

Christopher Marlowe (1564-1593)

Hero and Leander

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST SESTYAD

*Heros description and her Loves,
The Phane of Venus; where he moves
His worthie Love-suite, and attaines;
Whose blisse the wrath of Fates restraines,
For Cupids grace to Mercurie,
Which tale the Author doth implie.*

On *Hellespont* guiltie of True-loves blood, 1
In view and opposit two citties stood,
Seaborderers, disjoin'd by *Neptunes* might:
The one *Abydos*, the other *Sestos* hight.
At *Sestos*, *Hero* dwelt; *Hero* the faire, 5
Whom young *Apollo* courted for her haire,
And offred as a dower his burning throne,
Where she should sit for men to gaze upon.
The outside of her garments were of lawne,
The lining, purple silke, with guilt starres drawne, 10
Her wide sleeves greene, and bordered with a grove,
Where *Venus* in her naked glory strove,
To please the carelesse and disdainfull eies,
Of proud *Adonis* that before her lies.
Her kirtle blew, whereon was many a staine, 15
Made with the blood of wretched Lovers slaine.
Upon her head she ware a myrtle wreath,
From whence her vaile reacht to the ground beneath.
Her vaile was artificiall flowers and leaves,
Whose workmanship both man and beast deceaves. 20
Many would praise the sweet smell as she past,
When t'was the odour which her breath foorth cast.
And there for honie, bees have sought in vaine,
And beat from thence, have lighted there againe.
About her necke hung chaines of peble stone, 25
Which lightned by her necke, like Diamonds shone.
She ware no gloves, for neither sunne nor wind
Would burne or parch her hands, but to her mind,

Or warme or coole them: for they tooke delite
 To play upon those hands, they were so white. 30
 Buskins of shels all silvered, used she,
 And brancht with blushing corall to the knee;
 Where sparrows pearcht, of hollow pearle and gold,
 Such as the world would woonder to behold:
 Those with sweet water oft her handmaid fils, 35
 Which as shee went would cherupe through the bills.
 Some say, for her the fairest *Cupid* pyn'd,
 And looking in her face, was strooken blind.
 But this is true, so like was one the other,
 As he imagyn'd *Hero* was his mother. 40
 And oftentimes into her bosome flew,
 About her naked necke his bare armes threw.
 And laid his childish head upon her brest,
 And with still panting rockt, there tooke his rest.
 So lovely faire was *Hero*, *Venus Nun*, 45
 As nature wept, thinking she was undone;
 Because she tooke more from her than she left,
 And of such wondrous beautie her bereft:
 Therefore in signe her treasure suffred wracke,
 Since *Heroes* time, hath halfe the world beene blacke. 50
 Amorous *Leander*, beautifull and yoong,
 (Whose tragedie divine *Musaeus* soong)
 Dwelt at *Abidus*; since him, dwelt there none,
 For whom succeeding times make greater mone.
 His dangling tresses that were never shorne, 55
 Had they beene cut, and unto *Colchos* borne,
 Would have allur'd the vent'rous youth of *Greece*,
 To hazard more, than for the golden Fleece.
 Faire *Cinthia* wisht, his armes might be her speare,
 Greefe makes her pale, because she mooves not there. 60
 His bodie was as straight as *Circes* wand,
Jove might have sipt out *Nectar* from his hand.
 Even as delicious meat is to the tast,
 So was his necke in touching, and surpast
 The white of *Pelops* shoulder. I could tell ye, 65
 How smooth his brest was, and how white his bellie,
 And whose immortall fingars did imprint,
 That heavenly path, with many a curious dint,

That runs along his backe, but my rude pen,
 Can hardly blazon foorth the loves of men, 70
 Much lesse of powerfull gods. Let it suffise,
 That my slacke muse, sings of *Leanders* eies,
 Those Orient cheekes and lippes, exceeding his
 That leapt into the water for a kis
 Of his owne shadow, and despising many, 75
 Died ere he could enjoy the love of any.
 Had wilde *Hippolitus*, *Leander* seene,
 Enamoured of his beautie had he beene,
 His presence made the rudest paisant melt,
 That in the vast uplandish countrie dwelt, 80
 The barbarous *Thratian* soldier moov'd with nought,
 Was moov'd with him, and for his favour sought.
 Some swore he was a maid in mans attire,
 For in his lookes were all that men desire,
 A pleasant smiling cheeke, a speaking eye, 85
 A brow for Love to banquet roiallye,
 And such as knew he was a man would say,
Leander, thou art made for amorous play:
 Why art thou not in love and lov'd of all?
 Though thou be faire, yet be not thine owne thrall. 90
 The men of wealthie *Sestos*, everie yeare,
 (For his sake whom their goddesses held so deare,
 Rose-cheekt *Adonis*) kept a solemne feast.
 Thither resorted many a wandring guest,
 To meet their loves; such as had none at all, 95
 Came lovers home, from this great festivall.
 For everie street like to a Firmament
 Glistered with breathing stars, who where they went,
 Frighted the melancholie earth, which deem'd,
 Eternall heaven to burne, for so it seem'd, 100
 As if another *Phaeton* had got
 The guidance of the sunnes rich chariot.
 But far above the loveliest, *Hero* shin'd,
 And stole away th'inchaunted gazers mind,
 For like Sea-nymphs inveigling harmony, 105
 So was her beautie to the standers by.
 Nor that night-wandring pale and watrie starre,
 (When yawning dragons draw her thirling carre,

