

single copy in the Bodleian Library, Douce o.31, which was printed from *Mason* and contains many variants which, though interesting, are without any authority. It has some curiosity value, perhaps, with errors that could more easily arise from a mishearing than a misreading: where in *Elegy* II. xiii. 23 *Mason* has: 'In white, with incense', *Douce's* rather deaf compositor printed: 'In wives, with incest'. The Bodleian's *Malone* 368 represents a later edition, of which several copies survive; and *Malone* 368 served as copy for the latest seventeenth-century edition (*Malone* 133) of which, again, many copies survive. Unless a reading which corrects a manifest error in *Mason* originates in one of these editions, they are not mentioned in the apparatus criticus.

Fuller discussions of these texts are to be found in Roma Gill and Robert Krueger, 'The Early Editions of Marlowe's *Elegies* and Davies's *Epigrams*: Sequence and Authority', (*The Library*, 5th series, vol. xxvi, no. 3 (1971); 243-9), and in Fredson Bowers 'The Early Editions of Marlowe's *Ovid's Elegies*', (*Studies in Bibliography* xxv (1972); 149-72).

## SIGLA

<i>Mason</i>	<i>All Ovids Elegies</i> (Bodleian Library <i>Mason</i> AA 207; copy-text)
<i>Bindley</i>	<i>Epigrammes and Elegies</i> , by John Davies and Christopher Marlowe (British Library and Pforzheimer Collection)
<i>Isham</i>	<i>Epigrammes and Elegies</i> , by John Davies and Christopher Marlowe (Huntington Library)
<i>Douce</i>	<i>All Ovids Elegies</i> (Bodleian Library, Douce o.31)
<i>Mal</i> 368	<i>All Ovids Elegies</i> (Bodleian Library, <i>Malone</i> 368)
<i>Mal</i> 133	<i>All Ovids Elegies</i> (Bodleian Library, <i>Malone</i> 133)

P. Ovidii Nasonis Amorum  
Liber Primus

## ELEGIA 1

*Quemadmodum a Cupidine, pro bellis  
amores scribere coactus sit*

We which were *Ovids* five bookes now are three,  
For these before the rest preferreth he.  
If reading five thou plainst of tediousnesse,  
Two tane away, thy labour will be lesse.  
With **Muse** upreard I meant to sing of Armes, 5  
Choosing a subject fit for fierce **alarmes**.  
Both verses were a like till **love** (men say)  
Began to smile and tooke **one foote** away.  
Rash boy, who gave thee power to change a line?  
**We are the Muses Prophets, none of thine.** 10  
What if thy mother take *Dianas* bowe?  
Shall *Dian* fanne, when loue begins to glowe.  
**In wooddie groves ist meete that *Ceres* raigne?**  
**And quiver-bearing *Dian* till the plaine.**  
Who'le set the faire trest sunne in battell ray 15  
While *Mars* doth take the *Aonian* Harpe to play.  
Great are thy kingdomes, over strong and large,  
Ambitious **impe**, why seekst thou further charge?  
Are all things thine? the Muses *Tempe* thine?  
Then scarce can *Phoebus* say, this Harpe is mine. 20  
When in this workes first verse I trode aloft,  
Love slackt my Muse, and made my numbers soft.  
I have no mistresse, nor no favorit,  
Being fittest matter for a wanton wit.  
Thus I complain'd, but love unlockt his quiver, 25  
Tooke out the shaft ordain'de my hart to shiver:  
And bent his sinewie bowe upon his knee,  
Saying Poet heere's a worke beseeing thee.

5 upreard] *Bindley, Isham*; prepar'd *Mason*  
*Mason* 26 shaft ordain'de] ~, ~ *Mason*

19 *Tempe*] *Bindley, Isham, Temple*

Oh woe is mee, hee never shootes but hits,  
 I burne, love in my idle bosome sits. 30  
 Let my first verse be sixe, my last five feete,  
 Fare-well sterne warre, for blunter Poets meete.  
*Elegian Muse*, that warblest amorous laies,  
 Girt my shine browe with *Sea-banke Mirtle* praise.

## ELEGIA 2

*Quod primo amore correptus, in triumphum  
 duci se a Cupidine patiatur.*

What makes my bed seeme hard seeing it is soft?  
 Or why slips downe the coverlet so oft?  
 Although the nights be long, I sleepe not tho,  
 My sides are sore with tumbling too and fro.  
 Were love the cause, it's like I should descry him, 5  
 Or lyes he close, and shootes where none can spie him.  
 'Twas so, hee strooke mee with a slender dart,  
 'Tis cruell love turmoyles my captive heart.  
 Yeelding or strugling doe we give him might,  
 Lets yeeld, a burthen easly borne is light. 10  
 I saw a brandisht fire increase in strength,  
 Which being not shakt, I saw it dye at length. ]  
 Young Oxen newly yoakt are beaten more  
 Then Oxen which have drawne the plough before.  
 And rough *Jades* mouthes with stuborne bits are torne, 15  
 But managde horses heads are lightly borne.  
 Unwilling lovers, love doth more torment  
 Then such as in their *bondage* feele content. ]  
 Loe I confesse, I am thy *captive* I,  
 And hold my *conquer'd* hands for thee to tie. 20  
 What needst thou *warre*, I sue to thee for grace,  
 With armes to *conquer* armelesse men is base.  
 Yoake *Venus* Doves, put *Mirtle* on thy haire,  
*Vulcan* will give thee chariots rich and faire.

12 shakt] *Bindley, Isham*; slackt *Mason*

The people thee applauding thou shalt stand, 25  
 Guiding the harmeless Pigeons with thy hand.  
 Yong men, and women shalt thou lead as *thrall*,  
 So will thy triumph seeme magnificall.  
 I lately caught, will have a new made wound,  
 And *captive* like be *manacled* and *bound*. 30  
 Good meaning, shame, and such as seeke loves wracke,  
 Shall follow thee their hands tyed at their backe.  
 Thee all shall feare, and worship as a King,  
*Io*, triumphing shall thy people sing.  
 Smooth speeches, feare, and rage shall by thee ride, 35  
 Which troopes have alwayes beene on *Cupids* side;  
 Thou with these soldiours conquerest gods and men,  
 Take these away, where is thine honour then?  
 Thy mother shall from heaven applaud this showe,  
 And on their faces heapes of *Roses* strowe. 40  
 With beautie of thy wings thy faire haire gilded,  
 Ride golden love in chariots richly builded.  
 Unlesse I erre, full many shalt thou burne, ]  
 And give wounds infinite at every turne. ]  
 In spite of thee forth will thine arrowes flye, 45  
 A scorching flame burnes all the standers by.  
 So having conquer'd *Inde* was *Bacchus* hew,  
 Thee pompous *Birds*, and him two *Tygers* drew.  
 Then seeing I grace thy show in following thee,  
 Fobear to hurt thy selfe in spoiling me. 50  
 Behold thy kinsmans *Caesars* prosperous bands.  
 Who guards the conquered with his conquering hands.

## ELEGIA 3

*Ad amicam.*

I aske but right: let her that caught me late,  
 Either love, or cause that I may never hate,  
 I aske too much, would she but let me love her,  
*Jove* knowes with such like praiers I daily move her.

31 meaning, shame] ~ ~ *Mason*

52 the] *Dyce*; thee *Mason*

1 her] *Bindley, Isham*; he *Mason*

Accept him that will serve thee all his youth, 5  
 Accept him that will love with **spotlesse** truth.  
 If loftie titles cannot make me thine,  
 That am descended but of Knightly line,  
 Soone may you plow the little land I have,  
 I gladly graunt my parents given, to save. 10  
*Apollo, Bacchus* and the Muses may,  
 And *Cupid* who hath markt me for thy pray;  
 My **spotlesse** life, which but to Gods gives place,  
 Naked simplicitie and modest grace.  
 I love but one, and her I love, **change never**, 15  
 If **men have faith**, Ile live with thee for ever.  
 The yeares that **fatall destinie** shall give  
 Ile live with thee, and dye, ere thou shall grieve.  
 Be thou the happy subject of my bookes, 20  
 That I may write things worthy thy faire lookes.  
 By verses horned *Io* got her name,  
 And she to whom in shape of Swanne *Jove* came,  
 And she that on a fain'd Bull swamme to land,  
 Griping his false hornes with her virgin hand. *deception from wife*  
 So likewise we will through the world be rung, 25  
 And with my name shall thing be always sung.

## ELEGIA 4

*Amicam, qua arte, quibusve nutibus in caena,  
 praesente viro uti debeat, admonet.*

Thy husband to a banquet goes with me,  
 Pray God it may his latest supper be,  
 Shall I sit gazing as a bashfull guest,  
 While others touch the damsell I love best?  
 Wilt lying under him his bosome clippe; 5  
 About thy neck shall he at pleasure skippe?  
 Marveile not, though the faire Bride did incite,  
 The drunken *Centaures* to a sodaine fight.  
 I am no halfe horse, nor in woods I dwell,  
 Yet scarce my hands from thee containe I well. 10

But how thou shouldst behave thy selfe now know;  
 Nor let the windes away my warnings blowe.  
 Before thy husband come, though I not see,  
 What may be done, yet there before him bee.  
 Lie with him gently, when his limbes he spread, 15  
 Upon the bed, but on my foote first tread.  
 View me, my becks, and speaking countenance  
 Take, and receive each secret amorous glance.  
 Words without voyce shall on my eye browes sit,  
 Lines thou shalt read in wine by my hand writ. 20  
 When our lascivious toyes come in thy minde,  
 Thy Rosie cheekes be to thy thombe inclinde.  
 If ought of me thou speak'st in inward thought,  
 Let thy soft finger to thy eare be brought.  
 When I (my light) do or say ought that please thee, 25  
 Turne round thy gold-ring, as it were to ease thee.  
 Strike on the board like them that pray for evill,  
 When thou doest wish thy husband at the devill.  
 What wine he fills thee, wisely will him drinke,  
 Aske thou the boy, what thou enough doest thinke. 30  
 When thou hast tasted, I will take the cup,  
 And where thou drinkst, on that part I will sup.  
 If hee gives thee what first himselfe did tast,  
 Even in his face his offered Gobbets cast.  
 Let not thy necke by his vile armes be prest, 35  
 Nor leane thy soft head on his boistrous brest.  
 Thy bosomes Roseat buds let him not finger,  
 Chiefly on thy lips let not his lips linger.  
 If thou givest kisses, I shall all disclose,  
 Say they are mine, and hands on thee impose. 40  
 Yet this Ile see, but if thy gowne ought cover,  
 Suspitious feare in all my veines will hover,  
 Mingle not thighes, nor to his legge joyne thine,  
 Nor thy soft foote with his hard foote combine.  
 I have been wanton, therefore am perplext, 45  
 And with mistrust of the like measure vext.  
 I and my wench oft under clothes did lurke,  
 When pleasure mov'd us to our sweetest worke.

Do not thou so, but throw thy mantle hence.  
 Least I should thinke thee guilty of offence. 50  
 Entreat thy husband drinke, but do not kisse,  
 And while he drinks, to adde more do not misse,  
 If hee lyes downe with Wine and sleepe opprest,  
 The thing and place shall counsell us the rest.  
 When to go homewards we rise all along, 55  
 Have care to walke in middle of the throng.  
 There will I finde thee, or be found by thee,  
 There touch what ever thou canst touch of mee.  
 Aye me I warne what profits some few howers,  
 But we must part, when heav'n with black night lowers. 60  
 At night thy husband clippes thee, I will weepe  
 And to the dores sight of thy selfe will keepe:  
 Then will he kisse thee, and not onely kisse  
 But force thee give him my stolne honey blisse.  
 Constrain'd against thy will give it the pezant 65  
 Forbeare sweet wordes, and be your sport unpleasant.  
 To him I pray it no delight may bring  
 Or if it do to thee no joy thence spring:  
 But though this night thy fortune be to trie it  
 To me to morrow constantly deny it. 70

## ELEGIA 5

*Corinnae Concubitus.*

In summers heate and mid-time of the day  
 To rest my limbes upon a bed I lay,  
 One window shut, the other open stood,  
 Which gave such light, as twinkles in a wood,  
 Like twilight glimps at setting of the Sunne 5  
 Or night being past, and yet not day begunne.  
 Such light to shamefast maidens must be showne,  
 Where they may sport, and seeme to be unknowne.  
 Then came *Corinna* in a long loose gowne,  
 Her white neck hid with tresses hanging downe: 10  
 Resembling fayre *Semiramis* going to bed  
 Or *Layis* of a thousand woers sped,

I snacht her gowne: being thin, the harme was small,  
 Yet striv'd she to be covered there withall.  
 And striving thus as one that would be cast, 15  
 Betray'd her selfe, and yeelded at the last.  
 Starke naked as she stood before mine eye,  
 Not one wen in her body could I spie.  
 What armes and shoulders did I touch and see,  
 How apt her breasts were to be prest by me. 20  
 How smooth a belly under her wast saw I?  
 How large a legge, and what a lustie thigh?  
 To leave the rest all lik'd me passing well,  
 I cling'd her naked body, downe she fell,  
 Judge you the rest, being tirde she bad me kisse; 25  
*Jove* send me more such after-noonnes as this.

## ELEGIA 6

*Ad Janitorem, ut fores sibi aperiat.*

Unworthy porter, bound in chaines full sore  
 On mooved hookes set ope the churlish dore.  
 Little I aske, a little entrance make,  
 The gate halfe ope my bent side in will take. 5  
 Long love my body to such use makes slender  
 And to get out doth like apt members render.  
 He shewes me how unheard to passe the watch,  
 And guides my feete least stumbling falles they catch.  
 But in times past I fear'd vaine shades, and night, 10  
 Wondring if any walked without light.  
 Love hearing it laugh'd with his tender mother  
 And smiling sayed, be thou as bold as other.  
 Forth-with love came, no darke night-flying spright  
 Nor hands prepar'd to slaughter, me affright.  
 Thee feare I too much: only thee I flatter, 15  
 Thy lightning can my life in pieces batter.

25 tirde] *Bindley, Isham*; tride *Mason*5 makes] *Robinson*; make *Mason*

Why enviest me this hostile denne unbarre  
 See how the gates with my teares wat' red are.  
 When thou stood'st naked ready to be beate,  
 For thee I did thy mistris faire entreate. 20  
 But what entreates for thee some-times tooke place,  
 (O mischiefe) now for me obtaine small grace.  
*Gratis* thou maiest be free, give like for like  
 Night goes away: the dores barre backward strike.  
 Strike, so againe hard chaines shall binde thee never, 25  
 Nor servile water shalt thou drinke for ever.  
 Heard-hearted *Porter* doest and wilt not heare,  
 With stiffe oake propt the gate doth still appeare.  
 Such rampierd gates beseiged Cityes ayde,  
 In midst of peace why art of armes afraide? 30  
 Excludst a lover, how wouldst use a foe?  
 Strike backe the barre, night fast away doth goe.  
 With armes or armed men I come not guarded,  
 I am alone, were furious love discarded.  
 Although I would, I cannot him cashiere 35  
 Before I be divided from my geere.  
 See love with me, wine moderate in my braine,  
 And on my haire a crowne of flowers remaine.  
 Who feares these armes? who wil not go to meete them?  
 Night runnes away; with open entrance greeete them. 40  
 Art carelesse? or ist sleepe forbids thee heare  
 Giving the windes my words running in thine eare.  
 Well I remember when I first did hire thee  
 Watching till after mid-night did not tire thee.  
 But now perchance thy wench with thee doth rest, 45  
 Ah howe thy lot is above my lot blest:  
 Though it be so, shut me not out therefore  
 Night goes away: I pray thee ope the dore.  
 Erre we? or do the turned hinges sound,  
 And opening dores with creaking noyse abound? 50  
 We erre: a strong blast seem'd the gates to ope:  
 Aie me how high that gale did lift my hope!  
 If *Boreas* beares *Orithyas* rape in minde  
 Come breake these deafe dores with thy boysterous wind.  
 Silent the Cittie is: nights deawie hoast 55  
 March fast away: the barre strike from the poast.

Or I more sterne then fire or sword will turne,  
 And with my brand these gorgeous houses burne.  
 Night, love, and wine to all extreames perswade:  
 Night shamelesse, wine and love are fearelesse made. 60  
 All have I spent: no threats or prayers move thee,  
 O harder then the dores thou gardest I prove thee.  
 No pritty wenchs keeper maist thou bee:  
 The carefull prison is more meete for thee.  
 Now frosty night her flight beginnes to take, 65  
 And crowing Cocks poore soules to worke awake.  
 But thou my crowne from sad haire tane away,  
 On this hard threshold till the morning lay.  
 That when my mistresse there beholds thee cast,  
 She may perceive how we the time did wast: 70  
 What ere thou art, farewell, be like me paind,  
 Carelesse farewell with my falt not distaind.  
 And farewell cruell posts rough thresholds block,  
 And dores conjoynd with an hard iron lock.

## ELEGIA 7

*Ad pacandam amicam, quam verberaverat.*

Binde fast my hands, they have deserved chaines,  
 While rage is absent, take some friend the paynes.  
 For rage against my wench mov'd my rash arme,  
 My Mistresse weepes whom my mad hand did harme.  
 I might have then my parents deare misus'd, 5  
 Or holy gods with cruell strokes abus'd.  
 Why? *Ajax*, maister of the seven-fould shield,  
 Butcherd the flocks he found in spacious field  
 And he who on his mother veng'd his sire  
 Against the destinies durst sharpe darts require. 10  
 Could I therefore her comely tresses teare?  
 Yet was she graced with her ruffled hayre.  
 So fayre she was, *Atalanta* she resembled,  
 Before whose bow th' *Arcadian* wild beasts trembled.  
 Such *Ariadne* was, when she bewayles 15  
 Her perjurd *Theseus* flying vowes and sayles,

So chast *Minerva* did *Cassandra* fall,  
 Deflowr'd except, within thy Temple wall.  
 That I was mad, and barbarous all men cried,  
 She nothing said, pale feare her tongue had tyed. 20  
 But secretlie her lookes with checks did trounce mee,  
 Her teares, she silent, guilty did pronounce me.  
 Would of mine armes, my shoulders had beene scanted,  
 Better I could part of my selfe have wanted.  
 To mine owne selfe have I had strength so furious? 25  
 And to my selfe could I be so injurious?  
 Slaughter and mischiefs instruments, no better,  
 Deserved chaines these cursed hands shall fetter,  
 Punisht I am, if I a *Romaine* beat,  
 Over my Mistris is my right more great? 30  
*Tydides* left worst signes of villanie!  
 He first a Goddess stroke; an other I.  
 Yet he harm'd lesse, whom I profess'd to love,  
 I harm'd: a foe did *Diomedes* anger move.  
 Go now thou Conqueror glorious triumphs raise, 35  
 Pay vowes to *Jove*, engirt thy hayres with baies,  
 And let the troupes which shall thy Chariot follow,  
*To* a strong man conquerd this Wench, hollow.  
 Let the sad captive foremost with lockes spred  
 On her white necke but for hurt cheekes be led. 40  
 Meeter it were her lips were blewe with kissing  
 And on her necke a wantons marke not missing.  
 But though I like a swelling floud was driven,  
 And as a pray unto blinde anger given.  
 Wast not enough the fearefull Wench to chide? 45  
 Nor thunder in rough threatings haughty pride?  
 Nor shamefully her coate pull ore her crowne,  
 Which to her wast her girdle still kept downe.  
 But cruelly her tresses having rent  
 My nayles to scratch her lovely cheekes I bent. 50  
 Sighing she stood, her bloodlesse white lookes shewed  
 Like marble from the *Parian* Mountaines hewed.  
 Her halfe dead joynts, and trembling limmes I sawe,  
 Like *Popler* leaves blowne with a stormy flawe,  
 Or slender eares, with gentle *Zephire* shaken, 55  
 Or waters tops with the warme south winde taken.

And downe her cheekes, the trickling teares did flow,  
 Like water gushing from consuming snowe.  
 Then first I did perceive I had offended  
 My blood, the teares were that from her descended. 60  
 Before her feete thrice prostrate downe I fell,  
 My feared hands thrice back she did repell  
 But doubt thou not (revenge doth grieffe appease)  
 With thy sharpe nayles upon my face to seaze.  
 Bescratch mine eyes spare not my lockes to breake, 65  
 (Anger will helpe thy hands though nere so weake.)  
 And least the sad signes of my crime remaine,  
 Put in their place thy keembed haire againe.

## ELEGIA 8

*Exaecratur lenam, quae puellam suam meretricia  
 arte instituebat.*

There is, who ere will knowe a bawde aright  
 Give eare, there is an old trot *Dipsas* hight.  
 Her name comes from the thing: she being wise,  
 Sees not the morne on rosie horses rise.  
 She magick arts and *Thessale* charmes doth know, 5  
 And makes large streams back to their fountaines flow,  
 She knows with gras, with thrids on wrong wheeles spun  
 And what with Mares ranck humour may be done.  
 When she will, cloudes the darckned heav'n obscure,  
 When she will, day shines every where most pure. 10  
 (If I have faith) I sawe the starres drop blood,  
 The purple moone with sanguine visage stood.  
 Her I suspect among nights spirits to fly,  
 And her old body in birdes plumes to lie.  
 Fame saith as I suspect, and in her eyes 15  
 Two eye-balles shine, and double light thence flies.  
 Great grand-sires from their antient graves she chides  
 And with long charmes the solide earth divides.  
 She drawes chaste women to incontinence,  
 Nor doth her tongue want harmefull eloquence. 20

By chance I heard her talke, these words she sayd  
 While closely hid betwixt two dores I layed.  
 Mistris thou knowest, thou hast a blest youth pleas'd,  
 He staide, and on thy lookes his gazes seaz'd.  
 And why shouldst not please? none thy face exceedes, 25  
 Aye me, thy body hath no worthy weedes.  
 As thou art faire, would thou wert fortunate,  
 Wert thou rich, poore should not be my state.  
 Th'opposed starre of *Mars* hath done thee harme,  
 Now *Mars* is gone: *Venus* thy side doth warme. 30  
 And brings good fortune, a rich lover plants  
 His love on thee, and can supply thy wants.  
 Such is his forme as may with thine compare,  
 Would he not buy thee thou for him shouldst care.  
 She blusht: red shame becomes white cheekes, but this 35  
 If feigned, doth well; if true it doth amisse.  
 When on thy lappe thine eyes thou dost deject,  
 Each one according to his gifts respect.  
 Perhaps the *Sabines* rude, when *Tatius* raignde,  
 To yeeld their love to more then one disdaine. 40  
 Now *Mars* doth rage abroad without all pittie,  
 And *Venus* rules in her *Aeneas* Citty.  
 Faire women play, shee's chast whom none will have,  
 Or, but for bashfulnesse her selfe would crave.  
 Shake off these wrinckles that thy front assault, 45  
 Wrinckles in beauty is a grievous fault.  
*Penelope* in bowes her youths strength tride,  
 Of horne the bowe was that approv'd their side.  
 Time flying slides hence closely, and deceaves us,  
 And with swift horses the swift yeare soone leaves us. 50  
 Brasse shines with use; good garments would be worne,  
 Houses not dwelt in, are with filth forlorne.  
 Beauty not exercisde with age is spent,  
 Nor one or two men are sufficient.  
 Many to rob is more sure, and lesse hatefull, 55  
 From dog-kept flocks come preys to woolves most gratefull.  
 Behold what gives the Poet but new verses?  
 And thereof many thousand he rehearses.  
 The Poets God arayed in robes of gold,  
 Of his gilt Harpe the well tun'd strings doth hold. 60

Let *Homer* yeeld to such as presents bring  
 (Trust me) to give, it is a witty thing.  
 Nor, so thou maist obtaine a wealthy prize,  
 The vaine name of inferiour slaves despize.  
 Nor let the armes of antient lives beguile thee, 65  
 Poore lover with thy gransires I exile thee.  
 Who seekes, for being faire, a night to have,  
 What he will give, with greater instance crave.  
 Make a small price, while thou thy nets doest lay,  
 Least they should fly, being tane, the tirant play. 70  
 Dissemble so, as lov'd he may be thought,  
 And take heed least he gets that love for nought.  
 Deny him oft, feigne now thy head doth ake:  
 And *Isis* now will shew what scuse to make.  
 Receive him soone, least patient use he gaine, 75  
 Or least his love oft beaten backe should waine.  
 To beggers shut, to bringers ope thy gate,  
 Let him within heare bard out lovers prate.  
 And as first wrongd the wronged some-times banish,  
 Thy fault with his fault so repuls'd will vanish. 80  
 But never give a spatious time to ire,  
 Anger delaide doth oft to hate retire.  
 And let thine eyes constrained learne to weepe,  
 That this, or that man may thy cheekes moist keepe.  
 Nor, if thou couzenst one, dread to for-sweare, 85  
 "*Venus* to mockt men lendes a sencelesse eare".  
 Servants fit for thy purpose thou must hire  
 To teach thy lover, what thy thoughts desire.  
 Let them aske some-what, many asking little,  
 Within a while great heapes grow of a tittle. 90  
 And sister, Nurse, and mother spare him not,  
 By many hands great wealth is quickly got.  
 When causes fale thee to require a gift,  
 By keeping of thy birth make but a shift.  
 Beware least he unrival'd loves secure, 95  
 Take strife away, love doth not well endure.  
 On all the bed mens tumbling let him viewe  
 And thy neck with lascivious markes made blew.  
 Chiefly shew him the gifts, which others send:  
 If he gives nothing, let him from thee wend. 100

When thou hast so much as he gives no more,  
 Pray him to lend what thou maiest nere restore.  
 Let thy tongue flatter, while thy minde harme-workes:  
 Under sweete hony deadly poison lurkes.  
 If this thou doest to me by long use knowne, 105  
 Nor let my words be with the windes hence blowne,  
 Oft thou wilt say, live well, thou wilt pray oft,  
 That my dead bones may in their grave lie soft.  
 As thus she spake, my shadow me betraide,  
 With much a do my hands I scarsely staide. 110  
 But her bleare eyes, balde scalpes thin hoary flieces  
 And riveld cheekes I would have puld a pieces.  
 The gods send thee no house, a poore old age,  
 Perpetuall thirst, and winters lasting rage.

