

Love her think forgeries
(pluck the pelf)

By Mr. William Shakespeare
David Glenn Rinehart

♣ I.

Love her think forgeries
thus the false-speaking love is
not soothing to lie smothered

Truth lies untutored in thinking
my tongue in that old habit
told me that

When love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutored youth,
Unskilful in the world's false forgeries.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although I know my years be past the best,
I, smiling, credit her false-speaking tongue,
Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest.
But wherefore says my love that she is young,
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love's best habit is a soothing tongue,
And age in love loves not to have years told.
Therefore I'll lie with love, and love with me,
Since that our faults in love thus smothered be.

272, no William Shakespeare
David Glenn Rinehart

♥ II.

Despair still my spirit
soon my corrupt purity turned
directly to hell the angel

Comfort me
angel my evil angel my pride
fiend yet friend in doubt fire

Two loves I have, of comfort and despair,
That like two spirits do suggest me still.
My better angel is a man right fair,
My worser spirit a woman coloured ill.
To win me soon to hell my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her fair pride.
And whether that my angel be turned fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
For being both to me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell.
The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

272, no William Shakespeare
David Glenn Rinehart

III.

The world this punishment I forswore heavenly cures
vapour that is mine
fool oath

Did the heart deserve a goddess
a grace
a fair vapour if not paradise

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee.
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gained cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then thou fair sun, that on this earth doth shine,
Exhale this vapour vow; in thee it is;
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To break an oath, to win a paradise?

By me William Shakespeare
David Glenn Rinehart

♣ IV.

Sitting with lovely beauty's ear
she touched soft conceit
to bait every fair rose

A young lad
as she showed his still unripe refused touch
smile and away

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
She told him stories to delight his ear,
She showed him favors to allure his eye;
To win his heart she touched him here and there—
Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refused to take her figured proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer.

Then fell she on her back, fair queen and toward:
He rose and ran away—ah, fool too froward!

272, no William Shakespeare
David Glenn Rinehart

❧ V.

I never prove
thoughts and art suffice
that without praise thy fire as heaven's

Love o constant bowed eyes
pleasures shall tongue thee to thunder
sweet love earthly

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed.
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove;
Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art can comprehend.
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice.
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend,
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire.
Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,
To sing heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.

232, no William Shakespeare
David Glenn Rinehart

VI.

Morn
and in a brook where she often comes
naked glorious as her flood

Dewy for love made
under a hotter approach
his stark sun queen stood not

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

232, no William Shakespeare
David Glenn Rinehart

☛ VII.

Fair but yet rusty to deface
to kiss me fearing her tears
fire as she fell lover best

Fickle as brittle wax with her
her love many the pure jestings
burnt love foiled love or neither

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle,
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty,
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle;
Softer than wax, and yet as iron rusty;
A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she joined,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing.
How many tales to please me hath she coined,
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing.
Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

She burnt with love as straw with fire flameth,
She burnt out love as soon as straw out burneth.
She framed the love, and yet she foiled the framing,
She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning.
Was this a lover or a lecher whether,
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither?

232, no William Shakespeare
David Glenn Rinehart

♣ VIII.

Poetry needs the other touch
ravish me
as thou makes delight singing of both

And they love the heavenly sense
whose conceit lovest the drowned
when as thee

If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lovest the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,
As passing all conceit needs no defense.
Thou lovest to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phoebus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drowned,
When as himself to singing he betakes.
One god is god of both, as poets feign;
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

By me William Shakespeare
David Glenn Rinehart

IX.

The milk-white youngster takes hounds
seely boy
see a spectacle she wounds alone

Love her wild steep-up horn
with the sweet deep-wounded thigh
sore showèd blushing

Fair was the morn when the fair queen of love,
[]
Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild,
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill.
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds.
She, seely queen, with more than love's good will
Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds.
'Once,' quoth she, 'did I see a fair sweet youth
Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth.
See, in my thigh,' quoth she, 'here was the sore.'
She showèd hers; he saw more wounds than one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

232, no William Shakespeare
David Glenn Rinehart

❁ X.