From *Latmus* mount up to the glomie skie,
 Where crown'd with blazing light and majestie, 110
 She proudly sits) more over-rules the flood,
 Than she the hearts of those that neere her stood.
 Even as, when gawdie Nymphs pursue the chace,
 Wretched Ixions shaggie footed race,
 Incenst with savage heat, gallop amaine, 115
 From steepe Pine-bearing mountains to the plaine:
 So ran the people foorth to gaze upon her,
 And all that view'd her, were enamour'd on her.
 And as in furie of a dreadfull fight,
 Their fellowes being slaine or put to flight, 120
 Poore soldiers stand with fear of death dead strooken,
 So at her presence all surpris'd and tooken,
 Await the sentence of her scornfull eies:
 He whom she favours lives, the other dies.
 There might you see one sigh, another rage, 125
 And some (their violent passions to asswage)
 Compile sharpe satyrs, but alas too late,
 For faithfull love will never turne to hate.
 And many seeing great princes were denied,
 Pyn'd as they went, and thinking on her died. 130
 On this feast day, O cursed day and hower,
 Went *Hero* thorow *Sestos*, from her tower
 To *Venus* temple, where unhappilye,
 As after chaunc'd, they did each other spye.
 So faire a church as this, had *Venus* none, 135
 The wals were of discoloured *Jasper* stone,
 Wherein was *Proteus* carved, and o'rehead,
 A livelie vine of greene sea agget spread;
 Where by one hand, light headed *Bacchus* hoong,
 And with the other, wine from grapes Out wroong. 140
 Of Christall shining faire, the pavement was,
 The towne of *Sestos* cal'd it *Venus* glasse.
 There might you see the gods in sundrie shapes,
 Committing headdie ryots, incest, rapes:
 For know, that underneath this radiant floure, 145
 Was *Danaes* statue in a brazen tower,
Jove, slylie stealing from his sisters bed,
 To dallie with *Idalian Ganimed*:

And for his love *Europa*, bellowing loud,
 And tumbling with the Rainbow in a cloud: 150
 Blood-quaffing *Mars*, heaving the yron net,
 Which limping *Vulcan* and his *Cyclops* set:
 Love kindling fire, to burne such townes as *Troy*,
Sylvanus weeping for the lovely boy
 That now is turn'd into a *Cypres* tree, 155
 Under whose shade the Wood-gods love to bee.
 And in the midst a silver altar stood,
 There *Hero* sacrificing turtles blood,
 Vaild to the ground, vailing her eie-lids close,
 And modestly they opened as she rose: 160
 Thence flew Loves arrow with the golden head,
 And thus *Leander* was enamoured.
 Stone still he stood, and evermore he gazed,
 Till with the fire that from his count'nance blazed,
 Relenting *Heroes* gentle heart was strooke, 165
 "Such force and vertue hath an amorous looke."
 It lies not in our power to love, or hate,
 For will in us is over-rul'd by fate.
 When two are stript, long ere the course begin,
 We wish that one should loose, the other win. 170
 And one especiallie doe we affect,
 Of two gold Ingots like in each respect.
 The reason no man knowes, let it suffise,
 What we behold is censur'd by our eies.
 Where both deliberat, the love is slight, 175
 Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?
 He kneel'd, but unto her devoutly praid;
 Chast *Hero* to her selfe thus softly said:
 Were I the saint hee worships, I would heare him,
 And as shee spake those words, came somewhat nere him. 180
 He started up, she blusht as one asham'd;
 Wherewith *Leander* much more was inflam'd.
 He toucht her hand, in touching it she trembled,
 "Love deeply grounded, hardly is dissembled."
 These lovers parled by the touch of hands, 185
 True love is mute, and oft amazed stands.
 Thus while dum signs their yeelding harts entangled,
 The aire with sparkes of living fire was spangled,

