THE PASSIONATE PILGRIME.

By W. Shakespeare.

AT LONDON
Printed for W. Jaggard, and are
to be sold by W. Leake, at the Grey-
hound in Paules Churchyard.

1599.
When my Loue sweares that she is made of truth,
I doe beleue her (though I know she lies)
That the might thinke me some vn tutor'd youth,
Vnskilfull in the worlds false forgeries.
Thus vainly thinkeing that she thinke me young,
Although I know my yeares be past the belt:
I smiling, credite her false speaking toung,
Outfacing faults in Loue, with loues ill rest.
But wherfore sayes my Loue that she is young?
And wherfore say not I, that I am old?
O, Loues best habite is a soothing toung,
And Age (in Loue) loues not to haue yeares told.

Therefore I lye with Loue, and Loue with me,
Since that our faults in Loue thus mother'd be.
Two Loves I have, of Comfort, and Despair,
That like two Spirits, do suggest me still:
My better Angell is a Man (right faire)
My worser spirite a Woman (colour'd ill.)
To winne me soone to hell, my Female euill
Tempteth my better Angell from my side,
And would corrupt my Saint to be a Diuell,
Wooing his purity with her faire pride.
And whether that my Angell be turned foe
Suspect I may (yet not directly tell):
For being both to me: both, to each friend,
I ghesse one Angell in another's hell:
The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad Angell fire my good one out.
Did not the heavenly Rhetorike of thine eie,
Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,
Perfwade my hart to this falle perurie:
Vowes for thee broke deuerue nor punishment.
A woman I forswore: but I will profe
Thou being a Goddesse, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heauenly love,
Thy grace being gaine, cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapor is,
Then thou faire Sun, that on this earth doth shine,
Exhale this vapor vow, in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what foole is not so wise
To breake an Oath, to win a Paradice?
Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a Brooke,
With young Adonis, lovely, rash and greene,
Did court the Lad with many a lovely looke,
Such lookes as none could looke but beauties queen.
She told him stories, to delight his ears:
She shew'd him favors, to allure his eye:
To win his heart, she toucht him here and there,
Touches so soft still conquer chauntie.
But whether vnripe yeares did want conceit,
Or he refuse to take her figured proffer,
The tender nibler would not touch the bait.
But smile, and icas, at every gentle offer:
Then fell she on her backe, faire queen, & toward
Herse & ran away, as foole too froward.
IF Loue make me forsworn, how shall I swere to loue?
O, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed:
Though to my feli forsworn, to thee Ille constant proue,
those thoughts to me like Okes, to thee like Others bowed.
Studdy his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes,
where all those pleasures liue, that Art can comprehend:
It knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice:
Wel learned is that young that well can thee commend,
All ignorant that soule, that sees thee without wonder,
Which is to me some prais, that thy parts admyre:
Thyne eye loues lightning seems, thy voice his
dreadfull
which (not to anger bent) is mufick & sweet fire(thunder
Celestiall as thou art, O, do not loue that wrong:
To sing heavens prais, with such an earthly young.
Scarce had the Sunne dride vp the dewy morn,
And scarce the heard gone to the hedges for shade;
When Cytherea (all in Lout forlorn)
A longing variance for Adonis made
Under an Oyster growing by a brooke,
A brooke where Adon vide to coole his spleene;
Hot was the day, the hotter that did looke
For his approach, that often there had beene,
Anon he comes, and throwes his Mantle by,
And stood stark naked on the brooke's greene brim:
The Sunne look't on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wistly, as this Queene on him:
He spaying her, bount in (whereas he stood)
Oh Lovers (quoth she) why was not I a flood?
VII. Fair but false.

Faire is my loue, but not so faire as fickle.
    Milde as a Doue, but neither true nor truitive,
    Brighter then glasse, and yet as glasse is brittle,
    Softer then waxe, and yet as Iron rusty:
        A sily pale, with damaske die to grace her,
    None faireer, not none faller to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she joyned,
    Betweene each kiffe her othes of true loue sweateing,
    How many tales to please me hath she coyned,
    Dreading my loue, the losse whereof still fearing,
        Yet in the mids of all her pure protestings,
    Her faith, her othes, her teares, and all were icallings.

