

OENONE AND PARIS

1594

To the Curteous Readers.



Enllemen: to make a longe Preamble to a short suite were follie, & therefore (in briefe) thus: Heare you haue the first fruits<sup>1</sup> of my indouours and the Maiden head of my Pen; which, how rude and unpolished it maye seeme in your Eagle-sighted eyes, I can not conceiue, and therefore, fearinge the worst, I haue sought in some sort to preuent it. Apelles hauing framed any Worke of woorth, wold set it openlie to the view of all, hiding himselfe closely in a corner of his Worke-house, to the end, that if some curious and carping fellow came to finde any faulte, he might amend it against the next Market. In the publishing of this litle Poem, I haue imitated the Painter, giuing you this poore Pamphlet to peruse, lurking in the meane-while obscurely till that, hearing how you please to censure of my simple worke, I may in som other Opere magis elaborato apply my Veine to your humors, and be quit from the captious tongues and lauish tearmes of the detracting vulgar able to nip any fruit in the Blossome, and much like the Caterpillers that, nestled in a tree, feed on euerie leafe til al be wythered and defaced. But, leaving them to themselves and all fauourers of forwardnesse in such pleasing humors to their hearts content, I ende.<sup>2</sup>

T. H.

<sup>1</sup> For this, and other echoes of *Venus and Adonis* in the address "To the Curteous Readers," see the Introduction, p. xi.

<sup>2</sup> I ende: a not infrequent conclusion to a prefatory letter; see John Lyly's *Euphues*, 1578, and *Euphues and His England*, 1580, and Robert Greene's *Greene's Never Too Late*, 1590.



Gentle Reader, in perusing this Poem, amend  
these few faulces in the Printing.

In B. page 1. line, 4. for rightly, reade right. eadem, page, 3. line 17. for quandam,  
read quondam. eadem, pag. 5. line 19. for withstood, read withstand. eadem,  
pag. 8. last line, for loſt, read loue. In D. page 1. line 15. for engraued, reade en-  
grained. eadem, pag. 4. line 4. for effect, reade affect. eadem, line 21. for Act-  
data, read Actiala. eadem, pag. 8 line 15. for vp-heauen, read vp-heaued.

## OENONE AND PARIS.<sup>1</sup>

When Sun-bright Phebus in his ferie carre  
Ended his passage through the vernall ſignes,<sup>2</sup>  
And all the trees that on the mountaines are,  
Aspyring Cedars, and the loftie pines,  
And verdaunt flowers mantled all in greene,  
Newly receiued their lineries<sup>3</sup> from their Queene,

5

The Phrigian Paris, carelie in a morning,  
Rose from th'imbracements of his new-stolne bryde,<sup>4</sup>  
Him selfe in silkes his steele with studdes<sup>5</sup> adorning,  
With speedie course fast to the groves he plyde<sup>6</sup>  
Pursuing game as farre as Ida mountaine;  
There hee alight's,<sup>7</sup> and sits<sup>8</sup> him by a fountaine.

10

<sup>1</sup> In the footnotes to this reprint I mainly record borrowings from *Venus and Adonis*, and parallels in diction, thought, or expression from Thomas Heywood. The abbreviation "Hey" (followed by volume and page numerals) refers to *The Dramatic Works of Thomas Heywood . . . in Six Volumes*, issued by John Pearson in 1874.

<sup>2</sup> passage through the . . . signes: Hey, vi. 287; "progress through the Signes;"  
<sup>3</sup> mantled . . . greene . . . lineries: Hey, v. 110; "cloathed . . . in . . . li-  
cines of greene,"

<sup>4</sup> bryde: i.e. Helen; see note to line 162.

<sup>5</sup> steele with studdes: V. and A. 37; "The studded bridle,"

<sup>6</sup> With speedie course . . . he plyde: cf. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, 4. 1. 38:  
"towards them did Hy with speedie course,"

<sup>7</sup> alight's: V. and A. 13; "alight thy steed,"

<sup>8</sup> and sits: V. and A. 17; "Here come and sit,"

[ 4 ]

[ 5 ]



Fastening his Palfrey to a beechen spring,<sup>1</sup>  
 He softly paced to a pleasant bower:  
 There had the Silvanes planted many a thing,  
 Flora bedecked it with eche smelling flower,  
 The Primrose, Cow-slippe, and the Daffadillie,  
 The Pinke, the Dayisie, Violet, and Lillie.

20 Whether he mazed on his beauteous rape,<sup>2</sup>  
 Or of Onone selfe (sweet soule!<sup>3</sup>) forsaken,  
 Whether hee thanked Neptune for his escape,  
 Or sea-borne<sup>4</sup> Venus for his prize so taken,  
 Whether hee came to viewe the wanton Fawnes,  
 Or see the Satyres tripping through the Lawnes,<sup>5</sup>

25 There sate hee still, still musing as hee sate,  
 Leaning his elbowe on a mosse-growne stumpe,  
 His comely temples shadowed with his hate,<sup>6</sup> —  
 Like frowning Inno in an angrie dumpe.  
 A scarfe of greene about his necke hee wore,  
 30 Wherein a huntsemans horne hee hanging bore;

<sup>1</sup> *Fastening . . . beechen spring*: *V. and A.* 37–38: "on a ragged bough Nimble she fastens."  
<sup>2</sup> *rape*: (cf. ll. 68 and 565) the person raped, i.e. Helen; Heywood regularly uses the word in this unusual sense; cf. *Hey.* iii. 147: "avenge me on this rape."  
<sup>3</sup> (*sweet soule*): cf. l. 802 "(poor soule)"; Heywood, "Parts to Helen," l. 536, and "Helen to Paris," l. 82: "(poore soule)"; *Hey.* v. 158: "poore soule"; Heywood, *Dialoques and Drammas* (ed. W. Bang, l. 8750): "(sweet soule)."  
<sup>4</sup> *sea-borne*: Heywood rarely lets pass the opportunity to prefix to the word "Venus" this conventional epithet.  
<sup>5</sup> *Satyres tripping through the Lawnes*: *Hey.* iii. 27: "Satirs, Nymphs, and Pawnses For thee will trip it ore the lawnes."  
<sup>6</sup> *temples shadowed with his hate*: *V. and A.* 339: "And with his bonnet hides his angry brow."

[ 6 ]

In his right hand a bore-speare well hee weldes,  
 Plated with golde, but pointed with sharpe steele;  
 Thus armed doeth Dicyrna trace the felides  
 With all her trayne attending at her heele.  
 Plants were his seate, the leaues hee made his pillow;  
 35 Hee sees a nymphe whose chaplet was of willow;<sup>1</sup>

Lowlye shee sate her in the pleasaunt coole,  
 Her face al swoolne with still distilling teares;  
 Who, breathing out a passion, sayth: "Ah foole,  
 Thy sighes surcharge the fewnesse of thy yeares;  
 40 They fill thy fauour full of wrinkled furrowes;<sup>2</sup>  
 Ingratefull Troian, cause of all my sorrowes!"

A source<sup>3</sup> of teares (preamble to a passion)  
 Hath stopt the passage of her further mone;<sup>4</sup>  
 Yet lookes shee vp, after a mournfull fashion  
 (As Phillis looked for Demophon),  
 And nowe shee sawe him, for shee is almost by him  
 (Close were hee hid if louers could not spye him).

<sup>1</sup> *chaplet was of willow*: the conventional symbol of forsaken love. Heywood, vi. 303, elaborately develops the idea:  
 [She presents a wreath of willow.  
 Thus: All th'Arcadian Swaines & Nymphs that see  
 Your browes ingirt with this forsaken wreath  
 Will take note of his falshood, and your faith . . . .  
<sup>2</sup> *fauour full of wrinkled furrowes*: Heywood, *De Arte Amandi*, p. 7: "Wrinkled furrows will plough thy face."  
<sup>3</sup> *source*: normally a "fountain head, spring" but here, apparently, a "flood"; cf. l. 604: "Thou seest my trickling teares are turnd to sources."  
<sup>4</sup> *stopt the passage of her farther mone*: *Hey.* ii. 13: "Stop up the passage of my sweet reliefe."

[ 7 ]



When, whistlye pacing with a modest gate,<sup>1</sup>  
Softly shee trippeth on the bearing flowers;<sup>2</sup>

And gently came and towcht him where hee saie  
Shadowed from Tryan in the leauy bowers: —

As once the goddesse Citherea came  
To finde Adonis following of his game:<sup>3</sup>

55 Pausing a while (for passions made her pause),  
Shee thus beganne (that hardly<sup>4</sup> found beginning):

“And art thou come to prosequite the cause  
Of well or woe?<sup>5</sup> my loosing or my winning?”

60 Say, gentle Troian, wordes that may delight me,  
And for thy former lust I will acquite thee.

“Loe, howe Aurora with her blushing face  
Bewrayes her lust with Cephalus her loue,  
Thy Crimson rose the Lilly doeth out-chase,  
Thy fauour doeth thy fatal faulces discover!  
That guile-full Curtisan whome thou hast taken  
Mak's poore Oenone viterly forsaken.

65 “Fowle fall that forreine hecfar of the Greekes<sup>6</sup>  
Who, yet a youngling, was braue Theseus rape!

<sup>1</sup> *whistlye* . . . *modest gate*: *V. and A.* 343-44:

O! what a sight it was, wistly to view

How she came stealing to the wayward boy,

<sup>2</sup> *bearing flowers*: supporting her weight: *V. and A.* 267: “the bearing earth”;  
*ibid.* 152: “These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me.”

<sup>3</sup> *As once* . . . *game*: alluding to Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*.

<sup>4</sup> *hardly*: with difficulty.

<sup>5</sup> *well or woe*: *V. and A.* 987: “Thy weal and woe.”

<sup>6</sup> *hecfar of the Greekes*: i.e. Helen: Ovid, “Oenone to Paris,” l. 116: “Grata  
iuuena venit, quae te patriamque dominumque perdat.” This spelling of “heifer”  
appears again in line 660.

