

Various Poems

Poems from *The Passionate Pilgrim*

4

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
5 She told him stories to delight his ear,
She showed him favours to allure his eye;
To win his heart she touched him here and there±±
Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
10 Or he refused to take her figured proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer.
Then fell she on her back, fair queen and toward:
He rose and ran away±±ah, fool too froward!

6

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longing tarriance for Adonis made
5 Under an osier growing by a brook,
A brook where Adon used to cool his spleen.
Hot was the day, she hotter, that did look
For his approach that often there had been.
Anon he comes and throws his mantle by,
10 And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim.
The sun looked on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wistly as this queen on him.
He, spying her, bounced in whereas he stood.
'O Jove,' quoth she, 'why was not I a flood?'

7

Plucked in the bud and faded in the spring;
Bright orient pearl, alack, too timely shaded;
Fair creature, killed too soon by death's sharp sting,
5 Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree
 And falls through wind before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have,
For why: thou left'st me nothing in thy will,
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave,
10 For why: I craveÁd nothing of thee still.
 O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee:
 Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

12

CrabbeÁd age and youth cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.
5 Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short.
 Youth is nimble, age is lame,
 Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold.
 Youth is wild and age is tame.
 Age, I do abhor thee; youth, I do adore thee.
10 O my love, my love is young.
 Age, I do defy thee. O sweet shepherd, hie thee,
 For methinks thou stay'st too long.

13

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly,
A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud,
A brittle glass that's broken presently.
5 A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
 Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are sold or never found,
As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead lie withered on the ground,
10 As broken glass no cement can redress,

So beauty blemished once, for ever lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

14

Good night, good rest±±ah, neither be my share.
She bade good night that kept my rest away,
And daffed me to a cabin hanged with care
To descant on the doubts of my decay.

5 `Farewell,' quoth she, `and come again tomorrow.'
Fare well I could not, for I supped with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn or friendship nill I conster whether.
'Tmay be she joyed to jest at my exile,
10 'Tmay be, again to make me wander thither.
 `Wander'±±a word for shadows like myself,
As take the pain but cannot pluck the pelf.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!
My heart doth charge the watch, the morning rise
15 Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest,
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes.
 While Philomela sings I sit and mark,
And wish her lays were tuneÁd like the lark.

For she doth welcome daylight with her dite,
20 And daylight drives away dark dreaming night.
The night so packed, I post unto my pretty;
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wisheÁd sight,
 Sorrow changed to solace, and solace mixed with
 sorrow,
Forwhy she sighed and bade me come tomorrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon,
25 But now are minutes added to the hours.
To spite me now each minute seems a moon,
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!
 Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now borrow;
30 Short night tonight, and length thyself tomorrow.