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**RENAISSANCE WOMEN LEADERS. UN ESTUDIO  
COMPARATIVO ACERCA DEL ROL DE LAS MUJERES COMO  
LÍDERES DEL CAMBIO LINGÜÍSTICO DURANTE EL  
RENACIMIENTO INGLÉS**

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*A mi amada hermana*

## ÍNDICE

1. INTRODUCCIÓN	4
2. HIPÓTESIS	10
3. PREGUNTAS GENERALES	10
4. OBJETIVOS	
4.1. OBJETIVOS GENERALES	10
4.2. OBJETIVOS ESPECIFICOS	11
5. MARCO TEÓRICO	
5.1. ANTECEDENTES LINGÜÍSTICOS	12
5.2. ANTECEDENTES SOCIOLINGÜÍSTICOS	15
5.2.1. GÉNERO Y LENGUAJE	15
5.2.2. GÉNERO COMO VARIABLE LINGÜÍSTICA	17
5.2.3. GÉNERO Y CAMBIO LINGÜÍSTICO	18
5.2.4. EL PATRÓN SEXO/PRESTIGIO	19
5.2.5. CAMBIOS DESDE ARRIBA VS CAMBIOS DESDE ABAJO	20
5.2.6. GÉNERO Y CAMBIO LINGÜÍSTICO EN EL RENACIMIENTO INGLÉS	21
5.2.7. VENTAJAS Y DESVENTAJAS	21
6. ANTECEDENTES PARA EL PRESENTE ESTUDIO	23
7. METODOLOGÍA	
7.1. DATOS	24
7.2. SELECCIÓN DE DATOS	25
7.3. CRITERIOS DE ANÁLISIS	27
8. ANÁLISIS	28
9. PRESENTACIÓN Y DISCUSIÓN DE RESULTADOS	32
10. CONCLUSIONES	41
REFERENCIA	46
APÉNDICE	50

## 1. INTRODUCCIÓN

Históricamente, el periodo conocido como Renacimiento comenzó a desarrollarse en Inglaterra a comienzos del siglo XVI, durando hasta mediados del siglo XVII. Renacimiento significa *renacer*. La noción de *renacer* trata de capturar el hecho de que las ideas culturales y políticas que formaron este periodo fueron influenciados por un nuevo interés en las culturas y civilizaciones clásicas de la antigua Roma y Grecia. Este renacer conceptual gatilló un gran número de cambios culturales y políticos que marcaron la transición de una vida medieval a una moderna. Estos cambios estaban relacionados con la estructura y organización de la sociedad, perspectivas sobre el mundo e identidad nacional, la organización de la vida religiosa y el desarrollo de la literatura y las artes.

En lo que se refiere al desarrollo del inglés durante este periodo, Baugh y Cable (2002) describen una serie de factores que ayudaron a que el idioma se desarrollara en forma diferente a como se había desarrollado en el inglés medieval. Estos nuevos factores fueron la imprenta, la educación, rápida propagación de la educación popular, el aumento de las comunicaciones y los medios de comunicación, crecimiento del conocimiento especializado y el surgimiento de inseguridad sobre el lenguaje.

La imprenta es el hito que promovió la propagación de las lenguas vernáculo en Europa. Introducida en Inglaterra por William Caxton en 1476, la imprenta se desarrolló de tal manera que gracias a ella, los libros se produjeron masivamente y, por lo tanto, más personas podían tener acceso a ellos. No obstante, el analfabetismo era muy alto entre la clase baja y las mujeres especialmente. La nueva clase media no

era gente educada, en consecuencia, no tenían conocimiento del latín, que era el lenguaje oficial en la corte e instituciones públicas. Ellos hablaban el inglés vernáculo<sup>1</sup>, por lo tanto, estaban interesados en instruirse y leer libros en inglés. La alta posibilidad de poder acceder a libros impresos en inglés incrementó la lectura de dichos libros y, en consecuencia, aumentó su demanda. Junto con esto, la educación y el acceso a ella también estaba progresando, de manera que a fines del siglo XVIII, la mayoría de las personas podían leer y escribir (Baugh & Cable, 2002)

Sin embargo, muchos de estos avances no se veían reflejados en el desarrollo social y cultural de las mujeres debido a su escaso acceso a la educación y su rol en la sociedad.