[ 8 ]

Noight else saue lust and breach of loue shee seekes.  
Ahl couldst thou not her sutable snares escape?  
If thou doest loue thy life, thy selfe, thy syre,  
Master these raging flames of thy desire.

“Band! bee that barkke that brought from Lacedemon  
That snowt-fayre<sup>2</sup> Princesse with her tempting face!

Could neither chaungeling Proteus, nor Palemon,<sup>3</sup>  
Seas soueraigne Neptune,<sup>4</sup> with thy<sup>5</sup> three-forkt mace, —

Why would not some fayre sea-god make a motion  
To drench that painted Idoll<sup>6</sup> in the Ocean?

“Where was chast Thetis in that stormie stower?  
Or frostie Triton with shrill sounding trumpet?

Oh, wherefore did you not display your power  
Pursuing dire reuenge vpon that strumpet?

Had shee bene steeped in the surging billowes,  
I had not gyrt my temples with these willowes.<sup>7</sup>

“Whole worldes of warrours will besiege your cite  
(King Menelaus will not loose his Inell);

<sup>1</sup> *Band*: cursed: cf. *V. and A.* 326.

<sup>2</sup> *snowt-fayre*: beautiful of face, “of frequent occurrence in the 16th and early  
17th cent. . . usually with some disparaging suggestion.” — *N.E.D.*

<sup>3</sup> *Palemon*: Palaemon, one of the sea gods.

<sup>4</sup> *Seas soueraigne Neptune*: *Hey.* vi. 259: “Neptune, soveraign o'er the Seas.”

<sup>5</sup> *thy*: read “the”?

<sup>6</sup> *painted Idoll*: *V. and A.* 212: “Well-painted idol.” Shakespeare represents  
Venus as thus in admiration describing the beauty of Adonis. Heywood, like  
“T.H.,” uses “idol” as an opprobrious term, for example. (*Hey.* v. 92) Apollo to  
Midass: “Say, Idoll, what's thy name?”

<sup>7</sup> *gyrt my temples* . . . *willowes*: see note to l. 36.

[ 9 ]



Then, fayre-fac'd Phrygian, if thou harborest pitie,<sup>1</sup>  
Returne her backe (the Greekes are fierce and cruell);  
Returne her backe, thy right<sup>2</sup> thou mayst enjoy  
90 With neither wracke nor fallall ende to Troy.

"Else wilt thou prooue that burning fire-brand  
Whereof the fayre Cassandra prophesied.  
With her all Phrigia did thy rape withstand;<sup>3</sup>  
But mothers dreame right hast thou verifed  
95 If these things fall out as they may perhaps.  
Loue me, and so prevent all after-clappes.

"Th'vnbridled rage of your too blinde affection  
Will cause ten hundred thousand<sup>4</sup> mourning widowes;  
Then cleaue, sweete Paris,<sup>5</sup> to thy first election.  
Kisse and imbrace me in those verdaunt meddowes:  
100 If these (as earst they did) can not content thee,  
Yet vouch thou safe at leasure to frequent me.

"Since first thou tolde me of thy fatal vision  
Of Iuno, Pallas, and fayre Citherea,  
Of my inferiours haue I borne derision,  
105 Of blacke-browde Phillis, and browne Galatara.  
These countrey girles do follicke with their lovers;  
But as for me, my face my fate discourers.

<sup>1</sup> *pitie*: for the Trojans.  
<sup>2</sup> *thy right*: thy right of birth as the son of Priam? or thy right to enjoy the love of thy wife, Oenone?  
<sup>3</sup> *withstand*: oppose.  
<sup>4</sup> *ten hundred thousand*: a favorite number with Heywood to represent a vast multitude; *Hey*, iii, 426: "Ten hundred thousand of their honesties." Most often he expressed this as a "million"; cf. ii, 13, 39, 54, 63; iii, 40, 56, 290; etc.  
<sup>5</sup> *sweete Paris*: *V*, and *A*, 613: "sweet boy."

[ 10 ]

"On yonder banke of roseate<sup>1</sup> Lillyflowres,  
Where last I see<sup>2</sup> thee with thy hooke in hand,  
I deem'd the witnessing of higher powers<sup>3</sup>  
110 In greater stead<sup>4</sup> then now (I see) would stand.  
Euen there (yea there) misdoubting what befell  
My speechelesse tongue could hardly bidde farewell.

"Then did thy eyes with pearled teares<sup>5</sup> reueale  
The shallow loue which thou didst alwayes beare me;  
Thy flattering tongue thy falshood did conceale.  
Behold my<sup>6</sup> visage! blushing can not cleare thee.  
Then didst thou promise to returne againe  
115 Ere Cinthia thrise had filld her empty waime.<sup>7</sup>

"To, thrise the Sunne hath compast all the signes;  
Thrise haue these groues beene mantled as you see them,  
And blustering Boreas<sup>8</sup> with his chill colde windes  
Hath thrise disrobded them sithen you did flee them.  
Dailie, sithe thy dissembling speech did faile mee,  
125 By these still streaming fountaines I bewaile me.

"Ere Phebus yokes his ferie foming steedes,  
Ascending vp into his Iuorie chaire,

<sup>1</sup> *roseate*: quarto "Croceate"; but the *N.E.D.* records the first occurrence of this unusual word in 1866, and I have therefore corrected the quarto reading to "roseate." The adjective is frequently employed by Heywood; cf. *Hey*, ii, 66; iii, 13, 184, 228; and "Paris to Helen," l. 356.  
<sup>2</sup> *see*: saw; cf. l. 720.  
<sup>3</sup> *the witnessing of higher powers*: oaths; calling on the gods to witness.  
<sup>4</sup> *stead*: advantage, value.  
<sup>5</sup> *pearled teares*: cf. ll. 282, 277, 782; Heywood was much given to this phrase.  
<sup>6</sup> *my*: read "thy"?  
<sup>7</sup> *empty waime*: the empty portion between the horns of the new moon.  
<sup>8</sup> *blustering Boreas*: Heywood, "Paris to Helen," l. 604: "blustering Boreas."

[ 11 ]



130 Eche morne I seare me by yon stinking weedes;  
Faire smelling flowers agree not with my care,  
My care, which none but thou didst procure,  
VVhich none, saue poore Oenone, could endure.

135 "Now ease my heart with that sweete tongue of thine;  
And wing my lillie fingers<sup>1</sup> in thy fists —  
That hand (faire hand) more soft and smooth then mine;<sup>2</sup>  
And yet my limber arnes haue azured wises.  
Once did Apollo more delight to haue me<sup>3</sup>  
Then did the Nymphes of Ida euer craue thee.

140 "Let that well sounding organ of thy thought<sup>4</sup>  
Adde heauenlie harmonie vnto my hearing,  
May it but seeme remors-full — as it ought —  
VVell will I keepe my gold-like lockes from tearing,  
And change my chaplet into lawrell baies,  
VVhich hath bene worne & withered many daies."

145 But now sad sorrow hath her language<sup>5</sup> choked,<sup>6</sup> —  
His lowring looke forgetolde he was remorslesse.

<sup>1</sup> *wing my lillie fingers*: *V. and A.* 228: "She lockes her lily fingers"; *ibid.* 421: "You hurt my hand with wringing."

<sup>2</sup> *more . . . then mine*: *V. and A.* 116: "Though mine be not so fair."

<sup>3</sup> *Once did Apollo more delight to haue me*: so *Venus* boasts to Adonis (*ll.* 97-98):

I haue been wood'd, as I entreat thee now,  
Even by the stern and dirchall god of war.

<sup>4</sup> *organ of thy thought*: i.e. "that sweet tongue of thine" (*l.* 133). "T.H." seems to haue changed Shakespeare's "engine of her thoughts" (*V. and A.* 367) to "organ of thy thought." Cf. *Hey.* ii. 128: "thou [speakest] the sweetest musick to me that euer Organ playd"; v. 186: "let thy sweet-tun'd organes sound."

<sup>5</sup> *language*: flow of speech; cf. *ll.* 316, 741. Heywood, *De Arte Amandi*, p. 37: "This course of language breaks."

<sup>6</sup> *choked*: *V. and A.* 217: "chokes her pleading tongue."

[ 12 ]

Her great impatience hath this storme prouoked  
(How should she otherwise? her teares were forcelesse.<sup>1</sup>)  
In this dull extraise a while I leaue her,  
And turne to him that did of Ioye becaue her.

Not meanelie moued at her first approche,  
In flowing tearmes he thought to reprehend her,  
Disdaining anie Nymph should now ineroche,  
Or to his highnesse<sup>2</sup> anie suites surrender;<sup>3</sup>  
But when hee knewe<sup>4</sup> she was his quondam wife  
The white and redde were in his face at strife.<sup>5</sup>

Nowe doeth his hearts interpreter<sup>6</sup> beginne  
To pleade excuse (for loue can finde excuses).  
The blushing morne bewrayes her nightly sinne;  
His crimson colour tells his late abuses.  
But setting shame and blushing both aside,  
Thus he beginnes to parlie with his bride:<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *forcelesse*: without effect upon him.

<sup>2</sup> *highnesse*: being no longer "a lowly swayne," but a prince of Troy.

<sup>3</sup> *surrender*: render, deliver.

<sup>4</sup> *knewe*: "to recognize in some capacity, to acknowledge, to admit the claims of" — *N.E.D.*

<sup>5</sup> *The white and redde . . . at strife*: *V. and A.* 345-46: "the fighting conflict . . . How white and red each other did destroy."

<sup>6</sup> *hearts interpreter*: *V. and A.* 335: "the heart's attorney."

<sup>7</sup> *his bride*: his "quondam wife," whom he had now deserted for a second wife. The *N.E.D.* recognizes for "bride" only the meaning "a woman just about to be married"; but Heywood regularly uses the word in the sense of "wife" (cf. *Hey.* iii. 214; vi. 22, 245; etc.).

