

CHLORIS

or, THE COMPLAINT OF THE PASSIONATE DESPISED SHEPHERD

by William Smith

The sub-title of "Chloris" arouses an expectation that is gratified in the pastoral modishness of the sonnets. Corin sits under the "lofty pines, co-partners of his woe," with oaten reed at his lips, and calls on sylvans, lambkins and all Parnassans to testify to the beauty & cruelty of Chloris. The attitude is a self-conscious one, yet the poem reveals little of the personality of the author beyond the facts of his youthfulness and of his devotion to "the most excellent and learned Shepheard, Colin Cloute."

It was in 1595, but one year before the publication of "Chloris", that Spenser had sung his own sonnets of true love, and it is perhaps on this account that William Smith finds him in a mood favourable to the defence of a young aspirant.

At any rate, the language of the dedication rings with something more than mere desire for distinguished patronage. The youth looks with a beautiful humility upward toward the greater but "dear and most entire beloved" poet. His own sonnets, he says, are "of my study the budding springs"; they are but "young-hatched orphan things." He nowhere boasts that they will give immortal renown to the scornful beauty, but modestly promises that if her cruel disdain does not ruin him, the time shall come when he "more large" her "praises forth shall pen."

Chloris had once been favourable, as sonnet 48 distinctly shows, but the cycle does not bring any happy conclusion to the story. Corin is left weeping but faithful, and the picture of Chloris is composed of such faint outlines only as the sonneteer's conventions can delineate. Beyond this no certain information in regard to poet or honoured lady has yet been unearthed.

For all its formality, however, the sonnet-cycle is not wanting in touches of real feeling and lines of musical sweetness; the writer shows considerable skill in the management of rime, and in structure he adopts the form preferred by Shakespeare, whose "sugared sonnets" may by this date have passed beneath his eye. The melodies piped by other sonnet-shepherds re-echo with a great deal of distinctness in Covin's strains; nevertheless he has himself taken a draught from the

true Elizabethan fount of lyric inspiration, and the nymph Chloris with her heart-robbing eye well deserves a place on the snow-soft downs where the sonneteering shepherds were wont to assemble.

TO THE MOST EXCELLENT & LEARNED SHEPHERD, COLIN CLOUT

I

Colin my dear and most entire beloved,
My muse audacious stoops her pitch to thee,
Desiring that thy patience be not moved
By these rude lines, written here you see;
Fain would my muse whom cruel love hath wronged,
Shroud her love labours under thy protection,
And I myself with ardent zeal have longed
That thou mightst know to thee my true affection.
Therefore, good Colin, graciously accept
A few sad sonnets which my muse hath framed;
Though they but newly from the shell are crept,
Suffer them not by envy to be blamed,
But underneath the shadow of thy wings
Give warmth to these young-hatchèd orphan things.

II

Give warmth to these young-hatchèd orphan things,
Which chill with cold to thee for succour creep;
They of my study are the budding springs;
Longer I cannot them in silence keep.
They will be gadding sore against my mind.
But courteous shepherd, if they run astray,
Conduct them that they may the pathway find,
And teach them how the mean observe they may.
Thou shalt them ken by their discording notes,
Their weeds are plain, such as poor shepherds wear;
Unshapen, torn, and ragged are their coats,

Yet forth they wand'ring are devoid of fear.
They which have tasted of the muses' spring,
I hope will smile upon the tunes they sing.

TO ALL SHEPHERDS IN GENERAL

You whom the world admires for rarest style,
You which have sung the sonnets of true love,
Upon my maiden verse with favour smile,
Whose weak-penned muse to fly too soon doth prove;
Before her feathers have their full perfection,
She soars aloft, pricked on by blind affection.

You whose deep wits, ingine, and industry,
The everlasting palm of praise have won,
You paragons of learnèd poesy,
Favour these mists, which fall before your sun,
Intentions leading to a more effect
If you them grace but with your mild aspect.