## ELEGIA 9

*Ad Atticum, amantem non oportere desidiosum  
 esse, sicuti nec militem.*

All Lovers warre, and *Cupid* hath his tent,  
*Atticke*, all lovers are to warre farre sent.  
 What age fits *Mars*, wtih *Venus* doth agree  
 Tis shame for eld in warre or love to be.  
 What yeares in souldiours Captaines do require 5  
 Those in their lovers, pretty maydes desire.  
 Both of them watch: each on the hard earth sleeps:  
 His Mistris does this; that this Captaines keeps.  
 Souldiers must travaile farre: the wench forth send  
 Her valiant lover followes without end. 10  
 Mounts, and raine-doubled flouds he passeth over,  
 And treads the deserts snowy heapes to cover.  
 Going to sea, *East* windes he doth not chide  
 Nor to hoist saile attends fit time and tyde.  
 Who but a souldiour or a lover is bould 15  
 To suffer storme mixt snowes with nights sharpe cold?  
 One as a spy doth to his enemies goe  
 The other eyes his rivall as his foe.

He Citties greate, this thresholds lies before:  
 This breakes Towne gates, but he his Mistris dore. 20  
 Oft to invade the sleeping foe tis good  
 And arm'd to shed unarmed peoples bloud.  
 So the fierce troupes of *Thracian Rhesus* fell  
 And Captive horses bad their Lord fare-well.  
 Sooth Lovers watch till sleepe the hus-band charmes, 25  
 Who slumbring, they rise up in swelling armes.  
 The keepers hands and corps-dugard to passe  
 The souldiours, and poore lovers worke ere was.  
 Doubtfull is warre and love, the vanquisht rise  
 And who thou never think'st should fall downe lies. 30  
 Therefore who ere love sloathfulnesse doth call,  
 Let him surcease: love tries wit best of all.  
*Achilles* burnd *Briseis* being tane away:  
*Troianes* destroy the *Greeke* wealth, while you may.  
*Hector* to armes went from his wives embraces, 35  
 And on *Andromache* his helmet laces.  
 Great *Agamemnon* was, men say amazed,  
 On *Priams* loose-trest daughter when he gazed.  
*Mars* in the deed the black-smithes net did stable  
 In heaven was never more notorious fable. 40  
 My selfe was dull, and faint, to sloth inclinde,  
 Pleasure, and ease had mollifide my minde.  
 A faire maides care expeld this sluggishnesse,  
 And to her tentes wild me my selfe addresse.  
 Since maist thou see me watch and night warres move: 45  
 He that will not growe slothfull let him love.

## ELEGIA 10

*Ad puellam, ne pro amore praemia poscat.*

Such as the cause was of two husbands warre,  
 Whom *Troiane* ships fetcht from *Europa* farre.  
 Such as was *Leda*, whom the God deluded  
 In snowe-white plumes of a false swanne included.  
 Such as *Amimone* through the drie fields strayed 5  
 When on her head a water pitcher laied.

Such wert thou, and I fear'd the Bull and Eagle  
 And what ere love made *Jove* should thee invegle.  
 Now all feare with my mindes hot love abates,  
 No more this beauty mine eyes captivates. 10  
 Ask'st why I change? because thou crav'st reward:  
 This cause hath thee from pleasing me debard.  
 While thou wert plaine, I lov'd thy minde and face:  
 Now inward faults thy outward forme disgrace.  
 Love is a naked boy, his yeares saunce staine 15  
 And hath no cloathes, but open doth remaine.  
 Will you for gaine have *Cupid* sell himselfe?  
 He hath no bosome, where to hide base pelfe.  
 Love and Loves sonne are with fierce armes to oddes;  
 To serve for pay beseemes not wanton gods. 20  
 The whore stands to be bought for each mans mony  
 And seekes vild wealth by selling of her Cony,  
 Yet greedy Bauds command she curseth still,  
 And doth constraind, what you do of good will.  
 Take from irrationall beasts a president, 25  
 Tis shame their wits should be more excelent.  
 The Mare askes not the Horse, the Cowe the Bull  
 Nor the milde Ewe gifts from the Ramme doth pull.  
 Only a Woman gets spoiles from a Man,  
 Farmes out her-self on nights for what she can. 30  
 And lets what both delight, what both desire,  
 Making her joy according to her hire.  
 The sport being such, as both alike sweete try it  
 Why should one sell it, and the other buy it?  
 Why should I loose, and thou gaine by the pleasure 35  
 Which man and woman reape in equall measure?  
 Knights of the post of perjuries make saile  
 The unjust Judge for bribes becomes a stale.  
 Tis shame sould tongues the guilty should defend  
 Or great wealth from a judgement seate ascend. 40  
 Tis shame to grow rich by bed merchandize,  
 Or prostitute thy beauty for bad prize.  
 Thanks worthely are due for things unbought,  
 For beds ill hyr'd we are indebted nought.  
 The hirer payeth al, his rent discharg'd 45  
 From further duty he rests then inlarg'd.

Faire Dames for-beare rewards for nights to crave  
 Ill gotten goods good end will never have.  
 The Sabine gauntlets were too dearely wunne  
 That unto death did presse the holy Nunne. 50  
 The sonne slew her, that forth to meete him went,  
 And a rich neck-lace caus'd that punnishment.  
 Yet thinke no scorne to aske a wealthy churle  
 He wants no gifts into thy lap to hurle.  
 Take clustred grapes from an ore-laden vine, 55  
 May bounteous lome *Alcinous* fruite resigne.  
 Let poore men slow their service, faith, and care  
 All for their Mistrisse, what they have, prepare.  
 In verse to praise kinde Wenches tis my part,  
 And whom I like eternize by mine art. 60  
 Garments do weare, jewells and gold do wast  
 The fame that verse gives doth for ever last.  
 To give I love, but to be ask't disdayne  
 Leave asking, and Ile give what I refraine.

## ELEGIA 11

*Napen alloquitur, ut paratas tabellas ad  
 Corinnam perferat.*

In skilfull gathering ruffled haire in order,  
*Nape* free-borne whose cunning hath no border  
 Thy service for nights *scapes* is knowne commodious  
 And to give signes dull wit to thee is odious.  
*Corinna* clips me oft by thy perswasion 5  
 Never to harme me made thy faith evasion.  
 Receive these lines, them to my Mistrisse carry  
 Be *sedulous*, let no *stay* cause thee tarry.  
 Nor flint, nor iron, are in thy soft brest  
 But pure simplicity in thee doth rest. 10  
 And tis suppos'd Loves bowe hath wounded thee  
 Defend the ensignes of thy warre in mee.  
 If, what I do, she askes, say hope for night  
 The rest my hand doth in my letters write.

Time passeth while I speake, give her my writ 15  
 But see that forth-with shee peruseth it.  
 I charge thee marke her eyes and front in reading  
 By speechlesse lookes we gesse at things succeeding.  
 Straight being read, will her to write much backe,  
 I hate faire Paper should writte matter lacke. 20  
 Let her make verses, and some blotted letter,  
 On the last edge to stay mine eyes the better.  
 What neede she tyre her hand to hold the quill,  
 Let this word, come, alone the tables fill.  
 Then with triumphant laurell will I grace them 25  
 And in the midst of Venus temple place them.  
 Subscribing that to her I consecrate  
 My faithfull tables being vile maple late.

## ELEGIA 12

*Tabellas quas miserat execratur, quod amica  
 noctem negabat.*

Bewaile my chaunce the sad booke is returned,  
 This day denyall hath my sport adjourned.  
 Presages are not vaine, when she departed  
 Nape by stumbling on the threshold started 5  
 Going out againe passe forth the dore more wisely  
 And som-what higher beare thy foote precisely.  
 Hence luck-lesse tables, funerall wood be flying  
 And thou the waxe stufte full with notes denying.  
 Which I thinke gather'd from cold hemlocks flower  
 Wherein bad hony Corsicke Bees did power. 10  
 Yet as if mixt with red leade thou wert ruddy,  
 That colour rightly did appeare so bloody.  
 As evill wood throwne in the high-waies lie,  
 Be broake with wheeles of chariots passing by.  
 And him that hew'd you out for needfull uses 15  
 Ile prove had hands impure with all abuses.  
 Poore wretches on the tree themselves did strangle  
 There sat the hang-man for mens neckes to angle.

To hoarse scrich-owles foule shadowes it allowes  
 Vultures and furies nestled in the boughes. 20  
 To these my love I foolishly committed  
 And them with sweete words to my Mistrisse fitted.  
 More fitly had they wrangling bondes contained  
 From barbarous lips of some Attorney strained,  
 Among day bookes and billes they had laine better 25  
 In which the Merchant wayles his banquerout debter,  
 Your name approves you made for such like things  
 The number two no good divining bringes.  
 Angry, I pray that rotten age you wrackes.  
 And sluttish white-mould overgrowe the waxe. 30

## ELEGIA 13

*Ad Aurorem ne properet.*

Now ore the sea from her old Love comes she  
 That drawes the day from heavens cold axletree.  
 Aurora whither slidest thou? downe againe  
 And birdes from Memnon yearely shal be slaine. 5  
 Now in her tender armes I sweetly bide  
 If ever, now well lies she by my side.  
 The aire is cold, and sleepe is sweetest now  
 And birdes send forth shrill notes from every bough:  
 Whither runst thou, that men, and women love not?  
 Hold in thy rosy horses that they move not. 10  
 Ere thou rise, starres teach sea-men where to saile  
 But when thou commest they of their courses faile.  
 Poore travailers though tierd, rise at thy sight,  
 And souldiours make them ready to the fight.  
 The painefull hinde by thee to field is sent, 15  
 Slowe Oxen early in the yoake are pent.  
 Thou cousenst boyes of sleepe, and doest betray them  
 To Pedants that with cruell lashes pay them.  
 Thou mak'st the surety to the Lawyer runne,  
 That with one word hath nigh himselfe undone. 20

The Lawyer and the client hate thy view,  
 Both whom thou raisest up to toyle anew.  
 By thy meanes women of their rest are bard,  
 Thou setst their labouring hands to spin and card.  
 All could I beare, but that the wench should rise, 25  
 None can endure save him with whom none lyes?  
 How oft wisht I, night would not give thee place,  
 Nor morning starres shunne thy uprising face.  
 How oft that either winde would breake thy coach,  
 Or steeds might fall forc'd with thicke clouds approach. 30  
 Whether goest thou hatefull Nymph? *Memnon* the elfe  
 Receiv'd his cole-black colour from thy selfe.  
 Say that thy love with *Cephalus* were not knowne,  
 Then thinkest thou thy loose life is not showne.  
 Would *Tithon* might but talke of thee a while, 35  
 Not one in heaven should be more base and vile.  
 Thou leavest his bed, because hee's faint through age,  
 And early mountest thy hatefull carriage.  
 But heldst thou in thine armes some *Cephalus*,  
 Then wouldst thou cry, stay night and runne not thus. 40  
 Doest punish me, because yeares make him waine?  
 I did not bid thee wed an aged swaine.  
 The Moone sleepes with *Endymion* every day,  
 Thou art as faire as she, then kisse and play.  
*Jove* that thou shouldst not hast but waite his leasure, 45  
 Made two nights one to finish up his pleasure.  
 I chid no more, she blusht and therefore heard me  
 Yet lingered not the day, but morning scard me.

## ELEGIA 14

*Puellam consulatur cui prae nimia cura  
 comae deciderant.*

Leave colouring thy tresses I did cry,  
 Now hast thou left no haire at all to die.  
 But what had beene more faire had they beene kept?  
 Beyond thy robes thy dangling lockes had sweet.

Feardest thou to dresse them being fine and thinne 5  
 Like to the silke the curious *Seres* spinne,  
 Or thrids which spiders slender foote drawes out  
 Fastning her light web some old beame about.  
 Not black, nor golden were they to our viewe,  
 Yet although neither mixt of eithers hue, 10  
 Such as in hilly *Idas* watry plaines,  
 The Cedar tall spoyld of his barke retaines.  
 Ad they were apt to curle an hundred waies,  
 And did to thee no cause of dolour raise.  
 Nor hath the needle, or the combes teeth reft them, 15  
 The maide that kembd them ever safely left them.  
 Oft was she drest before mine eyes, yet never,  
 Snatching the combe, to beate the wench out drive her.  
 Oft in the morne her haire not yet digested,  
 Halfe sleeping on a purple bed she rested, 20  
 Yet seemely like a *Thracian Bacchinall*  
 That tyr'd doth rashly on the greene grasse fall.  
 When they were slender, and like downy mosse,  
 Thy troubled haire, alas, endur'd great losse.  
 How patiently hot irons they did take 25  
 In crooked trammells crispy curles to make.  
 I cryed, tis sinne, tis sinne, these haire to burne  
 They well become thee, then to spare them turne.  
 Farre off be force, no fire to them may reach  
 Thy very haire will the hot bodkin teach. 30  
 Lost are the goodly lockes, which from their crowne  
*Phoebus* and *Bacchus* wisht were hanging downe.  
 Such were they as *Dione* painted stands  
 All naked holding in her wave-moist hands.  
 Why doest thy ill kembd tresses losse lament? 35  
 Why in thy glasse doest looke being discontent?  
 Bee not to see with wonted eyes inclinde  
 To please thy selfe, thy selfe put out of minde.  
 No charmed herbes of any harlot skathd thee,  
 No faithlesse witch in *Thessale* waters bath'd thee. 40  
 No sickness harm'd thee, farre be that a way,  
 No envious tongue wrought thy thicke lockes decay.

10 neither] *Robinson*; either *Mason*  
 33 *Dione*] *Diana Mason*

26 trammells] *Robinson*, t. annicus *Mason*

By thine owne hand and fault thy hurt doth growe,  
 Thou mad'st thy head with compound poyson flow.  
 Now *Germany* shall captive haire-tyers send thee, 45  
 And vanquisht people curious dressings lend thee.  
 Which some admiring, O thou oft wilt blush  
 And say he likes me for my borrowed bush,  
 Praying for me some unknowne *Guelder* dame,  
 But I remember when it was my fame. 50  
 Alas she almost weepes, and her white cheekes,  
 Died red with shame to hide from shame she seekes.  
 She holds, and viewes her old lockes in her lappe  
 Aye me rare gifts unworthy such a happe.  
 Cheere up thy selfe, thy losse thou maiest repaire. 55  
 And be heereafter seene with native haire.

## ELEGIA 15

*Ad invidios, quod fama poetarum sit perennis.*

Envie why *carpest* thou my time is spent so ill,  
 And termst my workes frutes of an idle quill.  
 Or that unlike the line from whence I come,  
*Warres* dustie honours are refus'd being yong.  
 Nor that I study not the *brawling* lawes, 5  
 Nor set my voyce to sale in every cause.  
 Thy scope is mortall, mine eternall fame,  
 That all the world may ever chaunt my name.  
*Homer* shall live while *Tenedos* stands and *Ide*,  
 Or into Sea swift *Simois* doth slide. 10  
*Ascraeus* lives, while grapes with new wine swell,  
 Or men with crooked Sickles corne downe fell.  
 The world shall of *Callimachus* ever speake,  
 His Art excelld, although his witte was weake.  
 For ever lasts high *Sophocles* proud *vaine*, 15  
 With Sunne and Moone, *Aratus* shall remaine.  
 While bond-men cheate, fathers be hard, bawds whorish,  
 And strumpets flatter, shall *Menander* flourish.  
 Rude *Ennius*, and *Plautus* full of witte,  
 Are both in fames eternall legend writt. 20

What age of *Varroes* name shall not be tolde,  
 And *Jasons Argos* and the fleece of golde.  
 Loftie *Lucretius* shall live that howre,  
 That nature shall dissolve this earthly bower.  
*Aeneas* warre, and *Tityrus* shall be read, 25  
 While *Rome* of all the conquered world is head.  
 Till *Cupids* Bowe and fiery Shafts be broken,  
 Thy verses sweet *Tibullus* shalbe spoken.  
 And *Gallus* shall be knowne from East to West,  
 So shall *Licoris* whom he loved best. 30  
 Therefore when *Flint and Iron* weare away,  
 Verse is immortall, and shall nere decay.  
 To verse let Kings give place, and Kingly showes,  
 And bankes ore which gold-bearing *Tagus* flowes.  
 Let base conceipted witts admire *vilde* things, 35  
 Faire *Phoebus* lead me to the *Muses* springs.  
 About my head be quivering *mirtle* wound,  
 And in sad lovers heads let me be found.  
 The living, not the dead can' envy bite.  
 For after death all men receive their right. 40  
 Then though death rackes my bones in funerall fire,  
 Ile live, and as he puls me downe mount higher.

P. Ovidii Nasonis Amorum  
Liber Secundus

ELEGIA 1

*Quod pro gigantomachia amores scribere  
sit coactus.*

I *Ovid* Poet of my wantonnesse  
Borne at *Peligny* to write more addresse.  
So *Cupid* wills, farre hence be the severe  
You are unapt my looser lines to heare.  
Let Maydes whom hot desire to husbands leade, 5  
And rude boyes toucht with unknowne love me reade.  
That some youth hurt as I am with loves bowe  
His owne flames best acquainted signes may knowe.  
And long admiring say by what meanes learnd  
Hath this same Poet my sad chaunce discerned? 10  
I durst the great celestiaall battells tell  
Hundred-hand *Gyges*, and had done it well,  
With earthes revenge and how *Olimpus* toppe  
High *Ossa* bore mount *Pelion* up to proppe.  
*Jove* and *Joves* thunderbolts I had in hand 15  
Which for his heaven fell on the *Gyants* band.  
My wench her dore shut, *Joves* affares I left  
Even *Jove* himselfe out off my wit was reft,  
Pardon me *Jove*, thy weapons ayde me nought  
Her shut gates greater lightning then thyne brought. 20  
Toyes, and light Elegies my darts I tooke  
Quickly soft words hard dores wide open strooke.  
Verses deduce the horned bloody moone  
And call the sunnes white horses backe at noone.  
Snakes leape by verse from caves of broken mountaines 25  
And turned streames run back-ward to their fountaines.  
Verses ope dores, and lockes put in the poast  
Although of oake, to yeeld to verses boast.

1 my] *Robinson*; they *Mason*  
*R*,*binson*; blacke *Mason*

23 deduce] *Bowers*; reduce *Mason*

24 backe]

What helpes it me of fierce *Achill* to sing?  
What good to me wil either *Ajax* bring? 30  
Or he who war'd and wand'red twenty yeare?  
Or wofull *Hector* whom wilde jades did teare?  
But when I praise a pretty wenches face  
Shee in requitall doth me oft imbrace.  
A great reward: *Heroes*, O famous names 35  
Farewel, your favour nought my minde inflames.  
Wenches apply your faire lookes to my verse  
Which golden love doth unto me rehearse.

ELEGIA 2

*Ad Bagoum, ut custodiam puellae sibi commissae  
laxiorem habeat.*

*Bagous* whose care doth thy Mistrisse bridle  
While I speake some fewe, yet fit words be idle.  
I sawe the damsell walking yesterday  
There where the porch doth *Danaus* fact display.  
Shee pleas'd me soone, I sent, and did her woo, 5  
Her trembling hand writ back she might not doo.  
And asking why, this answeare she redoubled  
Because thy care too much thy Mistresse troubled.  
Keeper if thou be wise cease hate to cherish,  
Beleeve me, whom we feare, we wish to perish. 10  
Nor is her husband wise, what needes defence  
When un-protected ther is no expence,  
But furiously he follow his loves fire  
And thinkes her chast whom many doe desire.  
Stolne liberty she may by thee obtaine 15  
Which giving her, she may give thee againe.  
Wilt thou her fault learne, she may make thee tremble,  
Feare to be guilty then thou maiest desemble.  
Thinke when she reades, her mother letters sent her  
Let him goe forth knowne, that unknowne did enter, 20

12 un-protected] *Robinson*; un-protected *Mason*

Let him goe see her though she doe not languish  
 And then report her sicke and full of anguish.  
 If long she stayes to thinke the time more short  
 Lay downe thy forehead in thy lap to snort.  
 Enquire not what with *Isis* may be done 25  
 Nor feare least she to th'theater's runne.  
 Knowing her scapes thine honour shall encrease,  
 And what lesse labour then to hold thy peace?  
 Let him please, haunt the house, be kindly usd  
 Enjoy the wench, let all else be refusd. 30  
 Vaine causes faine of him, the true to hide  
 And what she likes, let both hold ratifide.  
 When most her husband bends the browes and frownes  
 His fauning wench with her desire he crownes.  
 But yet sometimes to chide thee let her fall 35  
 Counterfet teares: and thee lewd hangman call.  
 Object thou then what she may well excuse,  
 To staine all faith in truth, by false crimes use.  
 Of wealth and honour so shall grow thy heape,  
 Do this and soone thou shalt thy freedome reape. 40  
 On tell-tales neckes thou seest the linke-knitt chaines,  
 The filthy prison faithlesse breasts restraines.  
 Water in waters, and fruite flying touch  
*Tantalus* seekes, his long tongues gaine is such.  
 While *Junos* watch-man *Io* too much eyde, 45  
 Him timelesse death tooke, she was deifide.  
 I sawe ones legges with fetters black and blewe,  
 By whom the husband his wives incest knewe.  
 More he deserv'd, to both great harme he fram'd  
 The man did grieve, the woman was defam'd. 50  
 Trust me all husbands for such faults are sad  
 Nor make they any man that heare them glad.  
 If he loves not, deafe eares thou doest importune,  
 Or if he loves, thy tale breedes his misfortune.  
 Nor is it easily prov'd though manifest, 55  
 She safe by favour of her judge doth rest.  
 Though himselfe see; heele credit her denyall  
 Condemne his eyes, and say there is no tryall.  
 Spying his mistrisse teares, he will lament  
 And say this blabbe shall suffer punishment. 60

Why fightst gainst oddes? to thee being cast do happe  
 Sharpe stripes, she sitteth in the judges lappe.  
 To meete for poyson or vilde facts we crave not,  
 My hands an unsheath'd shyning weapon have not.  
 Wee seeke that through thee safely love we may, 65  
 What can be easier then the thing we pray?

## ELEGIA 3

*Ad Eunuchum servantem dominam.*

Aye me an *Eunuch* keeps my mistrisse chaste,  
 That cannot *Venus* mutuall pleasure taste.  
 Who first depriv'd yong boys of their best part,  
 With selfe same woundes he gave, he ought to smart.  
 To kinde requests thou wouldst more gentle prove, 5  
 If ever wench had made luke-warme thy love:  
 Thou wert not borne to ride, or armes to beare,  
 Thy hands agree not with the warlike speare.  
 Men handle those, all manly hopes resigne,  
 Thy mistrisse enseignes must be likewise thine. 10  
 Please her, her hate makes others thee abhorre,  
 If she discards thee, what use servest thou for?  
 Good forme there is, yearest apt to play together,  
 Unmeete is beauty without use to wither.  
 Shee may deceive thee, though thou her protect, 15  
 What two determine never wants effect.  
 Our prayers move thee to assist our drift,  
 While thou hast time yet to bestowe that gift.

