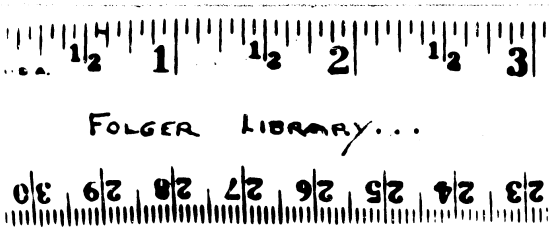


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HERO
AND
LEANDER.

By Christopher Marloe.



LONDON,
Printed by Adam Jslip,
for Edward Blunt.
1598.



To the Right Worshipfull, Sir Thomas Wallingham, Knight.



fr, wee thinke not our selues discharged of the dutie wee owe to our friend, when wee haue brought the breathlesse bodie to the earth: for albeit the eye there taketh his euer farwell of that beloued obiect, yet the impression of the man, that hath bene deare vnto vs, liuing an after life in our memory, there putteth vs in mind of farther obsequies due vnto the deceased. And namely of the performance of what soeuer we may iudge shal make to his liuing credit, and to the effecting of his determinations preuented by the stroke of death. By these meditations (as by an intellectuall will) I suppose my selfe execut or to the vnhappily deceased author of this Poem, vpon whom knowing that in his life time you bestowed many kind fauors, entertaining the parts of reckoning and woorth which you found in him, with good countenance and liberall affection: I cannot but see so far into the will of him dead, that what soeuer issue of his brain should chance to come abroad,

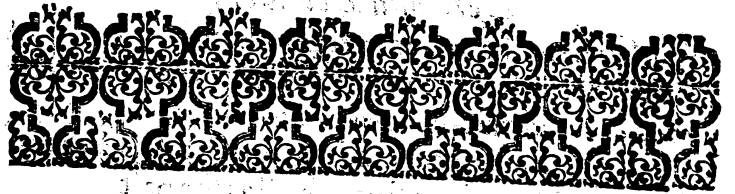
A iij

that

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

that the first breath it should take might be the gentle aire
of your liking: for since his selfe had ben accustomed ther-
unto, it would prooue more agreeable and thriving to his
right children, than any other foster countenance what soeuer.
At this time seeing that this vnfinished Tragedy happens
vnder my hands to be imprinted; of a double duty, the one
to your selfe, the other to the deceased, I present the same to
your most fauourable allowance, offering my utmost
selfe now and euer to bee readie, At your
Worshps disposing:

Edward Blunt.



Hero and Leander.

IN Hellespont guiltie of True-loues blood,
In view and opposit two citties stood,
Seaborders, disioin'd by *Neptunes* might:
The one *Abydos*, the other *Sestos* hight.
At *Sestos*, *Hero* dwelt; *Hero* the faire,
VWhom young *Apollo* courted for her haire,
And offred as a dowver his burning throne,
VWhere she should sit for men to gaze vpon.
The outside of her garments vvere of lavvne,
The lining, purple silke, vwith guilt starres dravvne,
Her vvide sleeues greene, and bordered vvith a groue,
Where *Venus* in her naked glory stroue,
To please the carelesse and disdainfull eies,
Of proud *Adonis* that before her lies.
Her kirtle blevv, whereon vvas many a staine,
Made vvith the blood of vvretched Louers slaine.

Vpon

Hero and Leander.

Vpon her head she wore a myrtle wreath,
From whence her vaile reacht to the ground beneath.
Her vaile vvas artificiall flowers and leaues,
VWhose vvorkmanship both man and beast deceaues.
Many vvould praise the sweet smell as she past,
VWhen t'vvas the odour vvich her breath foorth cast.
And there for honie, bees haue sought in vaine,
And beat from thence, haue lighted there againe.
About her necke hung chaines of peble stone,
VWhich lightned by her necke, like Diamonds shone.
She wore no gloues, for neither sunne nor vvind
VVould burne or parch her hands, but to her mind,
Or vvarme or coole them, for they tooke delite
To play vpon those hands, they vvore so vvHITE.
Buskins of shels all siluered, vsed she,
And brant vvith blushing corall to the knee,
VWhere sparrovves percht, of hollow pearle and gold,
Such as the vvorld vvould vvonder to behold:
Those vvith sweet vvater oft her handmaid sils,
VWhich as shee went vvould cherupe through the bilis.
Some say, for her the fairest *Cupid* pynd,
And looking in her face, vvvas strooken blind.
But this is true, so like vvvas one the other,
As he imagyn'd *Hero* vvvas his mother.
And oftentimes into her bosome flew,
About her naked necke his bare armes threw.

