.
Yon dam has devils enough to take her part.
Castiza. Madam what makes yon evil-offic'd man,
In presence of you?
Gratiana. Why?
Castiza. He lately brought
Immodest writing sent from the Duke's son
To tempt me to dishonourable act.
Gratiana. Dishonourable act?—good honourable fool,
That wouldst be honest 'cause thou wouldst be so,
Producing no one reason but thy will.
And 't'as a good report, prettily commended,
But pray by whom? mean people; ignorant people,
The better sort I'm sure cannot abide it.
And by what rule should we square out our lives,
But by our betters' actions? oh if thou knew'st
What 'twere to lose it, thou would never keep it:
But there's a cold curse laid upon all maids,
Whilst other clip the sun they clasp the shades!
Virginity is paradise, lockt up.
You cannot come by your selves without fee.
And 'twas decreed that man should keep the key!
Deny advancement, treasure, the Duke's son!
Castiza. I cry you mercy. Lady I mistook you,
Pray did you see my mother? which way went you?
Pray God I have not lost her.
Vindice. [*Aside*] Prettily put by.
Gratiana. Are you as proud to me as coy to him?
Do you not know me now?
Castiza. Why, are you she?
The world's so chang'd, one shape into another,
It is a wise child now that knows her mother.
Vindice. [*Aside*] Most right i'faith.
Gratiana. I owe your cheek my hand,
For that presumption now, but I'll forget it.
Come you shall leave those childish haviours,
And understand your time: fortunes flow to you,
What, will you be a girl?
If all fear'd drowning, that spy waves ashore,
Gold would grow rich, and all the merchants poor.

---

151 clip] embrace 151 shades] with a quibble on the sense of something insubstantial

Castiza. It is a pretty saying of a wicked one,
But methinks now
It does not show so well out of your mouth,
Better in his.
Vindice. [*Aside*] Faith, bad enough in both,
Were I in earnest, as I'll seem no less.
—I wonder lady your own mother's words
Cannot be taken, nor stand in full force.
'Tis honesty you urge; what's honesty?
'Tis but heaven's beggar; and what woman is
So foolish to keep honesty,
And be not able to keep herself? No,
Times are grown wiser and will keep less charge,
A maid that has small portion now intends,
To break up house, and live upon her friends.
How blest are you, you have happiness alone;
Others must fall to thousands, you to one,
Sufficient in himself to make your forehead
Dazzle the world with jewels, and petitionary people
Start at your presence.
Gratiana. Oh if I were young,
I should be ravisht.
Castiza. Ay, to lose your honour.
Vindice. 'Slid, how can you lose your honour
To deal with my Lord's Grace?
He'll add more honour to it by his title,
Your mother will tell you how.
Gratiana. That I will.
Vindice. O think upon the pleasure of the palace,
Secured ease and state; the stirring meats
Ready to move out of the dishes, that
E'en now quicken when they're eaten,
Banquets abroad by torch-light, musics, sports,
Bare-headed vassals, that had ne'er the fortune
To keep on their own hats, but let horns wear 'em.
Nine coaches waiting—hurry, hurry, hurry.
Castiza. Ay, to the devil.
Vindice. [*Aside*] Ay, to the devil.—To the Duke by my faith.
Gratiana. Ay, to the Duke: daughter you'd scorn to think o'th'devil and you
were there once.
Vindice. [*Aside*] True, for most there are as proud as he for his heart i'faith.

---

177 honesty] chastity 181 keep less charge] put up with less expense 195 stirring] stimulating 204 and] if

'The Revenger's Tragedy' 15)

—Who'd sit at home in a neglected room,
Dealing her short-liv'd beauty to the pictures,
That are as useless as old men, when those
Poorer in face and fortune than herself,
Walk with a hundred acres on their backs,
Fair meadows cut into green fore-parts—Oh
It was the greatest blessing ever happened to women,
When farmers' sons agreed, and met again,
To wash their hands, and come up gentlemen;
The commonwealth has flourish'd ever since;
Lands that were mete by the rod, that labour's spar'd,
Tailors ride down, and measure 'em by the yard;
Fair trees, those comely fore-tops of the field,
Are cut to maintain head-tires—much untold.
All thrives but Chastity, she lies a-cold.
Nay, shall I come nearer to you? mark but this:
Why are there so few honest women, but because 'tis the poorer profession? that's accounted best, that's best followed; least in trade, least in fashion, and that's not honesty, believe it, and do but note the low and dejected price of it:
'Lose but a pearl, we search and cannot brook it.
But that once gone, who is so mad to look it?'