And night deepe drencht in mystie *Acheron*,
 Heav'd up her head, and halfe the world upon, 190
 Breath'd darknesse forth (darke night is *Cupids* day.)
 And now begins *Leander* to display
 Loves holy fire, with words, with sighs and teares,
 Which like sweet musicke entred *Heroes* eares,
 And yet at everie word shee turn'd aside, 195
 And alwaies cut him off as he replide.
 At last, like to a bold sharpe Sophister,
 With chearefull hope thus he accosted her.
 Faire creature, let me speake without offence,
 I would my rude words had the influence, 200
 To lead thy thoughts, as thy faire lookes doe mine,
 Then shouldst thou bee his prisoner who is thine.
 Be not unkind and faire, mishapen stuffe
 Are of behaviour boisterous and ruffe.
 O shun me not, but heare me ere you goe, 205
 God knowes I cannot force love, as you doe.
 My words shall be as spotlesse as my youth,
 Full of simplicitie and naked truth.
 This sacrifice (whose sweet perfume descending,
 From *Venus* altar to your footsteps bending) 210
 Doth testifie that you exceed her farre,
 To whom you offer, and whose Nunne you are.
 Why should you worship her? her you surpasse,
 As much as sparkling Diamonds flaring glasse.
 A Diamond set in lead his worth retaines, 215
 A heavenly Nimph, belov'd of humane swaines,
 Receives no blemish, but oft-times more grace,
 Which makes me hope, although I am but base,
 Base in respect of thee, divine and pure,
 Dutifull service may thy love procure, 220
 And I in dutie will excell all other,
 As thou in beautie doest exceed Loves mother.
 Nor heaven, nor thou, were made to gaze upon,
 As heaven preserves all things, so save thou one.
 A stately builded ship, well rig'd and tall, 225
 The Ocean maketh more majesticall:
 Why vowest thou then to live in *Sestos* here,
 Who on Loves seas more glorious wouldst appeare?

Like untun'd golden strings all women are, 230
 Which long time lie untoucht, will harshly jarre.
 Vessels of Brasse oft handled, brightly shine,
 What difference betwixt the richest mine
 And basest mold, but use? for both not us'de,
 Are of like worth. Then treasure is abus'de,
 When misers keepe it; being put to lone, 235
 In time it will returne us two for one.
 Rich robes, themselves and others do adorne,
 Neither themselves nor others, if not worne.
 Who builds a pallace and rams up the gate,
 Shall see it ruinous and desolate. 240
 Ah simple *Hero*, learne thy selfe to cherish,
 Lone women like to emptie houses perish.
 Lesse sinnes the poore rich man that starves himselfe,
 In heaping up a masse of drossie pelfe,
 Than such as you: his golden earth remains, 245
 Which after his disceasse, some other gains.
 But this faire jem, sweet in the losse alone,
 When you fleet hence, can be bequeath'd to none.
 Or if it could, downe from th'enameld skie,
 All heaven would come to claime this legacie, 250
 And with intestine broiles the world destroy,
 And quite confound natures sweet harmony.
 Well therefore by the gods decreed it is,
 We humane creatures should enjoy that blisse.
 One is no number, mayds are nothing then, 255
 Without the sweet societie of men.
 Wilt thou live single still? one shalt thou bee,
 Though never-singling *Hymen* couple thee.
 Wild savages, that drinke of running springs,
 Thinke water farre excels all earthly things: 260
 But they that dayly tast neat wine, despise it.
 Virginitie, albeit some highly prise it,
 Compar'd with marriage, had you tried them both,
 Differs as much, as wine and water doth.
 Base boullion for the stampes sake we allow, 265
 Even so for mens impression do we you.
 By which alone, our reverend fathers say,
 Women receive perfection everie way.

This idoll which you terme *Virginitie*,
 Is neither essence subject to the eie, 270
 No, nor to any one exterior sence,
 Nor hath it any place of residence,
 Nor is't of earth or mold celestiall,
 Or capable of any forme at all.
 Of that which hath no being, doe not boast, 275
 Things that are not at all, are never lost.
 Men foolishly doe call it vertuous,
 What vertue is it that is borne with us?
 Much lesse can honour bee ascrib'd thereto,
 Honour is purchac'd by the deedes wee do. 280
 Beleeve me *Hero*, honour is not wone,
 Untill some honourable deed be done.
 Seeke you for chastitie, immortall fame,
 And know that some have wrong'd *Dianas* name?
 Whose name is it, if she be false or not, 285
 So she be faire, but some vile toongs will blot?
 But you are faire (aye me) so wondrous faire,
 So yoong, so gentle, and so debonaire,
 As *Greece* will thinke, if thus you live alone,
 Some one or other keepes you as his owne. 290
 Then *Hero* hate me not, nor from me flie,
 To follow swiftly blasting infamie.
 Perhaps, thy sacred Priesthood makes thee loath,
 Tell me, to whom mad'st thou that heedlesse oath?
 To *Venus*, answered shee, and as shee spake, 295
 Foorth from those two tralucent cesternes brake,
 A streame of liquid pearle, which downe her face
 Made milk-white paths, wheron the gods might trace
 To *Joves* high court. Hee thus replide: The rites
 In which Loves beauteous Empresse most delites, 300
 Are banquets, Dorick musicke, midnight-revell,
 Plaies, maskes, and all that stern age counteth evill.
 Thee as a holy Idiot doth she scorne,
 For thou in vowing chastitie, hast sworne
 To rob her name and honour, and thereby 305
 Commit'st a sinne far worse than perjurie.
 Even sacrilege against her Deitie,
 Through regular and formall puritie.