And

Hero and Leander.

And laid his childish head vpon her brest,
And vvith still panting rockt, there tooke his rest.
So louely faire was *Hero*, *Venus* Nun,
As nature vvapt, thinking she vvvas vndone;
Because she tooke more from her than she left,
And of such vvondrous beautie her bereft:
Therefore in signe her treasure suffred vracke,
Since *Heroes* time, hath halfe the vvorld beene blacke.
Amorous Leander, beautifull and yoong,
(Whose tragedie diuine *Musaeus* soong)
Dvvelt at *Abidus*, since him, dvvelt there none,
For whom succeeding times make greater mone.
His dangling tresses that were neuer shorne,
Had they beene cut, and vnto *Colchos* borne,
Would haue all'rd the vent'rous youth of *Greece*,
To hazard more, than for the golden Fleece.
Faire *Cynthia* vvish't, his armes might be her spheare,
Greece makes her pale, because she mooues not there.
His bodie vvvas as straight as *Circes* vvand,
None might haue sipt out *Nectar* from his hand.
Euen as delicious meat is to the tast,
So vvvas his necke in touching, and surpast
The vvwhite of *Pelops* shoulder, I could tell ye,
How smooth his brest vvvas, & how vvwhite his bellie,
And whose immortall fingars did imprint,
That heauenly path, vvith many a curious dint,

B

That

Hero and Leander.

That runs along his backe, but my rude pen,
Can hardiy blazon foorth the loues of men.
Much lesse of powerfull gods, let it suffice,
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,
Died ere he could enioy the loue of any.
Had wilde *Hippolitus*, *Leander* seene,
Enamoured of his beautie had he beene,
His presence made the rudest paissant melt,
That in the vast vplandish countrie dwelt,
The barbarous *Thracian* soldier mou'd with nought,
Was mou'd with him, and for his fauour 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,
A brow for loue 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 loue, and lou'd of all?
Though thou be faire, yet be not thine owne thrall.

The men of wealthie *Sestos*, euerie yeare,
(For his sake vvhom their goddesse held so deare,
Rose-cheekt *Adonis*) kept a solemne feast,
Thither resorted many a wandring guest,

To

Hero and Leander.

To meet their loues ; such as had none at all,
Came louers home, from this great festiuall.
For euerie street like to a Firmament
Glistered vvvith breathing stars, who vvhere they went,
Frighted the melancholie earth, vvvhich deem'd,
Eternall heauen to burne, for so it seem'd,
As if another *Phaeton* had got
The guidance of the sunnes rich chariot.
But far aboue, the loueliest *Hero* shin'd,
And stole avvay th' inchaunted gazers mind,
For like Sea-nymphs inueigling harmony,
So vvas her beautie to the standers by.
Nor that night vvandring pale and vvatrie starre,
(When yavvning dragons dravv her thirling carre,
From *Latmus* mount vp to the glomie skie,
Where crownd vvvith blazing light and maiestie,
She proudly sits) more ouer-rules the flood,
Than she the hearts of those that neere her stood.
Euen as, vvhen gavvdie Nymphs pursue the chace,
Wretched *Ixions* shaggie footed race,
Incenst vvvith sauage heat, gallop amaine,
From steepe Pine-bearing mountains to the plaine :
So ran the people foorth to gaze vpon her,
And all that view'd her, vvvere enamour'd on her.
And as in furie of a dreadfull fight,
Their fellowves being slaine or put to flight,

B ij

Poore

Hero and Leander.

Poore soldiers stād vwith fear of death dead strooken,
So at her presence all surpris'd and tooke,
Await the sentence of her scornfull eies :
He whom she fauours liues, the other dies.
There might you see one sigh, another rage,
And some (their violent passions to asswage)
Compile sharpe satyrs, but alas too late,
For faithfull loue will neuer turne to hate.
And many seeing great princes were denied,
Pyn'd as they went, and thinking on her died.
On this feast day, O curfed day and hower,
Went *Hero* thorow *Sestos*, from her tower
To *Venus* temple, were vnhappye,
As after chaunc'd, they did each other spye,
So faire a church as this, had *Venus* none,
The wals were of discoloured *Iasper* stone,
Wherein was *Proteus* carued, and o'rehead,
A liuelie vine of greene sea agget spread ;
Where by one hand, light headed *Bacchus* hoong,
And with the other, wine from grapes out wroong.
Of Christall shining faire, the pauement 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 vnderneath this radiant floure,

Was

Hero and Leander.