And thou the Genius of my ill-tuned note,
Whose beauty urgèd hath my rustic vein
Through mighty oceans of despair to float,
That I in rime thy cruelty complain:
Vouchsafe to read these lines both harsh and bad
Nuntiates of woe with sorrow being clad.

CHLORIS

I

Courteous Calliope, vouchsafe to lend
Thy helping hand to my untunèd song,
And grace these lines which I to write pretend,
Compelled by love which doth poor Corin wrong.
And those thy sacred sisters I beseech,
Which on Parnassus' mount do ever dwell,

To shield my country muse and rural speech
By their divine authority and spell.
Lastly to thee, O Pan, the shepherds' king,
And you swift-footed Dryades I call;
Attend to hear a swain in verse to sing
Sonnets of her that keeps his heart in thrall!
O Chloris, weigh the task I undertake!
Thy beauty subject of my song I make.

II

Thy beauty subject of my song I make,
O fairest fair, on whom depends my life!
Refuse not then the task I undertake,
To please thy rage and to appease my strife;
But with one smile remunerate my toil,
None other guerdon I of thee desire.
Give not my lowly muse new-hatched the foil,
But warmth that she may at the length aspire
Unto the temples of thy star-bright eyes,
Upon whose round orbs perfect beauty sits,
From whence such glorious crystal beams arise,
As best my Chloris' seemly face befits;
Which eyes, which beauty, which bright crystal beam,
Which face of thine hath made my love extreme.

III

Feed, silly sheep, although your keeper pineth,
Yet like to Tantalus doth see his food.
Skip you and leap, no bright Apollo shineth,
Whilst I bewail my sorrows in yon wood,
Where woeful Philomela doth record,
And sings with notes of sad and dire lament
The tragedy wrought by her sisters' lord;
I'll bear a part in her black discontent.

That pipe which erst was wont to make you glee
Upon these downs whereon you careless graze,
Shall to her mournful music tunèd be.

Let not my plaints, poor lambkins, you amaze;
There underneath that dark and dusky bower,
Whole showers of tears to Chloris I will pour.

IV

Whole showers of tears to Chloris I will pour,
As true oblations of my sincere love,
If that will not suffice, most fairest flower,
Then shall my sighs thee unto pity move.
If neither tears nor sighs can aught prevail,
My streaming blood thine anger shall appease,
This hand of mine by vigour shall assail
To tear my heart asunder thee to please.

Celestial powers on you I invoke;
You know the chaste affections of my mind,
I never did my faith yet violate;
Why should my Chloris then be so unkind?
That neither tears, nor sighs, nor streaming blood,
Can unto mercy move her cruel mood.

V

You fawns and silvans, when my Chloris brings
Her flocks to water in your pleasant plains,
Solicit her to pity Corin's strings,
The smart whereof for her he still sustains.

For she is ruthless of my woeful song;
My oaten reed she not delights to hear.
O Chloris, Chloris! Corin thou dost wrong,
Who loves thee better than his own heart dear.

The flames of Aetna are not half so hot
As is the fire which thy disdain hath bred.

Ah cruel fates, why do you then besot
Poor Corin's soul with love, when love is fled?
Either cause cruel Chloris to relent,
Or let me die upon the wound she sent!

VI

You lofty pines, co-partners of my woe,
When Chloris sitteth underneath your shade,
To her those sighs and tears I pray you show,
Whilst you attending I for her have made.
Whilst you attending, droppèd have sweet balm
In token that you pity my distress,
Zephirus hath your stately boughs made calm.
Whilst I to you my sorrows did express,
The neighbour mountains bended have their tops,
When they have heard my rueful melody,
And elves in rings about me leaps and hops,
To frame my passions to their jollity.
Resounding echoes from their obscure caves,
Reiterate what most my fancy craves.

VII

What need I mourn, seeing Pan our sacred king
Was of that nymph fair Syrinx coy disdained?
The world's great light which comforteth each thing,
All comfortless for Daphne's sake remained.
If gods can find no help to heal the sore
Made by love's shafts, which pointed are with fire,
Unhappy Corin, then thy chance deplore,
Sith they despair by wanting their desire.
I am not Pan though I a shepherd be,
Yet is my love as fair as Syrinx was.
My songs cannot with Phoebus' tunes agree,
Yet Chloris' doth his Daphne's far surpass.
How much more fair by so much more unkind,

Than Syrinx coy, or Daphne, I her find!