To expiat which sinne, kisse and shake hands, 310
 Such sacrifice as this, *Venus* demands.
 Thereat she smild, and did denie him so,
 As put thereby, yet might he hope for mo.
 Which makes him quickly re-enforce his speech,
 And her in humble manner thus beseech.
 Though neither gods nor men may thee deserve, 315
 Yet for her sake whom you have vow'd to serve,
 Abandon fruitlesse cold Virginitie,
 The gentle queene of Loves sole enemie.
 Then shall you most resemble *Venus* Nun,
 When *Venus* sweet rites are perform'd and done. 320
 Flint-brested *Pallas* joies in single life,
 But *Pallas* and your mistresse are at strife.
 Love *Hero* then, and be not tyrannous,
 But heale the heart, that thou hast wounded thus,
 Nor staine thy youthfull years with avarice, 325
 Faire fooles delight to be accounted nice.
 The richest corne dies, if it be not reapt,
 Beautie alone is lost, too warily kept.
 These arguments he us'de, and many more,
 Wherewith she yeelded, that was woon before. 330
Heroes lookes yeelded, but her words made warre,
 Women are woon when they begin to jarre.
 Thus having swallow'd *Cupids* golden hooke,
 The more she striv'd, the deeper was she strooke.
 Yet evilly faining anger, strove she still, 335
 And would be thought to graunt against her will.
 So having paus'd a while, at last shee said:
 Who taught thee Rhethoricke to deceive a maid?
 Aye me, such words as these should I abhor,
 And yet I like them for the Orator. 340
 With that *Leander* stoopt, to have imbrac'd her,
 But from his spreading armes away she cast her,
 And thus bespake him: Gentle youth forbear
 To touch the sacred garments which I weare.
 Upon a rocke, and underneath a hill, 345
 Far from the towne (where all is whist and still,
 Save that the sea playing on yellow sand,
 Sends foorth a ratling murmure to the land,

Whose sound allures the golden *Morpheus*,
 In silence of the night to visite us,) 350
 My turret stands, and there God knowes I play
 With *Venus* swannes and sparrowes all the day.
 A dwarfish beldame beares me companie,
 That hops about the chamber where I lie,
 And spends the night (that might be better spent) 355
 In vaine discourse, and apish merriment.
 Come thither; As she spake this, her toong tript,
 For unawares "(Come thither)" from her slipt,
 And sodainly her former colour chang'd,
 And here and there her eies through anger rang'd. 360
 And like a planet, mooving severall wales,
 At one selfe instant, she poore soule assaies,
 Loving, not to love at all, and everie part
 Strove to resist the motions of her hart.
 And hands so pure, so innocent, nay such, 365
 As might have made heaven stoope to have a touch,
 Did she uphold to *Venus*, and againe,
 Vow'd spotlesse chastitie, but all in vaine.
Cupid beats downe her praiers with his wings,
 Her vowes above the emptie aire he flings: 370
 All deepe enrag'd, his sinowie bow he bent,
 And shot a shaft that burning from him went,
 Wherewith she strooken, look'd so dolefully,
 As made Love sigh, to see his tirannie.
 And as she wept, her teares to pearle he turn'd, 375
 And wound them on his arme, and for her mourn'd:
 Then towards the pallace of the Destinies,
 Laden with languishment and grieve he flies.
 And to those sterne nymphs humblie made request,
 Both might enjoy ech other, and be blest. 380
 But with a ghastly dreadfull countenance,
 Threatning a thousand deaths at everie glaunce,
 They answered Love, nor would vouchsafe so much
 As one poore word, their hate to him was such.
 Harken a while, and I will tell you why: 385
 Heavens winged herrald, *Jove-borne Mercury*,
 The self-same day that he asleepe had layd
 Inchaunted *Argus*, spied a countrie mayd,