Gratiana. Troth he says true.

Castiza. False, I defy you both:
I have endur'd you with an ear of fire,
Your tongues have struck hot irons on my face;
Mother, come from that poisonous woman there.

Gratiana. Where?

Castiza. Do you not see her? she's too inward then:
Slave, perish in thy office: you heavens please,
Henceforth to make the mother a disease,
Which first begins with me, yet I've outgone you. *Exit.*

Vindice. [*Aside*] O angels clap your wings upon the skies,
And give this virgin crystal plaudities.

Gratiana. Peevish, coy, foolish—but return this answer,
My lord shall be most welcome, when his pleasure
Conducts him this way; I will sway mine own,
Women with women can work best alone. *Exit.*

Vindice. Indeed I'll tell him so.
O more uncivil, more unnatural,
Than those base-titled creatures that look downward!
Why does not heaven turn black, or with a frown
Undo the world—why does not earth start up,
And strike the sins that tread upon't?—oh;
Were't not for gold and women, there would be no damnation, hell would look like a lord's great kitchen without fire in't;
But 'twas decreed before the world began,
That they should be the hooks to catch at man. *Exit.*

---

212 fore-parts] stomachers 220 head-tires] head-dresses (worn only by the rich) 220 much untold] either, much more could be told; or, the cost is unknown 236 mother] quibbling on the use of the word to mean hysteria (cf. l. 122) 245 uncivil] barbarous

WEBSTER (1)

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Malfi. An apartment in the palace of the* DUCHESS.

Enter FERDINAND *and* BOSOLA.

Ferd. How doth our sister duchess bear herself
In her imprisonment?
Bos. Nobly: I'll describe her.
She's sad as one long us'd to 't, and she seems
Rather to welcome the end of misery
Than shun it; a behaviour so noble
As gives a majesty to adversity:
You may discern the shape of loveliness
More perfect in her tears than in her smiles:
She will muse for hours together; and her silence,
Methinks, expresseth more than if she spake.
Ferd. Her melancholy seems to be fortified
With a strange disdain.
Bos. 'T is so; and this restraint,
Like English mastives that grow fierce with tying,
Makes her too passionately apprehend
Those pleasures she's kept from.
Ferd. Curse upon her!
I will no longer study in the book
Of another's heart. Inform her what I told you. [*Exit.*

Enter DUCHESS.

Bos. All comfort to your grace!
Duch. I will have none.
Pray thee, why dost thou wrap thy poison'd pills
In gold and sugar?
Bos. Your elder brother, the Lord Ferdinand,
Is come to visit you, and sends you word,
'Cause once he rashly made a solemn vow
Never to see you more, he comes i' the night;
And prays you gently neither torch nor taper
Shine in your chamber: he will kiss your hand,
And reconcile himself; but for his vow
He dares not see you.
Duch. At his pleasure.—
Take hence the lights.—He's come.

Enter FERDINAND.

Ferd. Where are you?
Duch. Here, sir.
Ferd. This darkness suits you well.
Duch. I would ask you pardon.
Ferd. You have it;
For I account it the honourabl'st revenge,
Where I may kill, to pardon.—Where are your cubs?
Duch. Whom?
Ferd. Call them your children:
For though our national law distinguish bastards
From true legitimate issue, compassionate nature
Makes them all equal.
Duch. Do you visit me for this?
You violate a sacrament o' the church
Shall make you howl in hell for 't.
Ferd. It had been well,
Could you have liv'd thus always; for, indeed,
You were too much i' the light:—but no more;
I come to seal my peace with you. Here's a hand
[*Gives her a dead man's hand.*
To which you have vow'd much love; the ring upon 't
You gave.
Duch. I affectionately kiss it.
Ferd. Pray, do, and bury the print of it in your heart.
I will leave this ring with you for a love-token;
And the hand as sure as the ring; and do not doubt
But you shall have the heart too: when you need a friend,
Send it to him that ow'd it; you shall see
Whether he can aid you.
Duch. You are very cold:
I fear you are not well after your travel.—
Ha! lights!—O, horrible!
Ferd. Let her have lights enough. [*Exit.*
Duch. What witchcraft doth he practise, that he hath left
A dead man's hand here.
[*Here is discovered, behind a traverse, the artificial figures of* ANTONIO *and his* Children, *appearing as if they were dead.*
Bos. Look you, here's the piece from which 't was ta'en.
He doth present you this sad spectacle,
That, now you know directly they are dead,
Hereafter you may wisely cease to grieve
For that which cannot be recoverèd.
Duch. There is not between heaven and earth one wish
I stay for after this: it wastes me more
Than were 't my picture, fashion'd out of wax,
Stuck with a magical needle, and then buried
In some foul dunghill; and yond 's an excellent property
For a tyrant, which I would account mercy.
Bos. What 's that?
Duch. If they would bind me to that lifeless trunk,
And let me freeze to death.
Bos. Come, you must live.
Duch. That 's the greatest torture souls feel in hell,
In hell, that they must live, and cannot die.
Portia, I 'll new kindle thy coals again,
And revive the rare and almost dead example
Of a loving wife.
Bos. O, fie! despair? remember
You are a Christian.