## ELEGIA 4

*Quod amet mulieres, cuiuscunque formae sint.*

I meane not to defend the scapes of any,  
 Or justifie my vices being many.  
 For I confesse, if that might merite favour,  
 Heere I display my lewd and loose behaviour.

I loathe, yet after that I loathe, I runne, 5  
 Oh how the burthen irkes, that we should shunne.  
 I cannot rule my selfe, but where love please,  
 Am driven like a ship upon rough seas.  
 No one face likes me best, all faces move, 10  
 A hundred reasons make me ever love.  
 If any eye me with a modest looke,  
 I blush, and by that blushfull glance am tooke.  
 And she thats coy I like for being no clowne,  
 Me thinkes she would be nimble when shees downe.  
 Though her sowre lookes a *Sabines* browe resemble, 15  
 I thinke sheele do, but deeply can dissemble.  
 If she be learn'd, then for her skill I crave her,  
 If not, because shees simple I would have her.  
 Before *Callimachus* one preferres me farre,  
 Seeing she likes my bookes why should we jarre? 20  
 An other railes at me and that I write  
 Yet would I lie with her if that I might.  
 Trips she, it likes me well, plods she, what than?  
 Shee would be nimbler, lying with a man.  
 And when one sweetely sings, then straight I long 25  
 To quaver on her lips even in her song.  
 Or if one touch the Lute with arte and cunning  
 Who wold not love those hands for their swift running?  
 And her I like that with a majesty  
 Folds up her armes and makes lowe curtesy. 30  
 To leave my selfe, that am in love with all  
 Some one of these might make the chastest fall.  
 If she be tall, shees like an *Amazon*,  
 And therefore filles the bed she lies upon.  
 If short, she lies the rounder to say troth 35  
 Both short and long please me, for I love both.  
 I thinke what one undeckt would be, being drest  
 Is she attired, then shew her graces best.  
 A white wench thralles me, so doth golden yellowe  
 And nut-browne girles in doing have no fellowe. 40  
 If her white necke be shadoed with blacke haire  
 Why so was *Ledas*, yet was *Leda* faire.  
 Amber trest is she, then on the morne thinke I  
 My love alludes to every history:

A yong wench pleaseth, and an old is good 45  
 This for her lookes that for her woman-hood.  
 Nay what is she that any *Roman* loves  
 But my ambitious ranging minde approves.

## ELEGIA 5

*Ad amicam corruptam.*

No love is deere (quiverd *Cupid* flie)  
 That my chiefe wish should be so oft to die.  
 Minding thy fault, with death I wish to revill,  
 Alas a wench is a perpetuall evill. 5  
 No intercepted lines thy deedes display,  
 No gifts given secretly thy crime bewray.  
 O would my proofes as vaine might be withstood,  
 Aye me poore soule, why is my cause so good.  
 He's happy, that his love dares boldly credit,  
 To whom his wench can say, I never did it. 10  
 He's cruell, and too much his grieve doth favour  
 That seekes the conquest by her loose behaviour.  
 Poore wretch I sawe when thou didst thinke I slumbred,  
 Not drunke, your faults in the spilt wine I numbred.  
 I sawe your nodding eye-browes much to speake, 15  
 Even from your cheekes parte of a voice did breake.  
 Not silent were thine eyes, the boord with wine  
 Was scribled, and thy fingers writ a line.  
 I knew your speech (what do not lovers see?)  
 And words that seem'd for certaine markes to be. 20  
 Now many guests were gone, the feast being done,  
 The youthfull sort to divers pastimes runne.  
 I sawe you then unlawfull kisses joyne,  
 (Such with my tongue it likes me to purloyne).  
 None such the sister gives her brother grave, 25  
 But such kinde wenches let their lovers have.  
*Phoebus* gave not *Diana* such tis thought,  
 But *Venus* often to her *Mars* such brought.

What doest, I cryed transportst thou my delight?  
 My lordly hands Ile throwe upon my right. 30  
 Such blisse is onely common to us two,  
 In this sweete good, why hath a third to do?  
 This, and what grife inforc'd me say I say'd,  
 A scarlet blush her guilty face arayed.  
 Even such as by *Aurora* hath the skie, 35  
 Or maides that their betrothed husbands spie.  
 Such as a rose mixt with a lilly breedes,  
 Or when the Moone travailes with charmed steedes.  
 Or such, as least long yeares should turne the die,  
*Arachne* staynes *Assyrian* ivory. 40  
 To these, or some of these like was her colour,  
 By chaunce her beauty never shined fuller.  
 She viewed the earth: the earth to viewe, beseem'd her  
 She looked sad: sad, comely I esteem'd her.  
 Even kembd as they were, her lockes to rend, 45  
 And scratch her faire soft cheekes I did intend.  
 Seeing her face, mine upreard armes discended,  
 With her owne armor was my wench defended.  
 I that ere-while was fierce, now humbly sue,  
 Least with worse kisses she should me indue. 50  
 She laught, and kissed so sweetly as might make  
 Wrath-kindled *Jove* away his thunder shake.  
 I grieve least others should such good perceive,  
 And wish hereby them all unknowne to leave.  
 Also much better were they then I tell, 55  
 And ever seemed as some new sweete befell.  
 Tis ill they pleas'd so much, for in my lips,  
 Lay her whole tongue hid, mine in hers she dips.  
 This grieves me not, no joynd kisses spent,  
 Bewaile I onely, though I them lament. 60  
 No where can they be taught but in the bed,  
 I know no maister of so great hire sped.

## ELEGIA 6

*In mortem psittaci.*

The parrat from east *India* to me sent,  
 Is dead, al fowles her exequies frequent.  
 Go goodly birdes, striking your breasts bewaile,  
 And with rough clawes your tender cheekes assaile.  
 For wofull haire let piece-torne plumes abound, 5  
 For long shrild trumpets let your notes resound.  
 Why *Philomele* doest *Tereus* leudnesse mourne?  
 All wasting years have that complaint out worne.  
 Thy tunes let this rare birdes sad funerall borrowe,  
*Itis* is great, but auntient cause of sorrowe. 10  
 All you whose pineons in the cleare aire sore,  
 But most thou friendly turtle-dove deplore.  
 Full concord all your lives was you betwixt,  
 And to the end your constant faith stood fixt.  
 What *Pylades* did to *Orestes* prove, 15  
 Such to the parrat was the turtle dove.  
 But what availde this faith? her rarest hue?  
 Or voice that howe to change the wilde notes knew?  
 What helps it thou wert given to please my wench,  
 Birdes haples glory death thy life doth quench. 20  
 Thou with thy quilles mightst make greene *Emeralds* darke  
 And passe our scarlet of red saffrons marke.  
 No such voice-feigning bird was on the ground,  
 Thou spokest thy words so well with stammering sound.  
 Envy hath rapt thee, no fierce warres thou movedst, 25  
 Vaine babling speech, and pleasant peace thou lovedst.  
 Behould how quailles among their battailes live,  
 Which do perchance old age unto them give.  
 A little fild thee, and for love of talke,  
 Thy mouth to taste of many meates did balke. 30  
 Nuts were thy food, and Poppie causde thee sleepe,  
 Pure waters moisture thirst away did keepe.  
 The ravenous vulture lives, the Puttock hovers  
 Around the aire, the Cadesse raine discovers,

And Crowes survive armes-bearing *Pallas* hate, 35  
 Whose life nine ages scarce bring out of date.  
 Dead is that speaking image of mans voice,  
 The Parrat given me, the farre worlds best choice.  
 The greedy spirits take the best things first,  
 Supplying their voide places with the worst. 40  
*Thersites* did *Protesilaus* survive,  
 And *Hector* dyed his brothers yet alive.  
 My wenches vowes for thee what should I show,  
 Which stormie South-windes into sea did blowe?  
 The seventh day came, none following mightst thou see 45  
 And the fates distaffe emptie stood to thee,  
 Yet words in thy benumbed palate rung,  
 Farewell *Corinna* cryed thy dying tongue.  
*Elisium* hath a wood of holme trees black,  
 Whose earth doth not perpetuall greene-grasse lacke, 50  
 There good birds rest (if we beleeve things hidden)  
 Whence uncleane fowles are said to be forbidden.  
 There harmesse Swans feed all abroad the river,  
 There lives the *Phoenix* one alone bird ever,  
 There *Juno*s bird displayes his gorgious feather, 55  
 And loving Doves kisse eagerly together.  
 The Parrat into wood receiv'd with these,  
 Turnes all the goodly birdes to what she please.  
 A grave her bones hides, on her corps great grave,  
 The little stones these little verses have. 60  
 This tombe approoves, I pleasde my mistresse well,  
 My mouth in speaking did all birds excell.

## ELEGIA 7

*Amicae se purgat quod ancillam non amet.*

Doost me of new crimes alwayes guilty frame?  
 To over-come, so oft to fight I shame.  
 If on the Marble Theater I looke,  
 One among many is to grieve thee tooke.

38 worlds] *Robinson*; words *Mason*

If some faire wench me secretly behold, 45  
 Thou arguest she doth secret markes unfold. 5  
 If I praise any, thy poore haire thou tearest,  
 If blame, dissembling of my fault thou fearest.  
 If I looke well, thou thinkest thou doest not move,  
 If ill, thou saiest I die for others love. 10  
 Would I were culpable of some offence,  
 They that deserve paine, beare't with patience.  
 Now rash accusing, and thy vaine believe,  
 Forbid thine anger to procure my griefe.  
 Loe how the miserable great eared *Asse*, 15  
 Duld with much beating slowly forth doth passe.  
 Behold *Cypassis* wont to dresse thy head,  
 Is charg'd to violate her mistresse bed.  
 The Gods from this sinne rid me of suspition,  
 To like a base wench of despisd condition. 20  
 With *Venus* game who will a servant grace?  
 Or any back made rough with stripes imbrace?  
 Adde she was diligent thy locks to braide,  
 And for her skill to thee a gratefull maide.  
 Should I sollicit her that is so just? 25  
 To take repulse, and cause her shew my lust:  
 I swear by *Venus*, and the wingd boyes bowe,  
 My selfe unguilty of this crime I know.

## ELEGIA 8

*Ad Cypassim ancillam Corinnae.*

*Cypassis* that a thousand wayes trimst haire,  
 Worthy to keembe none but a Goddesse faire,  
 Our pleasant scapes shew thee no clowne to be,  
 Apt to thy mistrisse, but more apt to me.  
 Who that our bodies were comprest bewrayde? 5  
 Whence knowes *Corinna* that with thee I playde?  
 Yet blusht I not, nor usde I any saying,  
 That might be urg'd to witnessse our false playing.  
 What if a man with bond-women offend,  
 To prove him foolish did I ere contend? 10

*Achilles* burnt with face of captive *Briseis*,  
 Great *Agamemnon* lov'd his servant *Chriseis*.  
 Greater then these my selfe I not esteeme,  
 What graced Kings, in me no shame I deeme.  
 But when on thee her angry eyes did rush, 15  
 In both thy cheekes she did perceive thee blush,  
 But being present, might that worke the best,  
 By *Venus* Deity how did I protest.  
 Thou Goddesses doest command a warme South-blast,  
 My false oathes in *Carpathian* seas to cast. 20  
 For which good turne my sweete reward repay,  
 Let me lie with thee browne *Cypasse* to day.  
 Ungrate why feignest new feares? and doest refuse;  
 Well maiest thou one thing for thy Mistresse use.  
 If thou deniest foole, Ile our deeds expresse, 25  
 And as a traitour mine owne fault confesse.  
 Telling thy mistresse, where I was with thee,  
 How oft, and by what meanes we did agree.

## ELEGIA 9

*Ad Cupidinem.*

O *Cupid* that doest never cease my smart,  
 O boy that lyst so slothefull in my heart.  
 Why me that alwayes was thy souldiour found,  
 Does harme, and in thy tents why doest me wound?  
 Why burnes thy brand, why strikes thy bow thy friends? 5  
 More glory by thy vanquisht foes assends.  
 Did not *Pelides* whom his Speare did grieve,  
 Being requirde, with speedy helpe relieve?  
 Hunters leave taken beasts, pursue the chase,  
 And then things found do ever further pace. 10  
 We people wholly given thee, feel thine armes,  
 Thy dull hand stayes thy striving enemies harmes.

16 thy] *Dyce*; my *Mason*20 false] *Tucker Brooke*; selfe *Mason*

Doest joy to have thy hooked Arrowes shaken,  
 In naked bones? love hath my bones left naked.  
 So many men and maidens without love, 15  
 Hence with great laude thou maiest a triumph move.  
*Rome* if her strength the huge world had not fill,  
 With strawie cabins now her courts should build.  
 The weary souldiour hath the conquerd fields,  
 His sword layed by, safe, though rude places yeelds. 20  
 The Docke inharbours ships drawne from the flouds,  
 Horse freed from service range abroad the woods.  
 And time is was for me to live in quiet,  
 That have so oft serv'd pretty wenches dyet.  
 Yet should I curse a God, if he but said, 25  
 Live without love, so sweete ill is a maide.  
 For when my loathing it of heate deprives me,  
 I know not whether my mindes whirle-wind drives me.  
 Even as a head-strong courser beares away,  
 His rider vainely striving him to stay, 30  
 Or as a sodaine gale thrustes into sea,  
 The haven touching barcke now nere the lea,  
 So wavering *Cupid* bringes me backe amaine.  
 And purple love resumes his dartes againe.  
 Strike boy, I offer thee my naked brest, 35  
 Heere thou hast strength, here thy right hand doth rest.  
 Here of themselves thy shafts come, as if shot,  
 Better then I, their quiver knowes them not.  
 Haples is he that all the night lies quiet  
 And slumbring, thinkes himselfe much blessed by it. 40  
 Foole, what is sleepe but image of cold death,  
 Long shalt thou rest when Fates expire thy breath.  
 But me let crafty damselfs words deceive,  
 Great joyes by hope I inly shall conceive.  
 Now let her flatter me, now chide me hard, 45  
 Let me enjoy her oft, oft be debard.  
*Cupid* by thee, *Mars* in great doubt doth trample,  
 And thy step-father fights by thy example.  
 Light art thou, and more windie then thy winges,  
 Joyes with uncertaine faith thou takest and brings. 50

32 haven] *Mal* 368; heaven *Mason*

Yet love, if thou with thy faire mother heare,  
 Within my brest no desert empire beare.  
 Subdue the wandring wenches to thy raigne,  
 So of both people shalt thou homage gaine.

## ELEGIA 10

*Ad Graecinum quod eodem tempore duas amet.*

*Graecinus* (well I wot) thou touldst me once,  
 I could not be in love with two at once.  
 By thee deceived, by thee surpriz'd am I  
 For now I love two women equally.  
 Both are well favor'd, both rich in aray, 5  
 Which is the loveliest it is hard to say.  
 This seemes the fairest, so doth that to me,  
 And this doth please me most, and so doth she.  
 Even as a boate, tost by contrary winde,  
 So with this love, and that, wavers my minde. 10  
*Venus*, why doublest thou my endlesse smart?  
 Was not one wench enough to grieve my hart?  
 Why addst thou stars to heaven, leaves to greene woods  
 And to the vast deepe sea fresh water flouds?  
 Yet this is better farre then lie alone, 15  
 Let such as be mine enemies have none.  
 Yea let my foes sleepe in an empty bed,  
 And in the midst their bodies largely spread.  
 But may soft love rowse up my drowsie eyes,  
 And from my mistris bosome let me rise. 20  
 Let one wench cloy me with sweete loves delight  
 If one can doote, if not, two every night.  
 Though I am slender, I have store of pith  
 Nor want I strength but weight to presse her with.  
 Pleasure addes fuell to my lust-full fire 25  
 I pay them home with that they most desire.  
 Oft have I spent the night in wantonnesse,  
 And in the morne beene lively nere the lesse.

Hee's happy who loves mutuall skirmish slayes,  
 And to the Gods for that death *Ovid* prayes. 30  
 Let souldiours chase their enemies amaine,  
 And with their bloud eternall honour gaine.  
 Let Marchants seeke wealth with perjured lips;  
 And being wrackt carowse the sea tir'd with their ships.  
 But when I dye, would I might droupe with doing, 35  
 And in the midst thereof, set my soule going,  
 That at my funeralls some may weeping crye,  
 Even as he led his life, so did he dye.

## ELEGIA 11

*Ad amicam navigantem.*

The lofty Pine from high mount *Pelion* raught  
 Ill waies by rough seas wondring waves first taught,  
 Which rashly twixt the sharpe rocks in the deepe,  
 Caried the famous golden-fleeced sheepe.  
 O would that no Oares might in seas have suncke, 5  
 The *Argos* wrackt had deadly waters drunke.  
 Loe country Gods, and known bed to forsake,  
*Corinna* meanes, and dangerous wayes to take.  
 For thee the East and West winds make me pale,  
 With Icy *Boreas*, and the Southerne gale: 10  
 Thou shalt admire no woods or Citties there,  
 The unjust seas all blewish do speare.  
 The Ocean hath no painted stones or shelles,  
 The sucking shore with their aboundance swels.  
 Maides on the shore, with marble white feete tread, 15  
 So farre 'tis safe, but to go farther dread.  
 Let others tell how winds fierce battailes wage,  
 How *Scyllaes* and *Caribdis* waters rage.  
 And with what rockes the feard *Cerannia* threat,  
 In what gulfe either *Syrtes* have their seate. 20

29 slayes] *Bindley*, *Isham*; layes *Mason*

7 known] *Robinson*; know *Mason*

Let others tell this, and what each one speakes  
 Beleeve, no tempest the beleever wreakes.  
 Too late you looke back, when with anchors weighd,  
 The crooked Barque hath her swift sailes displayd.  
 The carefull ship-man now feares angry gusts, 25  
 And with the waters sees death neere him thrusts,  
 But if that *Triton* tosse the troubled floud,  
 In all thy face will be no crimsen bloud.  
 Then wilt thou *Laedas* noble twinne-starres pray,  
 And he is happy whom the earth holds, say, 30  
 It is more safe to sleepe, to read a booke,  
 The *Thracian* Harpe with cunning to have strooke,  
 But if my words with winged stormes hence slip,  
 Yet *Galatea* favour thou her ship.  
 The losse of such a wench much blame will gather, 35  
 Both to the Sea-nimphes, and the Sea-nimphes father.  
 Go, minding to returne with prosperous winde,  
 Whose blast may hether strongly be inclinde,  
 Let *Nereus* bend the waves unto this shore,  
 Hether the windes blowe, here the spring-tide rore. 40  
 Request milde *Zephires* helpe for thy availe,  
 And with thy hand assist thy swelling saile.  
 I from the shore thy knowne ship first will see,  
 And say it brings her that preserveth me;  
 Ile clip and kisse thee with all contentation, 45  
 For thy returne shall fall the vowd oblation,  
 And in the forme of beds weele strowe soft sand,  
 Each little hill shall for a table stand:  
 There wine being fild, thou many things shalt tell,  
 How almost wrackt thy ship in maine seas fell. 50  
 And hasting to me, neither darkesome night,  
 Nor violent South-windes did thee ought affright.  
 Ile thinke all true, though it be feigned matter.  
 Mine owne desires why should my selfe not flatter?  
 Let the bright day-starre cause in heaven this day be, 55  
 To bring that happy time so soone as may be.

## ELEGIA 12

*Exultat, quod amica potitus sit.*

About my temples go triumphant bayes,  
 Conquer'd *Corinna* in my bosome layes.  
 She whom her husband, guard, and gate as foes,  
 Least Arts should winne her firmly did inclose,  
 That victory doth chiefly triumph merit, 5  
 Which without bloud-shed doth the pray inherit.  
 No little ditched townes, no lowlie walles,  
 But to my share a captive damsell falles.  
 When *Troy* by ten yeares battle tumbled downe,  
 With the *Atrides* many gainde renowne. 10  
 But I no partner of my glory brooke,  
 Nor can an other say his helpe I tooke.  
 I guide and souldiour wunne the field and weare her,  
 I was both horse-man, foote-man, standard bearer.  
 Nor in my act hath fortune mingled chance, 15  
 O care-got triumph hetherwards advance.  
 Nor is my warres cause new, but for a Queene  
*Europe*, and *Asia* in firme peace had beene.  
 The *Laphithes*, and the *Centaures* for a woman,  
 To cruell armes their drunken selves did summon. 20  
 A woman forc'd the *Troyanes* new to enter  
 Warres, just *Latinus*, in thy kingdomes center:  
 A woman against late-built *Rome* did send  
 The *Sabine* Fathers, who sharpe warres intend.  
 I saw how Bulls for a white Heifer strive, 25  
 Shee looking on them did more courage give.  
 And me with many, but yet me without murther,  
*Cupid* commands to move his ensignes further.

## ELEGIA 13

*Ad Isidem, ut parientem Corinnam iuvet.*

While rashly her wombes burthen she casts out,  
 Wearie *Corinna* hath her life in doubt.  
 She secretly with me such harme attempted,  
 Angry I was, but feare my wrath exempted.

But she conceiv'd of me, or I am sure 5  
 I oft have done, what might as much procure.  
 Thou that frequents *Canopus* pleasant fields,  
*Memphis*, and *Pharos* that sweete date trees yeelds,  
 And where swift *Nile* in his large channell slipping, 10  
 By seaven hugh mouthes into the sea is skipping,  
 By fear'd *Anubis* visage I thee pray,  
 So in thy Temples shall *Osiris* stay,  
 And the dull snake about thy offrings creepe,  
 And in thy pompe hornd *Apis* with thee keepe.  
 Turne thy lookes hether, and in one spare twaine, 15  
 Thou givest my mistris life, she mine againe.  
 Shee oft hath serv'd thee upon certaine dayes,  
 Where the *French* rout engirt themselves with Bayes.  
 On labouring women thou doest pittie take,  
 Whose bodies with their heavy burthens ake. 20  
 My wench *Lucina*, I intreat thee favour,  
 Worthy she is, thou shouldst in mercy save her.  
 In white, with incense Ile thine Altars greete,  
 My selfe will bring vowed gifts before thy feete,  
 Subscribing *Naso* with *Corinna* sav'd: 25  
 Do but deserve gifts with this title grav'd.  
 But if in no great feare I may advize thee,  
 To have this skirmish fought, let it suffice thee.

## ELEGIA 14

*In amicam, quod abortivum ipsa fecerit.*

What helps it Woman to be free from warre?  
 Nor being arm'd fierce troupes to follow farre?  
 If without battell selfe-wrought wounds annoy them,  
 And their owne privie weapon'd hands destroy them.  
 Who unborne infants first to slay invented, 5  
 Deserv'd thereby with death to be tormented.

10 skipping] *Dyce*; slipping *Mason*

Because thy belly should rough wrinckles lacke,  
 Wilt thou thy wombe-inclosed off-spring wracke?  
 Had ancient Mothers this vile custome cherisht,  
 All humaine kinde by their default had perisht. 10  
 Or stones, our stockes originall should be hurld,  
 Againe by some in this unpeopled world.  
 Who should have Priams wealthy substance wonne,  
 If watry *Thetis* had her childe fordone?  
 In swelling wombe her twinnes had *Iliu* kilde? 15  
 He had not beene that conquering *Rome* did build.  
 Had *Venus* spoilde her bellies *Troyane* fruite,  
 The earth of *Caesars* had beene destitute.  
 Thou also, that wert borne faire, hadst decayed,  
 If such a worke thy mother had assayed. 20  
 My self that better dye with loving may  
 Had seene, my mother killing me, no day.  
 Why takest increasing grapes from Vine-trees full?  
 With cruell hand why doest greene Apples pull?  
 Fruites ripe will fall, let springing things increase, 25  
 Life is no light price of a small surcease:  
 Why with hid irons are your bowels torne?  
 And why dire poison give you babes unborne?  
 At *Colchis* stain'd with childrens bloud men raile,  
 And mother-murthered *Itis* they bewaile, 30  
 Both unkinde parents, but for causes sad,  
 Their wedlocks pledges veng'd their husbands bad.  
 What *Tereus*, what *Jason* you provokes,  
 To plague your bodies with such harmefull strokes?  
*Armenian* Tygers never did so ill, 35  
 Nor dares the *Lyonesse* her young whelpes kill.  
 But tender Damsels do it, though with paine,  
 Oft dyes she that her paunch-wrapt child hath slaine.  
 Shee dyes, and with loose haire to grave is sent,  
 And who ere see her, worthily lament. 40  
 But in the ayre let these words come to nought,  
 And my presages of no weight be thought.  
 Forgive her gracious Gods this one delict,  
 And on the next fault punishment inflict.