En el siglo XVI se les permitió a las mujeres algo de educación. Al principio, la educación de las mujeres se realizaba en hogares de élite bajo la supervisión de tutores privados. Se les enseñaba a ser dedicadas esposas y devotas cristianas. Debían aprender cómo administrar la casa y cómo debía comportarse en la clase social en la cual su matrimonio la situaría. Además, aprendían a leer, escribir, llevar cuentas, hacer bálsamos y practicar cirugías. Entre los idiomas que debían aprender estaban el latín, griego, italiano y francés.

A mediados del siglo XVI, a algunas niñas se les permitieron asistir a escuelas de gramática con sus hermanos. Más tarde, y gracias a la presión de los protestantes, se establecieron escuelas privadas para aquellas damas cuyas familias podían costear sus

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<sup>1</sup> Labov (1972) define al habla vernácula como el estilo más espontáneo usado por el hablante en su comunicación diaria con los miembros de su familia o amigos íntimos.

estudios. Sin embargo, como las universidades no admitían mujeres, el futuro de la mayoría era el matrimonio, los hijos y las labores de hogar.

Los roles de género durante este periodo estaban bien definidos, siendo el hombre el que rige por sobre la mujer. Esta jerarquía de género y el rol patriarcal del marido como administrador de la familia y el hogar -esposa, hijos y sirvientes- se asumían como establecidas por Dios y la naturaleza. Constantemente, a las mujeres se les instruía que su valor espiritual y social residían por sobre todo en la práctica y reputación de su castidad. Las mujeres vírgenes y las mujeres casadas debían mantener silencio en público y demostrar obediencia al padre y esposo. Sin embargo, a las viudas se les daba algo de autonomía para tomar sus propias decisiones y administrar sus asuntos. Los hijos y sirvientes estaban obligados a rendir estricta obediencia<sup>2</sup>

Definiciones legales y religiosas sobre los roles de género y normas fueron proclamadas en diversos escritos sobre ceremonias matrimoniales o manuales de conducta. Entre ellos: *A Book of Husbandry* (1525) *The Book of Common Prayer* (1559) y *The Law's Resolutions of Women's Rights* (1632).

En el siguiente extracto, John Fitzherbert, en su libro *A Book of Husbandry* (1525)<sup>3</sup> aconseja:

*When thou art up and ready, then first sweep thy house, dress up thy dish-board, and set all things in good order within thy house; milk thy kine [cows], feed thy calves, sile [strain] up*

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<sup>2</sup> Para mayor información, visitar Norton Topics Online:

[http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/17century/topic\\_1/welcome.htm](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/17century/topic_1/welcome.htm)

<sup>3</sup> Disponible en <http://internetshakespeare.uvic.ca/Library/SLT/society/duties.html>

*thy milk, take up thy children and array them, and provide for thy husband's breakfast, dinner, supper, and for thy children and servants, and take thy part with them.*

*And to ordain [organize] corn and malt to the mill, to bake and brew withal when need is... Thou must make butter and cheese when thou may; serve thy swine, both morning and evening, and give thy pullen [fowl] meat in the morning, and when time of the year cometh, thou must take heed how thy hen, ducks and geese do lay, and to gather up their eggs; and when they wax broody to set them thereas no beasts, swine or other vermin hurt them. . .*

The *Book of Common Prayer* and *The Law's Resolution* comienzan con la historia de la creación, matrimonio y caída de Adán y Eva del Génesis. *The Law's Resolution* fue diseñado para reunir las leyes correspondientes a los derechos legales de las mujeres y sus deberes en cada uno de sus tres estados: soltera y virgen, esposa y viuda. Tales normas fueron modificadas en otros libros que trataban de roles y deberes familiares, entre ellos: *A Godly Form of Household Government* (1598) de John Dod y Robert Cleave, trata y contrasta los deberes del esposo y esposa estableciendo paralelos explícitos entre el hogar y la comunidad. *The English Hus-Wife* (1615) de Gervase Markham, establece la responsabilidad de la mujer de comprender y administrar medicinas a su familia y tener habilidades en la cocina. El libro *English Gentlewoman* (1631) de Richard Brathwaite se focaliza en las virtudes y actividades pertenecientes a las mujeres de las clases sociales más altas, poniendo especial atención en la castidad de las viudas. Por otra parte, *The Servant's Duty* (1613) de Thomas Fosset, explica detalladamente la presunción que cada relación en la sociedad está fundada en una jerarquía. (From the Norton Topics Online)