Was *Danaes* statue in a brazen tower,
Ioue, flylie stealing from his sisters bed,
To dallie with *Idalian Ganimed* :
And for his loue *Europa*, bellowing loud,
And tumbling with the Rainbow in a cloud,
Blood-quaffing *Mars*, heauing the yron net,
Which limping *Vulcan* and his *Cyclops* set :
Loue kindling fire, to burne such townes as *Troy*,
Syluanus weeping for the louely boy
That now is turn'd into a *Cypres* tree,
Vnder whose shade the Wood-gods loue to bee.
And in the midst a siluer altar stood,
There *Hero* sacrificing turtles blood,
Vaild to the ground, vailing her eie-lids close,
And modestly they opened as she rose :
Thence flew *Loues* arrow with the golden head,
And thus *Leander* was enamoured.
Stone still he stood, and euermore he gazed,
Till with the fire that from his count'nance blazed,
Relenting *Heroes* gentle heart was strooke,
Such force and vertue hath an amorous looke.
It lies not in our power to loue, or hate,
For will in vs is ouer-rul'd by fate.
When two are stript long ere the course begin,
We wish that one should loose, the other win.

B iij

And

Hero and Leander.

And one especiallie doe vve affect,
Of two gold Ingots like in each respect,
The reason no man knowes, let it suffice,
What vve behold is censur'd by our eies.
Where both deliberat, the loue is flight,
Who euer lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?

He kneel'd, but vnto her deuoutly praid;
Chast *Hero* to her selfe thus softly said:

VVere I the faint hee vvorships, I vvould heare him,
And as shee spake those words, came somevvhat nere
He started vp, shee blusht as one asham'd; (him.)

VVherewith *Leander* much more vvas inflam'd,
He toucht her hand, in touching it shee trembled,

Loue deepely grounded, hardly is dissembled,
These louers parted by the touch of hands,
True loue is mute, and oft amazed stands,

Thus while dum signs their yeelding harts entangled,
The aire vvith sparkes of liuing fire vvas spangled,

*A peri-
phrasie of
might.* And night deepe drencht in mystie *Acheron*,
Heard vp her head, and halfe the vvorld vpon,
Breath'd darkenesse forth (darke night is *Cupids* day)

And novv begins *Leander* to display
Loues holy fire, vvith vvords, vvith sighs and teares,

VVhich like sweet musicke entred *Heroes* eares,
And yet at euerie vvord shee turn'd aside,
And alwaies cut him off as he replide,

At

Hero and Leander.

At last, like to a bold sharpe Sophister,
VVith chearefull hope thus hee accosted her.

Faire creature, let me speake vvithout offence,
I vvould my rude vvords had the influence,
To lead thy thoughts, as thy faire lookes doe mine,
Then shouldst thou bee his prisoner vvho is thine.

Be not vnkind and faire, mishapen stufte
Are of behauiour boisterous and ruffe.

O shun me not, but heare me ere you goe,
God knowes I cannot force loue, 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)

Doth testifie that you exceed her farre,
To whom you offer, and whose Nunne you are,
Why should you worship her, her you surpass,

As much as sparkling Diamonds staring glasse,
A Diamond set in lead his vvorth retaines,

A heauenly Nymph, belov'd of humane swaines,
Receiues no blemish, but oft-times more grace,

Which makes me hope, although I am but base,
Base in respect of thee, diuine and pure,

Dutifull seruice may thy loue procure,
And I in dutie will excell all other,
As thou in beautie doest exceed loues mother.

Nor

Hero and Leander.

Nor heauen, nor thou, were made to gaze vpon,
As heauen preserues all things, so saue thou one.
A stately builded ship, well rig'd and tall,
The Ocean maketh more maiesticall:
Why vowest thou then to liue in *Sestos* here,
Who on Loues seas more glorious wouldst appeare?
Like vntun'd golden strings all women are,
Which long time lie vntoucht, will harshly iarre.
Vessels of Brasse oft handled, brightly shine,
What difference betwixt the richest mine
And basest mold, but vse? for both not vs'de,
Are of like worth. Then treasure is abus'de,
VWhen misers keepe it, being put to lone,
In time it will returne vs two for one.
Rich robes, themselues and others do adorne,
Neither themselues nor others, if not worne.
VWho builds a pallace and rams vp the gate,
Shall see it ruinous and desolate.
Ah simple *Hero*, learne thy selfe to cherish,
Lone women like to emptie houses perish.
Lesse sinnes the poore rich man that starues himselfe,
In heaping vp a masse of drossie pelse,
Than such as you: his golden earth remains,
VWhich after his disceasse, some other gains.
But this faire iem, sweet, in the losse alone,
VWhen you fleet hence, can be bequeath'd to none.