11 Or] *Dyce*; On *Mason*  
*Mason*

22 no] *Dyce*; to *Mason*

30 they] *Robinson*; thee

## ELEGIA 15

*Ad annulum, quem dono amicae dedit.*

Thou ring that shalt my faire girles finger binde,  
 Wherein is seene the givers loving minde:  
 Be welcome to her, gladly let her take thee,  
 And her small joynts incircling round hoope make thee.  
 Fit her so well, as she is fit for me:  
 And of just compasse for her knuckles bee. 5  
 Blest ring thou in my mistris hand shalt lye,  
 My selfe poore wretch mine owne gifts now envie.  
 O would that sodainly into my gift,  
 I could my selfe by secret Magicke shift. 10  
 Then would I wish thee touch my mistris pappe,  
 And hide thy left hand underneath her lappe.  
 I would get off though straight, and sticking fast,  
 And in her bosome strangely fall at last.  
 Then I, that I may seale her privy leaves, 15  
 Least to the waxe the hold-fast drye gemme cleaves,  
 Wbuld first my beautious wenches moist lips touch,  
 Onely Ile signe nought, that may grieve me much.  
 I would not out, might I in one place hit,  
 But in lesse compasse her small fingers knit. 20  
 My life, that I will shame thee never feare,  
 Or be a loadē thou shouldst refuse to beare.  
 Weare me, when warmest showers thy members wash,  
 And through the gemme let thy lost waters pash.  
 But seeing thee, I thinke my thing will swell, 25  
 And even the ring performe a mans part well.  
 Vaine things why wish I? go small gift from hand,  
 Let her my faith with thee given understand.

22 be] *Robinson*; by *Mason*

## ELEGIA 16

*Ad amicam, ut ad rura sua veniat.*

*Sulmo*, *Pelignies* third part me containes,  
 A small, but wholesome soyle with watrie veynes.  
 Although the sunne to rive the earth incline,  
 And the *Icarian* froward Dog-starre shine,  
*Pelignian* fields with liqued rivers flowe, 5  
 And on the soft ground fertile greene grasse growe.  
 With corne the earth abounds, with vines much more,  
 And some few pastures *Pallas* Olives bore.  
 And by the rising herbes, where cleare springs slide,  
 A grassie turffe the moistened earth doth hide. 10  
 But absent is my fire, lyes ile tell none,  
 My heate is heere, what moves my heate is gone.  
*Pollux* and *Castor*, might I stand betwixt,  
 In heaven without thee would I not be fixt. 15  
 Upon the cold earth pensive let them lay,  
 That meane to travaile some long irkesome way.  
 Or els will maidens, yong-mens mates, to go  
 If they determine to persever so.  
 Then on the rough *Alpes* should I tread aloft,  
 My hard way with my mistrisse would seeme soft. 20  
 With her I durst the *Lybian* Syrtes breake through,  
 And raging Seas in boistrous South-winds plough.  
 No barking Dogs that *Syllaes* intrailles beare,  
 Nor thy gulfes crooked *Malea*, would I feare.  
 No flowing waves with drowned ships forth poured, 25  
 By cloyed *Charibdis*, and againe devoured.  
 But if sterne *Neptunes* windie powre prevaile,  
 And waters force, force helping Gods to faile,  
 With thy white armes upon my shoulders seaze,  
 So sweete a burthen I will beare with eaze. 30  
 The youth oft swimming to his *Hero* kinde,  
 Had then swum over, but the way was blinde,  
 But without thee, although vine-planted ground  
 Containes me, though the streames in fields surround,

5 with] *Mal* 368; which *Mason*

Though *Hindes* in brookes the running waters bring, 35  
 And coole gales shake the tall trees leavy spring,  
 Healthfull *Peligny* I esteeme nought worth,  
 Nor do I like the country of my birth.  
*Sythia, Cilicia, Brittain* are as good,  
 And rockes dyed crimson with *Prometheus* blood. 40  
 Elmes love the Vines, the Vines with Elmes abide,  
 Why doth my mistresse from me oft deuide?  
 Thou swearest, deuisiō should not twixt us rise,  
 By me, and by my starres, thy radiant eyes.  
 Maides words more vaine and light then falling leaves, 45  
 Which as it seemes, hence winde and sea bereaves.  
 If any godly care of me thou hast,  
 Adde deeds unto thy promises at last.  
 And with swift Naggs drawing thy little Coach,  
 (Their reines let loose) right soone my house approach. 50  
 But when she comes, you swelling mounts sinck downe,  
 And falling vallies be the smooth-wayes crowne.

## ELEGIA 17

*Quod Corinnae soli sit serviturus.*

To serve a wench if any thinke it shame,  
 He being Judge, I am convinc'd of blame.  
 Let me be slandered, while my fire she hides,  
 That *Paphos*, and the floud-beate *Cithera* guides.  
 Would I had beene my mistresse gentle prey, 5  
 Since some faire one I should of force obey.  
 Beauty gives heart, *Corinnas* lookes excell,  
 Aye me why is it knowne to her so well?  
 But by her glasse disdainefull pride she learns,  
 Nor she her selfe but first trim'd up discernes. 10  
 Not though thy face in all things make thee raigne,  
 (O face most cunning mine eyes to detaine)  
 Thou oughtst therefore to scorne me for thy mate,  
 Small things with greater may be copulate.  
 Love-snarde *Calpyso* is supposde to pray, 15  
 A mortall nimphes refusing Lord to stay.

Who doubts, with *Pelius*, *Thetis* did consort,  
*Egeria* with just *Numa* had good sport,  
*Venus* with *Vulcan*, though smiths tooles laide by,  
 With his stumpe-foote he halts ill-favouredly. 20  
 This kinde of verse is not alike, yet fit,  
 With shorter numbers the heroicke sit.  
 And thou my light accept me how so ever,  
 Lay in the mid bed, there be my law giver.  
 My stay no crime, my flight no joy shall breede, 25  
 Nor of our love to be asham'd we need,  
 For great renews I good verses have,  
 And many by me to get glory crave.  
 I know a wench reports her selfe *Corinne*,  
 What would not she give that faire name to winne? 30  
 But sundry flouds in one banke never go,  
*Eurotas* cold, and poplar-bearing *Po*.  
 Nor in my bookes shall one but thou be writ,  
 Thou doest alone give matter to my wit.

## ELEGIA 18

*Ad Macrum, quod de amoribus scribat.*

To tragick verse while thou *Achilles* trainst,  
 And new sworne souldiours maiden armes retainst,  
 Wee *Macer* sit in *Venus* slothfull shade,  
 And tender love hath great things hatefull made.  
 Often at length, my wench depart, I bid, 5  
 Shee in my lap sits still as earst she did.  
 I sayd it irkes me, halfe to weping framed,  
 Aye me she cries, to love, why art a shamed?  
 Then wreathes about my necke her winding armes,  
 And thousand kisses gives, that worke my harmes: 10  
 I yeeld, and back my wit from battells bring,  
 Domesticke acts, and mine owne warres to sing.  
 Yet tragedies, and scepters fild my lines,  
 But though I apt were for such high deseignes,  
 Love laughed at my cloak, and buskines painted, 15  
 And rule so soone with private hands acquainted.

My Mistris deity also drewe me fro it,  
 And love triumpheth ore his buskind Poet.  
 What lawfull is, or we professe loves art,  
 (Alas my precepts turne my selfe to smart) 20  
 We write, or what *Penelope* sends *Ulysses*,  
 Or *Phyllis* teares that her *Demophoon* misses,  
 What thanklesse *Jason*, *Macareus*, and *Paris*,  
*Phedra*, and *Hipolite* may read, my care is,  
 And what poore *Dido* with her drawne sword sharpe, 25  
 Doth say, with her that lov'd the *Aonian* harpe.  
 As soone as from strange lands *Sabinus* came,  
 And writings did from diverse places frame,  
 White-cheekt *Penelope* knewe *Ulisses* signe  
 The stepdame read *Hyppolitus* lustlesse line. 30  
*Eneas* to *Elisa* answerre gives,  
 And *Phyllis* hath to reade; if now she lives.  
*Jasons* sad letter doth *Hipsipile* greete,  
*Sappho* her vowed harpe laies at *Phoebus* feete.  
 Nor of thee *Macer* that resoundst forth armes, 35  
 Is golden love hid in *Mars* mid-almes.  
 There *Paris* is, and *Helens* crymes record,  
 With *Laodameia* mate to her dead Lord.  
 Unlesse I erre to these thou more incline,  
 Then warres, and from thy tents wilt come to mine. 40

## ELEGIA 19

*Ad rivalem, cui uxor curae non erat.*

Foole if to keepe thy wife thou hast no neede,  
 Keepe her for me, my more desire to breede.  
 Wee skorne things lawfull, stolne sweetes we affect,  
 Cruell is he, that loves whom none protect.  
 Let us both lovers hope, and feare a like, 5  
 And may repulse place for our wishes strike.  
 What should I do with fortune that nere failes me?  
 Nothing I love, that at all times availes me.  
 Wily *Corinna* sawe this blemish in me,  
 And craftily knowes by what meanes to winne me. 10

Ah often, that her hale head aked, she lying,  
 Wild me, whose slowe feete sought delay be flying.  
 Ah oft how much she might she feignd offence;  
 And doing wrong made shew of innocence.  
 So having vext she nourisht my warme fire, 15  
 And was againe most apt to my desire.  
 To please me, what faire termes and sweet words ha's shee,  
 Great gods what kisses, and how many gave shee?  
 Thou also that late tookest mine eyes away,  
 Oft couzen me, oft being wooed say nay. 20  
 And on thy threshold let me lie dispredd,  
 Suffring much cold by hoary nights frost bred.  
 So shall my love continue many yeares,  
 This doth delight me this my courage cheares.  
 Fat love, and too much fulsome me annoyes, 25  
 Even as sweete meate a glutted stomacke cloyes.  
 In brazen tower had not *Danae* dwelt,  
 A mothers joy by *Jove* she had not felt.  
 While *Juno Io* keepes when hornes she wore,  
*Jove* liked her better then he did before. 30  
 Who covets lawfull things takes leaves from woods,  
 And drinke stolne waters in surrounding floudes.  
 Her lover let her mocke, that long will raigne,  
 Aye me, let not my warnings cause my paine.  
 What ever haps, by suffrance harme is done, 35  
 What flies, I followe, what followes me I shunne.  
 But thou of thy faire damsell too secure,  
 Beginne to shut thy house at evening sure.  
 Search at the dore who knocks oft in the darke,  
 In nights deepe silence why the ban-dogges barke. 40  
 Whether the subtile maide lines bringes and carries,  
 Why she alone in empty bed oft tarries.  
 Let this care some-times bite thee to the quick,  
 That to deceits it may me forward pricke.  
 To steale sands from the shore he loves alive, 45  
 That can effect a foolish wittalls wife.  
 Now I forewarne, unlesse to keepe her stronger,  
 Thou doest beginne, she shall be mine no longer.  
 Long have I borne much, hoping time would beate thee  
 To guard her well, that well I might entreate thee. 50

Thou suffrest what no husband can endure,  
 But of my love it will an end procure.  
 Shall I poore soule be never interdicted?  
 Nor never with nights sharpe revenge afflicted?  
 In sleeping shall I fearelesse drawe my breath? 55  
 Wilt nothing do, why I should wish thy death?  
 Can I but loath a husband growne a baude?  
 By thy default thou does our joyes defraude.  
 Some other seeke that may in patience strive with thee,  
 To pleasure me, for-bid me to corive with thee. 60

P. Ovidii Nasonis Amorum  
Liber tertius.

ELEGIA 1

*Deliberatio poetae, utrum elegos pergat scribere  
an potius tragedias.*

An old wood, stands uncut of long yeares space,  
 Tis credible some god head haunts the place.  
 In midst thereof a stone-pav'd sacred spring,  
 Where round about small birdes most sweetly sing.  
 Heere while I walke hid close in shadie grove, 5  
 To finde, what worke my muse might move, I strove.  
*Elegia* came with haire perfumed sweete,  
 And one, I thinke, was longer, of her feete.  
 A decent forme, thinne robe, a lovers looke, 10  
 By her footes blemish greater grace she tooke.  
 Then with huge steps came violent *Tragedie*,  
 Sterne was her front, her cloake on ground did lie.  
 Her left hand held abroad a regal scepter,  
 The *Lydian* buskin in fit paces kept her.  
 And first she sayd, when will thy love be spent? 15  
 O Poet carelesse of thy argument.  
 Wine-bibbing banquets tell thy naughtinesse,  
 Each crosse waies corner doth as much expresse.  
 Oft some points at the prophet passing by,  
 And this is he whom fierce love burnes, they cry. 20  
 A laughing stocke thou art to all the citty,  
 While without shame thou singst thy lewdnesse ditty.  
 Tis time to move grave things in lofty stile,  
 Long hast thou loyterd, greater workes compile.  
 The subject hides thy wit, mens acts resound, 25  
 This thou wilt say to be a worthy ground.  
 Thy muse hath played what may milde girles content,  
 And by those numbers is thy first youth spent.

2 god head] *Robinson*; good head *Mason*  
14 buskin in fit] *Robinson*; buskin fit *Mason*

12 cloake] *Dyce*; looke *Mason*  
15 she] *Dyce*; he *Mason*

Now give the *Roman* Tragedie a name,  
 To fill my lawes thy wanton spirit frame. 30  
 This saied, she mov'd her buskins gaily varnisht,  
 And seaven times shooke her head with thicke locks garnisht.  
 The other smilde, (I wot) with wanton eyes,  
 Erre I? or mirtle in her right hand lies.  
 With lofty wordes stout *Tragedie* (she sayd) 35  
 Why treadst me downe? art thou aye gravely plaied?  
 Thou deignst unequall lines should thee rehearse,  
 Thou fightst against me using mine owne verse.  
 Thy lofty stile with mine I not compare,  
 Small doores unfitting for large houses are. 40  
 Light am I, and with me, my care, light love,  
 Not stronger am I, then the thing I move.  
*Venus* without me should be rusticall,  
 This goddessse company doth to me befall.  
 What gate thy stately words cannot unlocke, 45  
 My flatt'ring speeches soone wide open knocke.  
 And I deserve more then thou canst in verity,  
 By suffering much not borne by thy severity.  
 By me *Corinna* learnes, cousening her guard,  
 To get the dore with little noise unbard. 50  
 And slipt from bed cloth'd in a loose night-gowne,  
 To move her feete unheard in setting downe.  
 Ah howe oft on hard doores hung I engrav'd,  
 From no mans reading fearing to be sav'd.  
 But till the keeper went forth, I forget not 55  
 The maide to hide me in her bosome let not.  
 What gift with me was on her birth day sent,  
 But cruelly by her was drown'd and rent.  
 First of thy minde the happy seedes I knewe,  
 Thou hast my gift, which she would from thee sue. 60  
 She left; I say'd, you both I must beseech,  
 To empty aire may go my fearefull speech.  
 With scepters, and high buskins th'one would dresse me,  
 So through the world shold bright renown expresse me.  
 The other gives my love a conquering name, 65  
 Come therefore, and to long verse shorter frame.

32 times] *Mal* 368; time *Mason* 52 setting] *Dyce*; sitting *Mason* 55 keeper] *Robinson*; keepes *Mason*

Graunt *Tragedie* thy Poet times least tittle,  
 Thy labour ever lasts, she askes but little.  
 She gave me leave, soft loves in time make hast  
 Some greater worke will urge me on at last. 70

## ELEGIA 2

*Ad amicam cursum equorum spectantem.*

I sit not here the noble horse to see,  
 Yet whom thou favourst, pray may conquerour be.  
 To sit, and talke with thee I hether came,  
 That thou maiest know with love thou mak'st me flame.  
 Thou views the course, I thee: let either heed, 5  
 What please them, and their eyes let either feede.  
 What horse-driver thou favourst most is best,  
 Because on him thy care doth hap to rest.  
 Such chauce let me have: I would bravely runne,  
 On swift steedes mounted till the race were done. 10  
 Now would I slacke the reines, now lash their hide,  
 With wheeles bent inward now the ring-turne ride.  
 If running if I see thee, I shall stay,  
 And from my hands the reines will slip away.  
 Ah *Pelops* from his coach was almost feld, 15  
*Hippodameias* lookes while he beheld.  
 Yet he attain'd by her support to have her,  
 Let us all conquer by our mistris favour.  
 In vaine why flyest backe? force conjoynes us now:  
 The places lawes this benefit allowe. 20  
 But spare my wench thou at her right hand seated,  
 By thy sides touching ill she is entreated.  
 And sit thou rounder, that behind us see,  
 For shame presse not her backe with thy hard knee.  
 But on the ground thy cloathes too loosely lie, 25  
 Gather them up, or lift them loe will I.  
 Envious garments so good legges to hide,  
 The more thou look'st, the more the gowne envie.  
 Swift *Atalantas* flying legges like these,  
 Wish in his hands graspt did *Hippomenes*. 30

Coate-tuckt *Dianas* legges are painted like them,  
 When strong wilde beasts, she stronger hunts to strike them.  
 Ere these were seene, I burnt: what will these do?  
 Flames into flame, flouds thou powrest seas into.  
 By these I judge, delight me may the rest, 35  
 Which lie hid under her thinne veile suppress.  
 Yet in the meane time wilt small windes bestowe,  
 That from thy fanne, mov'd by my hand may blow?  
 Or is my heate, of minde, not of the skie?  
 Ist womens love my captive brest doth frie? 40  
 While thus I speake, blacke dust her white robes ray:  
 Foule dust, from her faire body, go away.  
 Now comes the pompe; themselves let all men cheere:  
 The shout is nigh; the golden pompe comes heere.  
 First victory is brought with large spred wing, 45  
 Goddesses come here, make my love conquering.  
 Applaud you *Neptune*, that dare trust his wave,  
 The sea I use not: me my earth must have.  
 Souldiour applaud thy *Mars*: no warres we move,  
 Peace pleaseth me, and in mid peace is love. 50  
 With *Augures Phoebus*, *Phoebe* with hunters standes,  
 To thee *Minerva* turne the craftes-mens hands.  
*Ceres* and *Bacchus* Country-men adore,  
 Champions please *Pollux*, *Castor* loves horsemen more.  
 Thee gentle *Venus*, and the boy that flies, 55  
 We praise: great goddesses ayde my enterprize.  
 Let my new mistris graunt to be beloved,  
 She beckt, and prosperous signes gave as she moved.  
 What *Venus* promisd, promise thou we pray,  
 Greater then her, by her leave th'art, Ile say. 60  
 The Gods, and their rich pompe witness with me,  
 For evermore thou shalt my mistris be.  
 Thy legges hang downe: thou maiest, if that be best,  
 Or while thy tiptoes on the foote-stoole rest.  
 Now greater spectacles the *Praetor* sends, 65  
 Fower chariot-horses from the lists even ends.  
 I see whom thou affectest: he shall subdue,  
 The horses seeme, as thy desire they knewe.

68 thy] *Robinson*; they *Mason*

Alas he runnes too farre about the ring,  
 What doest? thy wagon in lesse compasse bring. 70  
 What doest unhappy? her good wishes fade,  
 Let with strong hand the reine to bend be made.  
 One slowe we favour, *Romans* him revoke:  
 And each give signes by casting up his cloake.  
 They call him backe, least their gownes tosse thy haire, 75  
 To hide thee in my bosome straight repaire.  
 But now againe the barriers open lye;  
 And forthe the gay troupes on swift horses flie.  
 At least now conquer, and out-runne the rest:  
 My mistris wish confirme with my request 80  
 My mistris hath her wish, my wish remaine:  
 He holdes the palme: my palme is yet to gaine.  
 She smilde, and with quicke eyes behight some grace:  
 Pay it not heere, but in an other place.

## ELEGIA 3

*De amica, quae periuraverat.*

What, are there Gods? her selfe she hath forswore,  
 And yet remains the face she had before.  
 How long her lockes were, ere her oath she tooke:  
 So long they be, since she her faith forsooke.  
 Faire white with rose red was before commixt: 5  
 Now shine her lookes pure white and red betwixt.  
 Her foote was small: her footes forme is most fit:  
 Comely tall was she, comely tall shee's yet.  
 Sharpe eyes she had: radiant like starres they be,  
 By which she perjurd oft hath lyed to me. 10  
 Insooth th'eternall powers graunt maides society  
 Falsely to sweare, their beauty hath some deity.  
 By her eyes I remember late she swore,  
 And by mine eyes, and mine were pained sore.  
 Say gods: if she unpunisht you deceive, 15  
 For others faults, why do I losse receive?  
 But did you not so envy *Cepheus* Daughter,  
 For her ill-beautious Mother judgd to slaughter.

Tis not enough, she shakes your record off,  
 And unrevengd mockt Gods with me doth scoffe. 20  
 But by my paine to purge her perjuries,  
 Couzend, I am the couzeners sacrifice.  
 God is a name, no substance, feard in vaine,  
 And doth the world in fond believe deteine.  
 Or if there be a God, he loves fine wenches, 25  
 And all things too much in their sole power drenches.  
*Mars* girts his deadly sword on for my harme:  
*Pallas* launce strikes me with unconquerd arme.  
 At me *Apollo* bends his pliant bowe:  
 At me *Joves* right-hand lightning hath to throwe. 30  
 The wronged Gods dread faire ones to offend,  
 And feare those, that to feare them least intend.  
 Who now will care the Altars to perfume?  
 Tut, men should not their courage so consume.  
*Jove* throwes downe woods, and Castles with his fire: 35  
 But bids his darts from perjurd girls retire.  
 Poore *Semele* among so many burn'd;  
 Her owne request to her owne torment turnd.  
 But when her lover came, had she drawne backe,  
 The fathers thigh should unborne *Bacchus* lacke. 40  
 Why grieve I? and of heaven reproches pen?  
 The Gods have eyes, and breasts as well as men.  
 Were I a God, I should give women leave,  
 With lying lips my God-head to deceave,  
 My selfe would sweare, the wenches true did sweare, 45  
 And I would be none of the Gods severe.  
 But yet their gift more moderately use,  
 Or in mine eyes good wench no paine transfuse.

## ELEGIA 4

*Ad virum servantem conjugem.*

Rude man, 'tis vaine, thy damsell to commend  
 To keepers trust: their wits should them defend.  
 Who, without feare, is chaste: is chast in sooth,  
 Who, because meanes want, doeth not she doth.

Though thou her body guard, her minde is staind: 5  
 Nor, least she will, can any be restrainde.  
 Nor canst by watching keepe her minde from sinne.  
 All being shut our, th'adulterer is within.  
 Who may offend, sinnes least; power to do ill,  
 The fainting seedes of naughtinesse doth kill. 10  
 Forbeare to kindle vice by prohibition,  
 Sooner shall kindnesse gaine thy wills fruition.  
 I saw a horse against the bitte stiffe-neckt,  
 Like lightning go, his struggling mouth being checkt.  
 When he perceivd the reines let slacke, he stayde, 15  
 And on his loose mane the loose bridle laide.  
 How to attaine, what is denyed, we thinke,  
 Even as the sicke desire forbidden drinke.  
*Argus* had either way an hundred eyes,  
 Yet by deceit love did them all surprize. 20  
 In stone, and Yron walles *Danae* shut,  
 Came forth a mother, though a maide there put.  
*Penelope*, though no watch look'd unto her,  
 Was not defilde by any gallant wooer.  
 What's kept, we covet more: the care makes theft: 25  
 Few love, what others have unguarded left.  
 Nor doth her face please, but her husbands love;  
 I know not, what men thinke should thee so move.  
 She is not chaste, that's kept but a deare whore:  
 Thy feare is, then her body, valued more. 30  
 Although thou chafe, stolne pleasure is sweet play,  
 She pleaseth best, I feare, if any say.  
 A free-borne wench no right 'tis up to locke:  
 So use we women of strange nations stocke.  
 Because the keeper may come say, I did it, 35  
 She must be honest to thy servants credit.  
 He is too clownish, whom a lewd wife grieves,  
 And this townes well knowne customes not beleeves,  
 Where *Mars* his sonnes not without fault did breed,  
*Remus* and *Romulus*, *Ilias* twinne-borne seed. 40  
 Cannot a faire one, if not chast, please thee?  
 Never can these by any meanes agree.  
 Kindly thy mistris use, if thou be wise.  
 Looke gently, and rough husbands lawes despise.

