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Sydney Theatre Company and Bell Shakespeare present

VENUS & ADONIS

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

A Bell Shakespeare and Malthouse Melbourne co-production
developed through Mind's Eye

TEACHERS' KIT

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TEACHERS' KIT: VENUS AND ADONIS

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BELL SHAKESPEARE

Launched in 1990, Bell Shakespeare is a dynamic, Australian theatre company with a broad mandate to educate and entertain the public. The Company strives to present – at the highest possible standard – the works of William Shakespeare, and, from time to time, other classics.

Bell Shakespeare is Australia's only national touring Shakespeare theatre company. We are committed to taking our productions and education programmes to audiences in capital cities, regional and rural centres across Australia. We are also committed to the development and training of actors and an ongoing examination of the role of theatre in the life of the community. We believe that great theatre is a source of spiritual enrichment, wisdom and pleasure.

BELL SHAKESPEARE EDUCATION ONLINE

Bell Shakespeare's education website is useful, relevant and entertaining. www.bellshakespeare.com.au/education is the key to all your Shakespearean information needs.

About This Kit

This kit has been devised for use in Senior English, Drama and Music with preparatory and follow-up exercises for students. Exercises may be copied to distribute to students and are denoted as

ENGLISH	Written activities
DRAMA	Physical activities
MUSIC	Music activities

It is recommended that teachers take students through the content of this Teachers' Kit and read the poem of **VENUS AND ADONIS prior to attending the performance.**

This Teachers' Kit has been devised by Linda Lorenza BA Grad Dip Ed COGE MA, Head of Education at Bell Shakespeare.

SYNOPSIS: VENUS AND ADONIS

A summary of the poem from Dunton-Downer, L & Riding, A., *Essential Shakespeare Handbook*, Doorling Kindersley Limited, UK 2004.

Adonis sets out to hunt one afternoon. Venus sees him and her passion is ignited by his beauty. She plucks him from his horse and pushes him to the ground, offering to release him only in exchange for 'one sweet kiss'. Adonis agrees but then refuses to kiss her. Venus attempts to seduce him with flattery, then criticism, finally advocating 'the law of nature' as she lies beside the beautiful youth on the grass in the afternoon sun. Adonis, fearing sunburn, wants to leave. When Venus is reduced to tears, Adonis's irresistible cheek dimples only torment her further.

Still intent on hunting, Adonis leaps up, but his stallion, sexually excited by the sight of a mare, flees into a wood. Adonis sulks while Venus recommends the example set by his horse and he should seize the opportunity for love. Adonis says he only likes boar-hunting and is too young for love.

Venus faints. Thinking her dead, Adonis attempts to revive her with a kiss. Venus is delighted. As night begins to fall Adonis consents to only one more kiss before departing. As they kiss the couple fall to the ground. Venus is even more impassioned. She wants to meet again tomorrow but Adonis says that he is going boar hunting. Venus prophesies that unless he hunts a less vicious beast he will die. Adonis says he is going to meet his friends. Venus argues that the moonlight invites him to remain and love her, but he says that what she calls Love is in fact Lust. He runs off leaving Venus alone and upset.

Wandering in the wilderness, Venus hears and then sings with the echoes of her lamenting voice. The lark sings as day breaks releasing Venus from her night's anguish. She hears the barks of dogs on a hunt and sees a boar with blood dripping from its mouth. She rails against Death until the distant voice of the hunter persuades her that Adonis is alive. Rushing to greet him she is devastated to arrive upon his bloodied corpse. She sees his groin was pierced by the boar and thinks that even the boar must have been in love with Adonis. She reasons that she would have killed him first had she had tusks, so passionately did she desire to kiss him. Staining her face with blood she prophesies that sorrows will forever accompany love. Adonis's body melts 'like vapour from her sight' and from his blood on the ground a purple flower appears. Venus pluck the flower vowing to kiss the flower forever. She mounts her chariot to return home and mourn.

BACKGROUND: VENUS AND ADONIS

Venus and Adonis was Shakespeare's most popular poem during his lifetime. It was written during 1592-3 and first published in 1593. As with all his poems Shakespeare draws from the works of Ovid. In this case from, *Metamorphoses*. Ovid's take of *Venus and Adonis* sees Venus' love returned by Adonis whereas Shakespeare took a tangent from the source material giving Venus a more human quality and her seductive manoeuvres are constantly rejected. In his day Shakespeare would recognise his poems over his plays, as they were perhaps considered low-brow by contrast. In the dedication Shakespeare called this poem the 'first heir of my invention'.

The poem is composed in 6-line stanzas in rhyming *ababcc* for the total 1194 lines. The poem was hugely popular in Shakespeare's day being published and reprinted in quarto editions until 1675. Late in the 17th century the poem lost favour with the rhyming stanzas perceived as laboured and the tonal shifts confusing. Romantic era poets such as Coleridge and Keats used the poem for inspiration and in the 20th century the poem acquired renewed interest.

Venus and Adonis and Shakespeare's other great poem *The Rape Of Lucrece* were perhaps his greatest literary successes in his day and were both dedicated to Henry Wriothesley, the Earl of Southampton.

Both these long poems examine desire but they vary in theme, form and tone.

Venus and Adonis presents Venus alternatively as sensual love goddess and sex-crazed buffoon. Concluding with the death of Adonis and Venus' mournful elegy. The lovers somehow removed from yet representative of the tragic human experience.