En el siguiente extracto del manual *English Gentlewoman*, Richard Brathwaite describe el comportamiento esperado por una viuda, en lo referente a castidad y el deseo de rehuir un segundo matrimonio:



*Are you widows? You deserve much honor if you be so indeed. The name both from the Greek and Latin hath received one consonant etymology: deprived or destitute. Great difference then is there betwixt those widows which live alone and retire themselves from public concourse, and those which frequent the company of men. For a widow to love society, gives speedy wings to spreading infamy \* \* \* for in public concourse and in court-resorts there is no place for widows. For in such meetings she exposeth her honor to danger, which above all others she ought incomparably to tender.* (From the Norton Topics Online)

No obstante lo anterior, diversos estudios históricos han develado que, a pesar de todas las restricciones que las mujeres pudieron haber tenido durante este periodo, lograron destacarse en el ámbito literario y cultural.

En el ámbito del desarrollo del lenguaje, muchos estudios históricos y sociolingüísticos han identificado a las mujeres como líderes de cambios lingüísticos que se extendieron por sobre el nivel de conciencia pública y que involucraron nuevas formas de prestigio que emanaron de las altas clases sociales, a diferencia de los hombres que lideraban cambios en el lenguaje vernáculo que se extendieron por debajo del nivel de conciencia pública. Por su parte, William Labov, en su teoría de la paradoja del género (gender paradox), afirma que mientras las mujeres adoptan el lenguaje proveniente de las altas clases sociales y por sobre el nivel de conciencia pública a un nivel más alto que los hombres, también utilizan altas frecuencias de formas innovadoras del lenguaje vernáculo que ocurren por debajo del nivel de conciencia pública de lo que lo hacen los hombres (Labov 1990:213-15)

En esta perspectiva, ¿pueden estas teorías ser aplicadas de alguna manera en un estudio histórico del rol que tuvieron las mujeres en la diseminación y estandarización del idioma inglés durante el Renacimiento inglés<sup>4</sup>?

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<sup>4</sup> Periodo comprendido entre los años 1500 y 1650

Durante los últimos años, el análisis diacrónico de fenómenos discursivos contextualizados no contemporáneos se ha denominado alternativamente Lingüística Socio histórica (Romaine, 1982), Sociolingüística Histórica (Milroy 1991), y, Análisis Histórico del Discurso (Brinton 2001). Las distintas denominaciones señalan diferencias en las metodologías, tradiciones y objetos elegidos, pero también, un mismo interés por conciliar el enfoque histórico y el enfoque discursivo, en sentido amplio, en el estudio de la lengua.

Según Romaine (1988): El objetivo metodológico principal de la Sociolingüística Histórica es desarrollar un conjunto de procedimientos para reconstruir el lenguaje en su contexto social, y utilizar los resultados de la sociolingüística como controles del proceso de reconstrucción y como un medio para informar las teorías de cambio (citada en Hernández-Campoy, 2005)

De esta manera, realizar un estudio diacrónico de la lengua nos permite indagar en los cambios lingüísticos ocurridos en el pasado, sus causas y consecuencias y, al mismo tiempo, extrapolar dichos resultados para explicar los cambios ocurridos en la actualidad.

En esta perspectiva, el presente trabajo tiene como objetivo realizar un estudio diacrónico de la lengua, específicamente, investigar sobre el rol que tuvieron las mujeres en el cambio lingüístico a través de textos escritos formales durante el Renacimiento inglés de manera de poder dar cuenta de cómo escritoras de la época lograron ser agentes difusores del cambio lingüístico aún cuando los discursos y reglas sociales de la época les negaban tal posición.

## **2. HIPÓTESIS**

Las mujeres escritoras del Renacimiento lograron ser agentes difusores del cambio lingüístico aún cuando los discursos y reglas sociales de la época les negaban tal posición.

## **3. PREGUNTAS GENERALES**

1. ¿Tuvieron estas autoras posibilidades de resistirse a los discursos sociales establecidos de la época?
2. ¿Cómo lograron desarrollarse como escritoras en el campo de la literatura y dar espacio a sus capacidades intelectuales?
3. ¿Utilizaron estas escritoras algún tipo de discurso específico para legitimar su trabajo?
4. ¿Cuáles eran los roles de género que estaban disponibles para las mujeres? ¿Eran éstos limitados?
5. ¿Lograron ser estas escritoras agentes difusores del cambio lingüístico en el proceso de estandarización del inglés de la época?
6. ¿Existe evidencia en textos escritos en donde se demuestre que las mujeres lideraban el uso de los nuevos cambios que estaban ocurriendo en el lenguaje?