Honour what friends thy wife gives, sheele give many: 45  
 Least labour so shall winne great grace of any.  
 So shalt thou go with youths to feast together,  
 And see at home much, that thou nere broughtst thether.

## ELEGIA 5

*Ad amnem, dum iter faceret ad amicam.*

Floud with reede-growne slime bankes, till I be past  
 Thy waters stay: I to my mistris hast.  
 Thou hast no bridge, nor boate with ropes to throw,  
 That may transport me without oares to rowe.  
 Thee I have pass'd, and knew thy streame none such, 5  
 When thy waves brim did scarce my anckles touch.  
 With snow thaw'd from the next hill now thou rushest,  
 And in thy foule deepe waters thicke thou gushest.  
 What helps my hast: what to have tane small rest?  
 What day and night to travaile in her quest? 10  
 If standing here I can be no meanes get,  
 My foote upon the further banke to set.  
 Now wish I those wings noble *Perseus* had,  
 Bearing the head with dreadfull Adders clad,  
 Now wish the chariot, whence corne seedes were found, 15  
 First to be throwne upon the untill'd ground.  
 I speake old Poets wonderfull inventions,  
 Nere was, nor shall be, what my verse mentions.  
 Rather thou large banke over-flowing river,  
 Slide in thy bounds, so shalt thou runne for ever. 20  
 (Trust me) land-streame thou shalt no envie lack,  
 If I a lover bee by thee held back.  
 Great flouds ought to assist young men in love,  
 Great flouds the force of it do often prove.

1 reede] *Dyce*; redde *Mason*  
 14 Adders] *Dyce*; Arrowes *Mason*

8 gushest] *Tucker Brooke*; rushest *Mason*  
 15 seedes] *Tucker Brooke*; fields *Mason*

In mid *Bithynia* 'tis said *Inachus*, 25  
 Grew pale, and in cold foords hot lecherous.  
*Troy* had not yet beene ten years siege out-stander,  
 When nymph-*Neaera* rapt thy lookes *Scamander*.  
 What? not *Alpheus* in strange lands to runne,  
 Th' *Arcadian* Virgins constant love hath wunne? 30  
 And *Crusa* unto *Zanthus* first affide,  
 They say *Peneus* neere *Phthias* towne did hide.  
 What should I name *Aesope*, that *Thebe* lov'd,  
*Thebe* who Mother of five Daughters prov'd?  
 If *Achelous*, I aske where thy hornes stand, 35  
 Thou saiest broke with *Alcides* angry hand.  
 Not *Calydon*, nor *Aetolia* did please:  
 One *Deianira* was more worth then these.  
 Rich *Nile* by seaven mouthes to the vast sea flowing,  
 Who so well keepes his waters head from knowing, 40  
 Is by *Evadne* thought to take such flame,  
 As his deepe whirle-pooles could not quench the same.  
 Drye *Enipeus*, *Tyro* to embrace,  
 Flye backe his streame chargd, the streame chargd, gave place,  
 Nor passe I thee, who hollow rocks downe tumbling, 45  
 In *Tiburs* field with watry fome art rumbling,  
 Whom *Ilia* pleasd, though in her lookes grieve reveld,  
 Her cheekes were scratcht, her goodly haire discheveld.  
 She wailing *Mars* sinne, and her uncles crime,  
 Strayd bare-foote through sole places on a time. 50  
 Her, from his swift waves, the bold floud perceav'd,  
 And from the mid foord his hoarse voice upheav'd,  
 Saying why sadly treadst my banckes upon,  
*Ilia*, sprung from *Idaeon Laomedon*?  
 Where's thy attire? why wand'rest heere alone? 55  
 To stay thy tresses white veyle hast thou none?  
 Why weepst? and spoilst with teares thy watry eyes?  
 And fiercely knockst thy brest that open lyes?  
 His heart consists of flint, and hardest steele,  
 That seeing thy teares can any joy then feele. 60  
 Feare not: to thee our Court stands open wide,  
 There shalt be lov'd: *Ilia* lay feare aside.

44 his streame] *Robinson*; his shame *Mason*

Thou ore a hundreth Nimphes, or more shalt raigne:  
 For five score Nimphes, or more our flouds containe.  
 Nor *Romane* stocke scorne me so much (I crave) 65  
 Gifts then my promise greater thou shalt have.  
 This said he: shee her modest eyes held downe,  
 Her wofull bosome a warme shower did drowne.  
 Thrice she prepar'd to flie, thrice she did stay,  
 By feare depriv'd of strength to runne away. 70  
 Yet rending with enraged thumbe her tresses,  
 Her trembling mouth these unmeete sounds expresses.  
 O would in my fore-fathers tombe deepe layde,  
 My bones had beene, while yet I was a maide.  
 Why being a vestall am I wooed to wed, 75  
 Deflowr'd and stained in unlawfull bed?  
 Why stay I? men point at me for a whore,  
 Shame, that should make me blush, I have no more.  
 This said: her coate hood-winckt her fearefull eyes,  
 And into water desperately she flies. 80  
 Tis said the slippery streame held up her brest,  
 And kindly gave her, what she liked best.  
 And I beleeve some wench thou hast affected:  
 But woods and groves keepe your faults undetected.  
 While thus I speake, the waters more abounded: 85  
 And from the channell all abroad surrounded.  
 Mad streame, why doest our mutuall joyes deferre?  
 Clowne, from my journey why doest me deterre?  
 How wouldst thou flowe wert thou a noble floud?  
 If thy great fame in every region stood. 90  
 Thou hast no name, but com'st from snowy mountaines;  
 No certaine house thou hast, nor any fountaines.  
 Thy springs are nought but raine and melted snowe:  
 Which wealth, cold winter doth on thee bestowe.  
 Either th'art muddy in mid winter tide: 95  
 Or full of dust doest on the drye earth slide.  
 What thirstie traveller ever drunke of thee?  
 Who sayd with greatefull voyce perpetuall bee?  
 Harmefull to beasts, and to the fields thou proves:  
 Perchance these others, me mine owne losse mooves. 100  
 To this I fondly loves of flouds told plainly:  
 I shame so great names to have usde so vainly:

I know not what expecting, I ere while  
 Nam'd *Achelaus*, *Inachus*, and *Nile*,  
 But for thy merits I wish thee, white streame, 105  
 Drye winters aye, and sunnes in heate extream.

## ELEGIA 6

*Quod ab amica receptus, cum ea coire non potuit, conqueritur.*

Either she was foule, or her attire was bad,  
 Or she was not the wench I wisht t'have had.  
 Idly I lay with her, as if I lov'd not,  
 And like a burthen griev'd the bed that mov'd not.  
 Though both of us perform'd our true intent, 5  
 Yet could I not cast anckor where I meant.  
 She on my necke her Ivory armes did throwe.  
 Her armes farre whiter then the *Sythian* snow.  
 And eagerly she kist me with her tongue,  
 And under mine her wanton thigh she flung. 10  
 Yea, and she soothd me up, and calld me sir,  
 And usde all speech that might provoke, and stirre.  
 Yet like as if cold Hemlock I had drunke,  
 It mocked me, hung downe the head, and sunke.  
 Like a dull Cipher, or rude block I lay, 15  
 Or shade, or body was I who can say?  
 What will my age do? age I cannot shunne,  
 When in my prime my force is spent and done.  
 I blush, that being youthfull, hot, and lustie,  
 I prove neither youth nor man, but old and rustie. 20  
 Pure rose she, like a Nunne to sacrifice,  
 Or one that with her tender brother lyes.  
 Yet boarded I the golden *Chie* twice,  
 And *Libas*, and the white cheekt *Pitho* thrice.  
*Corinna* crav'd it in a summers night, 25  
 And nine sweete bowts we had before day-light.

What wast my limbs through some *Thessalian* charmes?  
 May spells, and drugges do silly soules such harmes?  
 With virgin waxe hath some imbast my joynts?  
 And pierc'd my liver with sharpe needles points? 30  
 Charmes change corne to grasse and make it die.  
 By charmes are running springs and fountaines dry.  
 By charmes mast drops from oakes, from vines grapes fal  
 And fruite from trees when ther's no winde at all.  
 Why might not then my sinewes be inchaunted? 35  
 And I grow faint as with some spirit haunted.  
 To this adde shame: shame to performe it quailde me  
 And was the second cause why vigour failde me.  
 My idle thoughts delighted her no more,  
 Then did the robe or garment which she wore. 40  
 Yet might her touch make youthful *Pylius* fire  
 And *Tithon* livelier then his yeares require.  
 Even her I had, and she had me in vaine,  
 What might I crave more, if I aske againe?  
 I thinke the great gods griev'd they had bestow'd, 45  
 The benefit: which lewdly I for-slow'd.  
 I wish to be receiv'd in, in I get me,  
 To kisse, I kisse: to lie with her she let me.  
 Why was I blest? why made King to refuse it?  
 Chuffe-like had I not gold and could not use it? 50  
 So in a spring thrives he that told so much,  
 And lookes upon the fruits he cannot touch.  
 Hath any rose so from a fresh yong maide,  
 As she might straight have gone to church and praide?  
 Well I beleeve, she kist not as she should, 55  
 Nor us'd the sleight and cunning which she could,  
 Huge oakes, hard adamants might she have moved,  
 And with sweet words cause deafe rocks to have loved.  
 Worthy she was to move both gods and men,  
 But neither was I man nor lived then. 60  
 Can deafe eares take delight when *Phemius* sings?  
 Or *Thamiras* in curious painted things.  
 What sweete thought is there but I had the same?  
 And one gave place still as another came.

58 loved] *Bindley, Isham*; moned *Mason*

Yet not-withstanding like one dead it lay, 65  
 Drouping more then a rose puld yester-day.  
 Now when he should not jette, he boult upright,  
 And craves his taske, and seekes to be at fight.  
 Lie downe with shame, and see thou stirre no more,  
 Seeing thou wouldst deceive me as before. 70  
 Thou cousenest me: by thee surpriz'd am I,  
 And bide sore losse with endlesse infamy.  
 Nay more the wench did not disdaine a whit,  
 To take it in her hand, and play with it.  
 But when she sawe it would be no meanes stand, 75  
 But still droupt downe, regarding not her hand.  
 Why mockst thou me she cryed? or being ill  
 Who bad thee lie downe heere against thy will?  
 Either th'art witcht with bloud of frogs newe dead  
 Or jaded camst thou from some others bed. 80  
 With that her loose gowne on, from me she cast her,  
 In skipping out her naked feete much grac'd her.  
 And least her maide should know of this disgrace,  
 To cover it, spilt water on the place.

## ELEGIA 7

*Quod ab amica non recipiatur, dolet.*

What man will now take liberall arts in hand,  
 Or thinke soft verse in any stead to stand.  
 Wit was some-times more pretious then gold,  
 Now poverty great barbarisme we hold.  
 When our bookes did my mistris faire content, 5  
 I might not go, whether my papers went.  
 She prais'd me, yet the gate shutt fast upon her,  
 I heere and there go witty with dishonour.  
 See a rich chuffe whose wounds great wealth inferr'd,  
 For bloudshed knighted, before me preferr'd. 10  
 Foole canst thou him in thy white armes embrace?  
 Foole canst thou lie in his enfolding space?  
 Knowest not his head a helme was wont to beare,  
 This side that serves thee, a sharpe sword did weare.

His left hand whereon gold doth ill alight, 15  
 A target bore: bloud sprinckled was his right.  
 Canst touch that hand wherewith some one lie dead?  
 Ah whether is thy brests soft nature fled?  
 Behold the signes of antient fight, his skarres,  
 What ere he hath his body gaind in warres. 20  
 Perhaps he'ele tell howe oft he slewe a man,  
 Confessing this, why doest thou touch him than?  
 I the pure priest of *Phoebus* and the muses,  
 At thy deafe dores in verse sing my abuses,  
 Not what we slouthfull knowe, let wise men learne, 25  
 But follow trembling campes, and battailes sterne,  
 And for a good verse drawe the first dart forth,  
*Homer* without this shall be nothing worth.  
*Jove* being admonisht gold had soveraigne power,  
 To winne the maide came in a golden shewer. 30  
 Till then, rough was her father, she severe,  
 The posts of brasse, the walles of iron were.  
 But when in gifts the wise adulterer came,  
 She held her lap ope to receive the same.  
 Yet when old *Saturne* heavens rule possesst, 35  
 All gaine in darknesse the deepe earth suppress.  
 Gold, silver, irons heavy weight, and brasse,  
 In hell were harboured, here was found no masse.  
 But better things it gave, corne without ploughes,  
 Apples, and hony in oakes hollow boughes. 40  
 With strong plough shares no man the earth did cleave,  
 The ditcher no markes on the ground did leave.  
 Nor hanging oares the troubled seas did sweepe,  
 Men kept the shoare, and sailde not into deepe.  
 Against thy selfe, mans nature, thou wert cunning, 45  
 And to thine owne losse was thy wit swift running.  
 Why gird'st thy citties with a towred wall?  
 Why letst discordant hands to armour fall?  
 What doest with seas? with th'earth thou wert content,  
 Why seek'st not heav'n the third realme to frequent? 50  
 Heaven thou affects, with *Romulus*, temples brave  
*Bacchus*, *Alcides*, and now *Caesar* have.

18 thy] *Douce*; they *Mason* fled] *Douce*; sled *Mason*

Gold from the earth in steade of fruits we pluck,  
 Souldiours by bloud to be inricht have lucke.  
 Courts shut the poore out; wealth gives estimation 55  
 Thence growes the Judge, and knight of reputation.  
 All, they possesse: they governe fieldes, and lawes,  
 They manadge peace, and rawe warres bloody jawes,  
 Onely our loves let not such rich churles gaine,  
 Tis well, if some wench for the poore remaine. 60  
 Now, *Sabine*-like, though chast she seemes to live,  
 One her commands, who many things can give.  
 For me, she doth keeper, and husband feare,  
 If I should give, both would the house forbear.  
 If of scornd lovers god be venger just, 65  
 O let him change goods so ill got to dust.

## ELEGIA 8

*Tibulli mortem deflet.*

If *Thetis*, and the morne their sonnes did waile,  
 And envious fates great goddesses assaile,  
 Sad *Elegia* thy wofull haires unbinde:  
 Ah now a name too true thou hast, I finde.  
*Tibullus*, thy workes Poet, and thy fame, 5  
 Burnes his dead body in the funerall flame.  
 Loe *Cupid* brings his quiver spoyled quite  
 His broken bowe, his fire-brand without light.  
 How piteously with drouping wings he stands,  
 And knocks his bare brest with selfe-angry hands. 10  
 The locks sprd on his necke receive his teares,  
 And shaking sobbes his mouth for speeches beares.  
 So at *Aeneas* buriall men report,  
 Faire-fac'd *Julus*, he went forth thy court.  
 And *Venus* grieves, *Tibullus* life being spent, 15  
 As when the wilde boare *Adons* groine had rent.

62 he] *Dyce*; she *Mason*2 goddesses] *Dyce*; goodesses *Mason*

The gods care we are cald, and men of piety,  
 And some there be that thinke we have a deity.  
 Outrageous death profanes all holy things  
 And on all creatures obscure darcknesse brings. 20  
 To *Thracian Orpheus* what did parents good?  
 Or songs amazing wilde beasts of the wood.  
 Where *Linus* by his father *Phoebus* layed  
 To sing with his unequald harpe is sayed.  
 See *Homer* from whose fountaine ever fild, 25  
*Pierian* deawe to Poets is distild.  
 Him the last day in black *Averne* hath drownd,  
 Verses alone are with continuance crown'd.  
 The worke of Poets lasts *Troyes* labours fame,  
 And that slowe webbe nights fals-hood did unframe. 30  
 So *Nemesis*, so *Delia* famous are,  
 The one his first love, th'other his new care,  
 What profit to us hath our pure life bred?  
 What to have laine alone in empty bed?  
 When bad fates take good men, I am forbod, 35  
 By secreat thoughts to thinke there is a god.  
 Live godly, thou shalt die, though honour heaven,  
 Yet shall thy life be forcibly bereaven.  
 Trust in good verse, *Tibullus* feeles deaths paines,  
 Scarse rests of all what a small urne containes. 40  
 Thee sacred Poet could sad flames destroy?  
 Nor feared they thy body to annoy?  
 The holy gods gilt temples they might fire,  
 That durst to so great wickednesse aspire.  
*Eryx* bright *Empresse* turnd her lookes aside, 45  
 And some, that she refrain'd teares, have deni'd.  
 Yet better ist, then if *Corcyras* Ile  
 Had thee unknowne interr'd in ground most vile.  
 Thy dying eyes here did thy mother close,  
 Nor did thy ashes her last offrings lose. 50  
 Part of her sorrowe heere thy sister bearing,  
 Comes forth her unkeem'd locks a sunder tearing.  
*Nemesis* and thy first wench joyne their kisses  
 With thine, nor this last fire their presence misses.  
*Delia* departing, happier lov'd she saith, 55  
 Was I: thou liv'dst, while thou esteemdst my faith.

*Nemesis* answeares, what's my losse to thee?  
 His fainting hand in death engrasped mee.  
 If ought remaines of us but name, and spirit,  
*Tibullus* doth *Elysiums* joy inherit. 60  
 Their youthfull browes with *Ivie* girt to meete him,  
 With *Calvus* learnd *Catullus* comes and greete him.  
 And thou, if falsely charged to wrong thy friend,  
*Gallus* that carst not bloud, and life to spend.  
 With these thy soule walkes, soules if death release, 65  
 The godly, sweete *Tibullus* doth increase.  
 Thy bones I pray may in the urne safe rest,  
 And may th'earths weight thy ashes nought molest.

## ELEGIA 9

*Ad Cererem, conquerens quod eius sacris cum amica  
 concumbere non permittatur.*

Come were the times of *Ceres* sacrificize,  
 In emptie bed alone my mistris lies.  
 Golden-hair'd *Ceres* crownd with eares of corne,  
 Why are our pleasures by thy meanes forborne?  
 Thee, goddesse, bountifull all nations judge, 5  
 Nor lesse at mans prosperity any grudge.  
 Rude husband-men bak'd not their corne before,  
 Nor on the earth was knowne the name of floore.  
 On mast of oakes, first oracles, men fed,  
 This was their meate, the soft grasse was their bed. 10  
 First *Ceres* taught the seede in fields to swell,  
 And ripe-earde corne with sharpe-edg'd sithes to fell.  
 She first constraind bulles necks to beare the yoake,  
 And untild ground with crooked plough-shares broake.  
 Who thinkes her to be glad at lovers smart, 15  
 And worshipt by their paine, and lying apart?  
 Nor is she, though she loves the fertile fields  
 A clowne, nor no love from her warme brest yeelds.  
 Be witnesse *Crete* (nor *Crete* doth all things feigne)  
*Crete* proud that *Jove* her nourcery maintaine.

There, he who rules the worlds starre-spangled towers,  
 A little boy druncke teate-distilling showers.  
 Faith to the wisse *Joves* praise doth apply,  
*Ceres*, I thinke, no knowne fault will deny.  
 The goddesse sawe *Iasion* on *Candyen Ide*,  
 With strong hand striking wild-beasts brist'led hyde.  
 She sawe, and as her marrowe tooke the flame,  
 Was divers waies distract with love, and shame.  
 Love conquer'd shame, the furrowes dry were burnd,  
 And corne with least part of it selfe returnd.  
 When well-toss'd mattocks did the ground prepare,  
 Being fit broken with the crooked share,  
 And seedes were equally in large fields cast,  
 The plough-mans hopes were frustrate at the last.  
 The graine-rich goddesse in high woods did stray,  
 Her long haire eare-wrought garland fell away.  
 Onely was Crete fruitfull that plenteous yeare,  
 Where *Ceres* went each place was harvest there.  
*Ida* the seate of groves did sing with corne,  
 Which by the wild boare in the woods was shorne.  
 Law-giving *Minos* did such yeares desire;  
 And wisht the goddesse long might feele loves fire.  
*Ceres* what sports to thee so grievous were,  
 As in thy sacrificize we them forbear?  
 Why am I sad, when *Proserpine* is found,  
 And *Juno* like with *Dis* raignes under ground?  
 Festivall dayes aske *Venus*, songs, and wine,  
 These gifts are meete to please the powers divine.

## ELEGIA 10

*Ad amicam, a cuius amore discedere non potest.*

Long have I borne much, mad thy faults me make:  
 Dishonest love my wearied brest forsake,  
 Now have I freed my selfe, and fled the chaine,  
 And what I have borne, shame to beare againe.  
 We vanquish, and tread tam'd love under feete,  
 Victorious wreathes at length my Temples greeete.

Suffer, and harden: good growes by this griefe,  
 Oft bitter juice brings to the sicke reliefe.  
 I have sustaine so often thrust from the dore,  
 To lay my body on the hard moist floore.  
 I know not whom thou lewdly didst imbrace,  
 When I to watch supplyed a servants place.  
 I saw when forth a tyred lover went,  
 His side past service, and his courage spent.  
 Yet this lesse, then if he had seene me,  
 May that shame fall mine enemies chance to be.  
 When have not I fixt to thy side close layed?  
 I have thy husband, guard, and fellow plaid.  
 The people by my company she pleas'd,  
 My love was cause that more mens love she seiz'd.  
 What should I tell her vaine tongues filthy lyes,  
 And to my losse God-wronging perjuries?  
 What secret becks in banquets with her youths,  
 With privy signes, and talke dissembling truths?  
 Hearing her to be sicke, I thether ranne,  
 But with my rivall sicke she was not than.  
 These hardned me, with what I keepe obscure,  
 Some other seeke, who will these things endure,  
 Now my ship in the wished haven crownd,  
 With joy heares *Neptunes* swelling waters sound.  
 Leave thy once powerfull words, and flatteries,  
 I am not as I was before, unwise.  
 Now love, and hate my light brest each way move;  
 But victory, I thinke will hap to love.  
 Ile hate, if I can; if not, love gainst my will:  
 Bulles hate the yoake, yet what they hate have still.  
 I flie her lust, but follow beauties creature;  
 I loath her manners, love her bodics feature.  
 Nor with thee, nor without thee can I live,  
 And doubt to which desire the palme to give.  
 Or lesse faire, or lesse lewd would thou mightst bee,  
 Beauty with lewdnesse doth right ill agree.  
 Her deeds gaine hate, her face entreateth love:  
 Ah, she doth more worth then her vices prove.  
 Spare me, O by our fellow bed, by all  
 The Gods who by thee to be perjurde fall,

And by thy face to me a powre divine,  
 And by thine eyes whose radiance burnes out mine.  
 What ere thou art mine art thou: choose this course,  
 Wilt have me willing, or to love by force? 50  
 Rather Ile hoist up saile, and use the winde,  
 That I may love yet, though against my minde.

## ELEGIA 11

*Dolet amicam suam ita suis carminibus innotuisse  
 ut rivales multos sibi pararit.*

What day was that, which all sad haps to bring,  
 White birdes to lovers did not alwayes sing.  
 Or is I thinke my wish against the starres?  
 Or shall I plaine some God against me warres?  
 Who mine was cald, whom I lov'd more then any, 5  
 I feare with me is common now to many.  
 Erre I? or by my bookes is she so knowne?  
 'Tis so: by my witte her abuse is growne.  
 And justly: for her praise why did I tell?  
 The wench by my fault is set forth to sell. 10  
 The bawde I play, lovers to her I guide:  
 Her gate by my hands is set open wide.  
 'Tis doubtfull whether verse availe, or harme,  
 Against my good they were an envious charme.  
 When *Thebes*, when *Troy*, when *Caesar* should be writ, 15  
 Alone *Corinna* moves my wanton wit.  
 With Muse oppos'd would I my lines had done,  
 And *Phoebus* had forsooke my worke begun.  
 Nor, as use will not Poets record heare,  
 Would I my words would any credit beare. 20  
*Scylla* by us her fathers rich haire steales,  
 And *Scyllaes* wombe mad raging dogs conceales.  
 Wee cause feete flie, wee mingle haire with snakes,  
 Victorious *Perseus* wingd steedes back takes.