The Rape Of Lucrece drawn from Ovid's *Fasti* or "Chronicles" was first published in 1594. This poem graphically recounts the story of a woman raped by her husband's friend. The disturbing detail provides an examination of the dark unsettling corners of human conscience. This poem is composed in 'rhyme royal' a demanding stanza form used by Chaucer. Each stanza contains seven lines of iambic pentameter rhyming *ababbcc*.

THE CONTEMPORARY VISION: *VENUS AND ADONIS*

The following article discusses the contemporary vision in this production of *Venus And Adonis*.

Venus And Adonis

Elissa Blake, Metro, Sydney Morning Herald
February 6, 2009

TWO seductive singing voices. Two inventive minds. Four heaving breasts. These are the tools Venus, the great goddess of love, has to woo the young, handsome Adonis in a new stage adaptation of William Shakespeare's enduring poem *Venus And Adonis*.

Directed by Marion Potts for the Bell Shakespeare Company, Venus is played by two actors, Melissa Madden Gray and Susan Prior, who use every trick in the book to entice the drop-dead gorgeous Adonis, who is played by the audience.

Set in a luxury hotel room, the two women primp and preen and morph into different characters to try to snare the object of their affection. They play the virgin, dominatrix, sexy librarian, mad woman, rapist, animal and vampire. All this dressed in big heels, luxuriant wigs, corsets, stockings and accompanied by winking, lip-licking, come-hither looks, back arching and simulations of rutting.

"We thought we'd give Venus double the ammunition by casting two actors in the role," Potts says. "The female voice in the poem was so strong that we decided to strengthen it by giving her two voices to sing with, four breasts instead of two and two brains to negotiate the difficult terrain this seduction ends up in. It alludes to her powers of a goddess more than channeling through just one performer."

The story is simple. The immortal Venus has fallen in love with Adonis, a young human boy. She offers herself to him. But he simply doesn't fancy her. He'd rather go hunting with his mates. She won't give up and relentlessly pursues him. Her lust is overwhelming. In the end, Adonis dies. Was it the wild boar that killed him in the hunt? Or was it Venus's suffocating love that snuffed out his light?

"The play is full of ambiguities," Gray says. "We don't know if the two women really are a goddess or if they are two strange sisters or lovers in a modern hotel room. It's not clear whether we've murdered somebody already and we're going back through it in our minds or if we are imagining the whole thing. It could be a game that we play every day, compelled to play out this tragic story."

Gray says it's a difficult role to play because Adonis is "so frightfully young" and Venus, who could be any age, is sexually mature and, well, voracious.

"Some interpretations say he might be gay and Venus is forcing herself on him, raping him. It's really challenging to play that ethically. But I reconcile it by saying she's a deity and she's never had to learn about morals or ethics before now. Through loss she gains ethics. It's an incredibly moving piece for everybody - anybody who has ever been in love and had their heart broken or experienced loss."

Gray and Prior have never worked together before and had to become very close very quickly in rehearsals.

"It's like an ensemble piece for two people," Prior says. "We had to connect very fast. But it was easy because we really liked each other and now we look after each other on stage."

"It's a lot of fun seducing the audience. We look directly into people's eyes and wink at them. We tease the audience. I can see people nudging each other in the ribs and saying 'ooh-err'. It's all very tongue-in-cheek."

But by the end of the 70-minute show, Venus learns that true love can be painful in all its beauty.

Potts says the prophecy made by the grief-stricken Venus at the end of the poem is one of the reasons she wanted to bring it to life on stage. "It's so moving," Potts says. "It's part-curse and part-celebration but it so truthfully defines love as we know it, even today."

The immortal Venus says:

Here I prophesy.

Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend ...

[Love shall] Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures;

It shall be raging-mad and silly-mild,

Make the young old, the old become a child.

The great goddess of love proves she is still revealing for a modern audience.

CHARACTERS: VENUS AND ADONIS

VENUS

From: <http://www.pantheon.org/articles/v/venus.html>

Venus was originally a vegetation goddess and patroness of gardens and vineyards. She became the Roman goddess of love and beauty. Through Greek influence, she was equated with Aphrodite, the Greek goddess of love, beauty and sexual rapture.

The cult of Venus originated from Ardea and Lavinium in Latium. Venus is the daughter of Jupiter. Her lovers include Mars and Vulcan and are modeled on the affairs of Aphrodite. The importance of Venus increased through the influence of several Roman political leaders. The dictator Sulla made her his patroness. Julius Caesar and the emperor Augustus named her the ancestor of their family. Caesar introduced the cult of Venus Genetrix, the goddess of motherhood and marriage. He built a temple for her in 46 BCE. She was also honored in the temple of Mars Ultor. The last great temple of Venus was built by the emperor Hadrianus near the Colosseum in 135 CE. Roman statues and portraits of Venus are usually identical to the Greek representations of Aphrodite.

ADONIS

From: <http://www.pantheon.org/articles/v/adonis.html>

Adonis features in Greek and Roman mythology and also has Semitic origins. The name "Adonis" is a variation of the Semitic word *Adona* meaning "lord", and is also a name referred to in the Old Testament.