## **4. OBJETIVOS**

### **4.1. OBJETIVOS GENERALES**

1. Indagar sobre los contextos sociales e históricos del Renacimiento en el cual el lenguaje se estaba desarrollando.

2. Hacer un estudio comparativo de textos de escritores y escritoras de la época con el objeto de encontrar evidencias del uso de los nuevos rasgos gramaticales de la época
3. Indagar sobre los roles de género establecidos para la época, y en qué medida estos roles influenciaron el desarrollo de la literatura en las mujeres.

#### **4.2. OBJETIVOS ESPECÍFICOS**

- 4.2.1. Identificar los aspectos históricos subyacentes a la estandarización del lenguaje
- 4.2.2. Identificar los roles sociales disponibles comparados a aquellos asignados a los hombres
- 4.2.3. Identificar las formas en que las mujeres lograron sortear los obstáculos establecidos para poder escribir y publicar
- 4.2.4. Identificar y cuantificar el lenguaje utilizado por hombres y mujeres en términos morfológicos.
- 4.2.5. Comparar los textos escritos por Isabella Whitney, Jane Anger, Elizabeth Cary, Rachel Speght, Aemilia Lanyer y Lady Mary Wroth con aquéllos de autores masculinos de la época
- 4.2.6. Buscar en los textos escritos evidencias de cambios gramaticales liderados por estas escritoras y contrastarlos con los realizados por los escritores.

## **5. MARCO TEÓRICO**

### **5.1. ANTECEDENTES LINGÜÍSTICOS**

El periodo del inglés moderno temprano estuvo marcado por la continuación del desarrollo de la estandarización del idioma y su incremento social como consecuencia de la imprenta y otros cambios, tanto sociales, políticos, religiosos y culturales que ocurrieron durante este tiempo.

A comienzos del siglo XVI, la población de Inglaterra se estaba recuperando de las pérdidas producidas por la peste negra (Black Death). Como consecuencia de esta plaga, hubo una repentina escasez de mano de obra, por lo que la clase baja se enfrentó a la posibilidad de demandar un sueldo por su trabajo. Esto trajo consigo que campesinos y artesanos pudieran convertirse en personas autosuficientes económicamente. De esta manera se comenzaba a definir una creciente y definida clase media.

Por su parte, después de la decadencia del francés, el inglés se convirtió en el idioma de la administración y el gobierno. Sin embargo, el latín permaneció como la lengua del conocimiento y la sabiduría.

El léxico del inglés durante este periodo fue en gran medida enriquecido gracias al comercio internacional y a la exploración. Es decir, hablantes del inglés hicieron contacto con hablantes de otras lenguas que traían a Inglaterra objetos, sustancias, plantas, animales, etc., y sus conceptos correspondientes desde las Américas y África. De esta manera, muchas palabras nuevas fueron incorporadas al inglés del latín, griego, francés, italiano, español, etc.

Aunque la imprenta ayudó a regularizar la ortografía, aún existían variaciones y no había una ortografía estandarizada debido que no había un sistema general aceptado por todos. Ésta no era ni fonética ni fija y variaba de un escritor a otro de acuerdo a su nivel educacional. Por otra parte, la ortografía dependía más bien del impresor más que del autor.

Algunos de los cambios lingüísticos observados durante el periodo son:

*a. Reemplazo del pronombre ye por you*

De acuerdo a Baugh & Cable (1959), el siglo XVI evidenció el desuso de *thou, thy, thee* y la substitución de *ye* por *you*. En el principio, la distinción entre *thou* y *ye* era simplemente numérica: *thou* era el singular y *ye* la forma plural para la segunda persona. Ya en el siglo XIII las formas singulares (*thou, thy, thee*) se utilizaban entre familiares y para dirigirse a los niños o personas de menor rango, mientras que las formas plurales (*ye, your, you*) comenzaron a utilizarse como señal de respeto al dirigirse a una persona de rango superior. Según Nevalainen (2006), *you* se estableció en la clase alta como norma entre iguales. *Thou* se restringió a la esfera privada, pero aún se podría ver en discursos públicos. Alrededor de 1600, *thou* se puede encontrar en textos de ficción, drama, poesía y en contextos religiosos de todo tipo.