Or

Hero and Leander.

Or if it could, downe from th' enameld skie,
All heauen would come to claime this legacie,
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 enioy that blisse.
One is no number, mayds are nothing then,
Without the sweet societie of men.
VVilt thou liue single still? one shalt thou bee,
Though neuer-singling *Hymen* couple thee.
Wild sauages, that drinke of running springs,
Thinke water farre excels all earthly things:
But they that dayly tast neat wine, despite 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 stamper sake we allow,
Euen so for mens impressio do we you.
By which alone, our reuerend fathers say,
Women receaue perfection euerie way.
This idoll which you terme *Virginitie*,
Is neither essence subiect to the eie,
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.

C

Of

Hero and Leander.

Of that which hath no being, doe not boast,
Things that are not at all, are neuer lost.
Men foolishly doe call it vertuous,
What vertue is it, that is borne with vs?
Much lesse can honour bee ascrib'd thereto,
Honour is purchac'd by the deedes vce do.
Beleeue me *Hero*, honour is not vvone,
Vntill some honourable deed be done.
Seeke you for chastitie, immortall fame,
And knowv that some haue vvrong'd *Dianas* name?
Whose name is it, if she be false or not,
So she be faire, but some vile toongs will blot?
But you are faire (aye me) so vvondrous faire,
So yoong, so gentle, and so debonaire,
As *Greece* will thinke, if thus you liue alone,
Some one or other keepes you as his owne.
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,
Foorth from those two tralucēt cesternes brake,
A streame of liquid pearle, which downe her face
Made milk-white paths, wheron the gods might trace
To *Ioues* high court. Hee thus replide: The rites
In which Loues beauteous Empresse most delites,

Ar

Hero and Leander.

Are banquets, Dorick musicke, midnight-reuell,
Plaies, maskes, and all that stern age counteth euill:
Thee as a holy Idiot doth she scorne,
For thou in vowing chastitie, hast sworne
To rob her name and honour, and thereby
Commist a sinne far worse than periurie.
Euen sacrilege against her Dietie,
Through regular and formall puritie.
To expiat which sinne, kisse and shake hands,
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 deserue,
Yet for her sake whom you haue vow'd to serue,
Abandon fruitlesse cold Virginitie,
The gentle queene of Loues sole enemye,
Then shall you most resemble *Venus* Nun,
When *Venus* sweet rites are perform'd and done,
Flint-brested *Pallas* ioyes in single life,
But *Pallas* and your mistresse are at strife.
Loue *Hero* then, and be not tirannous,
But heale the heart, that thou hast wounded thus,
Nor staine thy youthfull years with avarice,
Faire foolcs delight, to be accounted nice.

C ij

The

Hero and Leander.

The richest corne dies, if it be not reapt,
Beautie alone is lost, too warily kept.
These arguments he vs'de, and many more,
Wherewith she yeelded, that vvas vwoon before,
Herces lookes yeelded, but her words made warre,
Women are woon when they begin to iarre.
Thus hauing swallow'd *Cupids* golden hooke,
The more she striv'd, the deeper was she strooke.
Yet euilly faining anger, stroue she still,
And would be thought to graunt against her will.
So hauing paus'd a while, at last shee said:
Who taught thee *Rhetorick* to deceiue a maid?
Aye me, such words as these should I abhor,
And yet I like them for the Orator.

With that *Leander* stoopt, to haue 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 wear
Vpon a rocke, and vnderneath a hill,
Far from the towne (where all is whist and still,
Sae that the sea playing on yellow sand,
Sends forth a ratling murmure to the land,
Whose sound allures the golden *Morpheus*,
In silence of the night to visite vs.)
My turret stands, and there God knowes I play
With *Venus* swannes and sparrowes all the day,

A

Hero and Leander.

A dwarfish beldame beares me companie,
That hops about the chamber where I lie,
And spends the night (that might be better spent)
In vaine discourse, and apish merriment.
Come thither; As she spake this, her too long tript,
For vnawares (*Come thither*) from her slipt,
And sodainly her former colour chang'd,
And here and there her eies through anger rang'd.
And like a planet, moouing feuerall waies,
At one selfe instant, she poore soule assaies,
Louing, not to loue at all, and euerie part,
Stroue to resist the motions of her hart.
And hands so pure, so innocent, nay such,
As might haue made heauen stoope to haue a touch,
Did she vphold to *Venus*, and againe,
Vow'd spotlesse chastitie, but all in vaine,
(*Cupid* bears downe her praies with his wings,
Her vowes about the emptie aire he flings:
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 Loue sigh, to see his tirannie.
And as she wept, her teares to pearle he turn'd,
And wound them on his arme, and for her mour'd.
Then towards the pallace of the destinies,
Laden with languishment and grieve he flies.