7 bookes] *Dyce*; lookes *Mason*

Our verse great *Tityus* a huge space out-spreads, 25  
 And gives the viper curled Dogge three heads.  
 We make *Enceladus* use a thousand armes,  
 And men intralld by Mermaids singing charmes.  
 The East winds in *Ulysses* baggs we shut,  
 And blabbing *Tantalus* in mid-waters put. 30  
*Niobe* flint, *Callist* we make a Beare,  
 Bird-changed *Progne* doth her *Itys* teare.  
*Jove* turnes himselfe into a Swanne, or gold,  
 Or his Bulles hornes *Europas* hand doth hold.  
*Proteus* what should I name? teeth, *Thebes* first seed? 35  
 Oxen in whose mouthes burning flames did breede?  
 Heav'n starre *Electra* that bewaild her sisters?  
 The ships, whose God-head in the sea now glisters?  
 The Sunne turnd backe from *Atrous* cursed table? 40  
 And sweet toucht harpe that to move stones was able?  
 Poets large power is boundlesse, and immense,  
 Nor have their words true histories pretence,  
 And my wench ought to have seem'd falsely praisd.  
 Now your credulity harme to me hath raisd.

## ELEGIA 12

*De Junonis festo.*

When fruite fild *Tuscia* should a wife give me,  
 We toucht the walles, *Camillus* wonne by thee.  
 The Priests to *Juno* did prepare chaste feasts,  
 With famous pageants, and their home-bred beasts. 5  
 To know their rites, well recompenc'd my stay,  
 Though thether leades a rough steepe hilly way.  
 There stands an old wood with thick trees darke clouded,  
 Who sees it graunts some deity there is shrowded.  
 An Altar takes mens incense, and oblation, 10  
 An Altar made after the ancient fashion.  
 Here when the Pipe with solemne tunes doth sound,  
 The annuall pompe goes on the covered ground.  
 White Heifers by glad people forth are led,  
 Which with the grasse of *Tuscane* fields are fed.

And calves from whose feard front no threatning flies, 15  
 And little Piggs base Hog-sties sacrifice,  
 And Rams with hornes their hard heads wreathed back.  
 Onely the Goddesses hated Goate did lack,  
 By whom disclosd, she in the high woods tooke,  
 Is said to have attempted flight forsooke. 20  
 Now is the goat brought through the boyes with darts,  
 And give to him that the first wound imparts.  
 Where *Juno* comes, each youth, and pretty maide,  
 Shew large wayes with their garments there displayed.  
 Jewels, and gold their Virgin tresses crowne, 25  
 And stately robes to their gilt feete hang downe.  
 As is the use, the Nunnes in white veyles clad,  
 Upon their heads the holy mysteries had.  
 When the chiefe pompe comes, lowd the people hollow,  
 And she her vestall virgin Priests doth follow. 30  
 Such was the *Greeke* pompe, *Agamemnon* dead,  
 Which fact, and country wealth *Halesus* fled.  
 And having wandred now through sea and land,  
 Built walles high towred with a prosperous hand.  
 He to th'*Hetrurians Junoes* feast commended, 35  
 Let me, and them by it be aye be-friended.

## ELEGIA 13

*Ad amicam, si peccatura est, ut non occulte peccet.*

Seeing thou art faire, I barre not thy false playing,  
 But let not me poore soule know of thy straying.  
 Nor do I give thee counsell to live chaste,  
 But that thou wouldst dissemble, when 'tis paste.  
 She hath not trod awry, that doth deny it. 5  
 Such as confesse have lost their good names by it.  
 What madnesse ist to tell nights pranckes by day?  
 And hidden secrets openly to bewray?  
 The strumpet with the stranger will not doo,  
 Before the roome be cleere, and dore put too. 10

Will you make ship-wrack of your honest name?  
 And let the world be witnessse of the same.  
 Be more advise, walke as a puritan,  
 And I shall think you chaste, do what you can.  
 Slip still, onely deny it, when 'tis done, 15  
 And before folke immodest speeches shunne.  
 The bed is for lascivious toyings meete,  
 There use all tricks, and tread shame under feete.  
 When you are up, and drest, be sage and grave,  
 And in the bed hide all the faults you have. 20  
 Be not asham'de to strip you being there,  
 And mingle thighes yours ever mine to beare.  
 There in your Rosie lips my tongue in-tombe,  
 Practise a thousand sports when there you come.  
 Forbeare no wanton words you there would speake, 25  
 And with your pastime let the bed-stead creake.  
 But with your robes put on an honest face,  
 And blush, and seeme as you were full of grace.  
 Deceive all, let me erre, and thinke I am right,  
 And like a Wittall think thee voide of slight. 30  
 Why see I lines so oft receiv'd, and given?  
 This bed and that by tumbling made uneven?  
 Like one start up your haire tost and displac'd,  
 And with a wantons tooth your neck new rac'd.  
 Graunt this, that what you doe I may not see, 35  
 If you weigh not ill speeches, yet weigh mee.  
 My soule flectes, when I thinke what you have done,  
 And thorough every veine doth cold bloud runne.  
 Then thee whom I must love, I hate in vaine,  
 And would be dead, but dead with thee remaine. 40  
 Ile not sift much, but holde thee soone excusde,  
 Say but thou wert injuriously accuse.  
 Though while the deed be dooing you be tooke,  
 And I see when you ope the two leav'd booke,  
 Swear I was blinde, deny, if you be wise, 45  
 And I will trust your words more then mine eyes.  
 From him that yeelds the palme is quickly got,  
 Teach but your tongue to say, I did it not,  
 And being justifide by two words thinke,  
 The cause acquits you not, but I that winke. 50

## ELEGIA 14

*Ad Venerem, quod elegis finem imponat.*

Tender loves Mother a new Poet get,  
 This last end to my *Elegies* is set,  
 Which I *Pelignis* foster-child have framde,  
 (Nor am I by such wanton toyes defamde).  
 Heire of an ancient house, if helpe that can, 5  
 Not onely by warres rage made Gentleman.  
 In *Virgil Mantua* joyes: in *Catul Verone*,  
 Of me *Pelignis* nation boasts alone,  
 Whom liberty to honest armes compeld,  
 When carefull *Rome* in doubt their prowesse held. 10  
 And some guest viewing watry *Sulmoes* walles,  
 Where little ground to be inclosed befaller,  
 How such a Poet could you bring forth, sayes,  
 How small so ere, Ile you for greatest praise.  
 Both loves to whom my heart long time did yeeld, 15  
 Your golden ensignes plucke out of my field,  
 Horned *Bacchus* graver furie doth distill,  
 A greater ground with great horse is to till.  
 Weake *Elegies*, delightfull Muse farewell;  
 A worke, that after my death, heere shall dwell. 20

FINIS

16 plucke] *Dyce*; pluckt *Mason*

LUCANS FIRST BOOKE

# COMMENTARY

## ELEGIES

### BOOK I

#### *Elegy 1*

1 We . . . lesse] In modern editions of Ovid, but not in sixteenth-century ones, these lines are often printed separately as a preface to the *Amores*.

5 upreard] At first sight it might seem that *Mason's* 'prepar'd' is closer to Ovid's *parabam*, but *Mason* is tautologous: 'meant' is the translation of *parabam*, and 'upreard' represents the adjective in *gravi numero*. Line 21 repeats the idea of the exaltedness of the epic Muse, a not uncommon expression echoed by Marston in his Satire IX: 'O how on tiptoes proudly mounts my Muse.'

8 tooke one foote away] See General Introduction.

11 *Dianas bowe*] Ovid has *arma Minervae* here; Minerva was traditionally represented with helmet and shield (but not a bow), and like Diana was vowed to chastity.

16 *Aonian*] Aonia was another name for Boeotia, the location of Mt Helicon, home of the Muses.

19 Muses *Tempe*] *Heliconia tempe*. Ovid uses *tempe*, the name of a vale in Thessaly, with its generalized sense of 'a beautiful valley'; he makes the noun specific with *Heliconia* (=pertaining to the Muses, whose temple was on Mt Helicon). Cf. Drayton, preface to *Poly-Olbion*: 'walk forth into the *Tempe* and Feelds of the Muses.'

26 shaft ordain'de my heart to shiver] Removal of the comma between 'shaft' and 'ordain'de' more accurately conveys the meaning of Ovid's *in exitium spicula facta meum*.

33 *Elegian Muse*, that warblest amorous laies] Marlowe's is a free, but effective, rendering of Ovid's technical description: *Muse per undenos emodulanda pedes*.

34 Girt my shine browe with Sea-banke Mirtle praise] *Cingere littorea flaventia tempora myrto* | *Musa*. In the Latin it is the Muse's brow, not the poet's, that is to be bound with myrtle. For 'shine' as an adjective, cf. Spenser, *Faerie Queen*, iv. iii. 3: 'all in armour shine'. Dedicating Watson's *Amintae Gaudia* (1592) to the Countess of Pembroke, Marlowe described himself as one whose *opes tenuissimae, littorea sunt Myrtus Veneris*. Dyce's emendation of 'praise' to 'sprays' has been followed by all succeeding editors except Bowers. But the reading of the early editions makes sense; and it is difficult to see how any confusion of 'praise' and 'sprays' could have arisen for the compositor.

#### *Elegy 2*

1 is soft] *Bindley's* variant, 'is so soft', can probably be accounted for by the

layout of the page: the compositor may have started 'soft', found there was not enough room on the line, and printed the whole word above the line, forgetting to remove the 'so'.

7 'Twas so] *Sic erat*; modern texts, *erit*.

12 shakt] *concutiente*.

16 managde] schooled (*OED* v. 1).

20 for thee to tie] *ad tua vincla*; modern texts, *ad tua iura*.

24 *Vulcan*] Commentators, including Dominicus, say that Mars is meant by Ovid's *vitricus*; but Marlowe could be correct in his identification of Cupid's step-father with the husband of Venus (Mars was his father). Furthermore, as the divine blacksmith, Vulcan would be more likely to present the chariots.

31 Good meaning] *Mens bona*; Martin suggests an analogous usage in *King Lear*, I. ii. 172: 'I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning toward you,' but Ovid's meaning here is rather 'good sense' or 'prudence'.

34 *Io*, triumphing] Tucker Brooke emended here to '*trumphe*', but although this is a better rendering of the Latin, *Io magna voce triumphe*, it cannot be justified.

35 feare] *terrorque*; modern texts, *errorque*.

47 having conquer'd *Inde*] After visiting Greece and the Greek Islands, Bacchus travelled east, through Lebanon and over the Euphrates, to India, taking civilization with him. Other accounts make him an Oriental deity originally.

#### Elegy 3

13 which but to Gods gives place] *non cessuri nisi dis*; modern texts, *nulli cessura fides*.

21 horned *Io*] To protect his mistress from his wife's jealousy, Jupiter turned *Io*, the daughter of Inachus, an Argive river-god, into a heifer.

22 she to whom in shape of Swanne *Jove* came] Jupiter disguised himself as a swan for the seduction of Leda, wife of Tyndareus, King of Sparta.

23 she that on a fain'd Bull swamme to land] In the form of a bull, Jupiter abducted Europa, daughter of Agenor, King of Tyre, from her home in Phoenicia, and carried her on his back to Crete.

24 false] *falsa*; modern texts, *vara*.

#### Elegy 4

7 the faire Bride] Hippodamia, at whose wedding to Pirithous, the Centaurs, drunk, offered violence and so began the battle with the Lapithae, who were led by Hercules and Theseus.

34 Gobbets] *libatos . . . cibos*.

35 vile] *indignis*; modern texts, *inpositis*.

62 to the dores sight of thy selfe keepe] Robinson and all succeeding editors read 'selfe [will] keepe'. It seems possible, however, that 'dores' was read as a disyllable in the same way as 'poore' in I. viii. 28.

#### Elegy 5

11 *Semiramis*] An Assyrian queen of great beauty, whose husband Ninus resigned the crown of Assyria to her under duress; legend attributed to her the building of Babylon.

12 *Lais*] A celebrated courtesan of Corinth in the fourth century BC.

woers] Justifying his choice of the *Bindley* and *Isham* reading 'lovers', Bowers notes: "The term 'woers' is properly used in III. iv. 24 for those who sought Penelope; but to seek *Lais* was to find her. The Latin is *Lais amata viris*, which is closer to 'lovers'." *Lais* was not so easily obtained, however: her price proved prohibitive to such suitors as Demosthenes, although he had visited Corinth for her sake alone. The Latin that Bowers quotes is the modern reading; sixteenth-century texts read *procis* for *viris*, and this word is closer in meaning to 'woers'.

13 being thin, the harme was small] *nec multum rara nocebat*—i.e. the material was transparent, so from the poet's point of view, it did little harm.

25 being tirde she bad me kisse] The need to find a rhyme for 'this' has led Marlowe to distort the sense of Ovid's *lassi requivimus ambo*.

#### Elegy 6

10 Wondring if any walked without light] *Mirabar, tenebris siquis iturus erat*; modern texts have *quisquis* for *siquis*.

17 Why enviest me] *ut invidias*; modern texts, *uti videas*.

71 be like me paind] *sentique abeuntis amorem*; modern texts have *honorem* for *amorem*.

#### Elegy 7

7 *Ajax*] After the death of Achilles, Ajax and Ulysses disputed their claims to the arms of the dead hero; when they were given to Ulysses, Ajax slaughtered a flock of sheep, believing them in his madness to be Agamemnon and Menelaus, the sons of Atreus, who had given preference to Ulysses.

9 he who on his mother veng'd his sire] Orestes, who killed his mother, Clytemnestra, in revenge for her murder of his father, Agamemnon.

13 *Atalanta*] *Schoeneida*. In some legends Atalanta is the daughter of Schoeneus, King of Boeotia, but other versions make her the huntress daughter of Iasos and put her birth in Arcadia. Ovid seems to have conflated the two accounts.

15 *Ariadne*] The daughter of Minos, King of Crete, she fell in love with Theseus, who was imprisoned in the labyrinth to be devoured by the Minotaur. She gave him a reel of thread so that he could find his way out of the maze after slaying the Minotaur. According to his promise, he married her, and carried her to Naxos, but there he abandoned her.

17 *Cassandra*] At the sack of Troy, Cassandra, daughter of Priam and Hecuba, took refuge in the temple of Minerva. Ovid points out that the comparison with Ariadne is not quite just, in that as a suppliant at the altar, Cassandra was wearing sacred headbands (*vittatis . . . capillis*), and so could not have had the 'ruffled

hayre' (line 12) of the injured mistress. Marlowe's 'Deflowr'd except' is both a misunderstanding of *vittatis . . . capillis* and a reference to the tradition that on this occasion Cassandra was raped by Ajax.

32 an other I] *alter ego*—not, as Marlowe seems to think, 'I struck another goddess', but 'I am the second to strike a goddess'.

40 white necke] Marlowe seems to be translating *candida colla*, a reading referred to but rejected by Dominicus, who has the usual *candida tota*.

### Elegy 8

2 *Dipsas*] Malevole in *The Malcontent* (II. ii) addresses the bawd Maquerelle as 'Dipsas'.

3 Her name comes from the thing] *Ex re nomen habet*—i.e. *dipsas*, a serpent whose bite causes extreme thirst. Marlowe ignores the drunkenness of the bawd, which is stressed in Ovid's *non . . . sobria vidit*; his translation of *sobria* as 'wise' misses the meaning and connotation of the word.

5 *Thessale charmes*] *Aeaeaque carmina*. Ovid is speaking particularly of the enchantress Circe, whose home was the island of Aea. Marlowe expands the reference; from early times Thessaly was regarded as the special home of witches, including Jason and Medea: cf. *The Golden Ass* of Apuleius, *passim*, and Juvenal vi. 610.

8 Mares ranck humour] *virus amantis equae*.

28 state] Dyce suggested an emendation to 'estate' for the sake of the extra syllable, but it seems possible that 'poore' in the same line could be disyllabic; cf. i. iv. 62n.

39 the *Sabines* rude] *incultae Sabinae*; modern texts, *immundae*.

42 her *Aeneas* City] Venus was the mother of Aeneas, who led the Trojan remnant to Italy to establish a new settlement, from which came the foundation of Rome.

47 *Penelope*] The wife of Ulysses, who was besieged by suitors during her husband's absence at Troy and his subsequent wanderings. She eventually agreed to marry whichever of the suitors could string her husband's bow and shoot an arrow from it; all failed, except the disguised Ulysses (*Odyssey*, xxi).

51–3 Brasse . . . spent] Cf. *Hero and Leander*, 231ff.

56 dog-kept flocks] Marlowe misread *cānis*, the plural of the adjective *canus*, agreeing with *lupis*, as *canis*, a noun in the genitive singular belonging to *grege*.

64 The vaine name of inferiour slaves] Marlowe may have been trying to make Ovid's *gypsati crimen inane pedis* intelligible to English readers. Ovid refers to the 'inferiour slaves' who were brought from overseas to be sold in Rome, and whose feet were whitened with chalk to distinguish them from the more highly valued slaves born and bred in Italy. For *crimen* Marlowe clearly read *nomen*, a variant which Dominicus notes, but does not print.

74 *Isis*] A great Egyptian goddess, closely connected with the moon, whose cult spread to Greece and Rome; she symbolized the female generative principle

of nature, and her name is perhaps used here by Ovid as a euphemism for menstruation.

89 many asking little] Sixteenth-century texts, like modern ones, read *multos si pauca rogabunt*, but add a marginal note of the variant reading, which is the one Marlowe translates: *multi si pauca rogabunt*.

97 bed mens] As Bowers points out, *Mason's* 'beds men' is likely to be a memorial transposition of 'bed mens'. The Latin is singular.

100 If he gives nothing, let him from thee wend] Modern texts reading *si dederit nemo*, *Sacra roganda Via est* make it clear that if the lovers will not give, the girl must resort to the *Sacra Via*—the shopping centre. Marlowe might have been confused by the reading of his text; *Si tibi nil dederit*.

### Elegy 9

2 *Atticke*] A historical Atticus, Titus Pomponius (109–32 BC), was an intimate friend of Cicero, to whom the latter addressed many of his epistles. He was given this surname because he was held to be the perfect master of Greek letters. If this is the Atticus intended (and no other can be traced), the address can be no more than a conventional device, since he died when Ovid was eleven.

23 *Thracian Rhesus*] Rhesus, King of Thrace, came to the assistance of Priam in the Trojan War after an oracle had declared that Troy would not fall as long as Rhesus' horses drank the waters of the Xanthus and fed upon the Trojan plains. This oracle was known to the Greeks, and two of their best generals, Ulysses and Diomedes, were commissioned to intercept the Thracian troops. They entered Rhesus' camp by night, slew him, and carried away his horses (*Iliad*, x).

27 corps-dugard] *OED* gives earliest use as 1590.

33 *Achilles*] When Briseis was taken away from Achilles by Agamemnon, to whose lot she had fallen in the division of the spoils of Lyrnessus, Achilles sulked, and refused to join in the Trojan War; but the death of his friend Patroclus recalled him to action and revenge (*Iliad*, i).

35 *Hector*] Book VI of the *Iliad* gives a tender picture of Hector at home with his wife, Andromache, before he puts on his helmet and returns to the fight: *et, galeam capiti quae daret, uxor erat*.

37 *Agamemnon*] The Greek leader fell in love with Priam's daughter, Cassandra, who was allotted to him at the fall of Troy. Cassandra is 'loose-trest' now (instead of *vittatis . . . capillis* as in i. vii. 17), because Ovid, as the Latin makes plain, is thinking of her as the inspired prophetess: *Maenadis effusis . . . comis*.

39 Mars in the deed the black-smithes net did stable] Vulcan, the blacksmith of the gods and the husband of Venus, trapped his wife and her lover, Mars, in an invisible net, and exposed them to the ridicule of the other gods.

45 watch] *vigilem*; modern texts, *agilem*.

### Elegy 10

1 the cause] Helen, wife of Menelaus, abducted by the Trojan Paris, was the cause of the war between the Greeks and the Trojans.

2 from *Europa*] *ab Europa*. Dominicus has a *Graecia, quae est in Europa*; modern texts have *ab Eurota*, referring to the river Eurotas.

3 *Leda*] The wife of Tyndareus, King of Sparta, who was visited by Jupiter in the shape of a swan; she became the mother of Helen of Troy.

5 *Amimone*] A daughter of Danaus, King of Argos, Amymone aided her father in supplying water to his city during a prolonged drought. Neptune saw her at this task, fell in love with her, and carried her away; he raised a fountain in the place where she stood.

7 the Bull and Eagle] Two of Jupiter's amorous disguises. As a bull he carried Europa to Crete; as an eagle he snatched Ganymede to heaven.

15 saunce] *OED* offers this as a variant form of *sans*, whose 'archaic' use (meaning without) is described as 'chiefly with reminiscence of Shakespeare'.

18 bosome] *sinum*. Marlowe's translation loses the sense of Ovid's joke—that Cupid, being naked, has nowhere to carry his money.

22 Cony] Ovid describes the *meretrix* who *miseras iusso corpore quaerit opes*.

32 Making her joy according to her hire] Marlowe reverses the process Ovid describes: *pretium quanti gaudeat ipsa, facit*.

37 Knights of the post] Nashe's 'Knight of the Post' describes himself as 'a fellowe that will swear you any thing for twelve pence' (*Pierce Penilesse*, McKerrow, i. 164).

50 the holy Nunne] Tarpeia, daughter of the governor of the citadel of Rome; she promised to open the city gates to the Sabines if they would give her what they wore on their left arms. What she wanted were their bracelets, but the Sabines, as they entered the city, threw her not only their bracelets but also their shields, which crushed her to death.

51 The sonne slew her, that forth to meete him went] A commentary would have helped Marlowe here. Ovid refers to Alcmaeon, who was charged by his father to murder his mother, Eriphyle, who had been bribed with a necklace to betray him by sending him as one of the Seven against Thebes: *Ex quibus exierat, traiecit viscera ferro* | *Filius*.

56 lome] Martin's emendation of *Mason's* 'love' is justified by the Latin: *praebeat Alcinoi poma benignus ager*. Alcinous, King of Phaeacia, was renowned for his love of agriculture; he was the father of Nausicaa, and entertained Ulysses during his wanderings.

#### Elegy 11

2 free-borne] This is Marlowe's not very accurate rendering of *nec ancillas inter habenda*.

10 But] *sed*; modern texts, *nec*.

21 some blotted letter] Marlowe does not translate literally, but gives an English equivalent to Ovid's *littera rasa*.

28 maple] On account of its hardness and firmness, maple was used for writing-tablets.

#### Elegy 12

10 bad hony] *Melle . . . infami*. Martin explains that Corsican honey, made from yew-tree blossoms, was bitter and distasteful.

13 evill wood] *inutile lignum*.

26 banquerout] *OED* offers this as a variant form of *bankrupt*, which Marlowe uses in sense 2, meaning a 'merchant, trader or other person' who has become insolvent. Marlowe's 'merchant' is a translation of Ovid's *avarus*; the situation described is that of Shylock and Antonio.

27 Your name] They were *tabellae duplices*, double tablets, but *duplex* could also mean 'deceitful'; Ovid amplifies this thought in the next line.

#### Elegy 13

1 her old Love] Tithonus, son of Laomedon, King of Troy. He begged Aurora for the gift of immortality, which she granted for love of his beauty. But he neglected to ask for the continuance of this beauty and his youth, and consequently grew old. In response to his pleas for death, which she could not satisfy, the goddess changed him into a cicada.

4 *Memnon*] The son of Aurora and Tithonus, who became King of Ethiopia. He was killed during the Trojan War, when he came to assist his uncle, Priam, and his mother was so distressed at his death that she asked Jupiter to grant her son such honours as might distinguish him from other mortals. Jupiter consented, and from the funeral pyre issued a flight of birds which fought among themselves so fiercely that half of them were killed and fell into the fire to appease the spirit of Memnon. Every year the birds return to the tomb and repeat the sacrifice. (*Metamorphoses*, xiii. 583–619). In this line *Mason* reads 'from', and *Dyce* emends to 'for'. On the surface, this seems sensible; but since the birds both arose from the funeral pyre and were sacrificed to Aurora's son, they were in fact both 'from' and 'for' Memnon. The Latin allows for either interpretation.