She burnt with loue, as straw with fire flameth,
    She burnt out loue, as soone as straw out burneth:
    She fram d the loue, and yet she foyl d the framing.
    She bad loue left, and yet she tell a turning.
        Was this a louer, or a Lether whether;o
    Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.
VIII. Barnfield's Sonnet to a Lover of Musicke.

If Musicke and sweet Poetrie agree,
As they must needs (the Siflet and the brother)
Then must the loue be great swart thee and me,
Because thou lou'ft the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is deere, whose heavenly such
Vpon the Lute, dooth rauish humane sence:
Spenfer to me, whose deepe Conceit is such,
As passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lou'ft to heare the sweet melodious sound,
That Phoebus Lute (the Queene of Musicke) makes:
And I in deepe Delight am chiefly drownd,
When as himselfe to singing he betakes.
One God is God of both (as Poets faine)
One Knight loues Both, and both in thee remaine.
Aire was the morne, when the faire Queen of love,
   Pale for sorrow then her milke white Dove,
For Adonis sake, a youngster proud and wilde,
Her stand she takes vnpon a steepe vp hill.
Anon Adonis comes with hore and hounds,
She filly Queene, with more then loves good will,
Forbad the boy he should not passe those grounds,
Once (quoth she) did I see a faire sweet yOUTH
Here in these brakes, depe wounded with a Boare,
Depe in the thigh a spectacle of ruth,
See in my thigh (quoth she) here was the sore,
   She shewed hers, he saw more wounds then one,
   And blushing fled, and left her all alone.
To a Fair One dead.

Sweet Rose, faire flower, untimely pluckt, soon faded,
Pluckt in the bud, and vaded in the spring:
Bright orient pearle, alacke too timely shadded,
Faire creature kilde too soon by Deaths sharpe sting:
  Like a greene plumbe that liangs upon a tree:
  And falls (through winde) before the fall should be.

I weepe for thee, and yet no caufe I haue,
For why: thou lefts me nothing in thy will.
And yet thou leists me more then I did craue,
For why: I craued nothing of thee still:
  O yes (deare friend I pardon craue of thee),
  Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.
Venus with Adonis sitting by her,
Vnder a Mittle shade began to wooe him,
She told the youngling how god Mars did trie her,
And as he fell to her, she fell to him.
Euen thus (quoth she) the warlike god embrac t me:
And then she clipt Adonis in her armes:
Euen thus (quoth she) the warlike god vnlac t me,
As if the boy should we like louing charmes:
Euen thus (quoth she) he seized on my lippes,
And with her lips on his did act the feizure:
And as the fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her plezure.
Ah, that I had my Lady at this bay:
To kisse and clip me till I run away.
Crabbed age and youth cannot liue together,
Youth is full of pleasance, Age is full of care,
Youth like summer morn, Age like winter weather,
Youth like summer braue, Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport, Ages breath is short,
Youth is nimble, Age is lame.
Youth is hot and bold, Age is weake and cold,
Youth is wild, and Age is tame.
   Age I doe abhor thee, Youth I doe adore thee,
   O my love my love is young:
   Age I doe desire thee, Oh sweet Shepheard hue thee:
   For me thinks thou staies too long.
XIII. Beauty blemish is beauty lost.

Beauty is but a vaine and doubfull good,
A shining glosse, that vadeeth sodainly,
A flower that dies, when first it gins to bud,
A bristle glasse, that's broken preffently.
A doubfull good, a glosse, a glasse, a flower,
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an houre.

