

A decorative border with a repeating floral and scrollwork pattern, framing the central text.

Sonnets
for
Elisabeth de Vere

William Stanley's,
the Sixth Earl's of Derby,
Sonnets for
Elisabeth de Vere
1591 - 1598



Their Story.

January 26, 1595, in Greenwich Palace, in Queen Elizabeth's presence, and with
a Midsummer Night's Dream
Masque for the occasion, William Stanley, Earl of Derby and
his wife, daughter of Lord Oxford, granddaughter of Lord Burleigh
married.

Marriage had been unusual; as the bride had refused three offers
of high rank, telling Lord Burleigh that she could not fancy
him. Earl of Southampton paid 5000 £ for breach of promise in
courtship which began at the Oberon festival of Elveham in
1594 since Stanley had an older brother who
was and himself already 35 years, very old in those days. Also Stanley
was recommended to the queen and the candidate for the throne, of the Catholic party
Elizabeth may have thought of marrying him to create a succession
of 49; 59, 114, 57, 58, 61, 87. Has Venus and Adonis to do with the queen's ardors?

In 1597, the most infuriated jealousy against Essex broke up the
household. But with Essex denying all charges, after his return from the Azores
conciliation took place.

In 1607, a male heir, James, was born, after twelve years, that
murder of Ferdinand in 1599. The hopes of the Catholics for William as
heir, the lawsuit of his sister in law 1594-1609, his "lameless" (Somerset 89) - all combined
a fairly tumultuous life until 1609 when Parliament settled his inheritance.

Some data on The Relations

the Tudors askings

Edward Tudor m. Margaret Beaufort, she marries in a second marriage

the Stanleys
Thomas Stanley
made 1st Earl of

King Henry VII.
1457-1509

King Henry VIII.
1491-1547
Mary Tudor
Eleanor

Queen Elizabeth
1533-1558
Margaret Clifford
1540-1596

Henry Stanley
The Fourth Earl of Derby 15

1603.
Ann of Denmark
(bapt. Catholic)

Ferdinando, Lord Strange, m. Alice S
1559-1594, April
The Fifth Earl of Derby

1625
1625

Ann Frances
F. was Shakespeare's; the Actor's relation.
He was the candidate of the Catholics for the throne.
He was imprisoned. When he died, the pregnancy
of his wife had to end, before his brother's
succession was certain. Hence William's
marriage only nine months later, in 15

Charles
king
1625-1649

Elizabeth
m. Ferdinand
- Prince of Bohemia
King of Bohemia
for one season

Lord, The Derbys and the Burleighs

Derby
1485

The Cecils as Secretaries of State

William Cecil Lord Burleigh
1521 - 1598

1560 - 1590 Principal Secretary
"Polonius" The Russian

Edward de Vere

14th Earl of Oxford m. Anne Cecil
"The best for comedy"

Robert Cecil Master
Salisbury

at Hatfield House
1563 - 1612
Secretary of State

Stanley
1642
Earl of Derby

Elizabeth de Vere

1545 - 1627

buried in Westminster Abbey

to 1609 their whole fortune was in jeopardy through the situation of the
sister-in-law Rich

Anne
born 1599

Elizabeth
born 1600

James
1st Earl of Derby
1604 - executed 1652

Robert
+ 1633

Charles
like the
Princes
+ 16

married 1629 Charlotte de Tremouille + 1663

A Challenge by

William lord Derby

at Greenwich, August 20th 1599 and witnessed
lord Baghley, lord Howard, and Sir Robert Cecil

one can say that I know my wife to be dishonest of
my or that I can justly prove it by myself
anyone else I challenge him the combat
If anyone suppose any speeches of mine
proceeded out of that doubt he doth me
wrong".

his "humours of frenzy", my "lord's madness", and "her
patience whose only defense was patience with tears"

is witnessed by documents of this month. -6A-
pages. 59B and 60B.

Of Mary Fitton.

residing in Lathom Castle, Chester, his neighbors were the
Sir Edward Fitton accompanied William and Elisabeth from
York, in a cavalcade of 500 horses. Fitton reported to
Cecil the scene of great violence. On October 14, 1597 Fitton
Elisabeth to stay with him. Sir Edward's daughter was the
Mary Fitton, since 1575 maid of honour of the Queen.
has been referred to in connection with the Sonnets. The fact
and William Herbert, nineteen years old, seduced her in the
1600 - she then was 21 years old - and declined to marry her even
Queen imprisoned him in the Fleet and then banished him from
court. Mary gave birth to a baby early in 1601, and this infant died.
The Queen's Complaint, printed at the end of the Sonnets of 1609,
on and Lord Herbert are depicted, also, however, William Derby
of as, a reverend man that grazed his cattle with -
Sometimes a blusterer, that the ruffle Queens
of court, of city and had let go by
the swiftest hours, observed as they flew,
Towards this affected fancy (Mary Fitton) fastly drew.

of Pembroke.

7
The romance in Boets' Complaint, William Herbert, had
every year 1600 the Earl of Pembroke. As such, he, together
with the Earl of Montgomery, were
presidents of the first Folio of Shakespeare's Plays in 1623
and of the instruments through which the Earl of Derby
in 1628 after his wife's death on March 11, 1624 and
in Westminster Abbey, divested himself of his
duchy of his barely twenty year old son James.

as to Elisabeth Derby (de Vere),
hear of her participation in the life of the Court
and his Danish Queen Anne. She took part
in the entertainment in Dugby 1603, played in Ben
Jonson's masque of Beauty and Masque of Queens and
in Samuel's Thetys Festival of 1610. Her husband
was the ruler of the Isle of Man and in 1625 the possessor
of all his estates.