In Greek mythology there is confusion as to Adonis' origin. Hesiod considers this Greek hero to be the son of Phoenix and Aephesiboea. Yet Apollodorus calls him the son of Cinyras and Metharme. It is more widely accepted that Aphrodite, the Greek goddess of sexual love, compelled Myrrha (or Smyrna) to commit incest with Theias, her father, the king of Assyria. Myrrha's nurse helped her with this trickery to become pregnant, and when Theias discovered this he chased her with a knife. To avoid his wrath the gods turned her into a myrrh tree. The tree later burst open, allowing Adonis to emerge. An alternative explanation says that after Myrrha slept with her father she hid in a forest where Aphrodite changed her into a tree. Theias struck the tree with an arrow, causing the tree to open and Adonis to be born. A further version says a wild boar open the tree with its tusks and freed the child; this is considered to be a foreshadowing of his death.

Once the child was born Aphrodite was so moved by his beauty that she sheltered him and entrusted him to Persephone, who was also taken by his beauty and refused to give him back. The dispute between these two goddesses was settled by Zeus. In some versions it was settled by Calliope for Zeus. The resulting agreement was that Adonis would spend one-third of every year with each goddess and the last third of the year wherever he chose. He always chose to spend two-thirds of the year with Aphrodite. This went on till his death, where he was fatally wounded by a wild boar. An incident said to be caused by Artemis or by Aphrodite's lover, Ares, who was jealous of Adonis. Apollo is also said to be responsible because his son, Erymanthus, had seen Aphrodite naked and she blinded him for it. The story of Adonis provides a basis for the origin of myrrh and the origin of the rose, which grew from each drop of blood that fell.

The story of Adonis, despite its variants, is certainly another example of the dying vegetation god and the close association with Aphrodite or Persephone also brings the myth of Adonis into line with the many other mated couples, where the male partner dies and is reborn, that is spread across North Africa and the Near East.

In Roman mythology he was loved by Venus, the goddess of sexual love.

THEMATIC CONCERNS OF THE PRODUCTION

Motifs* and Imagery

**Motifs are recurring structures, contrasts, or literary devices that can help to develop and inform the text's major themes.*

EROTIC DESIRE

Erotic desire is the key them in the poem. Many of the metaphors for sexual desire or pleasure are conventional and sensuous such as burning, steaming, hunting, hungering, thirsting and dying.

*Now quick desire hath caught the yielding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth,
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insulter willeth;
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.
[547-552]*

Shakespeare is innovative in using the imagery of animals and landscapes in a sexual connotation:

*I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer;
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale;
Graze on my lips, and if those hills be dry,
Stray, lower, where the pleasure fountains lie.
[231-34]*

This production draws on the personas of Venus in her seduction of Adonis, highlighting the different personas a woman may evoke in her efforts to seduce a man.

Marion Potts discusses these in the podcast.

www.bellshakespeare.com.au/education click on the podcast icon.

EDUCATIONAL CONTEXTS - VENUS AND ADONIS

This production is suitable **only** for Year 12 students. It is recommended that teachers inform their students that some of the performance contains material of sexual nature without nudity. The cabaret-esque performance style includes direct address, spoken word, song and mime. Some innuendo in the performance may be considered inappropriate for students below Year 12.

TEACHING AND LEARNING PERSPECTIVES FOR NSW STUDENTS

HSC ENGLISH EXTENSION 1.

This could be used as an additional text for:

MODULE B: Texts and Ways of Thinking

Elective 2: Postmodernism

This piece may help students in contemplating the play DEAD WHITE MALES which itself comments on Shakespeare. The contemporary interpretation of the Shakespearean poem and the design of the production may stimulate students' thoughts on texts and how we think about them.

MODULE C: Language and Values

Elective 3: Gendered Language

This production may be useful to students studying *Twelfth Night* in this module. The original poem contains a diverse array of language in classic Shakespearean prose which is presented in a contemporary context in the performance.

The production uses two female actors presenting the various personas of the seductress and in itself reflects gendered use of language in contemporary context. The absence of the male – Adonis – highlights the language in performance.

HSC ENGLISH EXTENSION 2

This task requires student to work independently to plan and complete a Major Work in the form of an extended composition including documentation and reflection on the process.

This production may assist students to

- Develop insights and formulate and communicate complex concepts;
- Compose a substantial and sustained original major work that effectively engages audience and is appropriate to purpose, concept and medium;
- Exhibit sophisticated and highly developed ability to articulate, monitor and reflect on processes of investigation, interpretation, analysis and composition.

HSC DRAMA

This work may stimulate students' ideas for Individual Projects.

Individual Project: Scriptwriting

The production may assist students in:

Concept

- Creating a script for a complete play or live performance;
- Developing a concept that is original and has clarity and integrity.

Realisation

- Developing dramatic images, dramatic focus and dramatic tension.

Conventions and Practicalities

- Script writing conventions such as layout, character list, dialogue formatting, stage setting, directions and effects;
- Practicality for Production such as scene and costume changes, venue style, size of production, cast size, scenic and technical effect.

Critical Analysis: Directors' Folio

This production may assist students in analysing and developing

- Originality, practicality and clarity in a director's concept/vision;
- Effective communication of the director's concept/vision;
- Effective use of key theatrical elements, features, effects or images which contribute to dramatic meaning;
- Integration and unity of dramatic and theatrical elements.

Critical Analysis: Portfolio of Theatre Criticism

This production will provide students with an usual and challenging work to consider for

- Identifying the style, design and ideas in the production;
- Evaluating significant aspects of the production;
- Distinguishing and commenting on the different ways the script, the director, the designers and performers contribute to the production.