VIII

No sooner had fair Phoebus trimmed his car,
Being newly risen from Aurora's bed,
But I in whom despair and hope did war,
My unpenned flock unto the mountains led.
Tripping upon the snow-soft downs I spied
Three nymphs more fairer than those beautys three
Which did appear to Paris on mount Ide.
Coming more near, my goddess I there see;
For she the field-nymphs oftentimes doth haunt,
To hunt with them the fierce and savage boar;
And having sported virelays they chaunt,
Whilst I unhappy helpless cares deplore.
There did I call to her, ah too unkind!
But tiger-like, of me she had no mind.

IX

Unto the fountain where fair Delia chaste
The proud Acteon turnèd to a hart,
I drove my flock, that water sweet to taste,
'Cause from the welkin Phoebus 'gan depart.
There did I see the nymph whom I admire,
Rememb'ring her locks, of which the yellow hue
Made blush the beauties of her curlèd wire,
Which Jove himself with wonder well might view;
Then red with ire, her tresses she berent,
And weeping hid the beauty of her face,
Whilst I amazèd at her discontent,
With tears and sighs do humbly sue for grace;
But she regarding neither tears nor moan,
Flies from the fountain leaving me alone.

X

Am I a Gorgon that she doth me fly,
Or was I hatchèd in the river Nile?
Or doth my Chloris stand in doubt that I
With syren songs do seek her to beguile?
If any one of these she can object
'Gainst me, which chaste affected love protest,
Then might my fortunes by her frowns be checked,
And blameless she from scandal free might rest.
But seeing I am no hideous monster born,
But have that shape which other men do bear,
Which form great Jupiter did never scorn,
Amongst his subjects here on earth to wear,
Why should she then that soul with sorrow fill,
Which vowèd hath to love and serve her still?

XI

Tell me, my dear, what moves thy ruthless mind
To be so cruel, seeing thou art so fair?
Did nature frame thy beauty so unkind?
Or dost thou scorn to pity my despair?
O no, it was not nature's ornament,
But wingèd love's impartial cruel wound,
Which in my heart is ever permanent,
Until my Chloris make me whole and sound.
O glorious love-god, think on my heart's grief;
Let not thy vassal pine through deep disdain;
By wounding Chloris I shall find relief,
If thou impart to her some of my pain.
She doth thy temples and thy shrines abject;
They with Amintas' flowers by me are decked.

XII

Cease, eyes, to weep sith none bemoans your weeping;
Leave off, good muse, to sound the cruel name
Of my love's queen which hath my heart in keeping,
Yet of my love doth make a jesting game!
Long hath my sufferance laboured to inforce
One pearl of pity from her pretty eyes,
Whilst I with restless oceans of remorse
Bedew the banks where my fair Chloris lies,
Where my fair Chloris bathes her tender skin,
And doth triumph to see such rivers fall
From those moist springs, which never dry have been
Since she their honour hath detained in thrall;
And still she scorns one favouring smile to show
Unto those waves proceeding from my woe.

XIII

A Dream

What time fair Titan in the zenith sat,
And equally the fixèd poles did heat,
When to my flock my daily woes I chat,
And underneath a broad beech took my seat,
The dreaming god which Morpheus poets call,
Augmenting fuel to my Aetna's fire,
With sleep possessing my weak senses all,
In apparitions makes my hopes aspire.
Methought I saw the nymph I would imbrace,
With arms abroad coming to me for help,
A lust-led satyr having her in chase
Which after her about the fields did yelp.
I seeing my love in perplexèd plight,
A sturdy bat from off an oak I reft,
And with the ravisher continue fight
Till breathless I upon the earth him left.
Then when my coy nymph saw her breathless foe,

With kisses kind she gratifies my pain,
Protesting never rigour more to show.
Happy was I this good hap to obtain;
But drowsy slumbers flying to their cell,
My sudden joy converted was to bale;
My wonted sorrows still with me do dwell.
I lookèd round about on hill and dale,
But I could neither my fair Chloris view,
Nor yet the satyr which erstwhile I slew.