110

WEBSTER (2)

Duch. The church enjoins fasting:
I'll starve myself to death.
Bos. Leave this vain sorrow.
Things being at the worst begin to mend: the bee
When he hath shot his sting into your hand,
May then play with your eye-lid.
Duch. Good comfortable fellow,
Persuade a wretch that's broke upon the wheel
To have all his bones new set; entreat him live
To be executed again. Who must despatch me?
I account this world a tedious theatre,
For I do play a part in't 'gainst my will.
Bos. Come, be of comfort; I will save your life.
Duch. Indeed, I have not leisure to tend so small a business.
Bos. Now, by my life, I pity you.
Duch. Thou art a fool, then,
To waste thy pity on a thing so wretched
As cannot pity itself. I am full of daggers.
Puff, let me blow these vipers from me.

Enter Servant.

SCENE IV. *An apartment in the residence of the* CARDINAL *and* FERDINAND.

Enter CARDINAL, PESCARA, MALATESTI, RODERIGO, *and* GRISOLAN.

Card. You shall not watch to-night by the sick prince;
His grace is very well recover'd.
Mal. Good my lord, suffer us.
Card. O, by no means;
The noise, the change of object in his eye,
Doth more distract him: I pray, all to bed;
And though you hear him in his violent fit,
Do not rise, I entreat you.
Pes. So, sir; we shall not.
Card. Nay, I must have you promise
Upon your honours, for I was enjoin'd to't
By himself; and he seem'd to urge it sensibly.
Pes. Let our honours bind this trifle.
Card. Nor any of your followers.
Mal. Neither.
Card. It may be, to make trial of your promise,
When he's asleep, myself will rise and feign
Some of his mad tricks, and cry out for help,
And feign myself in danger.
Mal. If your throat were cutting,
I'd not come at you, now I have protested against it.
Card. Why, I thank you.
[*Withdraws to the upper end of the apartment.*
Gris. 'T was a foul storm to-night.

Rod. The Lord Ferdinand's chamber shook like an osier.
Mal. 'T was nothing but pure kindness in the devil
To rock his own child. [*Exeunt all except the* CARDINAL.
Card. The reason why I would not suffer these
About my brother is because at midnight
I may with better privacy convey
Julia's body to her own lodging. O, my conscience!
I would pray now; but the devil takes away my heart
For having any confidence in prayer.
About this hour I appointed Bosola
To fetch the body: when he hath serv'd my turn,
He dies. [*Exit.*

Enter BOSOLA.

Bos. Ha! 't was the cardinal's voice; I heard him name
Bosola and my death. Listen; I hear one's footing.

Enter FERDINAND.

Ferd. Strangling is a very quiet death.
Bos. [*Aside.*] Nay, then, I see I must stand upon my guard.
Ferd. What say [you] to that? whisper softly; do you agree to't? So; it must be done i' the dark: the cardinal would not for a thousand pounds the doctor should see it. [*Exit.*
Bos. My death is plotted; here's the consequence of murder.
We value not desert nor Christian breath,
When we know black deeds must be cur'd with death.

Enter ANTONIO *and* Servant.

