

Letteratura Inglese I - LM-37 (2013-2014)

From George Gascoigne, *Certayne Notes of Instruction* (1575):

Some think that all Poems (being short) may be called Sonets, as indeede it is a diminutive word derived of *Sonare*, but yet I can best allowe to call those Sonets which are of fourteen lynes, every line conteyning tenne syllables. The first twelve do ryme in staves of foure lines by cross metre, and the last twoo ryming together do conclude the whole.

William Shakespeare, *Sonnets* (dedication)

To. the. only. begetter. of.

These. insuing. sonnets.

Mr W.H. All. Hapinesse.

And. that. eternitie.

Promised.

By.

Our. everliving. poet.

Wisheth.

The. well-wishing.

Adventurer. in.

Setting.

Forth.

T.T.

William Shakespeare, Sonnet 71:

No longer more mourn for me when I am dead
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
 Give warning to the world that I am fled
 From this vile world with vildest worms to dwell;
 Nay, if you read this line, remember not
 The hand that writ it, for I love you so,
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
 If thinking on me then should make you woe.
 O if (I say) you look upon this verse,
 When I (perhaps) compounded am with clay,
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
 But let your love even with my life decay,
 Lest the wise world should look into your moan,

And mock you with me after I am gone.

From Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, book XV (Golding's 1567 translation: ll. 984-995 corresponding to the Latin ll. 871-79):

Now have I brought a work too end which neither Joves feerce wrath,
 Nor sword, nor fyre, nor freating age with all the force it hath
 Are able too abolish quyght. Let comme that fatall howre
 Which (saving of this brittle flesh) hath over mee no power,
 And at his pleasure make an end of myne uncerteyne tyme.
 Yit shall the better part of mee assured bee too clime
 Aloft above the starry skye. And all the world shall ever
 The Romane Empyre by the ryght of conquest shall extend,
 So farre shall all folke reade this woorke. And tyme without all end
 (If Poets as by prophesie about the truth may name)
 My lyfe shall everlastingly bee lengthened still by fame

William Shakespeare, Sonnet 55:

Nor marble nor the gilded monuments
 Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme,
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents
 Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time.
 When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
 And broils root out the work of masonry,
 Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
 The living record of your memory.
 'Gainst death and all oblivious enmity
 Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
 Even in the eyes of all posterity
 That wear this world out to the ending doom.
 So, till the judgement that yourself arise,
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

From Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, book XV (Golding's 1567 translation, ll. 196-203 corresponding to the Latin ll. 181-84)

And sith on open sea the wynds doo blow my sayles apace,
 In all the world there is not that that standeth at a stay,
 Things eb and flow, and every shape is made too passe away.
 The tyme itself continually is fleeting like a brooke.
 For neyther brooke nor lyghtsomme tyme can tarrye still. But looke
 As every wave drives other foorth, and that that commes behind
 Bothe trusteth and is thrust itself: Even so the tymes by kind
 Doo fly and follow bothe at once, and evermore renew.

William Shakespeare, Sonnet 60:

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
 So do our minutes hasten to their end,
 Each changing place with that which goes before,
 In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
 Nativity, once in the main of light,
 Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned,
 Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
 And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
 Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
 And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
 Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
 And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.
 And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
 Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

Ovid's "tempus edax rerum": book. XV, l. 234: "Thou time, the eater up of things, and age of
 spyghtfull teene, / Destroy all things" (Golding's 1567 translation, ll. 258-259)

Sonnet 19:

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
 And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
 Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
 And burn the long-lived Phoenix in her blood;
 Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
 And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
 To the wide world and all her fading sweets.
 But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
 O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
 Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
 Him in thy course untainted do allow
 For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
 Yet do thy worst, old Time; despite thy wrong,
 My love shall in my verse ever live young.

Edmund Spenser, *Amoretti* (1595), Sonnet 75:

One day I wrote her name upon the strand,
 But came the waves and washed it away:
 Again I wrote it with a second hand,
 But came the tide and made my pains his prey.
 'Vain man', said she, 'that dost in vain essay
 A mortal thing so to immortalize;
 For I myself shall like to this decay,
 And eke my name be wiped out likewise.'
 'Not so,' quod I, 'let baser things devise

To die in dust, but you shall live by fame;
 My verse your virtues rare shall eternize,
 And in the heavens write your glorious name:
 Where, whenas Death shall all the world subdue,
 Our love shall live, and later life renew.'

Michael Drayton, *Ideas Mirrour* (1595-1618), Sonnet 68:

How many paltry, foolish, painted things,
 That now in coaches trouble every street,
 Shall be forgotten, whom no poet sings,
 Ere they be well wrapp'd in their winding-sheets?
 Where I to thee eternity shall I give,
 When nothing else remaineth of these days,
 And queens heareafter shall be glad to live
 Upon the alms of thy superfluous praise.
 Virgins and matrons reading these my rhymes,
 Shall be so much delighted with thy story,
 That they shall grieve they liv'd not in these times,
 To have seen thee, their sex's only glory.
 So shalt thou fly above the vulgar throng,
 Still to survive in my immortal song.

William Shakespeare, Sonnet 64:

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
 The rich proud cost of outworn buried age,
 When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed,
 And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
 When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
 Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
 And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main,
 Increasing store with loss and loss with store;
 When I have seen such interchange of state,
 Or state itself confounded to decay,
 Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminare,
 That Time will come and take my love away.
 This thought is as death, which cannot choose
 But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

Sonnet 123:

No, Time, thou 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 admire

What thou dost foist upon us that is old,
 And rather make them born to our desire
 Than think that we before have heard them told.
 Thy registers and thee I both defy,
 Not wondering at the present nor the past,
 For thy records and what we see doth lie,
 Made more or less by thy continual haste.
 This I do vow and this shall ever be;
 I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

William Shakespeare, *The Rape of Lucrece* (1594)

THE ARGUMENT.