-7A-

esby and John Donne

and Cleopatra, 7, 20 ff

take the flow of the Nile
in the pyramids; they know
lowness or the means, if
death

The higher Nilus swells,
rises as it ebbs; the seed man
and ooze scatter his grain
to harvest...

rent of Egypt is bred
in mud by the open
your sun; so is
dile...

John Donne
in the dedication to his
Holy Sonnets,

addresses the Earl of Derby, but
tactfully by initials only, and at
the same time quotes the lines for
Anthony and Cleopatra, published one
year before Shakespeare's Sonnets, as
Shakespeare's, yet Donne calls
Derby the begetter of his verses:

To the E. of D.

" See, Sir, how as the Sun's hot
masculine flame
Begets strange creatures on Nile's
dirty slime
So me, your fatherly yet lusty Rime
(For these songs are their fruits)
have wrought the same."

aim, next to the Throne, a spy who tried to stimulate his ambition,
June 30th, 1599: "The Earle of Derby is busied only in
penning comedies for the common playes.
Edmond Spenser wrote of him in the Teares of the Muses:
the man whom Nature self had made
took herself, and truth to imitate,
kindly counter under kinick shade,
pleasant will, Ah! he is dead of late.

at same gentle Spirit, from whose pen
streams of honey and sweet Nectar flow,
by the boldness of such base-borne men,
rather choose to sit in idle cell,
to himself to accherie to sell.
Spenser celebrated him in one breath with Ferdinando and Alice, his brother
-in-law, and called him "Action" as the berlys have an eaglet in their crest
there, though last not least is Action; [eaglet]
Other shepherd may nowhere be found;
the Muse, full of high thoughts invention,
like himself heroically sound.

William Derby attended the House of Lords regularly, and we
him officiate there and at Court until his retirement.
James I spent two days at Hathorn Castle in 1617, & 1624, a music
position a pavane made for the Opera by the Right Honorable William
of Werre and by him consented to be in my book placed, was
ted by Francis Pilkington.

William mobilized the North against the Scots and
for the King, against Parliament. We have letters
addressed to him and his son James jointly as Lieutenant
the North. This however, was a mere formality as far as the old
was concerned. His son reports in his History of Lanc
very special arrangements had been:

29. So did some Lords of the Court (who shall be nameless
commend one Captain Holmewood unto my mother

ssed memory, To be Governours of This Isle
 . And she gave Credit unto These Letters (a strange
 of so wise a Woman, so well acquainted with the
 and pleased to send him over..... But when it
 d God That my Mother died (unto whom, by
 e Agreements betwene her and my Father, &
 take it, ordered by King James that blessed
 maker, That her Ladyship should have the full
 se thereof for certain years) I observed that
 gentleman (was not fit)... And my Father,
 y to retire himself from Troubles, was contented

40
make much of himself, reserving a 1000 l. a
e, and put the rest of his Estate to venture in
hands. [James, writing this to his son, adds this
cause of his father's early retirement: "That
I may I shall not so very soon do with you
with such Latitude of Power"]

In a second letter to his son Charles - The History of
being the first - James says: "My father upon the
of my mother growing infirm and disconsolate
willing to repose himself from the trouble

the world, purchased a house on the river Dee, near
Worcester, and retired to it.

There is a Ballad on the wide travels of Willia
the eighties. An eagle being in the crest of the best
was addressed as Ganymed and 'Action' - little Eagle
— by Edmund Spenser, and this directly after his
Ferdinand and Ferdinand's wife Alice are praised —
and there, though last not least, is Action;
a gentler shepheard may nowhere be found:
whose Muse, full of high thoughts inventions,
Doth like himselfe heroically sound."

1 (-38)

my Muse want Subject to invent,
in dost breathe, That pour'st into my verse
a sweet argument, too excellent
ery vulgar paper to rehearse?

Myself The Thanks, if aught in me
perusal stand against thy sight;

So's so dumb That cannot write to thee,
How Myself dost give invention light?

on the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Those old mine which thy Muse's invoke;

He that calls on thee, let him bring forth
all numbers to outlive long date.

My slight Muse do please these curious days,
to be mine, but thine shall be ^{the} praise.

The heart is not where it lives
but where it loves.

2 - (22)

glass shall not persuade me You are old,
long as youth and Thou art of one date;
when in These times frowns I behold,
look I death my days should expiate.
all that beauty that doth cover Thee
but the seemingly reiment of my heart,
in Thy breast doth live, as think in me:
can I then be elder than Thou art?
Therefore, love, be of Thy self so wary
I, not for myself, but for Thee will;
sing Thy heart, which I will keep so chary
tender misse her babe from faving ill.
sume not on Thy heart when mine is slain;
gavest me Thine, not to give back again.

3 (= 23)

24

imperfect actor on the stage,
his fear is put besides his part,
a fierce lynx replete with too much rage,
Treachery's abundance weakens his own heart;
fear of trust, forget to say
perfect ceremony of love's rite,
mine own love's strength seem to decay,
aged with burden of my own love's might.
My looks be then the eloquence
and presagers of my speaking breast;
bid for love, and look for recompense,
That tongue that more hath not express'd,
to read what silent love hath writ:
with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

4 (= 91)

me glory in their birth, some in their skill,
 some in their wealth, some in their body's force;
 some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;
 some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
 and every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
 when it finds a joy above the rest;

these particulars are not my measure;
 these is better in one general best.

True is better than high birth to me,
 more than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
 more delight than hawks or horses be;
 I, having thee of all men's pride to boast,
 I'm glad in this alone, that thou mayst take
 this away, and me most wretched make.