[ 13 ]



"Oenone, fayrer then the dames of Troy,  
Staine to the Nymphes<sup>1</sup> of fountaines, flowres, and trees;<sup>2</sup>  
A blot to those that woone in Castalye,

165 Fayre Cinthiaes ouernatch<sup>3</sup> in bewty, more then these:  
When Arte to nature had thy face resigned,  
The Rose and Lilly shee in the same combined,

170 "Grace to these hilles, and dales, & louely brookes,  
Disgrace to walled cities,<sup>4</sup> traffique townes,  
Fame to the swift foote huntresses in these nookes,  
Shame to the girles yclad in gorgeous gownes,  
Flower of the forest, primrose of the parke,  
Lilly of these lawnes, Apolloes chiefest marke:<sup>5</sup>

175 "Soothly it greeves mee at thy wofull teares,  
VVhich would they were in mee to remedie.  
Thy ruthfull words, still sounding in my cares,  
Argue thy loue, thy losse, thy great extremitie;  
Which then they would, but now they will not, moue me;  
180 For then I could, but now I can not, loue thee.

"Thy iust complaint might vрге a iust remorse,  
Had not the winged Lad bewitcht my senses;  
My former loue was of sufficient force,  
But second, to loues-selfe a sute commences:

<sup>1</sup> *Staine to the Nymphes: V. and A. 9:* "Stain to all nymphs."

<sup>2</sup> *the Nymphes of fountaines, flowres, and trees: Hey, iii. 28:* "the Nymphes of . . . Meades and Fountaines"; *ibid.* vi. 279: "the Nymphs . . . of wells and fountaines"

<sup>3</sup> *ouernatch: Hey, iii. 241:* "and the great Monster-Master ouernatch."

<sup>4</sup> *walled cities: Hey, vi. 248:* "cities wall'd"; *ibid.* iii. 44: "walled Townes."  
<sup>5</sup> *Apolloes chiefest marke: cf. ll. 137-38.*

[ 14 ]

185 The second sute must beare away the pryse;  
Second excludes the first, and so it dyes.

"T<sup>1</sup> was loue that made me surfet with thy beauty,  
And loues fayre Queene was authour of our pleasure;  
The blinded waiward wag<sup>1</sup> did make vs know our duty,  
190 And I haue loued thee in a modest measure;  
Hymen the god and<sup>2</sup> authour of our marrying:  
All these, not I, were cause of thy miscarrying.

"So haue the fates amongst them selues decreed;  
VVhat fates appoint, it bootes not vs to breake it.  
The Senate of the gods of this agreed,<sup>3</sup>  
195 Why seek'st thou then with bitter woes to wreake it?  
Persist, fayre Nymph, attentively to heare me,  
And thou shalt see how well as I can cleare me.

"VVithin this valley, as thy selfe doest knowe,  
200 A place there is begirt with mighty oakes,  
Where elders, elmes, and espine<sup>4</sup> trees doe growe,  
Whose ore-grown trunks withstand the hardest strokes,  
A nooke where neither simple ewe doeth feede  
Nor horned ramme plucks vp the springing weede:<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The blinded waiward wag:* possibly the poet started to write "the blinded boy," decided to write instead "the wayward wag," and neglected to delete "blinded." Heywood habitually refers to Cupid as a "wag."

<sup>2</sup> *and:* read "was"? Cf. l. 188.

<sup>3</sup> *The Senate of the gods . . . agreed: Hey, v. 151:* "the Senate of the gods . . . the gods agreed."

<sup>4</sup> *espine:* aspen.

<sup>5</sup> *springing weede: V. and A. 417:* "springing things."

[ 15 ]



205 "Euen in the hollow compasse of this angle,<sup>1</sup>  
 Vnscene of Titans narrowe searching shine,  
 Least wanton follie should my minde intangle,  
 That place I chused out to chaunt a ryme:  
 But rymes, nor odes, that place it was not for them;  
 210 Sad Morpheus charmes did cause me to abhorre them.<sup>2</sup>

"Drowsilie leaning on my shepherdes crooke,  
 A sudden earthquake made the mountaines quieter:  
 My feare appeared in my ghaslie<sup>3</sup> looke;  
 Head, heart, legges, limmes, my Iointures, all did shuer.<sup>4</sup>  
 215 Deepelie admiring at this sudden motion,<sup>5</sup>  
 I gaue my selfe precisely<sup>6</sup> to deuotion.

"When, loe, the messenger of mightie Ioue  
 Did with his snakie wand<sup>7</sup> appeare before me,  
 With Iuno, Pallas, and the Queene of Ioue;  
 220 Who with their gestures gentle did adore me,  
 Starting abacke (their presence did affright me),  
 Not knowing that which sithens did delight me.

"And now th'immortall oratour began  
 To chere me vp that had so sadlie drooped:

<sup>1</sup> angle: "a corner into which one may withdraw" — *N.E.D.*  
<sup>2</sup> not for them . . . to abhorre them: see note to ll. 515-16.  
<sup>3</sup> ghaslie: *Hey.* ii. 412: "Why do's you look so ghastly about the room? Whom do your eyes enquire for?" This adjective, in the sense of pale as from fear, occurs with great frequency in Heywood.  
<sup>4</sup> my Iointures all did shuer: *V. and A.* 6.42: "my joints did tremble."  
<sup>5</sup> motion: of the earth.  
<sup>6</sup> precisely: wholly or punctiliously.  
<sup>7</sup> snakie wand: *Hey.* vi. 273: "snaky rod."

[ 16 ]

"Thou borne of Hecuba, take courage, man!  
 With that, to helpe me vp he meeklie stooped.  
 I feared no more — for who is afraid of fairenesse,  
 Or wanton ladies appearing in their barenesse?<sup>1</sup>

"This golden ball, that Ioue threwe downe, quoth he,  
 From the tribunall of his stately throne,  
 Giue to the fayrest goddesse of these three.<sup>2</sup>  
 Which said, he vanished, leauing vs alone.  
 VVell hoping this would happen to my glorie,  
 I read the posie: *Detur pulchriori*.<sup>3</sup>

"Viewing the first, I tooke the heauenly ball  
 And rashly almost laide it in her hand,  
 Supposing her the fayrest of them all:  
 But second sight the same did countermand;  
 235 And, as the second should haue borne the prise,  
 Looking askance, the third bad otherwise.<sup>4</sup>

"Fayre was the first, the second was as fayre,  
 The third no whit inferior to the twaine:

<sup>1</sup> barenesse: Heywood uses this word in the sense of "nudity"; cf. *Hey.* iii. 34, Calisto to Jupiter: "My barenesse I hate hid from sight of skyes."  
<sup>2</sup> the fayrest goddesse of these three: Ovid, "Paris to Helen," l. 70: "vincere quae forma digna sit una duas"; Heywood, "Paris to Helen," l. 121: "And freely Iudge which of these three is fairest"; *Hey.* vi. 244: "To tell which goddesse is the fair'st of three."  
<sup>3</sup> the posie: *Detur pulchriori*: the posie is not mentioned by Ovid, but cf. *Hey.* vi. 248: "What's there inscrib'd to view? Give to the Fairest this as Beauties due."; and *ibid.* iii. 268: "a golden Ball On which was writ *Detur pulcherrimae*."  
<sup>4</sup> According to Ovid Paris did not vacillate in his judgment, but merely weighed which bribe he should accept. Heywood, however, in his telling of the story, represents great indecision on the part of Paris resulting from the overwhelming

[ 17 ]



All would be victors (and they worthe are<sup>1</sup>),  
But one alone the victorie must gaine.

245 That such should winne, I loyed much, beleue me,  
That such shuld lose, this was the thing did grieue me.

"Againe the first exactly I did view;  
The second too: one of these twaine must haue it.

250 Looking a-squint (as I doe nowe at you),  
The third her beawtie from them both did craue it.

In this quandarie musing made me mute.  
Till Iuno first began to breake<sup>2</sup> her sute.

"She promised kingdoms, riches, and renouwe;  
Pallas, what euer arte and nature taught her:

255 The Mother, a Monarchie to weare a Crowne;  
Vertue, witte, wisdom<sup>3</sup>, freely giues the daughter.

I heard them both, and nowe I sit and muse  
VVhether it is better wisdom<sup>3</sup> or wealth to chuse.

beauty of the three goddesses. Thus, in his translation of Ovid's "Paris to Helen,"  
ll. 131-32:

Now this scenes fairest; now againe that other;  
Now would I speake; and now my thoughts I smother.  
And so in *Hey.*, vi. 249:

From none of them I can retract myne eye;  
Where first it fastens it insists, and thence  
I hardly can withdraw myne Optick sense  
How am I then distracted severall waies! . . .

if by chance  
Vpon a second I shall hap to glance  
Myne eye's took captiue and surpris'd again. . . .

<sup>1</sup> *aret*: so quarto, but, for the alliteration, we might expect "were."  
<sup>2</sup> *breake*: make known.  
<sup>3</sup> *Vertue* . . . *wisdom*: for the change in the bribe as represented by Ovid,  
see the Introduction, p. xxxix.

[ 18 ]

"But then bespake the beawtieous Queene of loue,  
Gracing her fayre cheekes with a louely smile.

'Shepherd,' quoth she, 'hearken to thy behoue:  
Let neither giftes nor gold thy minde beguile;

Arte asketh study, Crownes a care to keepe them,  
Both full of toyle and trauell if thou seeke them.

"My selfe will giue thee, what thou most desirest,<sup>1</sup>  
The fayrest Ladie all the whole earth affoordeth.<sup>2</sup>

Giue me the ball, who euer thou requirest,  
Chuse whom & where thou wilt, loues Queene accordeth.<sup>3</sup>

This said, with prize and victorie she departed  
Merry and blithe;<sup>4</sup> the rest, but sorry-hearted.