33 *Cephalus*] Cephalus, husband of Procris. Aurora fell in love with him and abducted him, but he refused to accept her advances, and insisted on returning to his wife. Modern editors of Ovid see these two lines as an interpolation, and exclude them, arguing that Ovid would not have thus anticipated the thought in lines 39–40.

43 The Moone sleeps with *Endymion*] The shepherd Endymion persuaded Jupiter to grant him eternal youth and as much sleep as he wanted. Diana caught sight of him, naked, as he slept on Mt Latmos, and was so taken by his beauty that she came down from heaven every day to share his sleep. Ovid is oblique in his reference to *iuveni . . . amato*, but Marlowe is tactfully explicit in this line, which seems to have been remembered by Shakespeare in *The Merchant of Venice*: 'the Moon sleeps with Endymion, And would not be awak'd' (v. i. 108).

46 *Made two nights one*] Jupiter got possession of Alcmena's bed by impersonating her husband, Amphitryon. He greatly prolonged the night which he spent in the procreation of Hercules, who was to be the most famous of mortal heroes.

47 and therefore heard me] *scires audisse*.

48 morning scard me] Marlowe's addition to Ovid.

*Elegy 14*

6 *Seres*] The Chinese.

26 crooked trammells] *torto . . . orbe*. Robinson's emendation, substituting a name for braids or curls for *Mason's* 'trannels' (pins or bodkins), is a better rendering of the Latin.

33 *Dione*] I cannot believe that Marlowe would have mistaken Ovid's *Dione* for Diana, although it is an error that might be expected of a compositor replacing the unknown by the known. *Dione* was sometimes said to be the mother of Venus, but the name was also given to Venus herself. Here, as Martin suggested, the Venus Anadyomene of *Apelles* must have been in Ovid's mind.

40 *Thessale waters*] The inhabitants of Thessaly were notorious for the practice of witchcraft; cf. 1. viii. 5n.

49 *Guelder dame*] *Sicambriam*. The Sigambri were a German tribe, whom Marlowe saw as coming from Guelderland, a former German duchy of which Guelder was the capital. The fair hair of the German tribes was much admired in Rome.

*Elegy 15*

In this poem Ovid enrols himself among the great poets, Greek as well as Roman, whose verse, he claims, is immortal, and whose names will never be forgotten. Homer is naturally first, with his story of the Trojan War (the *Iliad*): Tenedos (line 9) was the island opposite Troy where the Greeks hid themselves to persuade the Trojans that they had finished the siege and were going home; the River Simois (line 10) flows into the Xanthus from Mt Ida, the mountain on which Paris exercised his judgement in the beauty contest between the three goddesses which resulted in his carrying off Helen, wife of Menelaus, thereby starting the Trojan War. *Ascraeus* (line 11) is the name given to Hesiod, who was born at *Ascra*; a near-contemporary of Homer's, his verse was designed to be of practical use, and gave agricultural instruction. *Callimachus* (line 13) was the acknowledged leader when it came to Alexandrian poetry, and a major influence on the Roman poets, including Propertius and Ovid himself; Ovid here admits a lack of inspiration in his master's work, but finds it compensated by his technique. *Sophocles* (line 15) was the great Greek tragedian, while *Aratus* (line 16) was a Greek poet of the third century BC, especially renowned for a poem on astronomy. The cheating servants, cruel fathers, and lecherous bawds (line 17) are the stock figures of the Greek New Comedy, of whose dramatists Menander (line 18) was called the prince. Turning to the Romans, Ovid first considers *Ennius* (line 19), one of the earliest Roman poets, author of an eighteen-volume history of the Roman republic written in heroic verse, which he was the first to introduce into Latin poetry; he is commended by *Quintilian*, who blames much of the roughness of his verse on the age, not the poet. *Virgil* introduces many lines of *Ennius'* poetry into his own work. Where Marlowe next mentions *Plautus* (line 19), Ovid

in fact speaks of *Accius*, another early Roman poet, this time of tragic verse. In his translation of this poem (see below), Ben Jonson retains the name *Accius*, but Marlowe seems to have confused this writer with *M. Accius Plautus*, one of the most popular comic dramatists of Rome, who died about 184 BC. *Varro* (line 21) was born at *Atax* in 82 BC. His works have not survived, but he is celebrated for an epic poem on the Argonauts. *Lucretius* (line 23) (98–55 BC) is famous for his *de rerum natura*, a philosophical poem in six books; in many ways he is the Milton of Roman poetry. *Tityrus* (line 25) is a shepherd in *Virgil's Eclogues*, and the name is here transferred to the poet himself. In mentioning '*Aeneas warre*' (line 25), Marlowe is thinking of *Virgil* chiefly as author of the *Aeneid*, but Ben Jonson, in his version, takes notice of Ovid's *segetes* and speaks of 'tillage'—i.e. the *Georgics*. *Tibullus* (line 28) and *Gallus* (line 29) are Ovid's contemporaries and, like him, writers of elegiac verse; *Licoris* (line 30) was to *Gallus'* poetry what *Corinna* is to Ovid's.

4 dustie] ('rustie' in *Mason*); Robinson's emendation was justified by the Latin *pulverulenta*, and the misreading is one of the *d|r* confusions in these poems.

34 gold-bearing Tagus] According to the poets (e.g. Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, ii, 251), gold was concealed in the sandy bed of the Tagus (modern Tajo), which flows across Portugal into the Atlantic.

37 quivering myrtle] *metuentem frigora myrtum*; cf. I. i. 34.

41 rakes] 'The meaning here, as sufficiently illustrated in *OED vb.* II. 4 and 5b, seems to be *rake*, for which [*Mason's*] "racke" is an obsolete rare spelling' (*Bowers*).

The same poem translated by Ben Jonson

Envie, why twitst thou me, my Time's spent ill?  
 And call'st my verse fruites of an idle quill?  
 Or that (unlike the line from whence I sprong)  
 Wars dustie honors I pursue not young?  
 Or that I studie not the tedious lawes;  
 And prostitute my voyce in every cause? 5  
 Thy scope is mortal; mine eternall Fame,  
 Which through the world shall every chaunt my name.  
 Homer will live, whilst *Tenedos* stands, and *Ide*,  
 Or to the sea, flecte *Simois* doth slide; 10  
 And so shall *Hesiod* too, while vines doe beare,  
 Or crooked sickles crop the ripened eare.  
*Callimachus*, though in Invention lowe,  
 Shall still be sung, since he in *Arte* doth flowe.  
 No losse shall come to *Sophocles* proud vaine, 15  
 With Sunne and Moone *Aratus* shall remaine.  
 Whilst Slaves be false, Fathers hard, and Bauds be whorish,  
 Whilst Harlots flatter, shall *Menander* flourish.  
*Ennius*, though rude, and *Accius* high-reared straine,  
 A fresh applause in every age shall gaine. 20  
 Of *Varro's* name, what eare shall not be tolde?  
 Of *Jasons* Argo? And the *Fleece* of golde?

Then, shall *Lucretius* loftie numbers die,  
 When Earth, and Seas in fire and flames shall frie.  
*Titirus*, Tillage, *Aeney* shall be read, 25  
 Whil'st *Rome* of all the conquer'd world is head.  
 Till *Cupids* fires be out, and his bowe broken,  
 Thy verses (neate *Tibullus*) shall be spoken.  
 Our *Gallus* shall be known from East to west;  
 So shall *Licoris*, whom he now loves best. 30  
 The suffering Plough-share or the flint may weare:  
 But heavenly *Poësie* no death can feare.  
 Kings shall give place to it, and Kingly showes,  
 The bankes ore which gold-bearing *Tagus* flowes.  
 Kneele hindes to trash: me let bright *Phoebus* swell, 35  
 With cups full flowing from the *Muses* well.  
 The frost-drad myrtle shall impale my head,  
 And of sad lovers Ile be often read.  
 "Envy the living, not the dead, doth bite.  
 "For after death all men receive their right. 40  
 Then when this body falls in funeral fire,  
 My name shall live, and my best part aspire.

## BOOK II

*Elegy 1*

2 Borne at Peligny] Ovid's birthplace was Sulmo, a town of the Paeligni in what is now the Abruzzi; as he describes it in II. xvi. 2ff., it is a fertile valley, a 'wholesome soyl with watrie veynes' (*irriguis ora salubris aquis*).

11 the great celestially battells] Neither Ovid nor, consequently, Marlowe seems wholly clear about these battles. Gyges (the Latin text prints, erroneously, *Gygen*, which leads to confusion with the King of Lydia) was one of the three Hekatoncheires, the hundred-handed, who were the sons of Uranus and Ge. They are usually represented as being friendly towards the gods, unlike the other giants, also children of Uranus and Ge, who rose against Jupiter, and for this were imprisoned in the earth. The piling of Ossa on Olympus and Pelion on Ossa was the work of the Aloadae, Otos and Ephialtes, in their rebellion against the gods.

23 deduce] The manuscript from which *Mason* was printed was subject to *d* | *r* confusions: cf. 'dustie' | 'rustie' (I. xv. 4). Ovid has *carmina sanguineae deducunt cornua lunae*; and the notion is referred to by Robert Herrick in 'Charms, that call down the moon from out her sphere'.

25 Snakes leape by verse from caves of broken mountaines] *Carmine dissiliunt abruptis faucibus angues*.

29 of fierce *Achill* to sing] Ovid is referring to the *Iliad* and the struggle between Achilles and Hector which ended with the death of the latter, whose body was dragged round the walls of Troy by Achilles' horses. A difficulty arises with the next line's 'either *Ajax*'. Marlowe's text reads *Aiaces alter, et alter*, refer-

ring to Ajax the son of Telamon, who fought with Hector in the Trojan War, and Ajax the son of Oileus (who was surnamed Locrian to distinguish him from the son of Telamon). It was this second Ajax who raped Cassandra in the temple of Minerva at the sack of Troy. Modern editions have *Atrides* for *Aiaces*, making it clear that Agamemnon and Menelaus, the two sons of Atreus, are intended.

*Elegy 2*

4 *Danaus* fact] Danaus became King of Argos after a quarrel with his brother Aegyptus, whose fifty sons pursued the fifty daughters of Danaus to Argos in order to marry them. Danaus was forced to consent to the marriages, but ordered his daughters to stab their husbands on the wedding night. All but one, Amymone, obeyed him, cf. I. x. 5n. Marlowe uses 'fact' in the sense of *OED* 1: 'a thing done or performed'.

30 Enjoy the wench, let all else be refused] *Ille placet dominae: cetera turba iacet*; modern texts, *illa potens; alii, sordida turba, iacent*.

36 Counterfet teares] *lachrymas simulet*; in a modernized text, the Latin would justify placing a comma after 'fall' in the preceding line, ensuring that 'Counterfet' is read as a verb and not an adjective.

44 *Tantalus*] Tantalus was King of either Phrygia or Lydia. He was admitted to the society of the gods, but abused the privilege in ways about which the legends differ. One version explains that he stole the food of the gods and gave it to mortals; in another, which Ovid follows here, he is a tell-tale: Jupiter had been in the habit of confiding his plans to Tantalus, who revealed them to men. For his crime he was punished in Hades by being made to stand waist-deep in water surrounded by trees laden with delicious fruit; whenever he reached out his hand, the fruit evaded him, and whenever he leaned down to drink, the water receded.

45 *Junos* watch-man] Argus. Juno had set him to watch Io, whom Jupiter had changed into a heifer, but Mercury, by the command of Jupiter, lulled him to sleep with his lyre and then killed him. Juno placed his hundred eyes in the tail of the peacock, a bird sacred to her divinity. Some say that after her death, Io was worshipped under the name of Isis.

*Elegy 3*

3-4 Nashe quotes these lines in *The Unfortunate Traveller* (McKerrow, ii. 238), first in Latin and then, without comment, in Marlowe's translation.

*Elegy 4*

There are at least three other attractive translations of this poem dating from the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. Sir John Harington and Donne both essayed verse translations, and Marston included a prose version in his play *The Fawn* (III. i).

15 a *Sabines* browe] The Sabines were renowned for the uprightness of their lives—which might give them 'sowre lookes' in a lover's eyes.

19 *Callimachus*] See note to I. xv.

42 *Leda*] The wife of Tyndareus, approached by Jupiter in the form of a swan, and thereby the mother of Helen of Troy.

*Elegy 5*

13 Poore wretch I sawe] *Ipse miser vidi*.

19 I knew your speech (what do not lovers see?)] *Sermonem agnovi (quid non videatur amanti?)*; modern texts have *quod non videatur, agentem*, without parentheses.

40 *Arachne*] *Maeonis*. Arachne was the daughter of a dyer, born in Maeonia, a country in Asia Minor. She was skilled in needlework, and challenged Minerva to a competition; when she lost, Arachne hung herself in despair. The goddess turned her into a spider.

*Elegy 6*

3 goodly birdes] *piae volucres*. Dyce emends 'goodly' (here and at line 58) to 'godly'; but these two instances, plus a third at line 51, suggest that Marlowe intended to translate *pius* as 'good'.

7 *Philomela*] Philomela was raped by her sister's husband, Tereus, who then cut out her tongue and imprisoned her in a lonely castle; in a piece of needlework she sent the news of these happenings to Procne, her sister, who in revenge killed her son Itys (see line 10) and served him as food to her husband. Finally they were all changed into birds: Philomela became a nightingale, Tereus a hoopoe, Procne a swallow, and Itys a sandpiper.

15 *Pylades*] The cousin of Orestes, who assisted him in revenging the death of Agamemnon by murdering Clytemnestra (Orestes' mother) and her lover Aegisthus.

35 *Pallas* hate] In Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, ii. 552ff., the Crow tells why she is hated by Pallas Athene (Minerva). An attempt to ravish Athene by Vulcan resulted in the birth of Erichthonius, whom Pallas tried to smuggle away. The Crow saw what happened, and talked about it.

41 *Thersites*] The most deformed and defamatory of the Greek rank and file during the Trojan War.

*Protesilaus*] The first of the Greeks to set foot on Trojan soil; an oracle had declared that the man who did this should be the first to die.

*Elegy 7*

2 To over-come] *Ut vincam*.

*Elegy 8*

16 she did perceive] *vidit*; modern texts, *vidi*.

24 Well maiest thou one thing for thy Mistresse use] *Est unum e dominis promeruisse satis*.

*Elegy 9*

4 thy tents] *castris . . . tuis*; modern texts, *meis*.

7 *Pelides*] Achilles, who cured (using the rust from his sword) the wound he had inflicted on Telephus.

20 His sword layed by, safe, though rude places yeelds] *Tutaque, deposito poscitur ense, rudis*. Sixteenth-century texts (in which lines 20 and 22 of the Latin are interchanged) are in part responsible for Marlowe's misunderstanding of this line. Modern texts list the soldier, the racehorse, and the ship, and then go on to refer to the gladiator who at the age of 65, retiring, exchanged his sword for a *rudis*—described in Cooper's *Thesaurus* as 'A roode or yarde that was given to sworde players . . . in token that they were set at lybertie . . . It is sometimes taken for lybertie from labour.' Marlowe fails to recognize the noun *rudis* and the feminine adjective *tuta* which belongs to it, and he completely mistakes the meaning of *poscitur*.

32 haven touching] *tangentem portus*.

46 Let me enjoy her] *fruar domina*.

48 step-father] Once again, as in i. ii. 24, Ovid's *vitricus* could refer to either Mars or Vulcan. The former seems the more likely here.

*Elegy 10*

18 largely] *late*; modern texts, *laxe*.

35 would I might droupe with doing] Montaigne, in his essay 'That to Philosophize, is to learne how to die' (trans. Florio), gives instances of those who died in the act of love, telling how 'Cornelius Gallus the Praetor, Tigillinus Captaine of the Roman watch, Lodomicke sonne of Guido Gonzaga, Marquis of Mantua, end their daies between womens thighs'.

*Elegy 11*

7 country Gods] *patriosque penates*; modern texts, *sociosque*.

18 *Scyllaes* and *Caribdis* waters] The rocks and whirlpools of the sea between Italy and Sicily.

19 *Cerannia*] The Ceraunia, mountains of Epirus which extend far into the sea, forming a promontory that divides the Ionian from the Adriatic. *Mason's* 'Cerannia' is not a misprint involving a turned *n*; the same spelling is found in *Dido Queene of Carthage* i. i. 147.

20 either *Syrtes*] Two large sandbanks in the Mediterranean on the coast of Africa. They were never stable, being sometimes very high, sometimes very low under water, and therefore most dangerous to navigation.

20 *Laedas* noble twinne-stars] Castor and Pollux, the children of Leda, born at the same time as Helen and Clytemnestra. As a constellation (Gemini) they were thought to have seafarers especially under their protection.

34 *Galatea*] A sea-nymph, the daughter of Nereus.

*Elegy 12*

10 the *Atrides*] Agamemnon and Menelaus, the sons of Atreus.

17 a Queene] Helen of Troy.

19 a woman] Cf. i. iv. 7–8n.

21 new] *iterum*; the reference is to the battle of Turnus and Aeneas over Lavinia, daughter of Latinus.

23 A woman] The indefinite article is misleading; it was *women*, rather than a *woman* who caused the Sabines to become the first enemies of the newly established Romans after the Romans had insulted them.

#### Elegy 13

3 secretly with me] Marlowe has mistaken Ovid's idiom. The Roman poet is angry because Corinna has attempted the abortion without his knowledge: *clam me*.

7–14 Thou] The poet addresses Isis. This Egyptian goddess, with her brother (and husband) Osiris, comprehended all nature and all heathen deities. By the time Ovid was writing, the cult of Isis had spread over the whole empire: 'Canopus', 'Memphis', 'Pharos', and 'swift Nile' allude to its Egyptian source, and to certain elements of its ritual. Anubis is the Egyptian Mercury, a man with the head of a dog, who accompanied Osiris on his expedition against India. Osiris was murdered and his body cut in pieces by his brother, Set. Isis collected and buried the mangled remains, while Osiris' soul entered the ox, the beast most useful in the cultivation of the earth, and became the god Apis. It was a good omen that the snake should glide around the temple offerings.

18 engirt] *cingit*; modern texts, *tingit* or *tangit*. Dyce says: 'Here Marlowe has confused *Galli*, the priests of Isis, with *Galli*, Gauls, Frenchmen.'

21 *Lucina*] The divine daughter of Jupiter and Juno; because her mother brought her into the world without pain, she became the goddess of child-bearing. Further, *Lucina* is a cult name of both Juno and Diana, who were also associated with the care of pregnant women. Modern texts of the *Amores* have the emendation *Ilythia*, the Greek equivalent of *Lucina*.

#### Elegy 14

11 stones, our stockes original] Deucalion and his wife, Pyrrha, who alone were saved from the flood with which Jupiter had overwhelmed mankind, were instructed to throw behind them the bones of their great mother—the stones of the earth. The stones thrown by Deucalion became men, and those thrown by Pyrrha women.

14 watry *Thetis*] The sea-nymph Thetis was the mother of Achilles, who permitted Priam to ransom and take away the body of his son, Hector, whom Achilles had killed in the Trojan War.

15 *Ilia*] Rhea Silvia, the mother of Romulus and Remus, founders of Rome.

16 He . . . that conquering *Rome* did build] Aeneas, the son of Venus, who escaped from Troy and sailed to Italy, making the first settlement there, and founding the race of the caesars.

29 At *Colchis*] Medea fell in love with Jason when he came to Colchis in his

search for the Golden Fleece; later, when he was unfaithful to her, she killed two of her children in their father's presence.

30 *Itis*] He was murdered by Procne, his mother, in revenge for her husband Tereus' treatment of Philomela (cf. ii. vi. 7n.).

they bewaile] *queruntur*.

40 worthily lament] *merito clamant*; modern texts have *clamant* 'merito', their punctuation making it clear that 'merito' is the exclamation.

#### Elegy 15

19 I would not out, might I in one place hit] *Si dabor, ut condar loculis, exire negabo*.

24 And through the gemme let thy lost waters pash] *Damnaque sub gemma perfer euntis aquae*.

#### Elegy 16

1 *Sulmo*] Cf. ii. i. 2n.

4 the *Icarian* . . . Dog-starre] Icarus' dog was made into a star for discovering his master's body after Icarus had been murdered by peasants to whom he had given wine. Being unaccustomed to it, they thought its effects were poisonous.

8 *Pallas* Olives] Pallas Athene and Poseidon argued over the ownership of Attica, and the assembly of the gods promised to give it to whichever of the two produced the most useful present for mankind. Poseidon created the horse, and Pallas the olive; the gods judged the latter, as an emblem of peace, to be preferable to the former, the emblem of war and bloodshed.

20–3 My hard way . . . beare] Ovid lists navigational hazards which he would willingly endure in his mistress's company. The '*Lybian Syrtes*' are the sandbanks off the coast of Africa (cf. ii. xi. 20n.); Scylla and Charibdis the rocks and whirlpools between Italy and Sicily (cf. ii. xi. 18n.); the former is portrayed as a girl as far as the waist, but below that as a pack of snarling, dog-like monsters. Malea is a promontory to the south-east of Laconia, where the sea is always rough.

31 The youth] Leander; cf. Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*.

40 rockes dyed crimson with *Prometheus* bloud] The mountains of the Caucasus, in Albania, where Prometheus was chained while a vulture fed on his liver, as punishment for having stolen fire from the gods to give to mankind.

#### Elegy 17

4 the floud-beate *Cithera*] Venus, who was surnamed Cytherea because she rose from the sea near the island of Cythera; she was also worshipped at Paphos, a city of Cyprus.

15 *Calypso*] Calypso was not, as line 16 seems to suggest, a mortal, but an immortal nymph, one of the Oceanides, who loved a mortal, Ulysses. The latter was shipwrecked on her island, Ogygia, and although he stayed with her for seven

years, eventually left her. The error in 'A mortall nimphe' arises from Marlowe's having mistaken a genitive for a nominative: *mortalis amore* ... *Capta*.

17 *Thetis*] Thetis, one of the sea-deities, was courted by both Jupiter and Neptune, but when it was known that her son would be greater than his father, the gods withdrew their addresses, and Peleus, King of Thessaly, married her. He was the only mortal to marry an immortal; the son who was greater than his father was Achilles.

18 *just Numa*] Numa Pompilius, the second king of Rome, famed as a lawgiver and religious reformer. He encouraged a rumour that he paid frequent visits to the nymph Egeria, so that he could use this immortal's name to give sanction to the laws and institutions which he introduced.

21 This kinde of verse] See General Introduction.

24 in the mid bed] *in medio* ... *toro*; modern texts, *foro*.

### Elegy 18

3 *Macer*] Aemilius Macer, a Latin poet of Verona and friend of Tibullus and Ovid. He seems to have composed some didactic poetry, but in the first two lines of this poem (which Marlowe does not completely understand), Ovid suggests that he is working on an epic describing the events leading up to the wrath of Achilles, prior to those described in the *Iliad*.

8 why] *cur*; modern texts, *iam*.

15 my cloak, and buskines painted] The conventional costume of the tragic Muse, and hence the tragic poet.

21–37 We write ... record] Ovid now gives a partial table of contents of his own poems, the *Heroides*, epistles of legendary heroes and heroines. Penelope sends the first of these to Ulysses, from whom she was separated by the Trojan War. Phyllis, the writer of the second, was deserted by Demophoon despite her kindness to him when he stopped at Thrace on his way home after the War. The sixth epistle is a letter from Hypsipyle to Jason, reproaching him for deserting her as he had deserted Medea; in the eleventh Canace writes to her brother Macareus, who had seduced her and made her pregnant; Oenone, the nymph that Paris abandoned for Helen, complains to him in the fifth poem, while in the fourth Phaedra confesses her incestuous love for her stepson Hippolytus. In the seventh, Dido tries to restrain Aeneas from his divine mission which will mean his leaving her, and the fifteenth poem is addressed by the poetess Sappho ('her that lov'd the *Aonian harpe*') to Phaon, the youth whose coldness caused her to commit suicide.

27 *Sabinus*] The poet Sabinus was Ovid's friend (modern editions make this clear by reading *meus* ... *Sabinus* instead of *celer* ... *Sabinus*), who wrote, as the next seven lines indicate, 'replies' to the *Heroides*.

38 *Laodameia*] When her husband Protesilaus was killed in the Trojan War by Hector, she ordered a wooden statue to be made of him, and this was regularly placed in her bed until her father ordered the image to be destroyed; Laodamia threw herself into the flames and was burned with the statue.