Whose carelesse haire, in stead of pearle t'adorne it, 390
 Glist' red with deaw, as one that seem'd to skorne it:
 Her breath as fragrant as the morning rose,
 Her mind pure, and her toong untaught to glose.
 Yet proud she was, (for loftie pride that dwels
 In tow' red courts, is oft in sheapheards cels.)
 And too too well the faire vermilion knew, 395
 And silver tincture of her cheekes, that drew
 The love of everie swaine: On her, this god
 Enamoured was, and with his snakie rod,
 Did charme her nimble feet, and made her stay,
 The while upon a hillocke downe he lay, 400
 And sweetly on his pipe began to play,
 And with smooth speech, her fancie to assay,
 Till in his twining armes he lockt her fast,
 And then he woo'd with kisses, and at last,
 As sheap-heards do, her on the ground hee layd, 405
 And tumbling in the grasse, he often strayd
 Beyond the bounds of shame, in being bold
 To eie those parts, which no eie should behold.
 And like an insolent commaunding lover,
 Boasting his parentage, would needs discover 410
 The way to new *Elisium*: but she,
 Whose only dower was her chastitie,
 Having striv'ne in vaine, was now about to crie,
 And crave the helpe of sheap-heards that were nie.
 Herewith he stayd his furie, and began 415
 To give her leave to rise: away she ran,
 After went *Mercurie*, who us'd such cunning,
 As she to heare his tale, left off her running.
 Maids are not woon by brutish force and might,
 But speeches full of pleasure and delight. 420
 And knowing *Hermes* courted her, was glad
 That she such lovelinesse and beautie had
 As could provoke his liking, yet was mute,
 And neither would denie, nor graunt his sute.
 Still vovd he love, she wanting no excuse 425
 To feed him with delaies, as women use:
 Or thirsting after immortalitie,
 All women are ambitious naturallie:

Impos'd upon her lover such a taske,
 As he ought not performe, nor yet she aske. 430
 A draught of flowing *Nectar*, she requested,
 Wherewith the king of Gods and men is feasted.
 He readie to accomplish what she wil'd,
 Stole some from *Hebe* (*Hebe, Joves cup fil'd,*)
 And gave it to his simple rustike love, 435
 Which being knowne (as what is hid from *Jove*?)
 He inly storm'd, and waxt more furious,
 Than for the fire filcht by *Prometheus*;
 And thrusts him down from heaven: he wandring here,
 In mournfull tearmes, with sad and heavie cheare 440
 Complaind to *Cupid*; *Cupid* for his sake,
 To be reveng'd on *Jove*, did undertake,
 And those on whom heaven, earth, and hell relies,
 I mean the Adamantine Destinies,
 He wounds with love, and forst them equallie, 445
 To dote upon deceitfull *Mercurie*.
 They offred him the deadly fatall knife,
 That sheares the slender threads of humane life,
 At his faire feathered feet, the engins layd,
 Which th'earth from ougly *Chaos* den up-wayd: 450
 These he regarded not, but did intreat,
 That *Jove*, usurper of his fathers seat,
 Might presently be banisht into hell,
 And aged *Saturne* in *Olympus* dwell.
 They granted what he crav'd, and once againe, 455
Saturne and *Ops*, began their golden raigne.
 Murder, rape, warre, lust and trecherie,
 Were with *Jove* clos'd in *Stigian* Emperie.
 But long this blessed time continued not;
 As soone as he his wished purpose got, 460
 He recklesse of his promise, did despise
 The love of th'everlasting Destinies.
 They seeing it, both Love and him abhor'd,
 And *Jupiter* unto his place restor'd.
 And but that Learning, in despight of Fate, 465
 Will mount aloft, and enter heaven gate,
 And to the seat of *Jove* it selfe advaunce,
Hermes had slept in hell with ignoraunce.

Yet as a punishment they added this, 470
 That he and *Povertie* should alwaies kis.
 And to this day is everie scholler poore,
 Grosse gold, from them runs headlong to the boore.
 Likewise the angrie sisters thus deluded,
 To venge themselves on *Hermes*, have concluded 475
 That *Midas* brood shall sit in Honors chaire,
 To which the *Muses* sonnes are only heire:
 And fruitfull wits that in aspiring are,
 Shall discontent run into regions farre;
 And few great lords in vertuous deeds shall joy,
 But be surpris'd with every garish toy. 480
 And still inrich the loftie servile clowne,
 Who with incroching guile, keepes learning downe.
 Then muse not, *Cupids* sute no better sped,
 Seeing in their loves, the Fates were injured. 484

The end of the first Sestyad.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND SESTYAD

*Hero of love takes deeper sence,
And doth her love more recompence.
Their first nights meeting, where sweet kisses
Are th'only crownes of both their blisses.
He swims t'Abydus, and returnes;
Cold Neptune with his beautie burnes,
Whose suite he shuns, and doth aspire
Heros faire towre, and his desire.*

By this, sad *Hero*, with love unacquainted, 1
Viewing *Leanders* face, fell downe and fainted.
He kist her, and breath'd life into her lips,
Wherewith as one displeas'd, away she trips.
Yet as she went, full often look'd behind, 5
And many poore excuses did she find,
To linger by the way, and once she stayd,
And would have turn'd againe, but was afrayd,
In offring parlie, to be counted light.
So on she goes, and in her idle flight, 10
Her painted fanne of curled plumes let fall,
Thinking to traine *Leander* therewithall.
He being a novice, knew not what she meant,
But stayd, and after her a letter sent.
Which joyfull *Hero* answerd in such sort, 15
As he had hope to scale the beauteous fort,
Wherein the liberall graces lock'd their wealth,
And therefore to her tower he got by stealth.
Wide open stood the doore, hee need not clime,
And she her selfe before the pointed time, 20
Had spread the boord, with roses strowed the roome,
And oft look't out, and mus'd he did not come.
At last he came, O who can tell the greeting,
These greedie lovers had, at their first meeting.
He askt, she gave, and nothing was denied, 25
Both to each other quickly were affied.
Looke how their hands, so were their hearts united,
And what he did, she willingly requited.
(Sweet are the kisses, the imbracements sweet,