"Pardon, fayre Nimph, if ought I haue offended;  
I do what all the gods conspire<sup>4</sup> together.

Not I, but Cupid, is to be condemned<sup>5</sup>  
(Rouing,<sup>6</sup> that shoots his darts he knoweth not whether),

Who, happely greued at my first election,  
Wounded my heart with contrary affection.

"Sweete, stint thy teares, that like a pearled shoure  
Drops from the heauens in a summers day"

<sup>1</sup> *what thou most desirest*: see the Introduction, p. xxxv.  
<sup>2</sup> *all the whole earth affoordeth*: a favorite tag with Heywood; cf. *Hey.* ii. 24,  
27, 221; iii. 58, 131, 358, 374; etc.

<sup>3</sup> *Merry and blithe*: cf. l. 605, "blithe and iolly"; Heywood, *Troia*, Z5: "blithe  
and merry," and "Paris to Helen," l. 553: "blithe and jolly."

<sup>4</sup> *the gods conspire*: cf. l. 195, and *Hey.* iii. 65: "the gods . . . haue conspir'd."  
<sup>5</sup> *if ought I . . . Cupid . . . condemned*: *Hey.* v. 226: "If I haue done thee  
wrong, Love was the cause."

<sup>6</sup> *Rouing*: see note to l. 651.  
<sup>7</sup> *a summers day*: *V.* and *A.* 23: "A summer's day."

[ 19 ]



Yelding sweete moisture vnto euery flower.  
280 Euen such were thine at my depart away;  
Thy wofull words, with sighs abruptly broken,  
Thy loue and loyaltie did well betoken.

285 "Likewise my sighes, like exhalations,  
Burst from th' interior cauernes of my hart;<sup>1</sup>  
My ruthfull tongue made bitter exclamations,  
Sounding throughout these groues in euery part.  
Looke, as the lowring clowdes deface the skies,  
So was my face obscured with mine eyes.

290 "As for the promise past which I did make thee,  
Resting vs by this siluer-streaming fount,  
When last to Loues safe guide I did betake thee,<sup>2</sup>  
Pacing along this pleasant shade mount  
To take my speedy iourney into Troy,  
When entercourse of grieffe berret our ioy:

295 "Farre swifter then the winged Pegasus  
Shearing the ayre with braue Bellerophon,<sup>3</sup>  
Our pine-tree barked brought vs to Tenedos,  
Coasting<sup>4</sup> from thence to stately Ilion;

<sup>1</sup> *exhalations* . . . *interior cauernes*: i.e. earthquakes; *V. and A.* 1046-47:  
As when the wind, imprisoned in the ground,  
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes.

<sup>2</sup> *hee*: read "me"?

<sup>3</sup> *swifter* . . . *winged Pegasus Shearing the ayre with* . . . *Bellerophon*: *Hey.* iii. 90-94; Bellerophon (astride "the swift and winged Pegasus"), "cleft the ayre on a swift winged steede."

<sup>4</sup> *pine-tree barked*: *Hey.* iii. 180: "a pine-tree barked."

<sup>5</sup> *Coasting*: this verb normally means "to proceed cautiously, as a vessel hugging the shore"; but Shakespeare (*V. and A.* 870) seems to employ it in the sense of

[ 20 ]

There knew I what I had not knowne before,  
Which made me promise such a short returne,<sup>1</sup>

300 "The noble offspring whence I am descended,  
Sonne to King Priamus and Queene Hecuba,  
Brother to Hector, for his woorth commended  
Throughout the regions of Asia;  
305 My grandsire was the great Laomedon  
That built the clowd-hye towres of Ilion.

"I knew not this when like a lowly swayne  
I kept my goates within these neighbour bounds,  
Treading the measures in this grassy plaine,  
Viewing the Fayries<sup>2</sup> hoppe their merrie round[s]:  
310 I knewe not this when first of all I knewe thee,  
Which had I knowne, I had disdain'd to view thee."

Oh! at that worde, a sudden trembling  
And vncothe<sup>3</sup> feare possessed [her] euery member;<sup>4</sup>  
315 Repley she would once more without dissembling,  
But sighes and sorrowes did her language<sup>5</sup> hinder:  
As doe the windy stormes driue haile and rayne,  
So sighs driue teares from forth her troubled brayne.

"hurrying." "T.H." apparently, and Heywood certainly, uses it in this unusual sense; see *Hey.* v. 65, 216.

<sup>1</sup> *Which* . . . *returne*: my ignorance of which caused me to promise a quick return to you.

<sup>2</sup> *Fayries*: The *N.E.D.* does not justify the calling of nymphs "fairies," but Heywood regularly does so; cf. *Hey.* vi. 279: "Naiades were Nymphs or Fayries," and see Introduction, p. xxxviii.

<sup>3</sup> *vncothe*: strange.

<sup>4</sup> *euery member*: *Hey.* vi. 252: "all and euery member."

<sup>5</sup> *language*: cf. l. 145.

[ 21 ]



320 Like to a gosling in a puttockes clawes,  
Or silly doue on whome the hauke hath seized,

Whose wrathfull furor can not be appeazed,  
Euen so lyes poore Oenone on the playne,  
That liuing, dyed; yet dead, reuitt' th agayne.<sup>1</sup>

325 And now at length this fit shee doeth recover,  
And riseth vp as wakened from a slumber.

330 Clearre shines the sunne when all the storme is ouer;<sup>1</sup>  
Salt teares, as earst, doe not her minde accumber,  
Yet sighes<sup>2</sup> (a preface to ensuing talke).  
She thus goeth on him in his speech to balke:<sup>3</sup>

335 "This stately pine wherein thou has ingrauen  
My name and thine — Lo, where it springeth by thee! —  
These broad-spread beeches, harbor for the Raueyn,  
Wherevnder thou hast vowed neuer to deny me,  
Beare in their barkes thy solemne protestations,  
Which, nowe I finde, were meere dissimulations<sup>4</sup>.

340 "And, loe! one poplar planted in this Arber,  
In whose rough thynne these verses thou hast carued:  
When Paris thoughtes a second loue doe harber,  
Sythe fayre Oenone hath so well deserued,

<sup>1</sup> lyes . . . agayne: *V. and A.* 473-74:

For on the grass she lies as she were slain,  
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

*Hey.* ii. 84: "to die for love, and then revive againe."

<sup>2</sup> sighes: read "sighing"?

<sup>3</sup> balke: "to meet arguments with objections." — *N.E.D.*,  
*F.Ö.* 3. 2. 12: "Her list in stryfull termes with him to balke."

<sup>4</sup> citing Spenser,

Neuer shall mylchie goate in Ida go,  
Nor siluer swanne swimme in the streames of Po;

345 "Xanthus swift waues shall runne against the head  
And clyme the toppes of hyc ascending mountaines;<sup>1</sup>  
Runne backwarde, Xanthus! I am ill bested.  
Sweete Naiades, haunt yee no more these fountaines!<sup>1</sup>  
And, snow-white swannes, come helpe me with your breath  
That I with you may sing against my death.<sup>2</sup>

350 "Flint-hearted Phrygian,<sup>3</sup> thou hast broke thy vowe.  
Blush, and beholde a Nimph for loue that rages.  
And thou, fayre Poplare, still increase and growe,  
To be an historie to after-ages.<sup>4</sup>

355 "Witnessse this holly-oke whereon thou leanest,  
Thou hast dissembled: tell me what thou meanest.  
"Ah, Paris! when like to a simple groomme  
Among the gote-heardes thou these groues frequented,  
Seeing the skipping Satyres<sup>5</sup> in the broome,  
With baggyes shrill and oken quills contented,  
Then didst thou yeeld Oenone pricke and prayes,<sup>6</sup>  
Which now is buried in eternall dayes.

<sup>1</sup> Naiades, haunt . . . fountaines: *Hey.* vi. 279: "Naiades were Nymphs  
of the wells and fountaines."

<sup>2</sup> This and the preceding stanza are closely translated from Ovid.

<sup>3</sup> Flint-hearted Phrygian: *V. and A.* 95: "Flint-hearted boy."

<sup>4</sup> historie to after-ages: *Hey.* ii. 5: "worthy memory of after-ages."

<sup>5</sup> the skipping Satyres: *Hey.* v. 97: "the skipping Satyrs."

<sup>6</sup> yeeld Oenone pricke and prayes: *Hey.* v. 127: "give to *Par* the Pricke and  
prayse."



365 "Of hast thou scene me in the meades below  
 Litely to leade the Nymphes about the trees,  
 And on these bankes where Aescacus doth flow  
 Dauncing to teach Dianas Votaryes,  
 When Faunus, father of the rurall gods,<sup>1</sup>  
 Swore that I did surpassse them all by odds.

370 "Of hast thou scene me, with thy selfe vnsene  
 Of any Nymph saue of my selfe alone,  
 Whole after-noones to parlye<sup>2</sup> in this greene.  
 But all these pleasures and delightes are gone.  
 Of hast thou thy lippes ioynd with these lippes of mine,  
 Sending out sugred sighes to Paphos shrine.

375 "Of hast thou found me by this pleasant Myrtle  
 (Greene myrtle, dedicate to Ioues fayre Queene),  
 Whose leaue branches stead me for a kirtle,  
 Whose spreading toppe hath oft our shadow beene  
 When thou sat chaunting out thy loue-sick charmes,  
 Holding me deftly in thy limber arnes.

380 "Y on<sup>3</sup> plants of Phebus, hunny-smelling bayes,  
 Winnesse with me of thy deceite and flatterie,  
 Whose compassse kept vs from the sunnes hotte rayes  
 When my poore heart by thee sustein'd a batterie.  
 Ah, leaue the court, full fraught with fortunes showres,  
 And lye in loue among these leaue bowres.