C iij

And

Hero and Leander.

And to those sterne nymphs humblie made request,
Both might enioy ech other, and be blest.
But with a ghastly dreadfull countenance,
Threatning a thousand deaths at euerie glaunce,
They answered Loue, nor would vouchsaf: so much
As one poore word, their hate to him was such.
Harken a while, and I will tell you why:
Heauens winged herrald, *Iouc-borne Mercury,*
The selfe-same day that he asleepe had layd
Inchaunted *Argus*, spied a countrie mayd,
Whose carelesse haire, in stead of pearle r'adorned it,
Glifred with dew, as one that seem'd to skorne it:
Her breath as fragrant as the morning rose,
Her mind pure, and her toong vntaught to glose.
Yet proude she vvas, (for loftie pride that dwels
In tovr red courts, is oft in sheapherds cels.)
And too too yvell the faire vermilion knew,
And siluer tincture of her cheekes, that drew
The loue of euerie swaine: On her, this god
Enamoured vvas, and vwith his snake rod,
Did charme her nimble feet, and made her stay,
The while vpon a hillocke downe he lay,
And sweetly on his pipe began to play,
And vwith smooth speech, her fancie to assay,
Till in his twining armes he lockt her fast,
And then he vwood vwith kisses, and at last,

As

Hero and Leander.

As sheap-heards do, her on the ground hee layd,
And tumbling in the grasse, he often strayd
Beyond the bounds of shame, in being bold
To eie those parts, vvhich no eie should behold.
And like an insolent commaunding loue,
Boasting his parentage, vwould needs discover
The vway to nevv *Elysium*: but she,
Whose only dover vvas her chastitie,
Hauing striu'ne in vaine, vvas novv about to crie,
And craue the helpe of sheap-heards that were nie,
Herevith he stayd his furie, and began
To giue her leaue to rise, avvay she ran,
After vvent *Mercurie*, vvhovsd such cunning,
As she to heare his tale, left off her running.
Maids are nor vvoon by brutish force and might,
But speeches full of pleasure and delight.
And knowving *Hermes* courted her, vvas glad
That she such loueliness and beautie had
As could prouoke his liking, yet vvas mute,
And neither vwould denie, nor graunt his sute:
Still vovvd he loue, she vwanting no excuse
To feed him vwith delaies, as vwomen vse:
Or thirsting after immortalitie,
All vwomen are ambitious naturallie,
Impos'd vpon her loue such a taske,
As he ought not performe, nor yet she aske:

A

Hero and Leander.

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*, *Ioues* cup fil'd,)
And gaue it to his simple rustike loue,
Which being knowne (as what is hid from *Joue*)
He inly storm'd, and waxt more furious,
Than for the fire filcht by *Promethens*;
And thrusts him down frō heauen, he wandring here,
In mournfull tearmes, vvith sad and heauie cheare
Complained to *Cupid*, *Cupid* for his sake,
To be reueng'd on *Ioue*, did vndertake,
And those on vvhom heauen, earth, and hell relies,
I mean the Adamantine Destinies,
He vvounds vvith loue; and forst them equallie,
To dote vpon deceitfull *Mercurie*.
They offered 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 vp-vvayd:
These he regarded not, but did intreat,
That *Ioue*, vsurper of his fathers seat,
Might presently be banisht into hell,
And aged *Saturne* in *Olympus* dwell.
They granted vvhat he crau'd, and once againe,
Saturne and *Ops*, began their golden raigne.

Murder,

Hero and Leander.

Murder, rape, warre, lust and trecherie,
Were with *Joue* clos'd in *Stigian* Emprie.
But long this blessed time continued not,
As soone as he his wished purpose got;
He recklesse of his promise, did despise
The loue of th'euerlasting Destinies.
They seeing it, both Loue and him abhor'd,
And *Iupiter* vnto his place restor'd.
And but that Learning, in despight of Fate,
Will mount aloft, and enter heauen gate,
And to the seat of *Joue* it seife aduance,
Hermes had slept in hell with ignoraunce.
Yet as a punishment they added this,
That he and *Pouertie* should alwaies kis.
And to this day is euerie scholler poore,
Grosse gold, from them runs headlong to the boore.
Likewise the angrie sisters thus deluded,
To venge themselues on *Hermes*, haue concluded
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 ioy,
But be surpris'd with euery garish toy.
And still inrich the lostie seruile clowne,
Who with incroching guile, keepes learning downe.