Hasta casi el final del siglo XVI, el rol de la segunda persona plural era compartido por *you* y *ye*, en donde *ye* correspondía al sujeto, y *you* correspondía al complemento (e.g. King James Bible: “Ye have chosen me; I have chosen you”). Es durante este siglo, entonces, cuando esta distinción se rompe y *ye* es reemplazado por el complemento *you*.

Según Raumolin-Brunberg (2005), este fue un cambio desde abajo en términos de conciencia social, utilizado originalmente en forma oral y en registros informales. El origen social de *you* se produjo en la clase media, y las mujeres lideraron el cambio durante su periodo crítico de difusión. Además, no se ha identificado una región específica como el origen de este cambio, pero Londres y la Corte lo adoptaron antes que el Norte y Anglia del Este.

b. Sufijo en la tercera persona singular *-(e)s* versus *-(e)th*

Este periodo también evidenció el uso generalizado del sufijo en la tercera persona singular *-(e)s* (e.g. *hath* versus *has*). Este proceso había comenzado más o menos en el siglo X cuando *-s* fue introducido por primera vez, influenciado por el dialecto del norte. Según Baugh y Cable, durante el siglo XVI *-s* se incrementó especialmente en el lenguaje escrito, lo que parece reflejar el uso coloquial de este rasgo. Ya a fines del siglo, formas como *tells*, *gives* y *says* predominan, aunque algunas formas antiguas más resistentes como *hath* y *doth* permanecieron hasta el periodo moderno tardío.

Además, es la única inflexión de persona que se encuentra en el inglés estándar de hoy en día.

c. *My* y *Thy* versus *Mine* y *Thine*

Este cambio también tiene como origen el norte de Inglaterra y consistió en la pérdida de *-n* en las formas largas de los determinantes: *mine* y *thine*, las que, según Nevalainen (2006),

comenzaron a quedar en desuso a comienzos del siglo XVII y que las formas cortas *my* y *thy* se propagaron a gran cantidad de contextos, mientras que las formas largas se restringieron al lenguaje poético y expresiones fijas, como *mine owne*, *thine eyes*.

En términos lingüísticos, la pérdida original del elemento nasal del posesivo *mine* y *thine* fue, probablemente condicionado fonológicamente. Este cambio primero fue realizado delante de palabras que comenzaban con consonante, seguido luego por palabras que comenzaban con vocal. Según Schendle (1997), este condicionamiento fonológico se observó durante la primera mitad del siglo XVI.

## **5.2. ANTECEDENTES SOCIOLINGÜÍSTICOS**

### **5.2.1. GÉNERO Y LENGUAJE**

Diversos estudios sobre género y lenguaje se han llevado a cabo para determinar qué tan distinto es el lenguaje entre mujeres y hombres. Uno de los primeros que trató el lenguaje de las mujeres fue el realizado por Otto Jespersen en 1922: *Language: Its Nature, Development and Origin*. En el capítulo ‘The Woman’, Jespersen afirma que, por ejemplo: las mujeres hablan más cortésmente que los hombres, y que tienen un vocabulario más reducido y menos variado. Las mujeres se diferencian de los hombres en el uso de ciertos adjetivos como ‘*pretty*’ y ‘*nice*’, y de adverbios como ‘*vastly*’ y ‘*so*’. El trabajo de Jespersen es un ejemplo típico que trata un grupo (hombres) como la norma y el otro grupo (mujeres) como el que se desvía de la norma (*deviant*).



Este trabajo ha sido muy criticado y ha sido catalogado como estereotipado y sexista. Además, es necesario aclarar que Jespersen no obtuvo los datos de conversaciones reales de mujeres, sino que se refiere a diálogos entre mujeres en novelas escritas por hombres.

Otro trabajo importante en este ámbito y que marcó el inicio el interés lingüístico en diferencias de sexo durante el siglo XX, es el realizado por Robin Lakoff en 1975, llamado *Language and Woman's Place*. Su postura frente al habla femenina es conocida como la 'hipótesis de Lakoff'. Ella afirma que las mujeres son más proclives a utilizar adjetivos como 'divine', 'charming', y 'lovely'. Intensificadores como 'so', 'really' y 'very', y cuantificadores como 'not exactly' y 'a bit'. Además, las mujeres utilizan más "tag questions", "hedges" y más entonaciones ascendentes y formas más corteses que los hombres. Lakoff explica que estas características del 'lenguaje de las mujeres' son el resultado de subordinación lingüística: una mujer debe aprender a hablar el 'lenguaje de las mujeres' para evitar ser criticadas como "no femeninas" por la sociedad. Como resultado, entonces, las mujeres parecen carecer de autoridad, seriedad, convicción y confianza en sus conversaciones.