5 (23)

Who are in favour with their stars,
Their honours and proud titles boast,
To whom fortune of such triumph bats,
'd for joy find that 's honours most:
Since "favourites" their "fair leaves spread
The marigold at the sun's eye,
Themselves their pride lies buried,
At a frown they in their glory die.
A valiant warrior famoused for worth,
A thousand victories once foiled,
On the book of honours razed forth,
All the rest forgot for which he toil'd:
Happy 's, that love and are beloved
's may not remove nor be removed.

Night N, 1, 63

tasted one poor heart of mine, in thee!

6 (= 76)

is my verse so barren of new pride?
Far from variation or quick change?
My, with the time, do I not glance aside
New-found methods and to compounds strange?
I write it still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth, and whence they did proceed?
I know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent;
Or as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.

-1- (21)

not with me as with that Muse,
 by a painted beauty to his verse;
 in itself for ornament doth use,
 and fair with his fair doth rehearse;
 a complement of proud compare,
 sun and moon, with earth and sea's ridgemen,
 the first-born flowers, and all things rare
 that e'er his air in this huge roundure bears.
 we, true in love, but truly write,
 do believe me: My love is as fair
 as mother's milk, though not so bright
 as gold candles fix'd in heaven's air.
 we say more that like of hearsay well,
 not praise, that purpose not to sell.

8-

oft have. I invoked Thee for my Muse,
and found such fair assistance in my verse,
every alien pen hath got my use,
and under Thee their poesy disperse.
mine eyes, that taught no dumb or high to sing,
and heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
have added feathers to the leasard's wing,
and given grace a double majesty.
Let be most proud of that which I compile,
whose influence is Thine, and born of Thee:
In others' works Thou dost but mend the style
and Arts with Thy sweet graces graced be
out than at all my Art, and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

st. I alone did call upon Thy aid,
else alone had all Thy gentle grace;
now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
my sick Muse doth give another place.
But, sweet love, Thy lovely argument
oves the travail of a warthier pen;
what of Thee Thy poet does invent,
robs mee of and pays it Thee again.
He lends Thee virtue, and he stole That word
of my behaviors; beauty doth he give,
I find it in Thy cheek; he can afford
praise to Thee but what is Thee doth live.
He thank him not for that which he doth say,
since that he owes Thee than Thyself dost pay.

-10-

But thou wert not married to my Muse,
& Therefore mayst without attainit overlook
dedicated words which writers use
Thine fair subject, blessing every book.
It as fair is knowledge as is love,
Being my worth a lieit past my praise;
Therefore art enforced to seek new
a fresher stamp of the Time - bettering days
do so, love; yet when they have devised
& strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Truly fair wert truly sympathized
True plain words by your true-telling friend;
& Their gross painting might be better used
e cheeks need blood; in thee it is abused.

. 11 -

or I faint when 't of you do write,
 my a better spirit doth use your name,
 in The praise thereof spends all his might,
 He met tongue-Fied, speaking of your fame!
 since you wot (wide as The ocean is)
unwieldy as the proudest sail doth bears,
 saucy bark, inferior far to his,
 his broad main doth wilfully appears,
 shallowest 'help will hold me up afloat,
 st he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
 being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
 of tall building, and of goodly pride:
 if he thrive, and I be cast away,
 worst was this — my love was my decay.

it That says most? Which can say more
of your praise, - that you alone are you?
The confine incircled is the store
Should example where your equal grow?
Unity within that pen doth dwell;
This subjects lends not some small glory;
That writes of you, if he can tell
Of you, so dignifies his story,
But copy what in you is writ,
Alas! worse than Nature made so clear,
Such a counterpart shall fence his wit,
His style admired every where.
Your deauteous blessings add a curse,
Of fond outpraise, which makes your praises worse.

saw that you did painting need,
 therefore to give fair no painting set;
 and, on thought I found, you did exceed
 more tender of a poet's debt:

Therefore have I slept in your report
 yourself, being extant, well might show
 a modern quill doth come too short.

of worth, what worth is yours doth grow.

blence for my sin you did impute;

shall be most my glory, being dumb.

— impairs not beauty, being mute

that would give life, and bring — a tomb.

e lives were life is one of your fair eyes

both your poets can in praise devise.

the Tied Muse in manners holds her still,
ments of your praise richly compiled
these character with golden quill,
ious phrase by all the Muses filed.
ood thoughts, whilst others write good words,
e unlettered Clerk shall cry Amen
Hymne That able spirit affords,
hed forme of well refined pen.
you prais'd, to say, 'tis so, 'tis true,
The most of praise add something more,
at is in my thought, whose love to you
ords (come hind-most) holds his rank before,
thers, for the breath of words respect
my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect
13: respect has two objects: 'Others' and 'me'.

it The proud full sail of his great verse,
and for the prize of all-too-precious you,
did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse
lieg their tomb The womb where they grew?
it his spirit, by spirits taught to write,
o'er a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
whether he nor his companions by night
rough him aid, my verse astonished.
nor That affable familiar ghost
which nightly galls him with intelligence,
victor of my silence cannot boast—
was not sick of any feare of thence,
But when your countenance filled up his line,
Then lacked I matter; that infebled mine.

Weary with Toils, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travail tired,
But then begins a journey in my head
To worke my mind when body's worke's expired.