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus), after he had caused his own father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper, every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife, though it were late in the night, spinning amongst her maids: the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece's beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was (according to his estate) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatched messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king; wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

ll. 925-973:

'Mis-shapen Time, copesmate of ugly night,
 Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care,
 Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
 Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare;
 Thou nursest all and murderest all that are:
 O hear me then, injurious, shifting Time!
 Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

'Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,
 Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose?
 Cancell'd my fortunes, and enchained me
 To endless date of never-ending woes?
 Time's office is to fine the hate of foes;
 To eat up errors by opinion bred,
 Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

'Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
 To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,
 To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
 To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,
 To wrong the wronger till he render right;
 To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
 And smear with dust their glittering golden towers:

'To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
 To feed oblivion with decay of things,
 To blot old books and alter their contents,
 To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
 To dry the old oak's sap and cherish springs;
 To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,
 And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel;

'To show the beldame daughters of her daughter,
 To make the child a man, the man a child,
 To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
 To tame the unicorn and lion wild,
 To mock the subtle, in themselves beguil'd;
 To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
 And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

'Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
 Unless thou couldst *return* to make amends?
 One poor *retiring* minute in an age
 Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
 Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends.
 O this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come back,
 I could prevent this storm and shun thy wrack!

'Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
 With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight;
 Devise extremes beyond eternity,

To make him curse this cursed crimeful night.
 Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright,
 And the dire thought of his committed evil
 Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

William Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*

Frontispiece

Q1	Q2
<p style="text-align: center;">AN EXCELLENT conceited Tragedie OF Romeo and Iuliet. As it hath been often (with great applause) plaid publicly, by the right Ho- nourable the L. of <i>Hunsdon</i> his Seruants. LONDON, Printed by Iohn Danter. 1597.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">The most ex- cellent and lamentable Tragedy, of Romeo and Juliet. Newly corrected, augmented, and Amended: As it hath been sundry times publicly acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants. London Prited bny thomas Creede, for Cuthbert Burby, and are To sold at his hop neare the Exchange. 1599.</p>

Chorus:

Q1	Q2
<p>Two household <u>Frends</u> alike in dignitie, (In faire Verona, where we lay our Scene) From <u>ciuill broyles</u> broke into <u>enmitie</u>, Whose ciuill <u>warre</u> makes ciuill hands uncleane. From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes, A paire of starre-crost Louers tooke their life: Whose misaduentures, piteous ouerthrowes, (Through the <u>continuing of their Fathers strife</u>, And death-markt passage of their Parents rage) Is now the two howres traffique of our Stage. The which if you with patient eares attend, What here we want wee'l studie to amend.</p>	<p>Two households <u>both</u> alike in dignity, (In fair Verona where we lay our scene) From <u>ancient grudge</u> break to <u>new mutiny</u>, Where civil <u>blood</u> makes civil hands unclean. From forth the fatal loins of these two foes A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life, Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows <u>Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.</u> The fearful passage of their death-marked love, And the continuance of their parents' rage, <u>Which but their children's end, naught could remove,</u> Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage; The which if you with patient ears attend, What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.</p>

William Shakespeare, *Hamlet* (1589-1601? - 1603) (I, 5, ll. 92-112)

HAMLET:

O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?
And shall I couple hell? O, fie! Hold, hold, my heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,

Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven!
 O most pernicious woman!
 O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
 My tables, – meet it is I set it down,
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
 At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark:
 [*Writing*]
 So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
 It is 'Adieu, adieu! remember me.'
 I have sworn 't.

(I.5, ll. 190-98)

HAMLET:

Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!
They swear
 So, gentlemen,
 With all my love I do commend me to you:
 And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
 May do, to express his love and friending to you,
 God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
 And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
 The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
 That ever I was born to set it right!
 Nay, come, let's go together.

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest* (I.2, ll. 27-61)

PROSPERO 'Tis time

I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
 And pluck my magic garment from me. So:

[*Lays down his mantle*]

Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort. 30
 The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
 The very virtue of compassion in thee,

I have with such provision in mine art
 So safely ordered that there is no soul--
 No, not so much perdition as an hair 35
 Betid to any creature in the vessel
 Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
 For thou must now know farther.

MIRANDA You have often
 Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd 40
 And left me to a bootless inquisition,
 Concluding 'Stay: not yet.'

PROSPERO The hour's now come;
 The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
 Obey and be attentive. Canst thou remember 45
 A time before we came unto this cell?
 I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
 Out three years old.

MIRANDA Certainly, sir, I can.

PROSPERO By what? by any other house or person? 50
 Of any thing the image tell me that
 Hath kept with thy remembrance.

MIRANDA 'Tis far off
 And rather like a dream than an assurance
 That my remembrance warrants. Had I not 55
 Four or five women once that tended me?

PROSPERO Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
 That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
 In the dark backward and abysm of time?
 If thou remember'st aught ere thou camest here, 60
 How thou camest here thou mayst.

(1.2.177-84)

Know thus far forth:

By accidents most *strange*, bountiful Fortune

(Now my dear Lady) hath mine enemies

Brought to this shore; and by my *prescience*

I find my *zenith* does depend upon

A most auspicious star, whose influence

If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes

Will ever after droop.