XIV

Mournful Amintas, thou didst pine with care,
Because the fates by their untimely doom
Of life bereft thy loving Phillis fair,
When thy love's spring did first begin to bloom.
My care doth countervail that care of thine,
And yet my Chloris draws her angry breath;
My hopes still hoping hopeless now repine,
For living she doth add to me but death.
Thy Phinis, dying, lovèd thee full dear;
My Chloris, living, hates poor Corin's love,
Thus doth my woe as great as thine appear,
Though sundry accents both our sorrows move.
Thy swan-like songs did show thy dying anguish;
These weeping truce-men show I living languish.

XV

These weeping truce-men show I living languish,
My woeful wailings tells my discontent;
Yet Chloris nought esteemeth of mine anguish,
My thrilling throbs her heart cannot relent.
My kids to hear the rimes and roundelays
Which I on wasteful hills was wont to sing,
Did more delight the lark in summer days,

Whose echo made the neighbour groves to ring.
But now my flock all drooping bleats and cries,
Because my pipe, the author of their sport,
All rent and torn and unrespected lies;
Their lamentations do my cares consort.
They cease to feed and listen to the plaint
Which I pour forth unto a cruel saint.

XVI

Which I pour forth unto a cruel saint,
Who merciless my prayers doth attend,
Who tiger-like doth pity my complaint,
And never ear unto my woes will lend!
But still false hope despairing life deludes,
And tells my fancy I shall grace obtain;
But Chloris fair my orisons concludes
With fearful frowns, presagers of my pain.
Thus do I spend the weary wand'ring day,
Oppressèd with a chaos of heart's grief;
Thus I consume the obscure night away,
Neglecting sleep which brings all cares relief;
Thus do I pass my ling'ring life in woe;
But when my bliss will come I do not know.

XVII

The perils which Leander took in hand
Fair Hero's love and favour to obtain,
When void of fear securely leaving land,
Through Hellespont he swam to Cestos' main,
His dangers should not counterpoise my toil,
If my dear love would once but pity show,
To quench these flames which in my breast do broil,
Or dry these springs which from mine eyes do flow.
Not only Hellespont but ocean seas,

For her sweet sake to ford I would attempt,
So that my travels would her ire appease,
My soul from thrall and languish to exempt.
O what is't not poor I would undertake,
If labour could my peace with Chloris make!

XVIII

My love, I cannot thy rare beauties place
Under those forms which many writers use:
Some like to stones compare their mistress' face;
Some in the name of flowers do love abuse;
Some makes their love a goldsmith's shop to be,
Where orient pearls and precious stones abound;
In my conceit these far do disagree
The perfect praise of beauty forth to sound.
O Chloris, thou dost imitate thyself,
Self's imitating passeth precious stones,
Or all the eastern Indian golden pelf;
Thy red and white with purest fair atones;
Matchless for beauty nature hath thee framed,
Only unkind and cruel thou art named!

XIX

The hound by eating grass doth find relief,
For being sick it is his choicest meat;
The wounded hart doth ease his pain and grief
If he the herb dictamion may eat;
The loathsome snake renews his sight again,
When he casts off his withered coat and hue;
The sky-bred eagle fresh age doth obtain
When he his beak decayed doth renew.
I worse than these whose sore no salve can cure,
Whose grief no herb nor plant nor tree can ease;

Remediless, I still must pain endure,
Till I my Chloris' furious mood can please;
She like the scorpion gave to me a wound,
And like the scorpion she must make me sound.

XX

Ye wasteful woods, bear witness of my woe,
Wherein my plaints did oftentimes abound;
Ye careless birds my sorrows well do know,
They in your songs were wont to make a sound!
Thou pleasant spring canst record likewise bear
Of my designs and sad disparagement,
When thy transparent billows mingled were
With those downfalls which from mine eyes were sent!
The echo of my still-lamenting cries,
From hollow vaults in treble voice resoundeth,
And then into the empty air it flies,
And back again from whence it came reboundeth.
That nymph unto my clamors doth reply,
Being likewise scorned in love as well as I.