For then my thoughts from far where Gabide
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
and keep my drooping eye-lids open wide,
looking on darkness which the blind do see,
save that my soul's imaginary sight
presents thee shadow to my sightless view,
which like a jewel hung in ghastly night
makes black night beautiful and her old face new.
So, this by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee and for myself no quiet find.

his journey North and to the side of Man 1592/3, as the follo

17

in 7 their return in happy plight
 is debarred The benefit of rest?
 y's oppression is not eased by night,
 by night and night by day oppressed?
 do though enemies to either's reign
 must shake hands to torture me,
 by toil, the other to complain
 of foil, still farther off from thee.
 the day to please him: Thou art bright
 at him grace when clouds to blot the heaven;
 to the smart-complexioned night,
 asleaving stars twine not: Thou gold'st the heaven.
 doth daily draw my sorrow longer
 but does nightly make grief's strength seem stronger. - 28

I do I journey out the way,
 I seek, my weary's travel's end,
 That ease and the repose to see
 The miles are measur'd from Thy friend.
 That bears me, fir'd with my woe,
 Fly on, to bear that weight in me,
 My sense instruct the wretch did know
 Wou'd not speed being made from Thee or
 My spur cannot provoke him on,
 Sometimes anger thrusts into his side,
 He only he answers with a groan
 As he spurs me spurting to his side.
 My sense groan does, put this in my mind,
 I lie onward and my joy behind.

- 19 -

Can my love excuse the slow offence
of dull bearer when from thee I speed;
where thou art why should I haste me thence?
My return, of posting is no need.
What excuse will my poor beast then find,
in swift extremity can seem but slow?
Should I spur, though mounted on the wind,
winded speed no motion shall I know.
I cannot horse with my desire keep pace;
before desire, of perfectst love being made,
all reigns our dull flesh in his fiery race.
O love for thee thus shall excuse my jade⁺;
since from thee going he went wilful slow,
towards thee he will run and give him leave to go.
Mabre

in most I want, then do my eyes best see
 for all the day they view things unrespected;
 & when I sleep, in dreams they look on Thee.
 Not darkly bright art bright in dark directed.
 in them whose living shadows doth make bright,
 or would thy shadow's form form happy show
 thy clear day with Thy much clearer light
 on to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so?
 or would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made
 by looking on Thee in the living day,
 then in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
 through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay?
 All days are nights to me till see thee,
 and nights, bright days when dreams do show thee in

The substance of my flesh were thought
 distance should not stop my way;
 despite of space, I would be brought
 its far remote, where thou dost stay,
 to thee, although my foot did stand
 farthest earth removed from thee;
 ble thought can jump both sea and land,
 as think the place where he would be.
 I, thought kills me, that I am not thought,
 large lengths of miles where thou art gone
 to, so much of earth and water wrought,
 attend time's leisure with my woe;
 my woe by elements so slow,
 my tears, badges of either's woe.

- 22 -

no, slight air and purging fire,
with thee, where ever I abide;
my thought, the other my desire,
sent-absent with swift motion slide.
These quicker elements are gone
an embassy of love to thee,
being made of furs, with two alone
run to death, oppress'd with unlaunched,
life's composition he recured
swift messengers returned from thee,
but now come back again, assured
of fair wealth, recounting it to me:
told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
I them back again, and straight grow sad.

- 33 -

-23-

34

My eye hath play'd the painter, and hath stell'd
beauty's form in table of my heart.

My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,

and perspective it is, best painter's art.

Though the painter must you see his skill,

and find where your true image pictur'd lies,

which in my bosom's shop is hang'ng still,

and hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.

For see that good turne eyes for eyes have done:

Thine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me

hath windows to my breast, where through the sun

beams rights to peep, to gaze there in, on thee.

But eyes this cunning want to grace their art;

They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

-34-

and heart are at a mortal war,
twice The conquest of Thy sight.
my heart Thy picture's sight would bar,
at mine eye the freedom of That right.
I doth plead That Thou is him lost lie,
(I never pierced with crystal eyes.)
dependant doth That plea deny,
Thy eye is him Thy fair appearance lies.
'Tis mine Thistle, is unparalled
of thoughts, all tenants to the heart.
by their verdict is determined
Thy eye's moiety and the dear heart's part.
mine eye's due is Thine outward part,
my heart's right Thine inward love of heart.

25

mine eye and heart a league is took,
doth goodturns now unto the other,
mine eye is famish'd for a look,
love with sighs himself doth smother,
love's picture then my eye doth feast,
the painted Daupnet bids my heart;
time mine eye is my heart's guest,
his thoughts of love does share a part.
By thy picture or my love,
away art present still with me,
not farther than my thoughts canst move
am still with them and they with thee.
They sleep, thy picture in my sight
is my heart to heart's and eye's delight. -36-

ful waste, when I took my way,
 rifle under trust bars to thrust,
 to misuse, it might unuse'd stay
 wards of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
 on, to whom my jewels trifles are,
 worthy comfort, nor my greatest grief,
 best of dearest, and mine only care,
 the care of every vulgar Thief.
 we not lock'd up in any chest,
 there thou art not, though I feel thou art,
 the gentle closure of my breast,
 thence at pleasure thou mayest come and part.
 en thence thou wilt be stolen, & fear,
 art proves Thievish for a prize so dear.

27

as the rich, whose blessed Key
bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
and he will not ~~every~~ survey,
plumting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
fore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
e seldom coming in the long gear set
stones of worth they kindly placed are
captain jewels in the carcanet."