144

WEBSTER ③

Serv. Here stay, sir, and be confident, I pray:
I 'll fetch you a dark lantern. [*Exit.*
Ant. Could I take him at his prayers,
There were hope of pardon.
Bos. Fall right, my sword!— [*Stabs him.*
I 'll not give thee so much leisure as to pray.
Ant. O, I am gone! Thou hast ended a long suit
In a minute.
Bos. What art thou?
Ant. A most wretched thing,
That only have thy benefit in death,
To appear myself.

Re-enter Servant *with a lantern.*

Serv. Where are you, sir?
Ant. Very near my home.—Bosola!
Serv. O, misfortune!
Bos. Smother thy pity, thou art dead else.—Antonio!
The man I would have sav'd 'bove mine own life!
We are merely the stars' tennis-balls, struck and banded
Which way please them.—O good Antonio,
I 'll whisper one thing in thy dying ear
Shall make thy heart break quickly! thy fair duchess
And two sweet children——
Ant. Their very names
Kindle a little life in me.
Bos. Are murder'd.
Ant. Some men have wish'd to die
At the hearing of sad tidings; I am glad
That I shall do 't in sadness: I would not now
Wish my wounds balm'd nor heal'd, for I have no use
To put my life to. In all our quest of greatness,
Like wanton boys whose pastime is their care,
We follow after bubbles blown in the air.
Pleasure of life, what is 't? only the good hours

Of an ague; merely a preparative to rest,
To endure vexation. I do not ask
The process of my death; only commend me
To Delio.
Bos. Break, heart!
Ant. And let my son fly the courts of princes. [*Dies.*
Bos. Thou seem'st to have lov'd Antonio.
Serv. I brought him hither,
To have reconcil'd him to the cardinal.
Bos. I do not ask thee that.
Take him up, if thou tender thine own life,
And bear him where the lady Julia
Was wont to lodge.—O, my fate moves swift!
I have this cardinal in the forge already;
Now I 'll bring him to the hammer. O direful misprision!
I will not imitate things glorious,
No more than base; I 'll be mine own example.—
On, on, and look thou represent, for silence,
The thing thou bar'st. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another apartment in the same.*

Enter CARDINAL, *with a book.*

Card. I am puzzled in a question about hell;
He says, in hell there 's one material fire,
And yet it shall not burn all men alike.
Lay him by. How tedious is a guilty conscience!
When I look into the fish-ponds in my garden,
Methinks I see a thing arm'd with a rake,
That seems to strike at me.

Enter BOSOLA, *and* Servant *bearing* ANTONIO'S *body.*

Now, art thou come?
Thou look'st ghastly:
There sits in thy face some great determination
Mix'd with some fear.
Bos. Thus it lightens into action:
I am come to kill thee.
Card. Ha!—Help! our guard!
Bos. Thou art deceiv'd;
They are out of thy howling.
Card. Hold; and I will faithfully divide
Revenues with thee.
Bos. Thy prayers and proffers
Are both unseasonable.
Card. Raise the watch! we are betray'd!
Bos. I have confin'd your flight:
I 'll suffer your retreat to Julia's chamber,
But no further.
Card. Help! we are betray'd!

Enter, above, PESCARA, MALATESTI, RODERIGO, *and* GRISOLAN.

Mal. Listen.
Card. My dukedom for rescue!
Rod. Fie upon his counterfeiting!
Mal. Why, 't is not the cardinal.
Rod. Yes, yes, 't is he:
But I 'll see him hang'd ere I 'll go down to him.
Card. Here 's a plot upon me; I am assaulted! I am lost,
Unless some rescue!
Gris. He doth this pretty well;
But it will not serve to laugh me out of mine honour.
Card. The sword 's at my throat!
Rod. You would not bawl so loud then.
Mal. Come, come, let 's go
To bed: he told us this much aforehand.

WEBSTER ④

Pes. He wish'd you should not come at him; but, believe 't,
The accent of the voice sounds not in jest:
I 'll down to him, howsoever, and with engines
Force ope the doors. [*Exit above.*
Rod. Let 's follow him aloof,
And note how the cardinal will laugh at him.
[*Exeunt, above,* MALATESTI, RODERIGO, *and* GRISOLAN.
Bos. There 's for you first,
'Cause you shall not unbarricade the door
To let in rescue. [*Kills the* Servant.
Card. What cause hast thou to pursue my life?
Bos. Look there.
Card. Antonio!
Bos. Slain by my hand unwittingly.
Pray, and be sudden: when thou kill'd'st thy sister,
Thou took'st from Justice her most equal balance,
And left her naught but her sword.
Card. O, mercy!
Bos. Now it seems thy greatness was only outward;
For thou fall'st faster of thyself than calamity
Can drive thee. I 'll not waste longer time; there!
[*Stabs him.*
Card. Thou hast hurt me.
Bos. Again! [*Stabs him again.*
Card. Shall I die like a leveret,
Without any resistance?—Help, help, help!
I am slain!