Individual Project: Design (Costume, Lighting, Set)

This production will provide students with an unusual and challenging work to consider for

- Effective interpretation of the play realised in a directorial concept/vision;
- Understanding of the characters/roles — social standing, period, place;
- Suitability to the dramatic and technical needs of the characters/roles.

This production may stimulate the student's thoughts about

- Design/Concept,
- Appropriateness, and
- Execution.

HSC MUSIC 2 AND EXTENSION

Music provides a powerful medium for the development of general competencies considered effective for the acquisition of effective, higher-order thinking skills. These skills are necessary for further education, work and everyday life.

This production may provide student with an unusual and challenging work to consider for syllabus requirements in Music.

Performance outcomes:

- Evaluation and discussion sessions on all aspects of the performances of others;
- Articulates sophisticated arguments supported by musical evidence and demonstrates independence of thought with regard to the interpretation of music performed;
- Sophisticated understanding of the concepts of music and their relationship to each other with reference to works performed;
- Critically analyses the use of musical concepts to present a stylistic interpretation of music performed.

Composition outcomes:

- Critical evaluation and discussion sessions on all aspects of the compositions of others;
- Articulates sophisticated arguments supported by musical evidence and demonstrates independence of thought with regard to compositional processes, techniques and devices used, showing the emergence of a personal style;
- Demonstrates a sophisticated understanding of the concepts of music and their relationship to each other with reference to works composed;
- Presents, discusses and evaluates the problem-solving process with regard to composition and the realisation of the composition;
- Critically analyses the use of musical concepts to present a personal compositional style.

Musicology outcomes:

- Critical evaluation and discussion sessions on all aspects of his/her own research and essay work and on the research and essays of others;
- Articulates sophisticated arguments supported by musical evidence and demonstrates independence of thought in the development of a hypothesis and argument in the chosen area of research;
- Demonstrates a sophisticated understanding of the concepts of music and their relationship to each other with reference to research undertaken and essay writing ;
- Presents, discusses and evaluates the problem-solving process and the development and realisation of a research project;
- Critically analyses the use of the musical concepts to articulate their relationship to the style analysed.

PRE-PERFORMANCE ACTIVITIES

ENGLISH ACTIVITY ONE

THE POEM AND ITS STRUCTURE.

The poem is composed in 6-line stanzas in rhyming *ababcc* for the total 1194 lines. The poem was hugely popular in Shakespeare's day. Late in the 17th century the poem lost favour with the rhyming stanzas perceived as laboured and the tonal shifts confusing. Romantic era poets such as Coleridge and Keats used the poem for inspiration and in the 20th century the poem acquired renewed interest.

ACTIVITY ONE

1. Select a stanza from *Venus And Adonis*

- 1) identify the form *ababcc* structure
- 2) identify the imagery in the stanza
- 3) what is the mood or emotion portrayed in this stanza

2. Compare with the Keats' excerpt below with a stanza from *Venus And Adonis*.

Comment on:

- 1) structure,
- 2) language.

3. Keats' *Ode on Melancholy* was written in 1819 and first published a year later. This is one of the least-discussed of the odes. It is lyrical and affecting; the imagery is startling and vivid. It is also psychologically interesting for it clearly shows how Keats's equated pain with pleasure (alternatively, sorrow with happiness or desire with fear.) One cannot exist without the other. Antithesis was often used by Shakespeare. Keats writes: 'Ay, in the very temple of Delight, / Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine'. In this ode, beauty must die; joy bids adieu; pleasure turns to poison. Keats connects each positive feeling with its melancholy end. (from <http://englishhistory.net/keats/poetry/odeonmelancholy.html>)

a) Identify the form in the stanzas below

b) Highlight or circle the positive and negative images and ideas in the stanzas.

No, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist
Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;
Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kiss'd
By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine;
Make not your rosary of yew-berries,
Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be
Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl
A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;
For shade to shade will come too drowsily,
And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

But when the melancholy fit shall fall
Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,
That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,
And hides the green hill in an April shroud;
Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,
Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,
Or on the wealth of globed peonies;
Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,
Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,
And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

ENGLISH ACTIVITY TWO

CREATING IMAGERY

Shakespeare's imagery is vivid in creating the essence of lust, and erotic desire. In today's society what language might be relevant in a poem about desire and seduction?

ACTIVITY TWO

Consider the imagery and mood contained in the following stanzas from *Venus And Adonis* :

Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain
Then be my deer, since I am such a park;
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.'240

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple;
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why, there Love lived and there he could not die

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking.
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking? 250
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Rewrite one or all of these stanzas using imagery, vocabulary and terminology that you think represents of one of the options listed below.

1. Technology
2. Television
3. Media - newspaper, radio
4. Advertising
5. Religion
6. Politics
7. A specific Cultural group
8. Select your own option.

EXTENSION: Explore the structure and language in other works by Keats and Coleridge to find any link to that in *Venus And Adonis*.

PRE-PERFORMANCE ACTIVITIES

DRAMA ACTIVITY ONE

To create this dramatic performance of the poem the language, the connotations and sounds of the vocabulary were explored.

ACTIVITY ONE

Voice activity on the language in a stanza.