The time that keeps you, as my chest
The wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
make some special instant special-bless't
er unfolding his imprisonment'd pride.
Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope
eing had to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

necklace

-38-

28

in my Thoughts, as food to life
et-season'd shores are to The ground;
The peace of you I hold such strife
- a miser and his wealth is found:
d as an enjoyer, and a worm
The piliding age will steal his treasure;
try best to be with you alone,
I'd that the world may see my pleasure;
me all full with feasting on your sight,
y-and-by clean starved for a look
ing or put seeing no delight,
that is had or must from you be took.
do I pine and sufferit day by day
tallowing on all, or all away.

ke I left you, mine eye is in my mind
 and that which governs me to go about
 the part his function, and is partly blind,
 sees nothing, but effectually is out.
 it no form delivers to the heart,
 bird, of flower, or shape which it does catch,
 his quick objects both the mind no part,
 his own vision holds what it does catch
 if it sees the red'st or gentlest sight,
 the most sweet favour or deformed'st creature,
 the mountain or the sea, the day or night,
 the crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature.
 incapable of more, replete with you
 my most true veiled Muse makes my eye untrue.
 of the Isle of Man Sonnets }

30

you have been absent in the spring
proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim
but a spirit of youth in everything,
heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him,
nor the lays of birds nor the sweet smell
of different flowers in odors and in hue
could make me any Summer's story tell
from their proud lappluck there where they grew.
I did I wonder at the lily's white,
I praise the deep vermilion in the rose —
they were but sweet, but figures of delight,
drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still and you away,
and with your shadow I with these did pay.

-41-

ward violet thus did I chide: —
 Thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells
 From my love's breath? the purple pride
 on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells
 My love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
 I condemned for thy hand,
 buds of marjoram had stolen thy hairs,
 and fearfully on thorns did stand,
 lusting shame, another white despair.
 I, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
 to his robbery had annex'd thy breath,
 for this theft, in pride of all his growth,
 a fearful canker eat him up to death.
 I flower I tasted, yet I none could see
 sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee. 42

I shall be disposed to set me light
 on my merit in the eye of scorn
 on my side against myself I'll fight
 with thee victorious though thou art forsworn.
 My own weakness being best acquainted
 I'll set you down a story
 so conceal'd, wherein you are attainted;
 in losing me, shall win much glory.
 This will be a gain too.
 I'll direct all my loving thoughts on thee,
 rather than to myself to do,
 see vantage, double vantage me
 my love, to thee I so belong
 My right myself will bear all wrong.

Say That Thou didst forsake me for some fault,
and I will comment upon that offence;
speak of my lameeness, and I straight will halt
against thy reasons making us defence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill
to set a form upon desired change,
as I myself 'll disgrace: Knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strange and look strange,
be absent from thy walks, and in my tongue
thy sweet-beloved name no more shall dwell;
lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong
and haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee against myself I'll vow debate
For I must never love whom thou dost hate.

to me when thou wilt; if ever, now
The world is bent my deeds to cross,
The Spite of fortune, make me bow
not drop in for an after-loss,
when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,
The rearward of a conquer'd woe.
a windy night a rainy morning
or out a purposed overthrow.
Wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
or petty grief have done their spite,
The onset come! So shall I taste
The very worst of fortune's weight
Her straits of woe, which now seem woe
ed with loss of thee will not seem so

+ do Thy worst to steal Thyself away
 - term of life Thou art assured mine
 & life no longer than my love will stay,
 it depends upon that love of Thine.
 need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
 or in the least of them my life hath end.
 see a better state to me belongs
 all that which on Thy humour doth depend.
 on canst not vex me with inconstant mind
 since then my life on Thy resort doth lie.
 what a happy title do I find,
 happy to have Thy love, happy to die!
 But what's so blessed-fair that fears us blot? —
 Thou mayest be false, and yet I know it not!

-36-

all of love, supposing Thou art true,
 a deceived husband. so love's face
 still seems love to me, though alter'd - new,
 looks with me, thy heart is other place:
 There can live no hatred in Thine eye,
 ere in that I cannot know the change,
 man's looks the false heart's history
 writ, in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange,
 Heaven in My creation did decree
 In My face sweet love should ever dwell.
 Fear My thoughts or Thy heart's workings be,
 looks shined nothing thence but sweetness tell.
 How like Eve's apple doth Thy beauty grow,
 if Thy sweet virtue answer not Thy show!

-37-

How oft when Thou, my music, music play'st,
upon that blessed wood whose motions sounds
with Thy sweet fingers, when Thou gently sway'st
The wily concord that mine ear confounds —
Do "sawny nose jacks" that nimble leap
to kiss the tender inward of Thy hand,
whilst my poor lips which should that harvest reap,
at the wood's boldness by Thee blushing stand.
To be so tickled, they would change their state
and situation with those dancing chips
over whom Thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
making dead wood more blest than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them Thy fingers, use Thy lips to kiss.

f a original, of a spinct.

ly worth with manners may I sing
at all the better part of me?
mine own praise to mine own self bring?
is't but mine own, when I praise thee?
This let us divided live,
dear love lose name of single one,
this separation I may give
to thee, which thou deserv'st alone.
e, what a Torment wouldst thou prove,
ot Thy some leisure gave sweet leave
tain the time with thoughts of love,
me and Thoughts so sweetly does deceive —
at Thou teachest how to make one Train,
sing him here, who does hence remain.

If we confess that we two must be twain,
 Though our undivided loves are one:
 shall those blots that do with us remain
 Must thy help, by me be borne alone.
 Now two loves there is but one respect
 which in our lives a separable spite
 which though it alter not love's sole effect,
 it does it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
 I may not ever more acknowledge thee,
 lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame;
 nor thou with public kindness honour me,
 unless thou take that honour from thy name.
 But do not so; I love thee in such sort
 that, thou being mine, mine is my good report.