D

Then

Hero and Leander.

Then muse not, *Cupid's* sute no better sped,
Seeing in their loues, the Fates were iniured:
By this, sad *Hero*, with loue vnacquainted,
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,
And many poore excuses did she find,
To linger by the way, and once she stayd,
And would haue turn'd againe, but was afraid,
In offring parlie, to be counted light.
So on she goes, and in her idle flight,
Her painted fanne of curled plumes let fall,
Thinking to traine *Leander* therewithall.
He being a nouice, knew not what she meant,
But stayd, and after her a letter sent.
Which ioyfull *Hero* answerd in such sort,
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,
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 louers had, at their first meeting.

He

Hero and Leander.

He askt, she gaue, and nothing was denied,
Both to each other quickly were affied.
Looke how their hands, so were their hearts vnited,
And what he did, she willingly requited.
(Sweet are the kisses, the imbracements sweet,
When like desires and affections meet,
For from the earth to heauen, 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,
By being possesst of him for whom she long'd:
I, and shee wisht, albeit not from her hart,
That he would leaue her turret and depart.
The mirthfull God of amorous pleasure smil'd,
To see how he this captiue Nymph beguil'd.
For hitherto hee did but fan the fire,
And kept it downe that it might mount the hier.
Now waxt she iealous, least his loue abated,
Fearing, her owne thoughts made her to be hated.
Therefore vnto him hastily she goes,
And like light *Salmacis*, her body throes
Vpon his bosome, vwhere vwith yeelding eyes,
She offers vp her selfe a sacrifice,
To stake his anger, if he vwere displeas'd,
O what god would not therewith be appeas'd?

D ij

Like

Hero and Leander.

Like *Æsops* cocke, this ieuell he enjoyed,
And as a brother with his sister toyed,
Supposing nothing else was to be done,
Now he her fauour and good will had wone.
But know you not that creatures wanting sense,
By nature haue a mutuell appetence,
And wanting organs to aduance a step,
Mou'd by Loues force, vnto ech other lep?
Much more in subiects hauing intellect,
Some hidden influence breeds like effect.
Albeit *Leander* rude in loue, and raw,
Long dallying with *Hero*, nothing saw
That might delight him more, yet he suspected
Some amorous rites or other were neglected.
Therefore vnto his bodie, hirs he clung,
She, fearing on the rushes to be flung,
Stri'd with redoubled strength, the more she striued,
The more a gentle pleasing heat reuiued,
Which taught him all that elder louers know,
And now the same gan so to scorch and glow,
As in plaine termes (yet cunningly) he crau'd it,
Loue alwaies makes those eloquent that haue it.
Shee, with a kind of graunting, put him by it,
And euer as he thought himselfe most nigh it,
Like to the tree of *Tantalus* she fled,
And seeming lauish, sau'd her maydenhead.

Nere

Hero and Leander.

Nere king more fought to keepe his diademe;
Than *Hero* this inestimable gemme.
Above our life we loue a stedfast friend,
Yet when a token of great worth we send,
We often kisse it, often looke thereon,
And stay the messenger that would be gon:
No maruell then, though *Hero* would not yeeld
So soone to part from that shee deerely held.
Iewels being lost are found againe, this neuer,
T'is lost but once, and once lost, lost for euer.
Now had the morne espy'de her louers 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,
And now *Leander* fearing to be mist,
Imbrast her sodainly, tooke leaue, and kist,
Long was he taking leaue, and loath to go,
And kist againe, as louers vse to do,
Sad *Hero* wroong him by the hand, and wept,
Saying, let your voves 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' horizon peepes,
As pittying these louers, downward creepes,
So that in silence of the cloudie night,
Though it was morning, did he take his flight.

D iij

But

Hero and Leander.