<sup>1</sup> *The rurall gods*: Hey. v. 115: "the rurall gods"; v. 182: "Pan, the rurall god."  
<sup>2</sup> *Of hast thou scene . . . parlye*: Hey. vi. 245: "Of in familiar conference  
 haue I seen them [i.e. Oenone and Paris]."  
<sup>3</sup> *Yon*: quarto "Yon."

385 "The Dawlian byrd<sup>1</sup> with thousand notes at least  
 Reserues them till the griping<sup>2</sup> of the euen;  
 A prickle is prepared for her breast  
 To celebrate this night an happie steuen;<sup>3</sup>  
 The whistling blackebirds, and the pleasant thrushes,  
 With mirrhfull Mawis, flocke about the bushes;<sup>4</sup>

395 "The Satyres, and goat-footed Aegipines,<sup>5</sup>  
 Will with their rurall musicke come and meete thee;  
 With boxen pypes<sup>6</sup> and countrey Tambourines  
 Faunus and olde Sytuanus they will greet thee:  
 Then leaue not them which seem thus to admire<sup>7</sup> thee,  
 And leaue not her that doeth so sore desire thee.

400 "The faire Napce,<sup>8</sup> beawtie of these bankes,  
 As once they daunced at thy wedding day,  
 So will they now, and yeelde thee thousand thanks,  
 Footing it finely to intreat thy stay.  
 The fountaine Nymphes that haunt these pleasant springs,<sup>9</sup>  
 One sort will trip it, while another sings.

<sup>1</sup> *The Dawlian byrd*: Heywood, *History of Women*, "The Dawlian bird."  
<sup>2</sup> *griping*: twilight; cf. Lyly, *Euphues and His England* (ed. Abbot, p. 233), "In  
 the griping of the euening."  
<sup>3</sup> *steuen*: cf. Chaucer, *Dethe Blauncher*, 307: "Some of hem [birds] songe  
 lowe. Some hygh, and all of one accord . . . Was neuer harder so sweete a steuen."  
<sup>4</sup> *blackebirds . . . thrushes . . . bushes*: Hey. v. 227: "Black-bird and Thrush  
 in euey Bush."  
<sup>5</sup> *Aegipines*: fauns.  
<sup>6</sup> *boxen pypes*: pipes made of boxwood.  
<sup>7</sup> *admire*: "to regard with admiration mingled with affection." — *N.E.D.*  
<sup>8</sup> *Napce*: wood nymphs.  
<sup>9</sup> *Nymphes that haunt . . . springs*: Hey. ii. 66: "Nymphs that haunt the siluer  
 streames."



405 "The nimble Fayries, taking hand in hand,  
Will skippe<sup>1</sup> lyke rather<sup>2</sup> lamblins in the downes  
(The tender grasse vnbended still shall stand),<sup>3</sup>  
Coole Zephyrus still flaring vp their gownes;  
And euery shepheardes swayne will tune his ode:  
And more then these, to welcome thy abode.

410 "Woonder of Troy!<sup>4</sup> Natures exactest cunning!<sup>5</sup>  
Glorie of shepheardes! Idaes chiefe Decorum!<sup>6</sup>  
Directorie<sup>7</sup> of my chusing and my shunning!  
More then a man<sup>8</sup> saue in that fex Amorum!<sup>9</sup>  
That trothlesse Tindaris<sup>10</sup> thy faith defaceth,  
That lust, thy loue, that fault, thy fame, disgraceth.

415 "Then sojourne here where louely Cupid reigneth,  
Within the precinct of this country soyle,  
Whose fruitfull fallowes Maors neuer staineth  
With bloodie massacres in any broyle:  
Here Cinthia lues that loues the painefull farmour,  
Not braue Bellona glistering in her armour.

<sup>1</sup> hand in hand, *Will skippe*: *Hey.* v. 94: "trip hand in hand."  
<sup>2</sup> rather: earlier, very early.  
<sup>3</sup> grasse vnbended . . . stand: see Introduction, p. xxxiv.  
<sup>4</sup> Woonder of Troy: *V. and A.* 1153: "wonder of time"; *ibid.* 13: "Thou wonder."  
<sup>5</sup> Natures exactest cunning: *Hey.* ii. 64: "Natures better part of workmanship."  
<sup>6</sup> Decorum: ornament.  
<sup>7</sup> Directorie: guide.  
<sup>8</sup> More then a man: *V. and A.* 9: "more lovely than a man."  
<sup>9</sup> fex Amorum: i.e. faithlessness. The quarto in error prints "fex."  
<sup>10</sup> Tindaris: Helen, so called because the accepted daughter of Tyndareus, of Sparta.

[ 26 ]

"Fayre, wage no warre, nor giue no wariours wages;  
If thou catch blowes, I shall nor breathe nor blowe!<sup>1</sup>  
My life is pawnd if thou lackest gages;  
My heart is scorched if thy anger glowe:  
For euery curtlax glauncing on thy creast  
Craseth<sup>2</sup> the tender heart within my breast.

"The lust of Læda<sup>3</sup> summons thee to fight  
(I, and be sure the Greekes will be reuenged!)  
I wish no warres; but Hellen, haplesse wight,  
Causeth their rankes and battailes to be reuenged.<sup>4</sup>  
I feare thy stroakes from fierce Achilles glauē<sup>5</sup>  
Will bring thy poore Oenone to her graue.

"To bruise thy corset bursteth me with care;  
To pierce thy steele doeth penetrate my soule;  
Wounded by foes, Oenone worse will fare,  
For of my teares thou canst not take the towle.  
But if thou needes wilt warre,<sup>6</sup> then warre with me:  
A meekeer battaile, trust me, can not be.

"I am thy foe, doe what thou canst to force me!  
Tilt fayre, but fayrely,<sup>7</sup> least thy stroakes rebound.

<sup>1</sup> blowe: flower, flourish.  
<sup>2</sup> Craseth: battereth.  
<sup>3</sup> The lust of Læda: Helen, the offspring of Iove's "scape" with Læda.  
<sup>4</sup> reuenged: ranged.  
<sup>5</sup> glauē: glauē, sword.  
<sup>6</sup> warre: see Introduction, pp. xxxv-viii.  
<sup>7</sup> Tilt, fayre, but fayrely: *V. and A.* 208: "Speak, fair, but speak fair words"; Heywood, *De Arte Amandi*, p. 90: "Come late, but comely"; *Hey.* iii. 192: "Fight, but fight safe"; *ibid.* vi. 287: "strike, but strike home."

[ 27 ]



Sit fast and close, or else I will vnhorse thee,  
Yet fall the first, to saue thee from the ground.  
If I be foundred, t'is but a meere chaunce;  
I force not to be foyled with thy launce.

445 "Thy armes for armour, sure<sup>1</sup> for swords, may stread thee;  
My selfe vnarmed lighter will I strippe.<sup>2</sup>  
Thou hast the oddes, and yet I dare to lead<sup>3</sup> thee;  
Ayme where thou wilt, first stroke shall be at lippe.  
The next encounter can doe little harme;  
450 Well can I winde mee in thy twining arme.<sup>4</sup>

"And if I lye the vndermost of all,<sup>5</sup>  
It's not the vantage that can make me feare;  
Thou canst not hurt mee with a backewarde fall,<sup>6</sup>  
Poore women-kinde are bredde and borne to beare.  
455 If to this warre thou canst thy liking frame,  
Bee what thou wilt, and I will be the same.

"Be Phaoes' Boateman, I will be thy barge;  
Bathe in this fountaine here a while to sport thee,  
Thy milke-white skinne the pebbles shall not marke,  
460 Twixt them and thee Ile lye me leasr they hurt thee;

<sup>1</sup> *sute*: i.e. suit for my love.  
<sup>2</sup> *stripper*: cf. *Hey*, iii. 236: "naked I dare meet the God of Warre."  
<sup>3</sup> *lead*: make the first move, as in fencing.  
<sup>4</sup> *thy twining arme*: *V. and A.* 256: "her twining arms."  
<sup>5</sup> *lye the vndermost of all*: *Hey*, iii. 282: "When you [i.e. Paris] fall, Look that the Queene [i.e. Helen] lie vnder-most of all."  
<sup>6</sup> *backewarde fall*: *V. and A.* 41: "Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust."  
<sup>7</sup> *Phaoes*: Phaon, the boatman beloved by Sappho.

[ 28 ]

Oh! be my sternesman, I will be thy barge,  
It's not thy weight that can me ouercharge;

"Be thou Pigmalion, I his yuorie worke  
(Though woman-like, a colde and sencelesse stone),<sup>2</sup>  
Suffer me in thy naked bedde<sup>3</sup> to lurke,  
465 Clippe, kisse, colle, loue me like Pigmalion,  
Thou need'st not pray, as he did, for my life,<sup>4</sup>  
Of such a picture<sup>5</sup> I can make thy wife."

At this the Troian ganne to chase<sup>6</sup> a laughter;<sup>7</sup>  
He would, and yet no longer could, forbear it;<sup>8</sup>  
And seemed ioyfull Cupid had so caught her,  
Like wanton gyrls beloued, and loue to heare it.  
This fell vnkindnesse did so fowlie fret her  
470 That speake she would, but weeping would not let her.

Toyes<sup>9</sup> stoppe his tongue but teares her talking hinders;  
Mirth maketh him, but mourning makes her, mute;  
Loues burning coales are turned into cynders,  
475 Which cold conceite she lysteth not to bruit;<sup>10</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Oh*: read "Or"?  
<sup>2</sup> *colde and sencelesse stone*: *V. and A.* 211: "cold and senseless stone."  
<sup>3</sup> *in thy naked bedde*: *V. and A.* 397: "in her naked bed."  
<sup>4</sup> *for my life*: for me to be changed into a living creature.  
<sup>5</sup> *picture*: statue; *V. and A.* 211-14: "lifeless picture . . . statue."  
<sup>6</sup> *chase*: cf. Chaucer, *Clerke's Tale*, 337: "And shortly forth this tale for to chase."  
<sup>7</sup> *At this . . . laughter*: *V. and A.* 241: "At this Adonis smiles as in disdain."  
<sup>8</sup> *forbear it*: Ovid, "Helen to Paris," l. 161: "vix tenui risum, quem dum con- pescere lator."  
<sup>9</sup> *Toyes*: things that occasion amusement; here the "laughter" of line 469?  
<sup>10</sup> *bruit*: speak of.