XXI

Being likewise scorned in love as well as I
By that self-loving boy, which did disdain
To hear her after him for love to cry,
For which in dens obscure she doth remain;
Yet doth she answer to each speech and voice,
And renders back the last of what we speak,
But specially, if she might have her choice,
She of unkindness would her talk forth break.
She loves to hear of love's most sacred name,
Although, poor nymph, in love she was despised;
And ever since she hides her head for shame,

The phoenix fair which rich Arabia breeds,
When wasting time expires her tragedy,
No more on Phoebus' radiant rays she feeds,
But heapeth up great store of spicery;
And on a lofty towering cedar tree,
With heavenly substance she herself consumes,
From whence she young again appears to be,
Out of the cinders of her peerless plumes.
So I which long have frièd in love's flame,
The fire not made of spice but sighs and tears,
Revive again in hope disdain to shame,
And put to flight the author of my fears.
Her eyes revive decaying life in me,
Though they augmenters of my thraldom be.

XXIV

Though they augmenters of my thraldom be,
For her I live and her I love and none else;
O then, fair eyes, look mildly upon me,
Who poor, despised, forlorn must live alone else,
And like Amintas haunt the desert cells,
And moanless there breathe out thy cruelty,
Where none but care and melancholy dwells.
I for revenge to Nemesis will cry;
If that will not prevail, my wandering ghost,
Which breathless here this love-scorched trunk shall leave,
Shall unto thee with tragic tidings post,
How thy disdain did life from soul bereave.
Then all too late my death thou wilt repent,
When murder's guilt thy conscience shall torment.

XXV

Who doth not know that love is triumphant,

Sitting upon the throne of majesty?
The gods themselves his cruel darts do daunt,
And he, blind boy, smiles at their misery.
Love made great Jove oftentimes transform his shape;
Love made the fierce Alcides stoop at last;
Achilles, stout and bold, could not escape
The direful doom which love upon him cast;
Love made Leander pass the dreadful flood
Which Cestos from Abydos doth divide;
Love made a chaos where proud Ilion stood,
Through love the Carthaginian Dido died.
Thus may we see how love doth rule and reigns,
Bringing those under which his power disdains.

XXVI

Though you be fair and beautiful withal,
And I am black for which you me despise,
Know that your beauty subject is to fall,
Though you esteem it at so high a price.
And time may come when that whereof you boast,
Which is your youth's chief wealth and ornament,
Shall withered be by winter's raging frost,
When beauty's pride and flowering years are spent.
Then wilt thou mourn when none shall thee respect;
Then wilt thou think how thou hast scorned my tears;
Then pitiless each one will thee neglect,
When hoary grey shall dye thy yellow hairs;
Then wilt thou think upon poor Corin's case,
Who loved thee dear, yet lived in thy disgrace.

XXVII

O Love, leave off with sorrow to torment me;
Let my heart's grief and pining pain content thee!
The breach is made, I give thee leave to enter;
Thee to resist, great god, I dare not venter!
Restless desire doth aggravate mine anguish,

Careful conceits do fill my soul with languish.
Be not too cruel in thy conquest gained,
Thy deadly shafts hath victory obtained;
Batter no more my fort with fierce affection,
But shield me captive under thy protection.
I yield to thee, O Love, thou art the stronger,
Raise then thy siege and trouble me no longer!

XXVIII

What cruel star or fate had domination
When I was born, that thus my love is crossed?
Or from what planet had I derivation
That thus my life in seas of woe is crossed?
Doth any live that ever had such hap
That all their actions are of none effect,
Whom fortune never dandled in her lap
But as an abject still doth me reject?
Ah tickle dame! and yet thou constant art
My daily grief and anguish to increase,
And to augment the troubles of my heart
Thou of these bonds wilt never me release;
So that thy darlings me to be may know
The true idea of all worldly woe.