And as goods lost, are seld or neuer found,
As vaded glosse no rubbing will refresh:
As flowers dead, lie withered on the ground,
As broken glasse no frymanc can redresse.
So beauty blemisht once, for euer lost,
In spite of philicke, painting, paine and cost.
Good night, good rest, ah neither be my share,
She bad good night, that kept my rest away,
And daft me to a cabben hангde with care:
To defcant on the doubts of my decay.
   Farewell (quoth she) and come againe to morrow
   Fare well I could not, for I supt with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn or friendship, nill I confester whether:
'Tmay be the joyd to leaft at my exile,
'Tmay be againe, to make me wander thither.
   Wander (a word) for shadowes like my selfe,
   As take the paine but cannot plucke the pelfe.

Lord
Lord how mine eyes throw gazes to the East,
My hart doth charge the watch, the morning rise
Doth site each moving scene from idle rest.
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes.
While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
And with her lays were tuned like the lark.

For she doth welcome daylight with her ditte,
And drives away darke dreaming night:
The night to packt, I post unto my pretty,
Hart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight.
Sorrow changed to solace, and solace mixt with sorrow,
For why, she fight, and bad me come to morrow.
Were I with her, the night would pass too soon,
But now are minutes added to the hours,
To spite me now, each minute seems an hour,
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers.
Pack night, peep day, good day of night now borrow
Short night to night, and length thy selfe to morrow.
SONNETS

To sundry notes of Musicke.

AT LONDON
Printed for W. Jaggard, and are
to be sold by W. Leake, at the Grey-
hound in Pauls Churchyard.

1599.
It was a Lordings daughter, the fairest one of three
That liked of her master, as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Englishman, the fairest that eke could see,
Her fancy fell a turning.
Long was the combat doubtfull, that love with love did fight
To leave the master loneleffe, or kill the gallant knight,
To put in prattife either, alas it was a spite
Unto the silly damself.
But one must be refused, more mickle was the paine,
That nothing could be vfed, to turne them both to gaine,
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with disdain,
Alas she could not helpe it.
Thus art with armes contending was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning, did bear the maid away,
Then lullaby the learned man hath got the Lady gay,
For now my song is ended.
ON a day (alack the day)
Louse whose month was ever May,
Spied a blossome passing fair,
Playing in the wanton ayre,
Through the veluet leaves the wind
All vnseene gan passage find,
That the louer (sick to death)
With himselye the heavens breath,
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blowe
Ayre, would I might triumph so
But (alas) my hand hath sworne,
Nere to plucke thee from thy throne,
Vow (alacke) for youth vnmeet,
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet,
Thou for whom love would swear,
Iuno but an Ethiopere were
And deny hymselfe for love
Turning mortall for thy Love.
MY flocks feede not, my Ewes breed not,
My Rams speed not, all is amiss:
Love is dying, Faithes defying,
Harts nenyng, causer of this.
All my merry ligges are quite forgot,
All my Ladies love is lost (God wot)
Where her faith was firmly fixt in love,
There a nay is plac’d without remove.
One silly crosse, wrought all my loss;
Orowning fortune cursed fickle dame,
For now I see, inconstancy,
More in women then in men remaine.
In blacke morne I, all feares scorne I,
Loue hath fororne me, luting in thrall:
Hart is bleeding, all helpe needinge,
O cruell speeding, fraughted with gall.
My shepheards pipe can found no deale,
My weathers bell rings dolefull knell,
My curtaile dogge that wont to haue plaid,
Plates not at all but seemes afraid.
With sighes so depe, procures to weepe,
In howling wife, to see my dolefull plight,
How sighes resound through hartsles ground
Like a thousand vanquisht men in blodie fight.
Cleare welspring not, sweete birds sing nor,
Greene plants bring not forth their die,
Heards stands weeping, flockes all sleeping,
Nimphes blacke peeping fearefully:
All our pleasure knowne to vs poore swaines:
All our merrie meetings on the plaines;
All our evening sport from vs is fled,
All our loue is lost, for loue is dead,
For a sweet content the cause of all my woe,
Poore Coridon must liue alone,
Other helpe for him I see that there is none.
"When as thine eye hath chose the Dame,
And staid the deare that thou shouldst strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy (partly all might)
Take counsell of some wiser head,
Neither too young, nor yet vnwed.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talke,
Least the some stubble proue vnmeall,
A Cripple soone can finde a hale,
But plainly say thou loue her well,
And let her person forth to tale.
What though her frowning brows be bent
Her cloudy looks will calme yet night,
And then too late she will repent,
That thus dissembled her delight.
And twice desire yet it be day,
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and braule, and say the nay:
Her feeble force will yeld at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say:
Had women beene so strong as men
In faith you had not had it then.
And to her will frame all thy waies,
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there,
Where thy desart may merit praise
By ringing in thy Ladies care
    The strongest castle, tower and townse,
    The golden bulle beats it downe.