Sonnet 87 here is given as possibly alluding to the episode with Queen
and it is to be compared with the strange epigram address
W. S. by John Hevia and given on p. 51 B. The latter a
royalty within reach to the addressed person, and only for a
play acting seemed an unworthy feature in the candidate. The
rasy of the earl, Emperor Matthias (1557 - 1619) did act himself
stage of his court. The Sonnets to Elisabeth de Vere rejoice in

4: re well! Thou art too dear for my possessing
and like enough Thou know'st thy estimate.
The charter of my worth gives thee releasing,
bonds in thee are all determinate
or how do I hold thee but by Thy granting?
and for that riches where is my deserving?
because of this fair gift in me is wanting
and so my patent back again is swerving.
myself than I do, My own worth then
not keeping up
or me for I am than I do, else would I keep
Thy great gift upon misprision growing

Comes home again, on bed
judgment
Thus have I had thee,
a dream doth fl
in sleep a King, but
no such will

own fears nor the prophetic soul
 wide world dreaming on things to come
 at the lease of my true love control
 ed as forfeit to a confined doom.
 mortal moon hath her eclipse endorsed,
 The sad augurs mock their own presage.
 stainties nor crown themselves assured
 d peace Proclaim's olives of endless age
 with the drops of his most balmy time
 love looks fresh and death to me subscribes,
 spite of him, 'till live in this poor rhyme
 he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes.
 and thou in this shalt find thy monument
 when tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

Terence.
entius afer. spiant es im Wolpe seiner Adelphei selber aus, dass
mives, nobiles hanc adiutare a ssidueque una scribere
id est, dils sei sein höchster Ruhm. Laelius, so berichtet Nepos,
st demerfte sich bei seiner Frau als er spät zum Essen war, er
be grade dem besten Vers Dichtungens geschrieben. Und als sie
en sich aufzagen liess, da war es ein Vers aus des Terenz
Drama Heauton Timoroumenon.
John Davies, The Scourge of Folly 1611 schreibt dieser Klient von
y's Schwägerin Alice

To our English Terence Mr. Will Shake-speare
is, using the hyphen in the name and suggesting the parallel to
Roman poet's situation:

Some say goodwile (which) is sport do sing)

Had'st thou not play'd some Kingly part in sport
Thou had'st been a companion for a King. → Elisabeth often was called K
and been a King among the meaner sort.

Some others raile; but raile as they thinke fit,

Thou hast no rayling but a reigning wit
and honesty thou sow'st which they do reape

So to increase the stock which they do keepe. 1)

Hadst the five stockholders of the playhouse, one of them the actor Shakspear

say that I was false of heart
since seem'd my flame to qualify
weight ~~to~~ from myself depart
my soul which in thy breast doth lie.
my home of love; if I have ranged
That travels, & returns again
o the time, not with the time exchanged —
myself bring water to my stains.
believe, though in my nature reign'd
villies that besiege all kinds of blood,
it could ~~be~~ preposterously be stain'd
ave for nothing all thy scum of good.
nothing this wide universe I call
than, my rose; in it thou art my all.

at love, renew thy force. Be it not said
 age should blunter be than appetite
 but today by feeding is allayed,
 tomorrow sharpen'd is his former might.
 Oe, De Thom, although Today Thou fill
 hungry eyes, ere til they wink with fulness,
 tomorrow see again and do not kide

Spirit of love with a perpetual dulness

his sad interim like the ocean be

up parts the shore, where two contracted - wear
 the daily to the banks that when they see
 one of love, more blest may be the view
 or call it winter which, being full of care,
 makes summer's welcome twice more wish'd, more rare.

Titherley ascribes Sonnet 32¹ to Southampton.

However, the last editor Hyde Edward Rollins, in 1944, drew attention to the fact that it seems addressed to a woman. If you show a man, at the height of bliss in love, bantering, he is here is tentatively inserted, but outside our count, as of course if thou survive my well contented day when that chere death my bones with dust shall cover, and shalt by fortune ^{shall cover,} ~~be~~ more re-survey these poor rude lines of my deceased lover: compare them with the best ring of the time and though they be outstripped by every pen, ^{time} ~~time~~ deserve them for their love, not for their ^{time} ~~time~~ exceeded by the light of ^{time} ~~time~~ happier ^{time} ~~time~~ men. ^{time} ~~time~~ Their words save me but this loving thought:

32 in the edition of 1609!

" Had my friend's Muse grown
with his growing age
a dearer birth than this
his love had brood
To mend in want of better equipage
But since he died and Poets
better prone
Theirs for their style 'till
read, his for his love.

Let me not to the marriage of True winds
 admit impediments. Love is not love
 which alters when it alteration finds,
 or bends with the remover to remove.

O no; it is an ever fixed mark,
 That looks on Tempests, and is never shaken;
 It is the star to every wandering bark

Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken
 Love's not Time's fool, Though rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come.

Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

If this be error and upon me proved,
 I never writ nor no man ever loved.

No! Time Run shalt not boast that I do change.
 Thy pyramids built up with newer might
 to me are nothing novel, nothing strange.
 They are but dressings of a former sight.
 Our dates are brief and therefore we advise
 what thou dost first upon us that is old
 and rather make them born in our desire,
 than think that we before have heard thee told.
 Thy registers and thee I both defy
 Not wondring at the present nor the past.
 For thy records and what we see, do lie
 made more or less by thy continual haste.
 This I do vow and this shall ever be;
 It will be true despite thy scorn and thee.

That I before have writ do lie,
 That said ~~that~~ I could not love you dearer,
 my judgment knew no reason why
 a full flame should afterwards burn clearer.