Try speaking the following stanza in the following ways:

1. Everyday speaking
2. Stress or over-enunciate the consonants
3. Extend and wallow in the vowels
4. Speak to create the sense of the horse being described
5. Speak as if to seduce

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing
strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

List the following for each way of speaking the stanza:

1. What were the strongest sounds or words?
2. Did speaking like this make you speak faster or more slowly?
3. What was the feeling or emotion that you felt when speaking this way?
4. Which way do you think was most dramatically effective for this stanza?

EXTENSION

Choose another stanza and experiment with different ways of speaking it.

ACTIVITY TWO

The performance focuses on the various emotional state or personas of Venus. In a small group using the Synopsis (p5): one student reads the synopsis and one student mimes Venus. The other students observe, noting the states of Venus. Consider the behavioural stereotypes that might appear e.g. baby-doll, seductress, dominatrix.

PRE-PERFORMANCE ACTIVITIES

MUSIC ACTIVITY ONE

SETTING VERSE TO MUSIC

In this production excerpts of the poem have been set to music and the songs take the audience into the mood of Venus in different guises of seduction. The first song is suggestive of 'Mrs Robinson', as in the *The Graduate*, where an older woman seduces a much younger man.

ACTIVITY ONE

Imagine you are the composer.

Your brief is to create a song that reflects the mood as described above.

Create your own melody for a song using some or all of the stanzas below.

Use these elements in your composition

1. The Rhythm of the language in the stanzas
2. Tone and melody to reflect the seduction and intention of the characters
3. Instrumentation.

'Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;
Mine eyes are gray and bright and quick in turning: 140
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

'Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire. 150

'Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me:
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

'Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
Steal thine own freedom and complain on theft.
Narcissus so himself himself forsook,
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

'Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear:
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse:
Seeds spring from seeds and beauty breedeth beauty;
Thou wast begot; to get it is thy duty.

POST PERFORMANCE ACTIVITIES

ENGLISH

REVIEWING THE PERFORMANCE

ACTIVITY ONE

After seeing the performance, compose your own theatre review. Consider the following:

1. Who is going to read your review? Select a particular audience (e.g. newspaper, internet blog, academic journal).
2. What aspects of the poem were presented in the performance and how were they presented?
3. What theatrical devices and techniques were used? What effect did they have?
4. Your own response to the structure of the poem as a contemporary cabaret-style musical.

DRAMA

RECREATING THE PERFORMANCE

What grabbed your attention and why?

ACTIVITY ONE

In a small group discuss the performance and identify three strong visual moments from the performance. In your group create a still moment (i.e. a tableau or a photograph) of each of those moments. Show these to the rest of the class and as a class discuss the similarities and differences in what each group presented.

ACTIVITY TWO

Reflecting upon the performance

The characters of Venus

Try to list or describe the personas or characters of Venus included in the performance.

Consider

1. the way lines were delivered by the actors,
2. the physical movements and gestures,
3. the direction of gaze, and
4. the tonality of the music.

ACTIVITY THREE

Reflecting upon the performance

1. How was the following stanza presented in the production?

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing
strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

2. What was the effect of the
 - vocal delivery?
 - visual directorial choices – blocking, lighting, props?

MUSIC

ACTIVITY

Think back over the performance and answer the following:

- 1) What was the instrumentation?
- 2) Describe the vocal harmony used and link to the relevant stanzas of the poem
- 3) What time signatures were used, link to the relevant stanzas
- 4) In your opinion what was the most memorable musical moment and why?

VENUS AND ADONIS

(Published in 1593)

'Vilia miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.

' TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
HENRY WRIOTHESLY, EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON,
AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

RIGHT HONORABLE,

I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden: only, if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a god-father, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish and the world's hopeful expectatioYour honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EVEN as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he loved, but love he laugh'd to scorn;
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-faced suitor 'gins to woo him.

'Thrice-fairer than myself,' thus she began,
'The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man, 10
More white and red than doves or roses are;
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

'Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know:
Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses;

'And yet not cloy thy lips with loathed satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty, 20
Making them red and pale with fresh variety,
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.'

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good:
Being so enraged, desire doth lend her force
Courageously to pluck him from his horse. 30

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;
She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimbly she fastens:--O, how quick is love!--
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove: 40
Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,
And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips;
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
'If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.'

He burns with bashful shame: she with her tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;
Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks:
He saith she is immodest, blames her 'miss;
What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff'd or prey be gone;
Even so she kissed his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends she doth anew begin. 60

Forced to content, but never to obey,
Panting he lies and breatheth in her face;
She feedeth on the steam as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace;
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

Look, how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies;
Pure shame and awed resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes: 70
Rain added to a river that is rank
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;
Still is he sullen, still he lours and frets,
'Twill crimson shame and anger ashy-pale:
Being red, she loves him best; and being white,
Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears,⁸⁰
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet;
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,
Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;
So offers he to give what she did crave;
But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way. 90

Never did passenger in summer's heat
More thirst for drink than she for this good turn.
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn:
'O, pity, 'gan she cry, 'flint-hearted boy!
'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?

'I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in every jar; 100
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt have.

'Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,
To toy, to wanton, dally, smile and jest,
Scorning his churlish drum and ensign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

'Thus he that overruled I overstay'd,
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain:
Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obey'd,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For mastering her that foiled the god of fight!

'Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,--
Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red--
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine.
What seest thou in the ground? hold up thy head:
Look in mine eye-balls, there thy beauty lies;
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

'Art thou ashamed to kiss? then wink again,
And I will wink; so shall the day seem night;
Love keeps his revels where they are but twain;
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:
These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean
Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

'The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shows thee unripe; yet mayst thou well be tasted:
Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted: 130
Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

'Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
Ill-nurtured, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
O'erworn, despised, rheumatic and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean and lacking juice,
Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for thee
But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

'Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;
Mine eyes are gray and bright and quick in turning: 140
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

'Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire. 150

'Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me:
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

'Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
Steal thine own freedom and complain on theft.
Narcissus so himself himself forsook,
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

'Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear:
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse:
Seeds spring from seeds and beauty breedeth beauty;
Thou wast begot; to get it is thy duty.

'Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed? 170
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live when thou thyself art dead;
And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive.'

By this the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For where they lay the shadow had forsook them,
And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them;
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him and by Venus' side. 180

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His louring brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours when they blot the sky,
Souring his cheeks cries 'Fie, no more of love!
The sun doth burn my face: I must remove.'

'Ay me,' quoth Venus, 'young, and so unkind?
What bare excuses makest thou to be gone!
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun: 190
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

'The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,
And, lo, I lie between that sun and thee:
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me;
And were I not immortal, life were done
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

'Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth?
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?
O, had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

'What am I, that thou shouldst contemn me this?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute:
Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain. 210

'Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well-painted idol, image dun and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred!
Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,
For men will kiss even by their own direction.'

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth he wrong;
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause: 220
And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
And now her sobs do her intendments break.

Sometimes she shakes her head and then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band:
She would, he will not in her arms be bound;
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her lily fingers one in one.

'Fondling,' she saith, 'since I have hemm'd thee here
Within the circuit of this ivory pale, 230
I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer;
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale:
Graze on my lips; and if those hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain
Then be my deer, since I am such a park;
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.' 240

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple;
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why, there Love lived and there he could not die

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking.
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking? 250
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes are more increasing;
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.
'Pity,' she cries, 'some favour, some remorse!
Away he springs and hasteth to his horse.

But, lo, from forth a copse that neighbors by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young and proud, 260
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts and neighs aloud:
The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder;
The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with. 270

His ears up-prick'd; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest now stand on end;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send:
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who should say 'Lo, thus my strength is tried, 280
And this I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.'

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering 'Holla,' or his 'Stand, I say'?
What cares he now for curb or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons or trapping gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed, 290
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one
In shape, in courage, colour, pace and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back. 300

Sometime he scuds far off and there he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And whether he run or fly they know not whether;
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love and neighs unto her;
She answers him as if she knew his mind:
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind, 310
Spurns at his love and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,
He veils his tail that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent:
He stamps and bites the poor flies in his fume.
His love, perceiving how he is enraged,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuaged.

His testy master goeth about to take him;
When, lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear, 320
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there:
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chafing, down Adonis sits,
Banning his boisterous and unruly beast:
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest;
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue. 330

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:
So of concealed sorrow may be said;
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind, 340
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O, what a sight it was, wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy!
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
How white and red each other did destroy!
But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels; 350
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:
His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print,
As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between them!
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing;
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:
And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain. 360

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band;
So white a friend engirts so white a foe:
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Show'd like two silver doves that sit a-billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:
'O fairest mover on this mortal round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound; 370
For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee!

'Give me my hand,' saith he, 'why dost thou feel it?'
'Give me my heart,' saith she, 'and thou shalt have it:
O, give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it:
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.'

'For shame,' he cries, 'let go, and let me go;
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone, 380
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so:
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone;
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.'

Thus she replies: 'Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire:
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire:
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none;
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone. 390

'How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
He held such petty bondage in disdain;
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

'Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight? 400
Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

'Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy;
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy;
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee;
O, learn to love; the lesson is but plain,
And once made perfect, never lost again.'

I know not love,' quoth he, 'nor will not know it,
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it; 410
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it;
My love to love is love but to disgrace it;
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs and weeps, and all but with a breath.

'Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:
The colt that's back'd and burden'd being young
Loseth his pride and never waxeth strong. 420

'You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;
To love's alarms it will not ope the gate:
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery;
For where a heart is hard they make no battery.'

'What! canst thou talk?' quoth she, 'hast thou a tongue?
O, would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong;
I had my load before, now press'd with bearing: 430
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harshsounding,
Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore wounding.

'Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty and invisible;
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me that were but sensible:
Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
Yet should I be in love by touching thee.

'Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch, 440
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much;
For from the stillitory of thy face excelling
Comes breath perfumed that breedeth love by smelling.

'But, O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four!
Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
And bid Suspicion double-lock the door,
Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast?' 450

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh:
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth, 460
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love and love by looks reviveth;
A smile recures the wounding of a frown;
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!
The silly boy, believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red;

And all amazed brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her, 470
Which cunning love did wittily prevent:
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!
For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chafes her lips; a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd:
He kisses her; and she, by her good will,
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still. 480

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn and all the earth relieveth;
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumined with her eye;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brow's repine; 490
But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

'O, where am I?' quoth she, 'in earth or heaven,
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?
What hour is this? or morn or weary even?
Do I delight to die, or life desire?
But now I lived, and life was death's annoy;
But now I died, and death was lively joy.

'O, thou didst kill me: kill me once again:
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine, 500
Hath taught them scornful tricks and such disdain
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine;
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

'Long may they kiss each other, for this cure!
O, never let their crimson liveries wear!
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year!
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath. 510

'Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy and pay and use good dealing;
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

'A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred touches unto thee?
Are they not quickly told and quickly gone? 520
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?