[ 29 ]



480 Yet, like to Tyran peeping through a clowde,  
She breakes her mind that earst her woe did shrowd:

485 "Thinke not the sonne of great Laomedon<sup>1</sup>  
Or braue Cyssus<sup>2</sup> broode may be ashamed  
To tearme me daughter, though nowe woe begon.  
My curious beawty is not to be blamed;  
My hand a scepter well may seeme to holde;  
My temples may support a crowne of golde;

490 "My hayres (disheneled Arachnes twynes<sup>3</sup>)  
Are likest to Apolloes golden wyers;  
My cheekes engrained with vermillion lynes;  
My quaint conceits haue kindled quenchesse fyres;  
My chrySTALL lampes,<sup>4</sup> whilome thy whole delight,  
Shine like two bright carbuncles<sup>5</sup> in the night.

495 "As when bright Tyran in his purple hew<sup>6</sup>  
Leades fourth his lemman to his daily race  
And with a louely<sup>7</sup> kisse takes his adew,  
Such are the splendant colours of my face,  
To which fayre Cinthia in loues despite  
Hath entermixt some of her siluer white.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *the sonne of great Laomedon*: Priam.  
<sup>2</sup> *Cyssus*: Hecuba, so called because the daughter of Cissus, King of Thrace.  
<sup>3</sup> *twynes*: twisted strands.  
<sup>4</sup> *lampes*: eyes, as in *V. and A.* 4. 489, 1128.  
<sup>5</sup> *carbuncles*: cf. *Hamlet* II. ii. 485: "With eyes like carbuncles."  
<sup>6</sup> *Tyran* . . . *purple hew*: *V. and A.* 1: "Even as the sun with purple-colour'd face."  
<sup>7</sup> *louely*: full of love.  
<sup>8</sup> *Cinthia* . . . *siluer white*: *V. and A.* 7. 28: "Cynthia . . . her silver shine."

[ 30 ]

500 "Like Amphetrite, floating on the waues,  
Stripes vp her sleeces to bare her naked wrists,  
And drowning it within the stream, she rates<sup>1</sup>  
For Corral branches to adorne her fests;  
Her Iuorie hande inferiour vnto mine.<sup>2</sup>  
My Corral-colloured lippes like Rubies shine.

505 "My breath, like Zephirus delightfull steame<sup>3</sup>  
That softlie murmureth among the trees  
To rocke the Loue-God in a wanton dreame,  
His curled pate laide on his Psiches knees —  
My selfe as faire as Cupid or his Loue,  
Vnworthe Paris should me thus repproue!

510 "My voice, like Venus when she smiling came,  
Drawne in her chariot by her Silver Doones,<sup>4</sup>  
To call the God of Battaille by his name,  
When Vulcans wicrie Nette bewraied their looues.  
Disdainfull Paris, dost thou then abhorre mee?  
What reason hast thou that I am not for thee?<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *rates*: searches the bottom, by lifting up from thence objects for inspection.  
<sup>2</sup> *Stripes* . . . *bare* . . . *wrists* . . . *inferiour vnto mine*: cf. *Hey.* vi. 250:  
Behold my white wrists, and my arms quite bare,  
And are not these incomparably rare?  
<sup>3</sup> *breath* . . . *steame*: *V. and A.* 6. 2–63:  
Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face;  
She feedeth on the steame.  
<sup>4</sup> The chariot of Venus is not mentioned by Ovid, but the reference to it here  
may have been inspired by *V. and A.* 1190–92:  
And yokes her silver doves, by whose swift aid . . .  
In her light chariot quickly is conveyed.  
Heywood likewise refers to Venus' chariot as "light" (*Hey.* vi. 263): "And then  
I yocat my Peacocks . . . and in my light chariot."  
<sup>5</sup> *dost thou then abhorre mee* . . . *I am not for thee*: *V. and A.* 137–38:  
Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for thee,  
But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

[ 31 ]



“Are Iybes the guerdon for my great good will?  
Are scoffes and flowtes the loue I merited?  
Hath hurtfull Helen scooled thee so ill  
That loue for lust must thus be disinherited?  
For euer maie her whoorish trickes be scand<sup>1</sup>  
That breakes the knot of sacred Hymens band!

525 “Ah, litle doest thou know Affections force!  
Thou hadst not dealt thus falslie hadst thou knowne it.  
Weare my corryuall<sup>2</sup> but a seneclesse Corse  
That bred seditious seede, and heare hath sowne it,<sup>3</sup>  
Still had I liued vnlloathed of my Louer  
That, now forlorne, am forst my face to couer.

530 “Dost thou disdaine me for thou art so fayre?  
Why collours fade, and Beautie it will perish.  
Would thou reiect mee wert not<sup>4</sup> Prians Heire?  
My fayre thy face, my wealth thy want, might cherish:  
Mine is for ay, thy beautie is but lent.  
What greater wealth, I pray thee, then Content?

535 “Is not my byrth equiualent with thine?  
I am a Nimph, thou but a mortall creature!<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *scand*: criticized, blamed.  
<sup>2</sup> *corryuall*: *Hey*. ii. 19: “cortiuall in his love.”  
<sup>3</sup> *Corse* . . . *seditious seede* . . . *sowne it*: cf. *Hey*. vi. 143:  
This purtified Corse [of Helen] by him [Paris] so bought . . .  
What broiles, what strage, what slaughter to destroy,  
Did this loth<sup>4</sup> D carkase breed ‘twixt Greece and Troy!  
Became it thee, friend Paris, to forsake  
Thy houshold gods, and such a journey take,  
To hazard seas, only to fetch away  
From Greece this rottenness, this putrid clay?  
<sup>4</sup> *not*: quarto “thou,” possibly a compositor’s error through post-assimilation.  
<sup>5</sup> *Nimph* . . . *mortall creature*: see Introduction, p. xxxviii.

Am I not tricked vp in veluets fine?  
Nature, not Arte, hath portraitured my feature.  
Vnto Eternitie thou maist mee summon,  
Of thee lesse prised then a gadding woman!

540 “Forethinke<sup>1</sup> thee not that heare thou didst frequent mee  
Passing the Spring-tide of thy blooming Age;  
Of mee (‘base Nimph’) thou needst not to repent thee,  
I am thy peere in Honors equipage.  
But loouing Manhood more then Phaebus Deitie,<sup>2</sup>  
Thus am I plagued for my great Impietie.

545 “Weigh with thy selfe howe dearely I haue loued thee,  
Receiuing him that offers to reiect mee.  
Had not thy tempting teares with pity moued me,  
Nought else had force to make me to affect thee,  
Which, had I scand them in a right construction,  
My coy disdaine had bred thy fowle destruction.

550 “But finding thee, loe I haue lost my selfe;  
To keepe thee dry, my dotage hath me drowned:  
Like him that busily to saue his pelte  
Both looseth welth and is him selfe confounded,  
Seeking to saue thy life by granting loue,  
I susteine sorrowe neuer to remoue.

555 “When shaggy Satyres in these mountaines sought me  
And Faunes showre<sup>3</sup> till echoing hilles resoundes

<sup>1</sup> *Forethinker*: regret.  
<sup>2</sup> *loouing* . . . *Deitie*: i.e. loving Paris, a man, more than Apollo, a god.  
<sup>3</sup> *showre*: read “did showre,” or “do showre”?



(First,<sup>1</sup> fearful least some sudden furie caught me,  
The rest, to heale their euerecurelesse woundes),  
I hidde me close and neuer come among them.  
Thou art the onely cause that thus I wrong them.

565 "Thou and thy rape<sup>2</sup> haue done me double wrong;<sup>3</sup>  
But were she here, howe sore would I assault her!  
For Acidalia<sup>4</sup> suffers her too long,  
Thoe I haue offered incense at her alter.  
All were I wearyed with Paris guile,  
570 Yet haue I sent sweete sighes to Cyprus Ile.

"A thousand sithes I kept her yeerely heastes  
At Cithara and Paphos Iouing temple;<sup>5</sup>  
575 Of long I haunted not Dianaes feastes,  
But, louer-like, was foolish, sottish, simple.  
Winnesse thou, Priapus, with whose fayre flowers  
I deckt her altars and decayed bowers!

"Neuer hereafter will I yeelde her honnor;  
Her shined vestures euer bee defaced.  
Neuer hereafter will I looke vpon her;  
580 Her painted picture will I see disgraced!<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> First: the first mentioned, i.e. the satyrs.

<sup>2</sup> rape: Helen; see note to line 19.

<sup>3</sup> haue done me double wrong: V. and A. 429: "hath done me double wrong."

<sup>4</sup> Acidalia: Venus.

<sup>5</sup> Iouing temple: temple dedicated to love.

<sup>6</sup> With the general thought of these lines, cf. *Hey.* v. 97:  
Have you not heard how *Venus* is contemn'd?  
Her temples gaz'd at, but not troad vpon,

Her selfe, her sonne, her favorites, and her friendes,  
For this iniustice can not make amendes.

"She gaue my loue, whome I haue loued so well,  
To one that beares her vertue in her browes!<sup>1</sup>  
And for a ball my sollace did she sell!  
585 Ah! breake her promise, credite, faith, and vowes?  
So shall the Queene of beawtie liue defamed,  
Till of her toyish trickes shee be ashamed.

"Yet once againe, fayre Trojan, let mee heare thee  
Speake graciously (thy colour<sup>2</sup> grace portendeth).  
If I haue wooed thee shall another weare thee?  
590 I on[e] had woonne thee, too: this onely rendeth  
And teares my heart, halfe melted into teares,  
The breach whereof within my face appears."