When like desires and affections meet, 30
 For from the earth to heaven, is *Cupid* rais'd,
 Where fancie is in equall ballance pais'd.)
 Yet she this rashnesse sodainly repented,
 And turn'd aside, and to her selfe lamented.
 As if her name and honour had beene wrong'd, 35
 By being possest of him for whom she long'd:
 I, and shee wisht, albeit not from her hart,
 That he would leave her turret and depart.
 The mirthfull God of amorous pleasure smil'd,
 To see how he this captive Nymph beguil'd. 40
 For hitherto hee did but fan the fire,
 And kept it downe that it might mount the hier.
 Now waxt she jealous, least his love abated,
 Fearing her owne thoughts made her to be hated.
 Therefore unto him hastily she goes, 45
 And like light *Salmacis*, her body throes
 Upon his bosome, where with yeelding eyes,
 She offers up her selfe a sacrifice,
 To slake his anger, if he were displeas'd,
 O what god would not therewith be appeas'd? 50
 Like *Aesops* cocke, this jewell he enjoyed,
 And as a brother with his sister toyed,
 Supposing nothing else was to be done,
 Now he her favour and good will had wone.
 But know you not that creatures wanting sence, 55
 By nature have a mutuall appetence,
 And wanting organs to advaunce a step,
 Mov'd by Loves force, unto ech other lep?
 Much more in subjects having intellect,
 Some hidden influence breeds like effect. 60
 Albeit *Leander* rude in love, and raw,
 Long dallying with *Hero*, nothing saw
 That might delight him more, yet he suspected
 Some amorous rites or other were neglected.
 Therefore unto his bodie, hers he clung, 65
 She, fearing on the rushes to be flung,
 Striv'd with redoubled strength: the more she strived,
 The more a gentle pleasing heat revived,
 Which taught him all that elder lovers know,

And now the same gan so to scorch and glow, 70
 As in plaine termes (yet cunningly) he crav'd it,
 Love alwaies makes those eloquent that have it.
 Shee, with a kind of graunting, put him by it,
 And ever as he thought himselfe most nigh it,
 Like to the tree of *Tantalus* she fled, 75
 And seeming lavish, sav'de her maydenhead.
 Ne're king more sought to keepe his diademe,
 Than *Hero* this inestimable gemme.
 Above our life we love a stedfast friend,
 Yet when a token of great worth we send, 80
 We often kisse it, often looke thereon,
 And stay the messenger that would be gon:
 No marvell then, though *Hero* would not yeeld
 So soone to part from that she deerely held.
 Jewels being lost are found againe, this never, 85
 T'is lost but once, and once lost, lost for ever.
 Now had the morne espy'de her lovers steeds,
 Whereat she starts, puts on her purple weeds,
 And red for anger that he stayd so long,
 All headlong throwes her selfe the clouds among 90
 And now *Leander* fearing to be mist,
 Imbrast her sodainly, tooke leave, and kist,
 Long was he taking leave, and loath to go,
 And kist againe, as lovers use to do.
 Sad *Hero* wroong him by the hand, and wept, 95
 Saying, let your vowes and promises be kept.
 Then standing at the doore, she turnd about,
 As loath to see *Leander* going out.
 And now the sunne that through th'orizon peepes,
 As pittying these lovers, downward creepes. 100
 So that in silence of the cloudie night,
 Though it was morning, did he take his flight.
 But what the secret trustie night conceal'd,
Leanders amorous habit soone reveal'd.
 With *Cupids* myrtle was his bonet crownd, 105
 About his armes the purple riband wound,
 Wherewith she wreath'd her largely spreading heare,
 Nor could the youth abstaine, but he must weare
 The sacred ring wherewith she was endow'd,