Time whose million'd accidents
 twist vows and change decrees of Kings,
 red beauty, blunt the sharpest intents,
 strong winds to the course of altering things —
 they, fearing of Time's tyranny,
 yet then say: "Now I love you best"
 was certain o'er uncertainty
 loving the present, doubting of the rest?
 was a babe then; might I not say so
 e full growth to that which still
 doth grow? 56-

any dear love were but the dild of state,
 might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
 subject to Time's love or to Time's hate
 and among weeds or flow'r with flowers gather'd.
 it was builded far from a ccident:
 suffers not in smiling pomp nor falls
 under the blow of thralled discontent,
 into the iaviding our fashion calls.
 fears not policy - that heretic
 which works on leases of short-numbered hours
 and all alone stands bugely politic
 that it nor grows with heat nor drowns with showers.
 To this 't witness call the fools of time
 which die for goodness who have lived for crime. - 57 -

49

57

e is strengthen'd though more weak in seeming.
 not less though less the show appear.
 ve is merchandized whose rich esteeming
 mer's tongue does publish everywhere.
 ve was new and new but in the spring
 y was wont to greet it with my lays
 hilouel in summer's front doth sing
 stops his pipe in growth of riper days.
 That the summer is less pleasant now
 when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
 that wild music breeds every tongue
 sweets grown common loose their dear delight.
 fore, like her, y sometime hold my tongue
 and y would not dull you with my song.

-58-

...winds."

Hatfield collection LXXII, 104, The barl asked his wife
of his company of Players "so that his men Browne
company may not be debarred from their accu-
laying."

Whereupon, his lady Elisabeth did write to her
Robert Cecil interceding on her husband's behalf
saying: "my lord taking delight in them
Keep from more prodigal courses."

line 3 more or less
means
the high and the low people

line 13 and 14 are duplications of the end of Sonnet 3 (1609: 36). Therefore, they have been rejected as misprint in either 39 or one 49.

However, 39 was composed in 1594. The return of these two lines in the moment of severest crisis is in itself a poetical device. Instead of any new phrase, the poet whispers a quotation probably never then once quoted in the receding years, so that the conflict of the present is dissolved by the appeal to a favourite time of a more blissful past!

Some say Thy fault is youth, some wantonness,
 Some say, Thy grace is youth and gentle sport..
 Both, grace and faults, are loved of more and less;
 Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
 As on the finger of a throned queen
 The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,
 So are those errors that in thee are seen
 To truth translated and for true things deem'd.
 How many lambs might the stern wolf betray
 If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
 How many gazers mightst thou lead astray
 If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!
 But do not so; My love thee is such sort
 As though being mine, mine is Thy good report. - 60

Re: Live at Court. When the storm broke, a witness wrote
"This journey hath also deciphered my lord's (The
Earl's of Derby) humour of frenzy, for, where her
ladyship lived at Court, in the eye of the world, then
you know and with grief I witnessed his violent
course. But now here yesterday upon letters he is in
such a jealous frame as he have had such a storm
is wonderful. But such it appeareth though her lady-
ship lived in a cell unseen, all is one." Hatfield 14,
In fact, the whole household protested to the bare that unless
treated his wife differently, some of them would return
Court with her.

50

61

weet and lovely doth thou make the shame
like a causer in the fragrant rose
not the beauty of the budding name!
that sweets doth thou thy sins enclose!
que that tells the story of thy days,
of lascivious comments on thy sport
t dispraise but is a kind of praise:
thy name — blesses an ill report.
a mansion have those vices got
for their habitation chose out thee
beauty's veil doth cover every blot
all things turn us to fair that eyes can see.
eed, dear heart, of thy large privilege,
dearest wife ill-used doth lose his edge

61-

51

all not use to justify The wrong
+ Thy unkindness lays upon my heart.
and we not with Thine eye, but with Thy Tongue
+ power with power, and slay me not by Art.
me thou lov'st else-where; but in my sight,
+ heart, forbear to glance Thine eyes aside.
+ need'st Thou wound with cunning, when they might
more than my overpressed defence can 'bide?
me excuse Thee: "ah, my love well known
pretty looks have been mine enemies.
+ therefore from my face shet out my foes
+ they elsewhere might dost their injuries,
let do not so; but since. You usest Slain,
Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain.
Let sorrow lend me words and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were
Though not to love, yet not to tell me so
As fasty sick men when their deaths be near,
To news but health from their physicians know;
For, if I should despair, I should grow mad
And in my madness might speak ill of thee.
Now this ill-weasting world is grown so bad,
That slanders by mad ears believed be.
That I may not be so, nor thou believ'd
Bear mine eyes straight though thy proud heart go wide
Believ'd!

- 53 -

64
Thou, O cruel! say I love Thee not
against myself, with Thee partake?
I think on Thee when I, forgot,
Am myself all tyrant for Thy sake?
With Thee that I do call my friend?
From 'ist them that I do fawn upon?
If Thou lov'st on me - do Thou spend
Thy eye upon myself with present moan?
What merit do I in myself respect
That's so proud Thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship Thy defect
Commanded by Reaction of Thine eyes?
I love, hate on, for ever I know Thy mind:
That can see, then lov'st. And I am blind. - 64 -

54

to make our appetites more keen,
sager compounds be our palate large
prevent our maladies unseen
then to shun sickness when we purge.
So, being full of your never-cloying sweetness
Your sauces did I frame my feeding
Of welfare found a kind of meetness
Diseased, ere that there was true need
By in love, to anticipate
That were not, grew to faults assured
Sought to medicine a healthful state
Of goodness, would by ill be cared.
Thence I learn, and find the lesson true
To poison him that so fell sick of you. — 65 —

65

Compare Truett 66 (and Hamlet's soliloquy): >

Tired with all these, for restless death I cry,

as, to behold desert a beggar born,

and needy nothing from me'd in plenty,

and purest faith unhappily forsworn,

and gilded honours shamefully misplaced,

and maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,

and right perfection wrongfully disgraced,

and strength by limping sway disabled,

and art made tongue-tied by authority,

and folly doctor-like controlling skill,

and simple truth miscalled simplicity,

and captive good attending captain ill:

Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,

Save that, to die, I leave my love alone,

I patiens have I drunk of Siren tears
 till'd from limbecs foul as hell within,
 Lying fears to hopes and hopes to fears,
 I losing when I saw myself to win!
 I wretched errors hath my heart committed
 lest it has thought itself so blessed never!
 have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted
 the distraction of this madding fever!
 I profit of ill! Now I find true
 better is by evil made still better
 I would love when it is built a new
 I fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
 I returns rebuked to my content
 I gain by ill thrice more than I have spent. - 66 -

1
eagle death". This recalls *Mourning of The Derbies*:
Wray and Kert. A in a cradle, or - a child
addled... Thereon an eagle Preying of the last....