When this was said, no more she had to say,  
Yet thousand thoughts are in her minde concurring;<sup>4</sup>  
Shee feares his farewell, leasr he would not stay,  
595 Which when she thinks, she stands, no member stirring.

Her stately hangings and her pillowes torne;

The rose garlands that her statues crown'd,

Are wither'd, or else trampled on the ground;

Those troopes that flock'd to *Paphos* to adore mee,

Shun *Paphos* now, and scornfully abhorre mee.

Cf. also *Hey.* v. 100: "When *Cithareas* altars were left bare."

<sup>1</sup> her vertue in her browes: *Hey.* iii. 227: "such as were borne to nothing but beauty."

<sup>2</sup> colour: i.e. blushing.

<sup>3</sup> wooed thee . . . weare thee . . . woonne thee: a favorite expression with Heywood, cf. *Hey.* ii. 54; iii. 55; 146; v. 318; vi. 254; etc.

<sup>4</sup> thousand thoughts . . . concurring: Heywood, "Paris to Helen," l. 493: "A thousand things at once are in my braine."



600 But now the Troians turne began to speake,  
Who, sunnwhat sadly, with her thus did breake:

605 "Fayre Nymph, thy passions vnto mee are painfull.  
My cares do glow to heere thy sad Discourses.  
I am not surlie, proude, fell, and disdainfull;  
Thou seest my trickling teares are turnd to sources.  
Nor am I, as I wooted, blithe and iollye;  
Thy<sup>1</sup> future fortunes summons mee to follye.

610 "Cupid, the cause<sup>2</sup> that first of all I loued thee,  
Is the occasion that I needes must leaue thee;  
The same besiege my<sup>3</sup> hart and hath remoued<sup>4</sup> mee,  
The selfe same heart<sup>5</sup> that whilome did receaue thee,  
Not hard and stonie, or (as thou tearmst it) flinted,<sup>6</sup>  
But wax-like, easie to be soone imprinted.<sup>7</sup>

"The Potters claye receaueth any fashion,  
The melting Snow takes any deepe Impression,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Thy*: read "My"?  
<sup>2</sup> *Cupid, the cause*: *Hey*. v. 226: "If I have done thee wrong, Love was the cause."  
<sup>3</sup> *my*: quarto "me."  
<sup>4</sup> *remoued*: "To move, affect (the heart)." ?1600; *Lily's Loves Mistress*, 4. 2. "Men whose loves are built on truth, and whose hearts are remoued by curtesie." — N.E.D.  
<sup>5</sup> *the selfe same heart*: *Hey*. iii. 272: "the selfe-same man, but not the selfe-same heart."  
<sup>6</sup> *hard* . . . *stonie* . . . *flinted*: *V. and A.* 199: "obdurate, flinty, hard as steel."  
<sup>7</sup> *wax-like, easie to be soone imprinted*: *V. and A.* 565–66: "wax . . . yields . . . to every light impression."  
<sup>8</sup> *Snow* . . . *Impression*: *V. and A.* 354: "new-fall'n snow takes any dint."

[ 36 ]

A tender heart is pearced with a passion,  
A grieuous crime is pardoned by confession;  
My heart, in Cupids handes to steare and stay,  
More soft then wax, then Snow, then Potters clay.

620 "If he drawe backe his force, his might, his strength,  
Which bindes mee bondslawe to a second Ladie,  
Gaining free-will and libertie at length,  
Soone shalt thou see I will doo all that maie bee;  
For with his fierie darte so sore he stingeth<sup>1</sup>  
That from one Spunge both fire and water<sup>2</sup> wringeth.

625 "Th'attractive Adamant can drawe no Iron  
If the pure Diamond<sup>3</sup> be placed neere it:  
The loue that doth my heart and thought inuiron  
Admits thy Plea and sute, and faine would heare it;  
But that faire Diamond to whome I am affected  
Withstands thy sute, and makes thee bee reiected.

630 "The purenes of her white and red Complexion,  
As leat the strawe, perforce doth drawe my senses:  
She is the Loade-stare of my whole direction.  
Thus loue with lust vnequallie dispenses.  
A Louers thought, it euermore aspireth,  
For more he surfeteth he more desireth.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *stingeth*: pierceth, as with a sharp-pointed weapon.  
<sup>2</sup> *Spunge* . . . *fire and water*: cf. Heywood, *How a Man May Choose* (ed. A. E. H. Swaen, ll. 2426–27): "The sponge of either eye Shall weep red teares"; *Hey*. iii. 323: "Those eyes that now shed water, shall speak fire."  
<sup>3</sup> *Adamant* . . . *Iron* . . . *Diamond*: cf. *Lily's Euphues* (ed. Arber, p. 195): "the Adamant cannot draw yron if the Diamond lye by it."  
<sup>4</sup> *surfeteth* . . . *more desireth*: *V. and A.* 548: "And glutton-like she feeds, yet neuer filleth."

[ 37 ]



640 "She is no Bawde, no base and filthie woman,  
But one whome heauen and earth haue both admired;  
She is not whoorish, toyish, foolish, common,  
But whom heaueus king & Ioues queene haue conspired  
To grace mee with; yea, and so much the rather  
For Venus is her Planet,<sup>1</sup> Ioue her father.

645 "But leauing her, returne wee to our selues,  
Whose heart-sicke woundes are hardly to bee healed.  
Where Cupid mindes to enter, there he delues,  
And, digging deepe, the bargaine must be sealed;  
But, plowing slender furrowes in our hartes,  
Easie resistance is against his dartes.

650 "What made the gods to trewant it from heauen  
And shift them subtilly into sundrie shapes  
But he that rouses his shaftes at sixe and seven,<sup>2</sup>  
Laughing at riot, revelling, and rapes?  
His force made Ioue with Danaes to iest,  
Beguiling faire Alcmena and the rest.

655 "His scapes with fayre Europa<sup>3</sup> shew Ioues might,  
When like a milke-white bull with siluer hornes,  
His curled front vp-beaued fayre to sight,  
Venting,<sup>4</sup> he browzeth on the budding thornes,

<sup>1</sup> *Planet*: controller; Venus had promised Paris to see to it that Helen accepted his suit; *Hey*, iii. 255: "What shall then succeed Leave to my care."

<sup>2</sup> *at sixe and seven*: at random; *Hey*, v. 341: "at sixe and seaven"; *ibid.*, vi. 286: "The shafts of love Are ever shot at random."

<sup>3</sup> *scapes with fayre Europa*: *Hey*, iii. 72: "the fayre Europa's rape . . . Such scapes may breed iust feares." Heywood very often used the word "scapes" in the sense "sexual affairs," as ii. 37: "love when his love-scapes he attempted."

<sup>4</sup> *Venting*: snuffing up the air.

[ 38 ]

And, beast like bellowing through the fruitful meads,  
He followeth fast whither his fayre hecfaer leades,<sup>1</sup>

665 "Loue made him falsifie his nuptiall oath  
To Iuno (Ioue is in no lawe contained<sup>2</sup>);  
Well might she make the King of heauen wroath,  
And yet his cranks will neuer be refrained.  
So cunningly Calisto he beguill'd,  
A mayde was thought to get a mayde with childe.

670 "A many moe might quickelic bee recied:  
For her, a snake, for this, a feathered swanne:  
And he, that alwayes foyled where he fought,<sup>3</sup>  
Hath bene euen captiuated as a man.  
The wanton wadge he sparreth not one nor other,  
For he hath dared to dart them at his mother.

"The Imperious boy made Hercules to stoope  
That tamed tyrants and did master monsters,<sup>4</sup>  
And pent him vp within a slender coope.  
Ah, lordly Ioue the minde of man misconsters!  
He makes Alcides put apart his glaue,  
And to his tentes to followe him like a slaue.

<sup>1</sup> *followeth . . . his fayre hecfaer leades*: the stanza was probably inspired by *Venus and Adonis*, ll. 259-324.

<sup>2</sup> *Ioue is in no lawe contained*: cf. Lyly, *Euphues* (ed. Abbot, p. 93): "Loue knoweth no lawes: Did not Iupiter transforme himselfe into," etc.

<sup>3</sup> *he . . . fought*: i.e. Mars; *V. and A.* 114: "that foiled the god of fight."

<sup>4</sup> *tamed tyrants . . . master monsters*: *Hey*, iii. 241: "The Tyrant-tamer and the great Monster-master."

[ 39 ]



680 "For his victorious clubbe, he holdes a rocke,<sup>1</sup>  
Bound by his mistresse to a daylie taske;<sup>2</sup>  
And for his Lions spoyles, a womans frocke,  
Spinning as much as Iole<sup>3</sup> would aske.

Who would haue deemed that he which conquered all  
Should thus by loue come to so foule a fall?

685 "The lawes of loue are full of pure diuinitie;<sup>4</sup>  
Beawtie, it is attractive and deuine.

This caused Cinthia that had vowde virginite  
Her horned compassse to the earth decline  
To giue long sleeping Latmian swayne a kisse —  
His fayrenesse did deserue no lesse then this.

690 "Thy selfe no lesse ouer-heated with this flame:  
Well I remember thou diddest often tell mee  
That Phebus hath requested<sup>5</sup> euen the same  
Which I obtained; Phebus did excell mee;  
It was Cupid, carelesse of thy loue and life,  
That stung<sup>6</sup> thee deepeley to be Paris wife.

695 "On him, therefore, and on his foule abuses,  
(That rudely ruleth) let barely<sup>7</sup> him bee blamed;

<sup>1</sup> rocke: distaff; *Hey.* iii. 240: "Makes of his club a rocke."

<sup>2</sup> taske: *Hey.* iii. 243: "there, at his taske."