When first religious chastitie she vow'd: 110
 Which made his love through *Sestos* to bee knowne,
 And thence unto *Abydus* sooner blowne,
 Than he could saile, for incorporeal Fame,
 Whose waight consists in nothing but her name,
 Is swifter than the wind, whose tardie plumes, 115
 Are reeking water, and dull earthlie fumes.
 Home when he came, he seem'd not to be there,
 But like exiled aire thrust from his sphere,
 Set in a forren place, and straight from thence,
Alcides like, by mightie violence, 120
 He would have chac'd away the swelling maine,
 That him from her unjustly did detaine.
 Like as the sunne in a Dyiameter,
 Fires and inflames objects remooved farre,
 And heateth kindly, shining lat'rally; 125
 So beautie, sweetly quickens when t'is ny,
 But being separated and remooved,
 Burnes where it cherisht, murders where it loved.
 Therefore even as an Index to a booke,
 So to his mind was yoong *Leanders* looke. 130
 O none but gods have power their love to hide,
 Affection by the count'nance is descride.
 The light of hidden fire it selfe discovers,
 And love that is conceal'd, betraies poore lovers.
 His secret flame apparantly was seene, 135
Leanders Father knew where hee had beene,
 And for the same mildly rebuk't his sonne,
 Thinking to quench the sparckles new begonne.
 But love resisted once, growes passionate,
 And nothing more than counsaile, lovers hate. 140
 For as a hote prow'd horse highly disdaines,
 To have his head control'd, but breakes the raines,
 Spits foorth the ringled bit, and with his hoves,
 Checkes the submissive ground: so hee that loves,
 The more he is restrain'd, the woorse he fares, 145
 What is it now, but mad *Leander* dares?
 O *Hero*, *Hero*, thus he cry'de full oft,
 And then he got him to a rocke aloft.
 Where having spy'de her tower, long star'd he on't,

And pray'd the narrow toyling *Hellespont*, 150
 To part in twaine, that hee might come and go,
 But still the rising billowes answered no.
 With that hee stript him to the yv'rie skin,
 And crying, Love I come, leapt lively in.
 Whereat the saphir visag'd god grew proud, 155
 And made his capring *Triton* sound aloud,
 Imagining, that *Ganimed* displeas'd,
 Had left the heavens, therefore on him hee seiz'd.
Leander striv'd, the waves about him wound,
 And puld him to the bottome, where the ground 160
 Was strewd with pearle, and in low corral groves,
 Sweet singing Meremaids, sported with their loves
 On heapes of heavie gold, and tooke great pleasure,
 To spurne in carelesse sort, the shipwracke treasure.
 For here the stately azure pallace stood, 165
 Where kingly *Neptune* and his traine abode.
 The lustie god imbrast him, cald him love,
 And swore he never should returne to *Jove*.
 But when he knew it was not *Ganimed*,
 For under water he was almost dead, 170
 He heav'd him up, and looking on his face,
 Beat downe the bold waves with his triple mace,
 Which mounted up, intending to have kist him,
 And fell in drops like teares, because they mist him.
Leander being up, began to swim, 175
 And looking backe, saw *Neptune* follow him.
 Whereat agast, the poore soule gan to crie,
 O let mee visite *Hero* ere I die.
 The god put *Helles* bracelet on his arme,
 And swore the sea should never doe him harme. 180
 He clapt his plumpe cheekes, with his tresses playd,
 And smiling wantonly, his love bewrayd.
 He watcht his armes, and as they open wide,
 At every stroke, betwixt them would he slide,
 And steale a kisse, and then run out and daunce, 185
 And as he turnd, cast many a lustfull glaunce,
 And throw him gawdie toies to please his eie,
 And dive into the water, and there prie
 Upon his brest, his thighs, and everie lim,

And up againe, and close beside him swim, 190
 And talke of love: *Leander* made replie,
 You are deceav'd, I am no woman I.
 Thereat smilde *Neptune*, and then told a tale,
 How that a sheapheard sitting in a vale,
 Playd with a boy so faire and so kind, 195
 As for his love, both earth and heaven pyn'd;
 That of the cooling river durst not drinke,
 Least water-nymphs should pull him from the brinke.
 And when hee sported in the fragrant lawnes,
 Gote-footed Satyrs, and up-staring Fawnes, 200
 Would steale him thence. Ere halfe this tale was done,
 Aye me, *Leander* cryde, th'enamoured sunne,
 That now should shine on *Thetis* glassie bower,
 Descends upon my radiant *Heroes* tower.
 O that these tardie armes of mine were wings, 205
 And as he spake, upon the waves he springs.
Neptune was angrie that hee gave no eare,
 And in his heart revenging malice bare:
 He flung at him his mace, but as it went,
 He cald it in, for love made him repent. 210
 The mace returning backe, his owne hand hit,
 As meaning to be veng'd for darting it.
 When this fresh bleeding wound *Leander* viewd,
 His colour went and came, as if he rew'd
 The greefe which *Neptune* felt. In gentle brests, 215
 Relenting thoughts, remorse and pittie rests.
 And who have hard hearts, and obdurat minds,
 But vicious, harebraind, and illit'rat hinds?
 The god seeing him with pittie to be moved,
 Thereon concluded that he was beloved. 220
 (Love is too full of faith, too credulous,
 With follie and false hope deluding us.)
 Wherefore *Leanders* fancie to surprize,
 To the rich *Ocean* for gifts he flies.
 'Tis wisdom to give much, a gift prevailes, 225
 When deepe perswading Oratorie failes.
 By this *Leander* being nere the land,
 Cast downe his wearie feet, and felt the sand.
 Breathlesse albeit he were, he rested not,