### Elegy 19

13–14 Ah oft ... innocence] *Ah quoties finxit culpam: quantumque licebat, | Insontis speciem praeibuit ipsa nocens*; modern texts, *a, quotiens finxit culpam, quantumque licebat | insonti, speciem praeibuit esse nocens*.

20 Oft couzen me] *Saepe face insidias*; modern texts have *time for face*.

27 *Danae*] The daughter of Acrisius and Eurydice, she was locked in a brazen tower when her father heard that her son would put him to death. Jove disguised himself as a shower of gold, entered the tower, and made Danae pregnant with Perseus. Cf. also III. vii. 29–34.

29 *Io*] Because of Juno's jealousy, Jupiter turned his mistress Io into a heifer.

46 effect] *amare*; 'effect' is a variant form of 'affect' (see *OED* v. 2).

### BOOK III

#### Elegy 1

7–10 *Elegia* ... *tooke*] The personification of Elegy is reminiscent of the first poem of Book I, with its reference to the characteristic metre (hexameter followed by pentameter). Cf. General Introduction.

11–14 *Tragedie*] Ovid makes the customary comparison of the lightness of the elegiac form with the more serious tragic (or epic) mode. '*Tragedie*' is clothed in the '*Lydian buskin*' because the buskin—a thick-soled boot which elevated the tragic performers—was the conventional symbol and attribute of tragedy: *Lydius apta pedum vincla cothurnus erat*. Modern editions of Ovid have *alta* for *apta*. The Lydians were a war-like people from Asia Minor, a more ancient name for the country Maeonia. Plato, however, condemns the 'lax' Lydian mode; and it is generally spoken of as a gentle, even effeminate, form of verse—as in Milton's 'Lap me in soft Lydian airs' (*L' Allegro*).

12 cloake] *palla*.

40 Small doores unfitting for large houses are] *Obruit exiguas regia vestra fores*.

#### Elegy 2

15 *Pelops*] At Pisa, in Elis, Pelops became one of the suitors of Hippodamia, whose father had promised her to the man who could beat him in a chariot race; the losers were put to death. In modern texts Ovid speaks of the Pisaeon spear which almost killed Pelops; Marlowe's text had *axe* for *hasta*.

29 *Atalantas*] Atalanta, daughter of Schoeneus, King of Boeotia, vowed to live in perpetual virginity; and to free herself from her suitors, she proposed to run a race with them. The man who beat her she would marry, but those she overtook she would kill. Hippomenes came armed with three golden apples from the orchard of the Hesperides, which he threw in Atalanta's way to delay her, and so won the race. Marlowe translates Ovid's *Melanion* by the less common Hippomenes (line 30) because he needs the rhyme.

31 Coate-tuckt] *succinctae*.

43 themselves let all men cheere] *linguis animisque favete*; Marlowe makes an identical error in III. xii. 29.

54 please] Expressing his dissatisfaction with this obsolete form of 'please', Bower comments: 'the use of "please" in the sense required here is a strained one even though it is close to Ovid's *pugilis . . . placet*. One would scarcely know it from the English, but the object of "please" is "Pollux", and thus the word must be taken as "pleased by".' In fact Marlowe has mistaken the present subjunctive form *plācet* ('let him appease') for the indicative *plācet* ('he pleases'). In the same line, and for the same reason, Bowers emends 'loves' to 'love', emphasizing that the 'horsemen' are the subject of the verb, and 'Castor' the object. The result is perhaps a more correct translation of the Latin, but it is uncomfortable and unidiomatic English.

#### Elegy 3

17 *Cepheus* Daughter] Andromeda, who was almost sacrificed to a sea monster sent by Neptune to ravage her father's kingdom after her mother, Cassiopeia, had boasted herself fairer than Juno and the Nereides. Andromeda was rescued by Perseus.

37 *Semele*] One of Jupiter's many loves, Semele insisted on seeing the god in all his divine splendour. The sight was too much for mortal eyes, and Semele was consumed with the brightness. At the time she was pregnant with Bacchus, and Jupiter snatched the child from her womb and sewed him in his thigh, carrying him there until it was time for him to be born.

#### Elegy 4

7 *minde*] Modern Latin texts, reading *corpus* for the sixteenth-century *mentem*, make it clear that this couplet does not repeat the thought of its predecessor.

19 *Argus*] Juno's watchman; set to guard Io, he was lulled to sleep by Mercury, and killed; cf. II. ii. 45–6 and note.

21 *Danae*] Cf. II. xix. 27n.

23 *Penelope*] The faithful wife of Ulysses.

39 *Mars* his sonnes not without fault did breed] Mars violated the chastity of Rhea Silvia (Ilia), a vestal virgin, who then became the mother of Romulus and Remus, the founders of Rome.

#### Elegy 5

Modern editions have another poem, beginning *Nox erat*, here; it may not be Ovid's, and is not found in sixteenth-century editions.

1 reede] *arundinibus*.

13 *Perseus*] When he went to kill Medusa (one of the Gorgons who had snakes for hair), Perseus was given winged sandals by Mercury.

14 dreadfull Adders] *Terribili . . . angue*.

15 the chariot, whence corne seedes were found] This belonged to Ceres.

While she was searching for her daughter Proserpina, the cultivation of the earth was neglected, and the ground became barren; to make amends, Ceres gave corn seeds to Triptolemus of Eleusis, and sent him in her chariot to broadcast them, with instructions about their cultivation, to the inhabitants of the world. The story is told at the end of *Metamorphoses*, v.

23–54 Great floods . . . *Laomedon*] The poem addressed to the small stream gives Ovid the opportunity to write on the subject of the loves between men and rivers. Inachus (line 25) was a river-god, the son of Oceanus, who gave his name and protection to a river in Argolis; he married a daughter of Oceanus, the nymph Melia. Marlowe's text does not help him here, reading in *media Bithynide* for the modern in *Melie Bithynide*. Scamander (line 28), or Xanthus (the name used by the gods), took part in the Trojan War, fighting with Achilles; the river's association with Neaera (a common name for nymphs, line 28) cannot be traced, however. Alpheus (line 29) was a river of Elis which fell in love with Arethusa when she was bathing in his stream; in human shape he pursued her until she appealed to Diana for help. Diana answered her prayer by turning Arethusa into water and, when Alpheus promptly changed back into a river, carried her underground to the island of Ortygia at Syracuse, where the spring of Arethusa was a noted feature. A scribal error in the transmission of Ovid's text is to be blamed for the confusion in line 31. *Xantho* here seems to have been caught up from *Xanthe* (Marlowe's '*Scamander*') three lines earlier. Modern editions accept the conjecture *Xutho*. Xuthus, the son of Hellen (and grandson of Deucalion) married Creusa, daughter of Erechtheus, King of Athens, but she was stolen from him by Peneus line 32, a river-god of Thessaly, and was carried away to Phthiotis, a district (not a town) of that country. Marlowe's '*Aesope*' (line 33) is Asopus, a river in Boeotia; he is said to have been the father, not the husband, of Thebe (line 34), from whom the Boeotian town of Thebes took its name. Achelous (line 35), the most celebrated of rivers and the largest watercourse in Greece, fought against Hercules ('*Alcides*', line 36) for the hand of Deianira (line 38), daughter of Oeneus, King of Calydon (line 37). Achelous turned himself into a wild bull, but Hercules broke off one of his horns (which was made into the Horn of Plenty). Nothing is known of an Evadne (line 41) in connection with the Nile (line 39); in the Latin she is said to have been a daughter of Asopus. The god Poseidon loved Tyro (line 43), daughter of Salmoneus, and visited her disguised as the Thesalian river Enipeus (line 43). Ovid explains that it was in order to dry himself for Tyro's embraces that the god commanded the river waters to retire. When Ilia (Rhea Silvia, line 47) violated her vow of chastity as a vestal virgin, becoming by Mars (line 49) the mother of Romulus and Remus, she was thrown into the river Anio, a tributary of the Tiber, by the order of her uncle Amulius, and became the wife of the river-god.

44 Fly backe . . . place] *cedere iussit aquam; iussa recessit aqua*.

50 sole places] *loca sola*.

82 what she liked best] *socii iura . . . tori*.

103 I know not what expecting] *Nescio quem spectans*; for a similar mistranslation cf. III. x. 11.

105 white streame] *non candide torrens*.

## Elegy 6

41 *Pylius*] Nestor (of Pylos), said to have lived for three generations of men.

42 *Tithon*] Cf. 1. xiii. 1n.

46 for-slow'd] The word is used in *OED* sense 1: 'to be slow or dilatory about; to lose or spoil by sloth . . .'. At this point Marlowe is translating Ovid's couplet:

credo etiam magnos, quo sum tam turpiter usus  
numeris oblati paenituisse deos.

51 he that told so much] Tantalus; cf. 11. ii. 44n.

61 *Phemius*] Phemius, the minstrel in the *Odyssey*, who sang to Penelope's suitors; some say that he taught Homer, and that the grateful poet immortalized him by introducing his name into the *Odyssey*.

62 *Thamiras*] A musician who challenged the Muses to a contest; when he lost, the Muses deprived him of both his eyesight and his voice.

79 bloud of frogs newe dead] Sixteenth-century texts read as modern ones, but note a variant of *ranis* for *lanis*, adding *ut de rubetis intelligatur, quarum maximus in magicus usus*.

## Elegy 7

1 liberall arts] *ingenuas artes: liberales, quibus ingenui homines institui debent* (Dominicus).

11 Foole] *stulta*; modern texts, here and at line 12, *vita*.

29 *Jove*] Cf. 11. xix. 27n.

35 old *Saturne*] Supposed to have been King of Italy during the golden age, Saturn was a very ancient agricultural divinity associated with Ops, and was a personification of the earth's riches.

62 One her commands] *Imperat ut captae*. Dyce's emendation is justified not only by the Latin, but also by the reference in the next line to a 'keeper'; perhaps, as Bowers suggests, the 'she' in line 63 (or in line 61) contaminated *Mason's* reading.

## Elegy 8

1 Thetis, and the morne] Thetis was the mother of Achilles, and Aurora ('the morne') the mother of Memnon (cf. 1. xiii. 4n.).

14 *Julus*] The son of Aeneas.

16 *Adons*] Adonis, who was loved by Venus, and who was killed while hunting the wild boar; cf. *Metamorphoses*, x.

21 *Thracian Orpheus*] The son of the Muse Calliope and, according to some poets, of the god Apollo; others say, however, that he had a human father, Oeagrus, King of Thrace, with which country Orpheus was always associated. When he played upon his lyre, the beasts forgot their wildness, and trees and mountains moved to listen to his song.

23 *Linus*] Another son of Apollo, to whom was attributed the invention of

melody and rhythm. He challenged his father to a song contest, but Apollo defeated and killed him. Modernized texts usually have 'laid' for 'layed', but it would make more sense, I think, if 'layed' were regarded as a coinage from *lay* (*OED sb.*<sup>4</sup>). This certainly gives a fairer rendering of the Latin *edidit*—which modern texts replace by the lament of Apollo, *aelinon*.

24 unequald] *invicta*; modern texts, *invita*.

29 The worke of Poets] The particular references here are to the *Iliad*, telling of 'Troyes labours', and the *Odyssey*, recounting the wanderings of Ulysses for ten years following the fall of Troy. During Ulysses' absence, when he was supposed dead, his wife, Penelope, was besieged with suitors. She agreed to remarry when her tapestry ('that slowe webbe') was finished, but every night she unravelled the day's work.

45 *Eryx* bright Emresse] Venus, called Erycina because of her temple on Mt Eryx in Sicily.

47 *Corcyras Ile*] The modern Corfu, where Tibullus was once ill.

62 *Calvus*] Gaius Licinius Calvus, a lyric and elegiac poet and friend of Catullus.

64 *Gallus*] Cornelius Gallus, the first writer of Roman love elegy. He won the favour of Augustus Caesar, and was appointed to rule over Egypt, but was accused of pillaging the province and conspiring against his benefactor, whereupon he committed suicide.

## Elegy 9

9 first oracles] The first temple of Jupiter was said to have been built after the flood, by Deucalion, in the neighbourhood of Dodona; it was surrounded by oak trees which frequently delivered sacred oracles.

10 their bed] *torus*; modern texts, *cibus*.

19 nor *Crete* doth all things feigne] Proverbially, the Cretans were liars—a reputation perhaps derived from their wealth of legends, which included claims that Crete was not only the birthplace, but also the burial place, of Jupiter. St Paul alludes to this reputation in his Epistle to Titus: 'One of themselves, even a prophet of their own, said, The Cretians are always liars' (v. 12).

24 *Ceres*] Ceres fell in love with Iasion in Crete, and lay with him in a ploughed field. As a result of this, Jupiter, who according to some accounts was Iasion's father, killed him with a thunderbolt. Because of Ceres' dalliance in Crete, harvests everywhere else failed.

39 *Ida* . . . did sing with corne] *cānebat* . . . *Ide*. Never very strong on Latin quantities and metre, Marlowe mistakes *cānebat* ('was white') for *cānebat* ('sang'). However, he has some precedent for the singing conceit in Coverdale's translation of Psalm 65: 14, used in the *Booke of Common Prayer*: 'the valleys also shall stand so thick with corn that they shall laugh and sing.'

41 *Minos*] King of Crete, the son of Jupiter and Europa, who gave good laws to his subjects, and is said to have been rewarded for this after his death with the office of supreme judge in Hades.

42 wisht] *optavit*; some modern texts have the subtler *optasset*.

43 what sports] *secubitus*; Martin suggests that Marlowe's untraced text may have read *concupitus*.

*Elegy 10*

11 I know not whom] *nescio cui*; for a similar mistranslation of this phrase cf. III. v. 103.

*Elegy 11*

1–2 What . . . sing] *Quis fuit ille dies, quo tristia semper amanti | Omina non albae concinuistis aves?*

7 bookes] *libellis*.

17 With Muse oppos'd] *Adversis . . . musis*.

21–40 by us . . . was able?] Ovid now gathers together the most outrageous of the fictions perpetuated by the Greek and Roman poets. The first Scylla (line 21) was the daughter of Nisus, King of Megara, the prosperity of whose kingdom depended on a purple or red hair on his head. Scylla fell in love with Minos, who was besieging the country, and to make him love her, she cut off her father's hair when he was asleep. The second Scylla was a daughter of Typhon who rejected the addresses of Glaucus, a sea-deity. He applied to the enchantress Circe for love potions, but Circe herself fell in love with the god, and the drugs she gave him changed Scylla, her rival, into a monster with dogs' heads, endlessly barking, about her waist (line 22). The winged feet belonged to Mercury, and the snaky hair to Medusa, one of the Gorgons, who was killed by Perseus (line 24). From the drops of blood falling from Medusa's head came the winged horse Pegasus. The Giant Tityus (line 25) was placed in hell by Jupiter for assaulting Leto; Ulysses describes the sight of the monster, with two vultures always plucking at his liver, in the *Odyssey*, xi. The three-headed dog (line 26), Cerberus, was another denizen of hell, this time a watchful keeper whose job it was to prevent the living from entering the realms of the dead. Enceladus (line 27) was another of the Giants, who was buried by Jupiter under Mt Aetna; whenever he turned, the whole of Sicily shook. The 'Mermaids' with 'singing charmes' are the sirens, sea-nymphs who captivated sailors until they lost control of their ships and were drowned (but cf. note to line 28). When Ulysses (line 29) visited the island of Aeolus, the god of the winds (*Odyssey*, x), he was given a leather bag containing the energies of all the winds. Because he told the secrets of the gods, Tantalus (line 30) was doomed in hell to suffer hunger and thirst while standing waist-high in water (cf. II. ii. 44n.). Niobe (line 31), having boasted herself greater than Leto, mother of Apollo and Diana, was for this presumption turned into a stone fountain, and Callisto (line 31), one of Jupiter's many mistresses, was turned into a bear by the jealous Juno; Jupiter elevated her to a constellation with her son Arcas—the Great and Little Bear. Procne (line 32) became a swallow after she had murdered her son Itys (cf. II. vi. 7n.). Jupiter pursued his amours in many disguises: as a swan (line 33) he approached Leda, as a shower of gold he came to Danae, and as a bull he carried Europa (line 34) to Crete. Proteus (line 35) was a sea-deity, who changed his shape constantly. One account of the building of Thebes (line 35) tells how

Cadmus slew a dragon and sowed its teeth in the earth; armed men sprang from the teeth, and those who did not kill each other assisted Cadmus in the building of the city. The oxen of Colchis (line 36), with which Jason ploughed the land before sowing the dragons' teeth, breathed fire. The Heliades, daughters of the Sun and Clymene, were so affected by the death of their brother Phaethon, who was killed while attempting to drive his father's solar chariot, that they were changed into poplars, weeping precious amber (*electra*) on the banks of the river Po (but cf. note to line 37). In the *Aeneid*, ix. 112–22, Virgil tells how the ships of Aeneas, who led the Trojan refugees to Italy, turned into sea-nymphs, the Nereids. When Atreus (line 39) murdered his brother's children (who were the result of incest between Thyestes and Atreus' wife), the sun turned back from the scene in horror. Finally Ovid refers to the magical power of poetry, exemplified in the harp and music of Amphion; those who do not give Cadmus the credit for founding Thebes give it to this musician, and say that the very stones moved at the sound of his harp and formed the city walls of their own accord (line 40).

28 Mermaids singing charmes] *Ambiguae . . . virginis ore*; Ovid's allusion seems to be to the sphinx, failure to answer whose riddles meant instant death to the inhabitants of Thebes. Marlowe, however, was thinking of the sirens, fabulous creatures with heads of women (but usually said to have the bodies of birds) who lured men to destruction with their song.

37 Heav'n starre *Electra* that bewaild her sisters] *Flere genis electra, tuas auriga sorores*. Marlowe ignores *auriga* altogether, and misconstrues the reference to the Heliades; instead he recalls *Electra*, the daughter of Atlas and Pleione, who, together with her six sisters, was changed into a constellation (the Pleiades) when they were pursued by Orion.

*Elegy 12*

1 *Tuscia*] *Phaliscis*, the town Falerii, capital of the Falisci, in Tuscany or Etruria.

2 *Camillus*] M. Furius Camillus, called a second Romulus, who captured the town of Falerii in Tuscany (or Etruria) in the fourth century BC.

18 the Goddess hated Goate] This poem gives the only account of Juno's betrayal by, and hatred of, the goat.

21 Now] Ovid's *Nunc quoque* means 'even in these days', rather than 'at this present moment'.

27 the Nunnes in white veyles clad] *sanctae veletae*; modern texts omit *sanctae*.

29 lowd the people hollow] *Ore favent populi*; for a similar mistranslation of this phrase cf. III. ii. 43n.

32 *Halesus*] The son of Agamemnon and either Clytemnestra or Briseis, he fled from home when Agamemnon was murdered by his wife and settled in Italy, where he built the city of Falerii, introducing the worship of Juno to the Etruscans.

*Elegy 13*

42 Say but thou wert injuriously accusde] *falsi criminis instar erit*; modern texts, *falli muneris instar erit*.

44 the two leav'd booke] Marlowe's 'booke' was probably rhyme-attracted by the preceding line's 'tooke'; the expression is more usually that of Nashe's *Unfortunate Traveller*, which describes the rapist who 'used his knee as an yron ramme to beate ope the two leavd gate of her chastitie' (McKerrow, ii. 292). Ovid is less precise: *probra*.

Elegy 14

3 *Pelignis*] Cf. II. i. 2n.

15 Both loves] Cupid and Venus.

17 Horned Bacchus] Greek tragedy centred on the cult of Dionysus or Bacchus, with its origins in the performances of a group of 'goat-singers' (*Τραγωδία* means 'goat-song'). Bacchus was often represented graphically with small horns on his forehead.

LUCAN'S FIRST BOOKE

EPISTLE

2 *Elementall*] The general sense: 'Of, or pertaining to the "four elements", earth, air, fire, and water' (*OED* 1, 2) is strictly modified by Thorpe's 'pure', which gives the adjective the power of *OED* 3b: 'In its (hypothetical) pure condition, as opposed to the impure form in which it is actually known'; usually fire is being referred to.

3 Genius] Thorpe puns on two senses of the word: *OED* 2: 'A demon or spiritual being', and *OED* 5: 'Native intellectual power of an exalted type'.

4 the *Churchyard*] St Paul's Churchyard, effective centre of the bookselling trade, where most publishers and booksellers had stalls.

*sheets*] The pun is with printers' sheets: both parts of *Tamburlaine*, *Dido*, *Edward II*, and *Hero and Leander* had been published by 1600.

5 *humorously*] *OED*'s earliest example of this word being used, as here, to mean 'capriciously', 'peevishly', is 1603.

6 *spirit*] Thorpe's imagery has led him to metaphors from necromancy—which are particularly appropriate in connection with the author of *Dr Faustus*, where the eponymous hero describes a magic circle to conjure up the devil, Mephistophilis.

11 a *Patron*] Thorpe writes of patrons in the traditional manner, which found concise expression in Johnson's *Dictionary*, where *patron* is defined as 'commonly a wretch who supports with insolence, and is paid with flattery'.

14 *physicke*] The noun has a specific sense (*OED* 4b) of 'A cathartic or purge'. If this is the usage intended here, the succeeding lines become capable of scatological innuendo.

21 *often*] *OED* describes this adjectival usage as 'Very common in 16th and 17th c.; but rare after 1688'.

THE TEXT

1 worse then civill] Pompey and Caesar were not merely fellow citizens, but actual kinsmen.

*Thessalian playnes*] Lucan has *per Emathios... campos*, using 'Emathia' for 'Thessalia' in the rhetorical figure *metonymia*: 'when of things that be nigh together, wee put one name for another' (Peacham, C2). Marlowe was perhaps guided in his translation by Sulpitius, whose commentary told him that Pharsalia was a town of Thessaly: *Pharsalus Thessaliae oppidum fuit . . . In huius agro sive campo suprema pugna inter Caesarem & Pompeium commissa fuit*. Emathia was a region of Macedonia, which was adjacent to Thessaly.

2 outrage strangling law] The Latin is *Iusque datum sceleri*, which Duff, translator of the Loeb edition (London and Cambridge, Mass., 1962) gives as 'legality conferred on crime'.

3 We sing] Thus Marlowe translates Lucan's *canimus*, disregarding the fact, pointed out by Sulpitius, that the Roman poet's plural form (instead of the more usual *cano*) was probably dictated by the metre: *Metrice eloquimur*.

launch] *OED* describes as obsolete the first sense of the verb *launch*, meaning 'pierce' or 'wound'.

4 Armies allied] Lucan's *Cognatasque acies* is not easy to translate concisely, but Sulpitius says that many of the fighters were related to each other (*Multi-tudines armatorum consanguineas*), and that *Cognati* here has the sense of *qui commune nascendi initium habent, quasi una & communiter nati*.

the kingdoms league] Lucan refers to the first triumvirate, formed by Pompey, Caesar, and Crassus in 60 BC.

5 Th' affrighted . . . spoile] Sulpitius seems to have failed Marlowe with the difficult lines *Certatum totis concussi viribus orbis*] *In commune nefas*, which Duff renders: 'All the forces of the shaken world contended to make mankind guilty.'

6 Trumpets, and drums] Lucan uses the single word *Signa* (meaning 'standards'), but Cooper gives 'trumpets' as a possible meaning, and Sulpitius lists *Tubus, tympana, lituos* as synonyms.

like] Sulpitius introduces the idea of 'aliqueness' in his comment on Lucan's *obvia: Contra euntia, & similia*.

7 Eagles alike displaide] The standard of the Roman legion was surmounted by an eagle; this was carried into battle at the forefront of the army. In the war between Caesar and Pompey, each of the opposing sides bore the same standard.

darts] *OED* 1: 'A pointed missile thrown by the hand, a light spear or javelin.' With 'darts' Marlowe offers an acceptable Elizabethan equivalent for Lucan's *pila*, one that is preferable to Dryden's solution when he imitated this line in *The Hind and the Panther*: 'That was but civil war, an equal set, | Where Piles with piles, and Eagles Eagles met' (ii. 160-1). The *pilum* was the special weapon of the Romans.

9 *Barbarians*] Lucan's *Gentibus invis* is glossed by Sulpitius as *Barbaris, quod odistis*.

10-11 Now . . . unreveng'd] Lucan is telling the Romans that this was the time when *superba foret Babylon spolianda tropaeis* (Duff: 'It was your duty to rob