'Fair queen,' quoth he, 'if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years:
Before I know myself, seek not to know me;
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears:
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

'Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west; 530
The owl, night's herald, shrieks, "'Tis very late;"
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest,
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light
Do summon us to part and bid good night.

'Now let me say "Good night," and so say you;
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.'
'Good night,' quoth she, and, ere he says 'Adieu,'
The honey fee of parting tender'd is:
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;
Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face. 540

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drouth:
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth
Their lips together glued, fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insulter willeth; 550
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so
high,
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry:

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blindfold fury she begins to forage;
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage,
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
Forgetting shame's pure blush and honour's wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tamed with too much handling, 560
Or as the fleet-foot roe that's tired with chasing,
Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,
And yields at last to every light impression?
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing,
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission:
Affection faints not like a pale-faced coward,
But then woos best when most his choice is froward. 570

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;
What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis pluck'd:
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;
The poor fool prays her that he may depart:
She is resolved no longer to restrain him;
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart, 580
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
He carries thence incaged in his breast.

'Sweet boy,' she says, 'this night I'll waste in sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, Love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?
Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the match?'
He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

'The boar!' quoth she; whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose, 590
Usurps her cheek; she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:
She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary she doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he mount her;
That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,
To clip Elysium and to lack her joy. 600

Even as poor birds, deceived with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw,
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw.
The warm effects which she in him finds missing
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be:
She hath assay'd as much as may be proved;
Her pleading hath deserved a greater fee;
She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not loved. 610
'Fie, fie,' he says, 'you crush me; let me go;
You have no reason to withhold me so.'

'Thou hadst been gone,' quoth she, 'sweet boy, ere this,
But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt the boar.
O, be advised! thou know'st not what it is
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tushes never sheathed he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal butcher bent to kill.

'On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes; 620
His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth fret;
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;
Being moved, he strikes whate'er is in his way,
And whom he strikes his cruel tushes slay.

'His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm'd,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harm'd;
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture:
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part, through whom he rushes. 630

'Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes;
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips and crystal eyne,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes;
But having thee at vantage,--wondrous dread!--
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

'O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still;
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends:
Come not within his danger by thy will;
They that thrive well take counsel of their friends. 640
When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

'Didst thou not mark my face? was it not white?
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? and fell I not downright?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

'For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
Doth call himself Affection's sentinel; 650
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry "Kill, kill!"
Distemp'ring gentle Love in his desire,
As air and water do abate the fire.

'This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,
This canker that eats up Love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,
Knocks at my heat and whispers in mine ear
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear: 660

'And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed
Doth make them droop with grief and hang the head.

'What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That tremble at the imagination?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination: 670
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

'But if thou needs wilt hunt, be ruled by me;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox which lives by subtlety,
Or at the roe which no encounter dare:
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hounds.

'And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles 680
How he outruns the wind and with what care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles:
The many musets through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

'Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell,
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer:
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear: 690

'For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

'By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To harken if his foes pursue him still:
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear; 700
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

'Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low never relieved by any.

'Lie quietly, and hear a little more;
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise: 710
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,
Applying this to that, and so to so;
For love can comment upon every woe.

'Where did I leave?' 'No matter where,' quoth he,
'Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:
The night is spent.' 'Why, what of that?' quoth she.
'I am,' quoth he, 'expected of my friends;
And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall.'
'In night,' quoth she, 'desire sees best of all 720

'But if thou fall, O, then imagine this,
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys make true men thieves; so do thy lips
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss and die forsworn.

'Now of this dark night I perceive the reason:
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason,
For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine; 730
Wherein she framed thee in high heaven's despite,
To shame the sun by day and her by night.

'And therefore hath she bribed the Destinies
To cross the curious workmanship of nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature,
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of mad mischances and much misery;

'As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence and frenzies wood, 740
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attainment
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:
Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd despair,
Swear nature's death for framing thee so fair.

'And not the least of all these maladies
But in one minute's fight brings beauty under:
Both favour, savour, hue and qualities,
Whereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd and done,
As mountain-snow melts with the midday sun. 750

'Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking vestals and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

'What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity? 760
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

'So in thyself thyself art made away;
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
Or butcher-sire that reaves his son of life.
Foul-cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that's put to use more gold begets.'

'Nay, then,' quoth Adon, 'you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme: 770
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream;
For, by this black-faced night, desire's foul
nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

'If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown
For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there; 780

'Lest the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my breast;
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

'What have you urged that I cannot reprove?
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger:
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embracements unto every stranger. 790
You do it for increase: O strange excuse,
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse!

'Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled,
Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant stains and soon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

'Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun; 800
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done;
Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies;
Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.

'More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away;
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen:
Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burn themselves for having so offended.' 810

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace,
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark laund runs apace;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye.

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend: 820
So did the merciless and pitchy night
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amazed, as one that unaware
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood,
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour caves, as seeming troubled, 830
Make verbal repetition of her moans;
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:
'Ay me!' she cries, and twenty times 'Woe, woe!'
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She marking them begins a wailing note
And sings extemporally a woeful ditty;
How love makes young men thrall and old men dote;
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
And still the choir of echoes answer so. 840

Her song was tedious and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short:
If pleased themselves, others, they think, delight
In such-like circumstance, with suchlike sport:
Their copious stories oftentimes begun
End without audience and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal
But idle sounds resembling parasites,
Like shrill-tongued tapsters answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits? 850
She says "'Tis so:' they answer all "'Tis so;'
And would say after her, if she said 'No.'