XXIX

Some in their hearts their mistress' colours bears;
Some hath her gloves, some other hath her garters,
Some in a bracelet wears her golden hairs,
And some with kisses seal their loving charters.
But I which never favour reapèd yet,
Nor had one pleasant look from her fair brow,
Content myself in silent shade to sit
In hope at length my cares to overplow.
Meanwhile mine eyes shall feed on her fair face,
My sighs shall tell to her my sad designs,
My painful pen shall ever sue for grace

To help my heart, which languishing now pines;
And I will triumph still amidst my woe
Till mercy shall my sorrows overflow.

XXX

The raging sea within his limits lies
And with an ebb his flowing doth discharge;
The rivers when beyond their bounds they rise,
Themselves do empty in the ocean large;
But my love's sea which never limit keepeth,
Which never ebbs but always ever floweth,
In liquid salt unto my Chloris weepeth,
Yet frustrate are the tears which he bestoweth.
This sea which first was but a little spring
Is now so great and far beyond all reason,
That it a deluge to my thoughts doth bring,
Which overwhelmed hath my joying season.
So hard and dry is my saint's cruel mind,
These waves no way in her to sink can find.

XXXI

These waves no way in her to sink can find
To penetrate the pith of contemplation;
These tears cannot dissolve her hardened mind,
Nor move her heart on me to take compassion;
O then, poor Corin, scorned and quite despised,
Loathe now to live since life procures thy woe;
Enough, thou hast thy heart anatomised,
For her sweet sake which will no pity show;
But as cold winter's storms and nipping frost
Can never change sweet Aramantus' hue,
So though my love and life by her are crossed.
My heart shall still be constant firm and true.
Although Erynnis hinders Hymen's rites,
My fixèd faith against oblivion fights.

XXXII

My fixèd faith against oblivion fights,
And I cannot forget her, pretty elf,
Although she cruel be unto my plights;
Yet let me rather clean forget myself,
Then her sweet name out of my mind should go,
Which is th' elixir of my pining soul,
From whence the essence of my life doth flow,
Whose beauty rare my senses all control;
Themselves most happy evermore accounting,
That such a nymph is queen of their affection,
With ravished rage they to the skies are mounting,
Esteeming not their thraldom nor subjection;
But still do joy amidst their misery,
With patience bearing love's captivity.

XXXIII

With patience bearing love's captivity,
Themselves unguilty of his wrath alleging;
These homely lines, abjects of poesy,
For liberty and for their ransom pledging,
And being free they solemnly do vow,
Under his banner ever arms to bear
Against those rebels which do disallow
That love of bliss should be the sovereign heir;
And Chloris if these weeping truce-men may
One spark of pity from thine eyes obtain,
In recompense of their sad heavy lay,
Poor Corin shall thy faithful friend remain;
And what I say I ever will approve,
No joy may be comparèd to thy love!

XXXIV

The bird of Thrace which doth bewail her rape,
And murdered Itys eaten by his sire,
When she her woes in doleful tunes doth shape,
She sets her breast against a thorny briar;
Because care-charmer sleep should not disturb
The tragic tale which to the night she tells,
She doth her rest and quietness thus curb
Amongst the groves where secret silence dwells:
Even so I wake, and waking wail all night;
Chloris' unkindness slumbers doth expel;
I need not thorn's sweet sleep to put to flight,
Her cruelty my golden rest doth quell,
That day and night to me are always one,
Consumed in woe, in tears, in sighs and moan.

XXXV

Like to the shipman in his brittle boat.
Tossèd aloft by the unconstant wind,
By dangerous rocks and whirling gulfs doth float,
Hoping at length the wishèd port to find;
So doth my love in stormy billows sail,
And passeth the gaping Scilla's waves,
In hope at length with Chloris to prevail
And win that prize which most my fancy craves,
Which unto me of value will be more
Then was that rich and wealthy golden fleece.
Which Jason stout from Colchos' island bore
With wind in sails unto the shore of Greece.
More rich, more rare, more worth her love I prize
Then all the wealth which under heaven lies.