Serve alwaies with assured trust,
And in thy tute be humble true,
Unless thy Lady prove vnwise,
Preake never thou to chase a new:
    When time shall serve, be thou not slacke,
To proffer though she put thee back.
The wiles and guiles that women worke,
Dissimuled with an outward shew;
The tricks and toyes that in them lurke,
The Cock that treads the shall not know,
Hast you not heard it said full oft,
A Womans nay doth stand for nought.

Thinkke Women still to trie with men,
To sinne and never for to faint,
There is no heaven (by holy thin)
When time with age shall them attaine,
Were kisses all the toyes in bed,
One Woman would another wed.

But lest enough too much I feare,
Lest that my mistresse heare my song,
She will not stick to round me on th'are,
To teach my toyng to be so long:
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To heare her secrets so bewraid.
Lie with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hilles and vallies, dales and fields,
And all the craggie mountaines yeld.

There will we sit vpon the Rocks,
And see the Shepheards feed their flocks,
By shallow Runers, by whose tails
Melodious birds sing Madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of Roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a Kirtle
Imbrodet all with leaves of Mirth.
A belt of straw and Yuyebuds,
With Corall Clasps and Amber studs,
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my Loue.

Loues answere.

If that the World and Loue were young,
And truth in every shepheards tong,
These pretty pleasures might me move,
To live with thee and be thy Loue.
As it fell upon a Day,
In the merry Month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade,
Which a grove of Myrtles made,
Beaftes did leape, and Birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and Plants did spring;
Every thing did banifh mone,
Saeve the Nightingale alone.
Shee (poore Bird) as all forlome,
Leand her breast vp—till a thorne,
And there fng the dolcfulft Ditty,
That to heare it was great Pitty,
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry
Teru, Teru, by and by:
That to heare her so complaine,
Scarce I could from teares refraine:
For her griefes so liuely showne,
Made me thinke upon mine owne.
Ah (thought I) thou mournst in vaine,
None takes pitty on thy paine:
Sensleffe Trees, they cannot heare thee,
Ruthlesse Beares, they will not sheare thee.
King Pandion, he is dead:
All thy friends are lappd in Lead.
All thy fellow Birds doe sing,
Carelesse of thy sorrowing.
Whilft as fickle Fortune smilde,
  Thou and I, were both beguild,
Every one that flatters thee,
Is no friend in miserie:
Words are easie, like the wind,
Faithfull friends are hard to find:
Every man will be thy friend,
Whilft thou haft wherewith to spend:
But if store of Crownes be scant,
No man will supply thy want
If that one be prodigall,
Bountifull they will him call:
And with such-like flattering,
Pitty but he were a King.
If he be addid to vice,
Quickly him they will intice,
If to Women hee be bent,
They haue at Commandement.
But if Fortune once doe frowne,
Then farewell his great renowne:
They that sawnd on him before,
Ere his company no more.
Hee that is thy friend indeede,
Hee will helpe thee in thy neede:
If thou sorrow, he will weep:
If thou wake, hee cannot sleepe:
Thus of every griefe, in hart
Hee, with thee, doeth bear a part.
These are certaine signes, to know
Faithfull friend, from flattering foe.