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:
'O thou clear god, and patron of all light, 860
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
There lives a son that suck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other.'

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,
And yet she hears no tidings of her love:
She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn:
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry. 870

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay:
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this, she hears the hounds are at a bay;
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
Wreathed up in fatal folds just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder; 880
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appals her senses and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:
Finding their enemy to be so curst,
They all strain courtesy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart; 890
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part:
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy;
Till, cheering up her senses all dismay'd,
She tells them 'tis a causeless fantasy,
And childish error, that they are afraid;
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more:--
And with that word she spied the hunted boar, 900

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither:
This way runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires to rate the boar for murder.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;
She treads the path that she untreads again;
Her more than haste is mated with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain, 910
Full of respects, yet nought at all respecting;
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennell'd in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary caitiff for his master,
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster;
And here she meets another sadly scowling,
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceased his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim, 920
Against the welkin volleys out his voice;
Another and another answer him,
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amazed
At apparitions, signs and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath
And sighing it again, exclaims on Death. 930

'Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love,'--thus chides she Death,--
'Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean
To stifle beauty and to steal his breath,
Who when he lived, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?'

'If he be dead,--O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it:--
O yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit. 940
Thy mark is feeble age, but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim and cleaves an infant's heart.

'Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And, hearing him, thy power had lost his power.
The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke;
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower:
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not Death's ebon dart, to strike dead.

'Dost thou drink tears, that thou provokest such weeping?
What may a heavy groan advantage thee? 950
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour.'

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She vail'd her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopt
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropt;
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
And with his strong course opens them again. 960

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow,
Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry;
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving who should best become her grief;
All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
That every present sorrow seemeth chief, 970
But none is best: then join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman hollo;
A nurse's song ne'er pleased her babe so well:
The dire imagination she did follow
This sound of hope doth labour to expel;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye like pearls in glass; 980
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass,
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes;
Despair and hope makes thee ridiculous:
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly. 990

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought;
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;
It was not she that call'd him, all-to naught:
Now she adds honours to his hateful name;
She clepes him king of graves and grave for kings,
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

'No, no,' quoth she, 'sweet Death, I did but jest;
Yet pardon me I felt a kind of fear
When as I met the boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe; 1000
Then, gentle shadow,--truth I must confess,--
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

"Tis not my fault: the boar provoked my tongue;
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;
I did but act, he's author of thy slander:
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
Could rule them both without ten women's wit.'

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate; 1010
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With Death she humbly doth insinuate;
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories
His victories, his triumphs and his glories.

'O Jove,' quoth she, 'how much a fool was I
To be of such a weak and silly mind
To wail his death who lives and must not die
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again. 1020

'Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd thieves;
Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves.'
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure, away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight; 1030
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
Like stars ashamed of day, themselves withdrew;

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again;
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep dark cabins of her head:

Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain; 1040
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
Who like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound.
This mutiny each part doth so surprise
That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd:
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
But stole his blood and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;
Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead: 1060
Her voice is stopt, her joints forget to bow;
Her eyes are mad that they have wept til now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three;
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach should be:
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled;
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

'My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet,' quoth she, 'behold two Adons dead! 1070
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:
Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire!
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

'Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim;
But true-sweet beauty lived and died with him. 1080

'Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear!
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear;
The sun doth scorn you and the wind doth hiss you:
But when Adonis lived, sun and sharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair:

'And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep;
The wind would blow it off and, being gone,
Play with his locks: then would Adonis weep; 1090
And straight, in pity of his tender years,
They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

'To see his face the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him;
To recreate himself when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame and gently hear him;
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

'When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills; 1100
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries and ripe-red cherries;
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

'But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witness the entertainment that he gave:
If he did see his face, why then I know
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so. 1110

"Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain:
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheathed unaware the tusk in his soft groin.

'Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first;
But he is dead, and never did he bless
My youth with his; the more am I accurst.' 1120
With this, she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woeful words she told;
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo, two lamps, burnt out, in darkness
lies;

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect; 1130
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect:
'Wonder of time,' quoth she, 'this is my spite,
That, thou being dead, the day should yet be light.

'Since thou art dead, lo, here I prophesy:
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend:
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end,
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low,
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe. 1140

'It shall be fickle, false and full of fraud,
Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while;
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile:
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb and teach the fool to speak.

'It shall be sparing and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures; 1150
It shall be raging-mad and silly-mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

'It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;
It shall be merciful and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just;
Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

'It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire; 1160
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire:
Sith in his prime Death doth my love destroy,
They that love best their loves shall not enjoy.'

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white,
Resembling well his pale cheeks and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood. 1170

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath,
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by death:
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

'Poor flower,' quoth she, 'this was thy fathers
guise--
Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire--
For every little grief to wet his eyes:
To grow unto himself was his desire, 1180
And so 'tis thine; but know, it is as good
To wither in my breast as in his blood.

'Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right:
Lo, in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night:
There shall not be one minute in an hour
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower.'

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid 1190
Their mistress mounted through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd;
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure herself and not be seen.

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