Untimely spring pearl killed that fall
I left'st thou why pardon me

Flower in shaded death's tree falls
weep nothing more I crave discontent

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

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

232, no William Shakespeare
David Glenn Rinehart

❖ XI.

Her shade told him embraced in unlaced charms
on lips fetched pleasure
that kiss

With him she fell thus arms thus
the lips act as meaning
ah away

Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her,
Under a myrtle shade began to woo him.
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'the warlike god embraced me,'
And then she clipped Adonis in her arms;
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'the warlike god unlaced me,'
As if the boy should use like loving charms.
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'he seized on my lips,'
And with her lips on his did act the seizure.
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.
Ah, that I had my lady at this bay,
To kiss and clip me till I run away!

272, no William Shakespeare
David Glenn Rinehart

❧ XII.

Youth is like summer sport
lame
and youth adore my age methinks

Cannot age like winter breath nimble
cold tame youth
o defy long

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

232, no William Shakespeare
David Glenn Rinehart

♥ XIII.

Beauty suddenly dies broken flower within
never will the broken beauty cost

A shining flower brittle gloss broken
lost no ground no blemished pain

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

And as goods lost are seld or never found,
As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead lie withered on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,
So beauty blemished once, for ever lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain and cost.

232, no William Shakespeare
David Glenn Rinehart

❖ XIV.

Share rest with decay farewell sorrow
parting friendship may again like pain
gazes charge idle eyes sit tunèd
welcome night my hope solace and
with the moon shine now tonight

Good night to doubts quoth i
smile in jest make for pelf
mine heart doth trust and wish
her dreaming pretty hath changed me
the minutes spite me pack tomorrow

Good night, good rest—ah, neither be my share.
She bade good night that kept my rest away,
And daffed me to a cabin hanged with care
To descant on the doubts of my decay.
'Farewell,' quoth she, 'and come again tomorrow.'
Fare well I could not, for I supped with sorrow.

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

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

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

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

232, no William

Esja Green

David Glenn Rinehart

♣ XV.

The master eye a-turning
fight loveless practice seely
pain usèd for help
art of learned song

One likèd looking her
doubtful leave in damsel
refusèd turn disdain alas
contending maid lady ended

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three,
That likèd of her master as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Englishman, the fairest that eye could see,
Her fancy fell a-turning.

Long was the combat doubtful that love with love did fight:
To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight.
To put in practice either, alas, it was a spite
Unto the seely damsel.

But one must be refusèd; more mickle was the pain
That nothing could be usèd to turn them both to gain.
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with disdain—
Alas, she could not help it.

Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away.
Then, lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay;
For now my song is ended.

By me William Shakespeare
David Glenn Rinehart

♥ XVI.

On whose blossom in the unseen lover
wished he would
but thy youth sweet
thou were for turning

The month fair
playing velvet passage to heaven's cheeks
triumph my pluck
vow to swear but deny love

On a day, alack the day,
Love whose month was ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air.
Through the velvet leaves the wind
All unseen gan passage find,
That the lover, sick to death,
Wished himself the heaven's breath.
'Air,' quoth he, 'thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so.
But, alas, my hand hath sworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn;
Vow alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiopie were,
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

By me William

Shakespeare

David Glenn Rinehart

♣ XVII.

My speed is denying all my firmly placed loss cursèd I remain
black thrall needing freighted pipe my wont seems so doleful heartless fight
clear dye sleeping back pleasure on our lost farewell content alone there

Not all love of my lady's faith is my fortune for women
scorn me heart speeding no doleful dog plays with howling sighs vanquished
spring green weeping nymphs to the evening for thy moan poor help

My flocks feed not, my ewes breed not,
My rams speed not, all is amiss.
Love is dying, faith's defying,
Heart's denying causer of this.
All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
All my lady's love is lost, God wot.
Where her faith was firmly fixed in love,
There a nay is placed without remove.
O seely cross wrought all my loss—
O frowning fortune, cursèd fickle dame!
For now I see inconstancy
More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I, all fears scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me, living in thrall.
Heart is bleeding, all help needing—
O cruel speeding, freighted with gall.
My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal,
My wether's bell rings doleful knell,

My curtal dog that wont to have played
Plays not at all, but seems afraid,
With sighs so deep procures to weep
In howling wise to see my doleful plight.
How sighs resound through heartless ground,
Like a thousand vanquished men in bloody fight!