<sup>3</sup> Iole: "T.H." confuses the stories of Iole and Hercules and of Omphale and Hercules; Heywood does the same thing in *The Slier Age* (*Hey.* iii. 240-54). A like confusion by Spenser (*Fierie Queene* 5. 5. 24) has been traced to Tasso and Boccaccio.

<sup>4</sup> pure diuinitie: *Hey.* iii. 386: "But in her eyes no pure diuinity."

<sup>5</sup> That Phebus hath requested: i.e. the love of Oenone: cf. ll. 137-38.

<sup>6</sup> stung: pierced, as with a dart.

<sup>7</sup> barely: entirely.

[ 40 ]

And make mee witlesse<sup>1</sup> for my late excuses.  
Let 'ynkinde' Paris neuer more bee named;  
If on the ragged rockes a shippe be splitted,  
The sternesman, not the Carake, should be twitted.

"Loe! Sol vnbrideleth his sweating steedes,  
And watereth them within the Westerne deepe;<sup>2</sup>  
And Tylan, tearing of his smoaking weedes,  
His fierie chariyot in the waues doeth steepe;  
The nightingale beginses to tune her layes:  
Good night, fayre nymphe; now I must go my wayes."<sup>3</sup>

"Oh take mee too," quoth shee, "goe not alone!"  
With this shee pluckt him by the skarfe and stayde him,  
And held him till her holde was almost gone.  
When strength awayled not, with tongue she prayed him.  
Hee breaketh holde, and from her armes hee skippes.  
Yet first hee kist her<sup>4</sup> on her rose-redde hippes.<sup>5</sup>

With this sad extasie shee was acloyed,  
For this kinde kisse (I gesse) did almost kill her;

<sup>1</sup> witlesse: cf. Beard, *Theatre of God's Judgment*, 1597: "Guiltes and witless of the crime."

<sup>2</sup> steedes . . . deepe: *Hey.* v. 273: "Now bright *Hiperion* hath unloos'd his teame, And washt his coach-steeds in . . ."; *ibid.* iii. 229: "And thence decline our Chariot towards the West, Till we haue washt our Coach-steeds . . ."

<sup>3</sup> This entire stanza was suggested by the stanza in *Yenus and Adonis*, lines 529-34, beginning: "Loe! the world's comforter," and ending: "Do summon us to part and bid good night."

<sup>4</sup> Yet first hee kist her: Heywood, *De Arte Amandi*, p. 36: "First, ere he took his flight, he kist his son."

<sup>5</sup> on her rose-redde hippes: *V. and A.* 516: "on my wax-red lips."

[ 41 ]



Shee sownded, either greeted, or ouer-loyed.  
Accursed kisse, that sought so soone to spill her!

720 Thus lay shee, blood and breath of<sup>1</sup> strength bereft her;  
Which when the Troian see he straihtwaies left her.

And mounting brauely on his stiffe neckt steede<sup>2</sup>  
Gallopes with swith and spurre and titing launce.

Horse<sup>3</sup> echoing hoofe againe her woe did breede,  
Whose hollowe sound doeth wake her from her traunce.

725 Rising as from a sleepe to looke about her,  
Thus she laments for that hee went without her.

Bending her eyes downe to the grasse-greene plaine,  
Her chalke-white fist vpon a flower she seazes;  
Powing fourth siluer droppes,<sup>4</sup> sayth once againe:

730 "Where is that hearbe that cureth all diseases? —  
Ah! those his amorous cheekes, with pretty dimples,<sup>5</sup>  
Hath wrought a wound not to bee cur'd by simples.<sup>6</sup>

735 "If hearbes could cure the heart that Cupid woundeth,  
There is no slippe, no bud, no floure that springeth  
But I can shewe his force whereon he groundeth  
His name and nature. Cupid, when he stingeth,

<sup>1</sup> *of*: read "and"? Or does the poet mean that the falling of blood and breath bereft her of strength?  
<sup>2</sup> *stiffe neckt steede*: *V. and A.* 263: "strong-neck'd steed."  
<sup>3</sup> *Horse*: read "Th' horse's," or "Whose"?  
<sup>4</sup> *siluer droppes*: *Hey.* iii. 13: vi. 261.  
<sup>5</sup> *cheekes* . . . *pretty dimples*: *V. and A.* 242: "That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple."  
<sup>6</sup> *wound not to bee cur'd by simples*: *Hey.* v. 131: "All earths simples cannot cure his wound."

[ 42 ]

And shootes his shaftes to ranke in my heart,  
There is no helpe by Aesculapius arte."<sup>1</sup>

Then did she cast flowre from her in a rage,  
And passed further to a pearled brooke;

Her language stopt as byrd pent vp in cage,  
Yet, gaining freedom, bondage hath forsooke.

Thus, with an inward horror cleane amazed,  
Shee speakes these words as on the streame she gazed:

"Oh well of woe, that canst not wash with water  
Nor drowne the trilling teares of my bemoanings,  
Oh bewreous brooke, where oft Diana sate her,  
Beare record of my griefe and ghastly gronings!

Carrie my cares, my cause, my bitter anguish  
Vnto the strond where sinnefull soules doe languish!

740 "Thou marsh-god, Pales, soueraigne of these fenues,  
Depart with proude Apollo from these meades!  
You Haggas & Goblings, leaue your darke some denues  
And vnfrequented pathes where no man treades,  
Leaue your sad caues, & haunt these hateful grounds,  
And hand in hand hoppe out your diuinish roundes!<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> According to Ovid, "Oenone to Paris," ll. 145-50, Apollo imparted to Oenone his secret knowledge of the medicinal virtues of herbs. Cf. *Hey.* vi. 291: Apollo, after confessing that Cupid's "shaftes haue pierct me deep," observes:  
Physicke is myne, I first devis'd that Art,  
And could it help me, I were then assur'd:  
But Love is by no Simples to be cur'd.  
<sup>2</sup> *hand in hand hoppe* . . . *roundes*: *Hey.* v. 94: "In dances spherickall trip hand in hand."

[ 43 ]



760 "When Paris went, the gods went from these fieldes;  
 When hee tooke leau, the aged Pan departed;  
 No grapes the vine, no sappe the soyle, nowe yeeldes.  
 (Oh! who would thinke that fayre could be false hearted?)  
 You gods, that guide the earth and euery creature,  
 Returne the soyle his sappe the fieldes their feature,<sup>1</sup>

765 "Yee ragged cliffes of neuer touched rockes,  
 Helpe to recount my sorrowes and my crosses!  
 You huntresses tricked vp in tucked frockes,  
 Helpe to lament yours, theirs, mine, all our losses!  
 Howle & lament, you cliffes, rocks, cloudy mountains,  
 Clear-chrystal streams, wels, brooks, & louely fountains!"<sup>2</sup>

770 Nowe leauing these, for these would take no pittie,  
 Shee runnes like hynde or Roe-bucke to the heardes,  
 And, like a turtle chaunting out a ditty,  
 Beginnes with those that shake their hayrie beardes:  
 "Yee goats," quoth she, "that kneppe these flowing stalks,  
 Pittie my woes, my wordes, my wandring walkes!

775 "You stottes<sup>3</sup> & steeres throughout these pastures ranging;  
 Yong<sup>4</sup> kiddes and sheepe on these fat lees fast grazing;  
 Rough pated Rammes, your valour neuer chaunging;  
 You light-foote staggas, that stand aloofe a-gazing;<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *feature*: comeliness.  
<sup>2</sup> *streams* . . . *fontains*: Heywood was fond of thus stringing nouns together;  
 cf. vi. 269: "Forrests, groves, and mountaines, fields, and floods."  
<sup>3</sup> *stottes*: usually "steers," but sometimes, as probably here, heifers; cf. l. 779.  
<sup>4</sup> *Yong*: read "Yon"?  
<sup>5</sup> *staggas* . . . *stand* . . . *a-gazing*: *Hey.* i. 10: "Stand at gaze, As do the  
 herds of deere."

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Goates, bulles, young hecfers, kids, and simple sheepe,  
 Vine spoyling beas, helpe me to mourne and weepe!"<sup>1</sup> 780

But when shee sawe her cheekes in vaine were watred,  
 Her pearled teares to no intent were scattered,  
 Shee then recordes<sup>2</sup> his too disdainfull hatred  
 Scorning the fortress (fayre fort!) he had battered.  
 When, wandring through the desarts, denes, and dailes,  
 Her late lost loue she inwardly bewayles. 785

Like to a shippe with tempestes all too dashed,  
 Beaten with billowes, and almost ouer-turned,  
 Whose hollowe wombe with watrie waues is washed,  
 So wandereth shee with flaming fancie burned;  
 Or to a passenger that lost his way  
 Feareth his steppes, yet wotes not where to stray; 790

Or likest to a new strooke bleeding hart  
 That runnes to seeke Dictam[n]us flower to cure it;<sup>2</sup>  
 And, nighly wasted with the pinching smart,  
 Restes as hee runnes, not able to endure it,  
 Yet runnes againe when hunters hup & showre him,  
 Striving for life, yet deaths wound beares about him; 795

So wanders poore Oenone through the thickets,  
 Vncertaine where to stay or where to rest her; 800

<sup>1</sup> *recordes*: calls to mind; *Hey.* iii. 59: "When I record the Oracle."  
<sup>2</sup> *Hart* . . . *Dictam[n]us* . . . *cure it*: cf. Lyly, *Euphues* (ed. Arber, p. 61):  
 "the Hart being perced with the dart, runneth out of hand to the hearb *Dictamnum*,  
 and is healed."

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Nowe sites she still; now doeth she chace the prickets,<sup>1</sup>  
Heauen helpe (poore soule!) her new searcht wound doth fester.  
Here leaue I her, with loues disdain rewarded,<sup>2</sup>  
Of her selfe forlorne, of Paris vnregarded.

FINIS.

<sup>1</sup> *prickets*: bucks in their second year.

<sup>2</sup> *with loues disdain rewarded*: the main theme of both *Tennis and Adonis* and *Onone and Paris*.