XXXVI

O what a wound and what a deadly stroke,
Doth Cupid give to us perplexèd lovers,
Which cleaves more fast then ivy doth to oak,
Unto our hearts where he his might discovers!
Though warlike Mars were armèd at all points,
With that tried coat which fiery Vulcan made,
Love's shafts did penetrate his steelèd joints,
And in his breast in streaming gore did wade.
So pitiless is this fell conqueror
That in his mother's paps his arrows stuck;
Such is his rage that he doth not defer
To wound those orbs from whence he life did suck.
Then sith no mercy he shows to his mother,
We meekly must his force and rigour smother.

XXXVII

Each beast in field doth wish the morning light;
The birds to Hesper pleasant lays do sing;
The wanton kids well-fed rejoice in night,
Being likewise glad when day begins to spring.
But night nor day are welcome unto me,
Both can bear witness of my lamentation;
All day sad sighing Corin you shall see,
All night he spends in tears and exclamation.
Thus still I live although I take no rest,
But living look as one that is a-dying;
Thus my sad soul with care and grief oppressed,
Seems as a ghost to Styx and Lethe flying.
Thus hath fond love bereft my youthful years
Of all good hap before old age appears.

XXXVIII

That day wherein mine eyes cannot her see,

Which is the essence of their crystal sight,
Both blind, obscure and dim that day they be,
And are debarred of fair heaven's light;
That day wherein mine ears do want to hear her,
Hearing that day is from me quite bereft;
That day wherein to touch I come not near her,
That day no sense of touching I have left;
That day wherein I lack the fragrant smell,
Which from her pleasant amber breath proceedeth,
Smelling that day disdains with me to dwell,
Only weak hope my pining carcase feedeth.
But burst, poor heart, thou hast no better hope,
Since all thy senses have no further scope!

XXXIX

The stately lion and the furious bear
The skill of man doth alter from their kind;
For where before they wild and savage were,
By art both tame and meek you shall them find.
The elephant although a mighty beast,
A man may rule according to his skill;
The lusty horse obeyeth our behest,
For with the curb you may him guide at will.
Although the flint most hard contains the fire,
By force we do his virtue soon obtain,
For with a steel you shall have your desire,
Thus man may all things by industry gain;
Only a woman if she list not love,
No art, nor force, can unto pity move.

XL

No art nor force can unto pity move
Her stony heart that makes my heart to pant;

No pleading passions of my extreme love
Can mollify her mind of adamant.
Ah cruel sex, and foe to all mankind,
Either you love or else you hate too much!
A glist'ring show of gold in you we find,
And yet you prove but copper in the touch.
But why, O why, do I so far digress?
Nature you made of pure and fairest mould,
The pomp and glory of man to depress,
And as your slaves in thraldom them to hold;
Which by experience now too well I prove,
There is no pain unto the pains of love.

XLI

Fair shepherdess, when as these rustic lines
Comes to thy sight, weigh but with what affection
Thy servile doth depaint his sad designs,
Which to redress of thee he makes election.
If so you scorn, you kill; if you seem coy,
You wound poor Corin to the very heart;
If that you smile, you shall increase his joy;
If these you like, you banish do all smart.
And this I do protest, most fairest fair,
My muse shall never cease that hill to climb,
To which the learnèd Muses do repair,
And all to deify thy name in rime;
And never none shall write with truer mind,
As by all proof and trial you shall find.

XLII

Die, die, my hopes! for you do but augment
The burning accents of my deep despair;
Disdain and scorn your downfall do consent;

Tell to the world she is unkind yet fair!
O eyes, close up those ever-running fountains,
For pitiless are all the tears you shed
Wherewith you watered have both dales and mountains!
I see, I see, remorse from her is fled.
Pack hence, ye sighs, into the empty air,
Into the air that none your sound may hear,
Sith cruel Chloris hath of you no care,
Although she once esteemèd you full dear!
Let sable night all your disgraces cover,
Yet truer sighs were never sighed by lover.