But what the secret trustie night conceal'd,
Leanders amorous habit soone reueal'd,
With *Cupids* myrtle vvas his bonet crownd,
About his armes the purple riband vbound,
Wherevwith she vvreath'd her largely spreading heare,
Nor could the youth abstaine, but he must vveare
The sacred ring vvherevwith she vvas endov'd,
When first religious chastitie she vov'd:
Which made his loue through *Sestos* to bee knowvne,
And thence vnto *Abydus* sooner blowvne,
Than he could faile, for incorporeal Fame,
Whose vvaight consists in nothing but her name,
Is svvifter than the vvind, vvhole tardie plumes,
Are reeking vvater, and dull earthlie fumes.
Home vvhen 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,
He vvould haue chac'd avway the svvellling maine,
That him from her vniustly did detaine.
Like as the sunne in a Diameter,
Fires and inflames obiects remooued farre,
And heateth kindly, shining lat rally;
So beautie, svveetly quickens vvhen t'is ny,
But being separated and remooued,
Burnes vvhere it cherish't, murders vvhere it loued.

Therefore

Hero and Leander.

Therefore euen as an Index to a booke,
So to his mind was yoong *Leanders* looke.
O none but gods haue povver their loue to hide,
Affection by the count'nance is descride.
The light of hidden fire it selfe discouers,
And loue that is conceal'd, betraies poore louers.
His secret flame apparantly vvas seene,
Leanders Father knew vvhere hee had beene,
And for the same mildly rebuk't his sonne,
Thinking to quench the sparckles new begonne.
But loue resisted once, grooves passionat,
And nothing more than counsaile, louers hate.
For as a hote provvd horse highly disdaines,
To haue his head control'd, but breakes the raines,
Spits foorth the ringled bit, and vvith his houes,
Checks the submissiue ground: so hee that loues,
The more he is restrain'd, the vvorse he fares,
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 hauing spy'de her towver, long star'd he on't,
And pray'd the narrow toyling *Hellepont*,
To part in tvvaine, that hee might come and go,
But still the rising billowes answered no.
With that hee stript him to the yurie skin,
And crying, Loue I come, leapt liuely in.

Whereat

Hero and Leander.

Whereat the faphir visag'd god grew proud,
And made his capring *Iriton* found alowd,
Imagining, that *Ganymed* displeas'd,
Had left the heavens, therefore on him hee feaz'd.
Leander scru'd, the wates about him wound,
And puld him to the bottome, where the ground
Was strowd with pearle, and in low corall groues,
Sweet singing Mermaids, sported with their loues
On heapes of heauie gold, and rooke great pleasure,
To spurne in carelesse sort, the shipvracke treasure.
For here the stately azure pallace stood,
Where kingly *Neptune* and his traine abode,
The lustie god imbrast him, cald him loue,
And swore he neuer should returne to loue.
But vwhen he knevv it vvas not *Ganymed*,
For vnder vwater he vvas almost dead,
He heau'd him vp, and looking on his face,
Beat downe the bold vvaues vvith his triple mace,
Which mounted vp, intending to haue kist him,
And fell in drops like teares, because they mist him.
Leander being vp, began to svvim,
And looking backe, savv *Neptune* followv 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 svvore the sea should neuer doe him harme.

He

Hero and Leander.

He clapt his plumpe cheekes, with his tresses playd,
And smiling wantonly, his loue bewrayd.
He watch his armes, and as they opend wide,
At euery stroke, betwixt them would he slide,
And steale a kisse, and then run out and daunce,
And as he turnd, cast many a lustfull glaunce,
And threw him gawdie toies to please his eie,
And diue into the water, and there prie
Vpon his brest, his thighs, and euerie lim,
And vp againe, and close beside him swim.
And talke of loue: *Leander* made replie,
You are deceau'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 kind,
As for his loue, both earth and heauen pyn'd,
That of the cooling riuer durst not drinke,
Least water-nymphs should pull him from the brinke.
And when hee sported in the fragrant lawnes,
Gote-footed Satyrs, and vp-staring Fawnes,
Would steale him thence. Ere halfe this tale was done,
Aye me, *Leander* cryde, thienamoured sunne,
That now should shine on *Thetis* glasiie bower,
Descends vpon my radiant *Heroes* tower.
O that these rardie armes of mine were wings,
And as he spake, vpon the waues he springs.

E

Neptune

Hero and Leander.

Neptune was angrie that hee gaue no eare,
And in his heart reuenging malice bare:
He flung at him his mace, but as it went,
He cald it in, for loue made him repent.
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,
Relenting thoughts, remorse and pittie rests.
And who haue hard hearts, and obdurat minds,
But vicious, harebraind, and illit' rat hinds?
The god seeing him with pittie to be moued,
Thereon concluded that he was beloued.
(Loue is too full of faith, too credulous,
With follie and false hope deluding vs.)
Wherefore *Leander's* fancie to surprize,
To the rich *Ocean* for gifts he flies.
'Tis wisdome to giue much, a gift preuailes,
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.
And knockt and cald, at which celestiall noise,

The

Hero and Leander.