Enter FERDINAND.

Ferd. The alarum! give me a fresh horse;
Rally the vaunt-guard, or the day is lost,
Yield, yield! I give you the honour of arms
Shake my sword over you; will you yield?
Card. Help me; I am your brother!
Ferd. The devil!
My brother fight upon the adverse party!
[*He wounds the* CARDINAL, *and, in the scuffle, gives* BOSOLA *his death-wound.*
There flies your ransom.
Card. O justice!
I suffer now for what hath former bin:
Sorrow is held the eldest child of sin.
Ferd. Now you 're brave fellows. Cæsar's fortune was harder than Pompey's; Cæsar died in the arms of prosperity, Pompey at the feet of disgrace. You both died in the field. The pain 's nothing: pain many times is taken away with the apprehension of greater, as the tooth-ache with the sight of a barber that comes to pull it out: there 's philosophy for you.
Bos. Now my revenge is perfect.—Sink, thou main cause [*Kills* FERDINAND.
Of my undoing!—The last part of my life
Hath done me best service.
Ferd. Give me some wet hay; I am broken-winded.
I do account this world but a dog-kennel:
I will vault credit and affect high pleasures
Beyond death.
Bos. He seems to come to himself,
Now he 's so near the bottom.
Ferd. My sister, O my sister! there 's the cause on 't.
Whether we fall by ambition, blood, or lust,
Like diamonds, we are cut with our own dust. [*Dies.*
Card. Thou hast thy payment too.
Bos. Yes, I hold my weary soul in my teeth;
'T is ready to part from me. I do glory
That thou, which stood'st like a huge pyramid
Begun upon a large and ample base,
Shalt end in a little point, a kind of nothing.

Enter, below, PESCARA, MALATESTI, RODERIGO *and* GRISOLAN.

Pes. How now, my lord!
Mal. O sad disaster!
Rod. How comes this?
Bos. Revenge for the Duchess of Malfi murder'd
By the Aragonian brethren; for Antonio
Slain by this hand; for lustful Julia
Poison'd by this man; and lastly for myself,
That was an actor in the main of all
Much 'gainst mine own good nature, yet i' the end
Neglected.
Pes. How now, my lord!
Card. Look to my brother:
He gave us these large wounds, as we were struggling
Here i' the rushes. And now, I pray, let me
Be laid by and never thought of. [*Dies.*
Pes. How fatally, it seems, he did withstand
His own rescue!
Mal. Thou wretched thing of blood,
How came Antonio by his death?
Bos. In a mist; I know not how:
Such a mistake as I have often seen
In a play. O, I am gone!
We are only like dead walls or vaulted graves,
That, ruin'd, yield no echo. Fare you well.
It may be pain, but no harm, to me to die
In so good a quarrel. O, this gloomy world!
In what a shadow, or deep pit of darkness,
Doth womanish and fearful mankind live!
Let worthy minds ne'er stagger in distrust
To suffer death or shame for what is just:
Mine is another voyage. [*Dies.*
Pes. The noble Delio, as I came to the palace,
Told me of Antonio's being here, and show'd me
A pretty gentleman, his son and heir.

Enter DELIO, *and* ANTONIO'S Son.

Mal. O sir, you come too late!
Delio. I heard so, and
Was arm'd for 't, ere I came. Let us make noble use
Of this great ruin; and join all our force
To establish this young hopeful gentleman
In 's mother's right. These wretched eminent things
Leave no more fame behind 'em, than should one
Fall in a frost, and leave his print in snow;
As soon as the sun shines, it ever melts,
Both form and matter. I have ever thought
Nature doth nothing so great for great men
As when she 's pleas'd to make them lords of truth:
Integrity of life is fame's best friend,
Which nobly, beyond death, shall crown the end.
[*Exeunt.*

1/13