POEMS WRITTEN BY MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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Poems Written by Mr. William Shakespeare by William Shakespeare

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

POEMS WRITTEN BY MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



P O E M S

coritten by

Mr WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



Reprinted for

THOMAS EVANS, No. 50, Strand, near York Buildings.

SAMUEL FOOTE, Efq.

this Edition

of Shakespear's Poems

is inferibed

by his obliged bumble Servant,

The Editor.



Advertisement.

Several editions of the Poems of Shakespear have been printed, but the eager defire to be possessed of the complete works of the noblest of poets, have rendered them scarce; it was therefore imagined, an elegant and correct edition would be very acceptable to every admirer of the author. The poems of Venus and Adonis, Tarquin and Lucrece, were published by Shakespear, and dedicated by him to his great patron, the Earl of Southampton; the remainder, Mr. Gildon remarks, are evidently genuine; there is not one that does not carry its author's mark and stamp upon it; not only the fame manner of thinking, the fame turn of thought, but even the same mode of dress and expression; the decompounds, his peculiar fort of epithets, which diffinguish his from the verses of all his cotemporaries or fuccesfors.

VENUS

ΝE

and

ADONIS.

Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo Pocula Caftalià piena ministret aqua. Ovid. Amer. l. 1. El. 15.

To the Right Honourable

HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

Earl of Southampton, and Baron of Tichfield.

Right Honourable,

I know not how I shall offend, in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship; nor how the world will censure me, for chusing so strong a prope to support so weak a burden: only if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be forry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. Heave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your Honour's in all duty,

Will. Shakespear.

VENUS and ADONIS.

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Even as the fun, with purple-coloured face, Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn, Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase: Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn. Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him, And like a bold-fac'd suitor 'gins to woo him.

Thrice fairer than myself! (thus she began)
The fields sweet flower! sweet above compare!
Stain to all nymphs! more lovely than a man!
More white and red, than doves or roses are!
Nature, that made thee with herself at strife,
Saith, that the world hath ending with thy life.

Vouchfafe, 'thou wonder! to alight thy fleed,
And rein his proud head to the faddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed,
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know.
Here come and fit, where serpent never hisses,
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses.

And yet not cloy thy lips with loathed fatiety, But rather famish them amid their plenty; Making them red and pale with fresh variety: Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty.

A fummer's day will feem an hour but short, Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.

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