The longing heart of *Hero* much more ioies
Then nymphs & sheapheards, vwhen the timbrell rings,
Or crooked Dolphin vwhen the sailer sings;
She stayd not for her robes, but straight arose,
And drunke vwith gladnesse, to the dore she goes.
Where seeing a naked man, she scriecht for feare,
Such sights as this, to tender maids are rare.
And ran into the darke her selfe to hide,
Rich ieuels in the darke are soonest spide.
Vnto her vvas he led, or rather dravnne,
By those vvhite limnes, vvhich sparckled through the
The neerer that he came, the more she fled, (lawne.
And seeking refuge, slipt into her bed.
Whereon *Leander* sitting, thus began,
Through numming cold, all feeble, faint and vvarne
If not for loue, yet loue 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 fwome.
This head vvas beat vwith manie a churlish billov,
And therefore let it rest vpon thy pillow.
Herevwith afrighted *Hero* shrunke avway,
And in her luke-vvarme place *Leander* lay.
Whose liuely heat like fire from heauen fet,
VVould animate grosse clay, and higher set

E ij

The

Hero and Leander.

The drooping thoughts of base declining soules,
Then drerie *Mars*, carowing *Nectar* boules.
His hands he cast vpon her like a snare,
She ouercome with shame and fallow feare,
Like chaste *Diana*, when *Ateon* spyde her,
Being sodainly betraide, dy'd downe to hide her.
And as her siluer body downeward went,
With both her hands she made the bed a tent,
And in her owne mind thought her selfe secure,
O'recast with dim and darksome couerture.
And now she lets him whisper in her eare,
Flatter, intreat, promise, protest and sweare,
Yet euer as he greedily assayd
To touch those dainties, she the *Harpey* playd,
And euerie lim did as a soldier stout,
Defend the fort, and keep the foe-man out.
For though the rising yu'rie mount he scal'd,
Which is with azure circling lines empal'd,
Much like a globe, (a globe may I tearme this,
By which loue sailes to regions full of blis,)
Yet there with *Sisyphus* he toyld in vaine,
Till gentle *parlie* did the truce obtaine.
She trembling stroue, this strife of hers (like that
Which made the world) another world begat,
Of vnknowne ioy. Treason was in her thought,
And cunningly to yeeld her selfe she fought.

Seeming

Hero and Leander.

Seeming not woon, yet woon she was at length,
In such warres women vse but halfe their strength.
Leander now like *Theban Hercules*,
Entred the orchard of *The Sperides*.
Whose fruit none rightly can describe, but hee
That puls or shakes it from the golden tree :
Wherein *Leander* on her quiuering brest,
Breathlesse spoke some thing, and sigh'd out the rest ;
Which so preuail'd, as he with small ado,
Inclos'd her in his armes and kist her to.
And euerie kisse to her was as a charme,
And to *Leander* as a fresh alarme.
So that the truce was broke, and she alas,
(Poore sillie maiden) at his mercie was:
Loue is not ful of pittie (as men say)
But deasse and cruell, where he meanes to pray.
Euen as a bird, which in our hands we wring,
Foordth plungeth, and oft flutters with her wing.
And now she vvish't this night vvere neuer done,
And sigh'd to thinke vpon th'approching sunne,
For much it greu'd her that the bright day-light,
Should knowv the pleasure of this blessed night.
And then like *Mars* and *Eracine* displayd,
Both in each others armes chaind as they layd.
Againe she knew not how to frame her looke,
Or speake to him vvhio in a moment tooke,

E. ij.

That

Hero and Leander.

That which so long so charily she kept,
And faine by stealth away she would haue crept,
And to some corner secretly haue gone,
Leauing *Leander* in the bed alone.
But as her naked feet were vyhipping out,
He on the suddaine cling'd her so about,
That Mermaid-like vnto the floore she slid,
One halfe appear'd the other halfe was hid.
Thus neere the bed she blushing stood vpright,
And from her countenance behold ye might,
A kind of twilight breake, vvhich through the heare,
As from an orient cloud, glymse here and there.
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,
Than *Dis*, on heapes of gold fixing his looke.
By this *Apollo*s golden harpe began,
To sound forth musicke to the *Ocean*,
Which vwatchfull *Hesperus* no sooner heard,
But he the day bright-bearing *Car* prepar'd.
And ran before, as Harbenger of light,
And vvith his staring beames mockt ougly night,
Till she o'recome vvith anguish, shame, and rage,
Dang'd downe to hell her loathsome carriage.

Desunt nonnulla.