Till to the solitarie tower he got. 230
And knockt and cald, at which celestially noise,
The longing heart of *Hero* much more joies
Then nymphs and sheapheards, when the timbrell rings,
Or crooked Dolphin when the sailer sings;
She stayd not for her robes, but straight arose, 235
And drunke with gladnesse, to the dore she goes.
Where seeing a naked man, she sciecht for feare,
Such sights as this, to tender maids are rare.
And ran into the darke her selfe to hide,
Rich jewels in the darke are soonest spide. 240
Unto her was he led, or rather drawne,
By those white limmes, which sparckled through the lawne.
The neerer that he came, the more she fled,
And seeking refuge, slipt into her bed.
Whereon *Leander* sitting, thus began, 245
Through numming cold, all feeble, faint and wan:
If not for love, yet love for pittie sake,
Me in thy bed and maiden bosome take,
At least vouchsafe these armes some little roome,
Who hoping to imbrace thee, cherely swome. 250
This head was beat with manie a churlish billow,
And therefore let it rest upon thy pillow.
Herewith afrighted *Hero* shrunke away,
And in her luke-warme place *Leander* lay.
Whose lively heat like fire from heaven fet, 255
Would animate grosse clay, and higher set
The drooping thoughts of base declining soules,
Then drerie *Mars*, carowsing *Nectar* boules.
His hands he cast upon her like a snare,
She overcome with shame and sallow feare, 260
Like chaste *Diana*, when *Acteon* spyde her,
Being sodainly betraide, dyv'd downe to hide her.
And as her silver body downeward went,
With both her hands she made the bed a tent,
And in her owne mind thought her selfe secure, 265
O'recast with dim and darksome coverture.
And now she lets him whisper in her eare,
Flatter, intreat, promise, protest and sweare,
Yet ever as he greedily assayd

To touch those dainties, she the *Harpey* playd, 270
 And every lim did as a soldier stout,
 Defend the fort, and keep the foe-man out.
 For though the rising yv'rie mount he scal'd,
 Which is with azure circling lines empal'd,
 Much like a globe, (a globe may I tearme this, 275
 By which love sailes to regions full of blis,)
 Yet there with *Sisyphus* he toyld in vaine,
 Till gentle parlie did the truce obtaine.
 Wherein *Leander* on her quivering brest,
 Breathlesse spoke some thing, and sigh'd out the rest; 280
 Which so prevail'd, as he with small ado,
 Inclos'd her in his armes and kist her to.
 And everie kisse to her was as a charme,
 And to *Leander* as a fresh alarme.
 So that the truce was broke, and she alas, 285
 (Poore sillie maiden) at his mercie was.
 Love is not ful of pittie (as men say)
 But deaffe and cruell, where he meanes to pray.
 Even as a bird, which in our hands we wring,
 Foorth plungeth, and oft flutters with her wing, 290
 She trembling strove, this strife of hers (like that
 Which made the world) another world begat,
 Of unknowne joy. Treason was in her thought,
 And cunningly to yeeld her selfe she sought.
 Seeming not woon, yet woon she was at length, 295
 In such warres women use but halfe their strength.
Leander now like Theban *Hercules*,
 Entred the orchard of *Th'esperides*,
 Whose fruit none rightly can describe, but hee
 That puls or shakes it from the golden tree: 300
 And now she wisht this night were never done,
 And sigh'd to thinke upon th'approching sunne,
 For much it greev'd her that the bright day-light,
 Should know the pleasure of this blessed night,
 And them like *Mars* and *Ericine* displayd, 305
 Both in each others armes chaine as they layd.
 Againe she knew not how to frame her looke,
 Or speake to him who in a moment tooke,
 That which so long so charily she kept,

And fame by stealth away she would have crept, 310
 And to some corner secretly have gone,
 Leaving *Leander* in the bed alone.
 But as her naked feet were whipping out,
 He on the suddaine cling'd her so about,
 That Mermaid-like unto the floore she slid, 315
 One halfe appear'd, the other halfe was hid.
 Thus neere the bed she blushing stood upright,
 And from her countenance behold ye might,
 A kind of twilight breake, which through the heare,
 As from an orient cloud, glymse here and there. 320
 And round about the chamber this false morne,
 Brought forth the day before the day was borne.
 So *Heroes* ruddie cheeke, *Hero* betrayd,
 And her all naked to his sight displayd.
 Whence his admiring eyes more pleasure tooke, 325
 Than *Dis*, on heapes of gold fixing his looke.
 By this *Apollo*s golden harpe began,
 To sound forth musicke to the *Ocean*,
 Which watchfull *Hesperus* no sooner heard,
 But he the days bright-bearing Car prepar'd. 330
 And ran before, as Harbenger of light,
 And with his flaring beames mockt ugly night,
 Till she o'recome with anguish, shame, and rage,
 Dang'd downe to hell her loathsome carriage. 334

Desunt nonnulla.