XLIII

Thou glorious sun, from whence my lesser light
The substance of his crystal shine doth borrow,
Let these my moans find favour in thy sight.
And with remorse extinguish now my sorrow!
Renew those lamps which thy disdain hath quenched,
As Phoebus doth his sister Phoebe's shine;
Consider how thy Corin being drenched
In seas of woe, to thee his plaints incline,
And at thy feet with tears doth sue for grace,
Which art the goddess of his chaste desire;
Let not thy frowns these labours poor deface
Although aloft they at the first aspire;
And time shall come as yet unknown to men
When I more large thy praises forth shall pen!

XLIV

When I more large thy praises forth shall show,
That all the world thy beauty shall admire,
Desiring that most sacred nymph to know
Which hath the shepherd's fancy set on fire;

Till then, my dear, let these thine eyes content,
Till then, fair love, think if I merit favour,
Till then, O let thy merciful assent
Relish my hopes with some comforting savour;
So shall you add such courage to my muse
That she shall climb the steep Parnassus hill,
That learnèd poets shall my deeds peruse
When I from thence obtainèd have more skill;
And what I sing shall always be of thee
As long as life or breath remains in me!

XLV

When she was born whom I entirely love,
Th' immortal gods her birth-rites forth to grace,
Descending from their glorious seat above,
They did on her these several virtues place:
First Saturn gave to her sobriety,
Jove then induèd her with comeliness,
And Sol with wisdom did her beautify,
Mercury with wit and knowledge did her bless,
Venus with beauty did all parts bedeck,
Luna therewith did modesty combine,
Diana chaste all loose desires did check,
And like a lamp in clearness she doth shine.
But Mars, according to his stubborn kind,
No virtue gave, but a disdainful mind.

XLVI

When Chloris first with her heart-robbing eye
Inchanted had my silly senses all,
I little did respect love's cruelty,
I never thought his snares should me enthrall;
But since her tresses have entangled me,

My pining flock did never hear me sing
Those jolly notes which erst did make them glee,
Nor do my kids about me leap and spring
As they were wont, but when they hear me cry
They likewise cry and fill the air with bleating;
Then do my sheep upon the cold earth lie,
And feed no more, my griefs they are repeating.
O Chloris, if thou then saw'st them and me
I'm sure thou wouldst both pity them and me!

XLVII

I need not tell thee of the lily white,
Nor of the roseate red which doth thee grace,
Nor of thy golden hairs like Phoebus bright,
Nor of the beauty of thy fairest face.
Nor of thine eyes which heavenly stars excel,
Nor of thine azured veins which are so clear,
Nor of thy paps where Love himself doth dwell,
Which like two hills of violets appear.
Nor of thy tender sides, nor belly soft,
Nor of thy goodly thighs as white as snow,
Whose glory to my fancy seemeth oft
That like an arch triumphal they do show.
All these I know that thou dost know too well,
But of thy heart too cruel I thee tell.

XLVIII

But of thy heart too cruel I thee tell,
Which hath tormented my young budding age,
And doth, unless your mildness passions quell,
My utter ruin near at hand presage.
Instead of blood which wont was to display
His ruddy red upon my hairless face,

By over-grieving that is fled away,
Pale dying colour there hath taken place.
Those curlèd locks which thou wast wont to twist
Unkempt, unshorn, and out of order been;
Since my disgrace I had of them no list,
Since when these eyes no joyful day have seen
Nor never shall till you renew again
The mutual love which did possess us twain.

XLIX

You that embrace enchanting poesy,
Be gracious to perplexèd Corin's lines;
You that do feel love's proud authority,
Help me to sing my sighs and sad designs.
Chloris, requite not faithful love with scorn,
But as thou oughtest have commiseration;
I have enough anatomised and torn
My heart, thereof to make a pure oblation.
Likewise consider how thy Corin prizeth
Thy parts above each absolute perfection,
How he of every precious thing deviseth
To make thee sovereign. Grant me then affection!
Else thus I prize thee: Chloris is alone
More hard than gold or pearl or precious stone.

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