Samuel Bentley, *Excerpta Historica* 1833 p. 332
so on the standard of Bentley: a cradle, a child, Thereon an eagle
This connection, it hardly is an accident. That in the two gentle
Verona, the outlandish helper of Sylvia, is called Lord Eglam
& interprets his artificial name as "Eagle's Love" and
the allusion to the actual visit of "William Stanley to
Rome and Milan. Cf. G. Lamberti, *Les Hongres Modernes*

56

at you were once unkind, befriends me now
ed for that sorrow which I then did feel
eds must I under my transgression bow
unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken
so I by yours, you have pass'd a hell of time.
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
to weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
That our weight of woe might have remember'd
in deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits
and soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
the humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!
That your trespass now becomes a fee,
I'll ransom yours, and you must
ransom me.

-67-

The Epilogue.

Shakespeare himself has written an epilogue
the seven years 1591 - 1598, covering the court-
ship, the marriage, the jealousy. It is found in *Cymbeline*
III, Scene IV. Cymbeline's, the King's daughter, Imogen has
been the object of a wager between an Italian scoundrel and her
husband Posthumus Leonatus. Her marital faithfulness is
proved. Posthumus Leonatus is made to believe that Imogen has
gone with the scoundrel, sends his servant Pisanio to
find Imogen, and Imogen when told by Pisanio, is
deserted and asks for quick death as "self-slaughter"
to lie "under" a prohibition so divine. However, before
she dies she bares her breasts to receive the mortal blow

The Epilogue, continued from p. 67B.

67

edient as a scabbard," she finds in her dress on her
a bundle of — sonnets. This, at least, is her story:

pictures of the loyal ¹⁾ Leonatus all turn'd to heresy! Away, away,
pters of my faith! You shall no more be stomacher ²⁾ to my heart. The

e false teachers; though those that are betray'd, do feel the treason
sharply, yet the traitor
is in worse case of woe. And thou, Postumus, thou dost set up

disobedience 'gainst the King my father and make us put into
contempt The Suits
of our loyal fellows, shalt hereafter find it is an act of common

reason of rareness, and I grieve myself to think, when thou
shalt be dis-edged by her
now thou trest on, how thy memory will then be pang'd
by me."

68

still loyal. also compare 53 Bishop of the survey 2) the courtiers!

With the clue in hand which has been obtained from the
inets, we can now return among the Poems and Plays
generally, with the certainty that, as steel filings will
cling to a magnet, many passages there will assume
new significance... Not only are there minute transfe-
rences from the Sonnets into the Poems and Plays in
great number than there are transferences among the
Poems and Plays themselves - The Sonnets were a
great store of essences out of which Shakespeare drew freely
not because it was secret - but hundreds of other
words, phrases, and passages start from their
texts and leap to the same marshalling."

David Masson, Shakespeare's Personality
London, 1914, p. 224f.

"The essential originality of these lyrics is
 "astorishing to most hardened students
 of Elizabethan sonnet cycles. A practically
 world-wide search has discovered no adap-
 tations or translations. In this the autobiogra-
 phical school of critics may see a further
 indication that, as a sonneteer, Shake-
 speare did "look in his heart and write,"

H. E. Collier, A new Variorum Edition of
 Shakespeare, The Sonnets Vol. II, 1944, p. 132. 69

grave of William Derly's second son (is Robert Stanley in
died January 3^d, 1632 - has this sonnet as its inscription
ay a Stanley lies here, that alone
epitaph enough, no brass, no stone,
glorious tomb, no monumental hearse,
Herald's blazon, and no Poet's verse
dignify this grave, or set it forth
the immortal form of his own worth:

Reader, fix not here, but quit this Room
fly to Abraham's bosom - There's his tomb
rests his soul, and for his other parts
are embalmed and lodged in good men's hearts.

no grave monument of Stone or Lime
can raise. For this shall outlast Time.

+ + +
Eagle Death greedy of some good prey
his eagle eyes found where the infants lay:
thrust them in his talents and conveyed
somes to heaven, and here their ashes layd.

no profane hand may their relics sever
as they lie, so lest their rest for ever.

also, for Robert
young children,

printed
Appendix p. CCCL
Stanley Papers III
The Athenian Society

The order of the 150 sonnets in the edition of 1609 any author
St. Clair says (Collins, *The Sonnets*, 1944 p. 84) "a was entirely a
figure, with which the author had no voluntary or conscious
Shakespeare's reputation as poet rested in 1609 upon 'Venus' and 'Lucrece'
For shrewdly put first, therefore, those sonnets (1-17) which
early in the manner of Venus. He put last the unpleasant, inc
33-line Dark Lady series. So Drayton in 1599, when he revis
ranged them in order to attract readers, generally
wards the end those which he thought less pleasing."

To which may be added that the word "Time" is used
sonnets 127-154 while it is the central term in many sonnets
to absence from 28 sonnets may be the result of a nec
of the material by the editor Thorpe in 1609,
and external reason as usage.