Clear wells spring not, sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not forth their dye.
Herds stand weeping, flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping fearfully.
All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening sport from us is fled,
All our love is lost, for love is dead.
Farewell, sweet lass, thy like ne'er was
For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan.
Poor Corydon must live alone,
Other help for him I see that there is none.

By Mr. William

Shakespeare

David Glenn Rinehart

♣ XVIII.

Eye the things fancy take young
to tongue smell find her person
ways there merit thy strongest bullet
trust thy lady never serve thee
her calm will delight twice away
try and yield to strong faith
women with tricks shall have nought
strive to be with kisses wed
soft mistress to tongue here bewrayed

The stalled reason might counsel neither
when with practice soon plainly set
all chiefly praise ringing and beats
always be unjust to be back
frowning looks then her desire scorn
strive and force craft as then
wiles show in that you stand
think for heaven when in another
fear that she teach blush secrets

Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame
And stalled the deer that thou shouldst strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame
As well as fancy, partial might.
Take counsel of some wiser head,
Neither too young nor yet unwed,

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk
Lest she some subtle practice smell:
A cripple soon can find a halt.
But plainly say thou lovest her well,
And set thy person forth to sale,

And to her will frame all thy ways.
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise
By ringing in thy lady's ear.
The strongest castle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble-true;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Press never thou to choose anew.
When time shall serve, be thou not slack
To proffer, though she put thee back.

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will calm ere night,
And then too late she will repent
That thus dissembled her delight,
And twice desire, ere it be day,
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban, and brawl, and say thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length
When craft hath taught her thus to say:
'Had women been so strong as men,
In faith you had not had it then.'

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk
The cock that treads them shall not know.
Have you not heard it said full oft
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

Think women still to strive with men,
To sin and never for to saint.
There is no heaven; be holy then
When time with age shall them attain.
Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.

But, soft, enough—too much, I fear,
Lest that my mistress hear my song
She will not stick to round me on th' ear
To teach my tongue to be so long.
Yet will she blush (here be it said)
To hear her secrets so bewrayed.

Edg. m. William

Edg. m. William

David Glenn Rinehart

♥ XIX.

Love all that yields
there see shallow madrigals
make posies cap all
ivy coral may live
answer love in pleasures live

Live pleasures and mountains
rocks feed rivers melodious
roses fragrant and embroidered
and amber pleasures love
love's the tongue might thee

Live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs,
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

Love's answer.
If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move,
To live with thee and be thy love.

By me William Shakespeare
David Glenn Rinehart

XX.

Fell in shade which beasts did banish
the poor breast sung to cry and hear from her own vain
pity hear beasts king are all careless so alive as thou
every misery like friends thy hast
but supply that bountiful flattering pity to entice
women they frown then they use thy need if thou in he know foe

As the pleasant myrtles sing and moan nightingale forlorn
a dolefull'st pity would by her tears for me mourn'st thy senseless cheer
dead friends sing sorrowing even pity smiled beguiled
one in words faithful friend
whilst scant no one call with a vice they bent at once farewell
before his friend in sorrow cannot thus part certain faithful

As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade,
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Leaned her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry;
Tereu, tereu! by and by;
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,
None takes pity on thy pain.

Senseless trees they cannot hear thee,
Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee.
King Pandion he is dead,
All thy friends are lapped in lead.
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.
Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,
Thou and I were both beguiled.

Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind,
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend,
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,

Bountiful they will him call,
And with such-like flattering,
Pity but he were a king.
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice.
If to women he be bent,
They have at commandment.
But if Fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown;
They that fawned on him before,
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need.
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep.
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

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