Igual que Jespersen, el trabajo de Lakoff ha sido criticado por ser estereotipado y androcéntrico<sup>5</sup> de dos maneras: En primer lugar, ella tiende a usar a los hombres como la norma y a las mujeres como la desviación. En otras palabras, su argumento es sesgado con

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<sup>5</sup> Androcéntrico- androcentrismo: Visión del mundo y de las relaciones sociales centrada en el punto de vista masculino, (Real Academia Española)

respecto al lenguaje de las mujeres desde un principio. En segundo lugar, está el problema de su método: ella examina sus propias intuiciones más que un corpus.

No obstante, el trabajo de Lakoff es significativo de dos maneras: (1) Es la primera investigadora feminista en tratar el lenguaje de las mujeres; (2) estudios posteriores sobre diferencias de género en el idioma inglés se han desarrollado en base a los argumentos planteados por Lakoff, ya sea para verificar o contradecir su hipótesis.

Muchos de estos estudios posteriores se basan en dos enfoques: el enfoque de dominio (the dominance approach), y el enfoque de diferencia (the difference approach). El primero ve a las mujeres como un grupo oprimido y marginado, e interpreta las diferencias lingüísticas entre el habla de los hombres y las mujeres como el reflejo del dominio de los hombres y la subordinación de las mujeres.

Por otra parte, el enfoque de diferencia, enfatiza la idea de que las mujeres y los hombres pertenecen a subculturas separadas. Las diferencias sexuales en el uso lenguaje son interpretadas en términos de estas distintas subculturas.

### **5.2.2. GÉNERO COMO VARIABLE SOCIOLINGÜÍSTICA**

En los años sesenta, William Labov desarrolló estudios sociolingüísticos asociados a género y sexo y su relación al lenguaje. Estos estudios se centraron, por un lado, en las diferencias de comportamiento de habla de los hombres y las mujeres a nivel fonológico, y por otro, en los estilos discursivos de los mismos. Existen diversos estudios sobre variación

específica de género que dependen de diversos factores, como metodologías, supuestos y muestras utilizadas. Eckert y McConnell-Ginet resumen variadas posiciones diciendo que:

women's language has been said to reflect their [our] conservatism, prestige consciousness, upward mobility, insecurity, deference, nurture, emotional expressivity, connectedness, sensitivity to others, solidarity. And men's language is heard as evincing their toughness, lack of affect, competitiveness, independence, competence, hierarchy, control. (citado en Wodak & Benke, 127)

### **5.2.3. GÉNERO Y CAMBIO LINGÜÍSTICO**

Una consecuencia importante en la diferenciación de género en el lenguaje es el *cambio lingüístico*. Según Coates (1986) La variación lingüística sirve para distinguir el habla de distintos grupos sociales (variación social), así como también el habla de un individuo en diferentes contextos (variación estilística). Con el tiempo, estas variaciones pueden ocasionar un cambio lingüístico, el cual ocurre cuando una nueva forma lingüística, utilizada por un sub-sección de una comunidad de habla en particular, es adoptada por otros miembros de dicha comunidad y es aceptada como norma. Sociolingüistas reconocen no sólo la variación lingüística entre grupos sociales, sino que también las diferencias de género en el habla juegan un rol importante en la propagación del cambio lingüístico (Labov, 2001)

#### 5.2.4. EL PATRÓN SEXO/PRESTIGIO

El Prestigio está asociado con el lenguaje utilizado por el grupo social perteneciente a la clase social más alta. Miembros de una comunidad de habla determinada reconocerán, en forma colectiva, que una variedad en particular – el dialecto estándar – es más “correcto” que otros. Por otra parte, estigma está asociado con las formas no estandarizadas o lenguaje vernáculo.

En el caso de género, se ha establecido que en muchas comunidades de habla las mujeres utilizan mayores proporciones de formas prestigiosas que los hablantes masculinos. Las mujeres tienden a utilizar menos formas estigmatizadas (vernáculos), y en el habla formal son más sensibles al lenguaje prestigioso que los hombres. En otras palabras, las mujeres de clase media baja (Lower Middle Class) son particularmente sensibles a las nuevas variantes de prestigio, y exhiben un mayor grado de hipercorrección que el generalmente es demostrado por esa clase social. Esto es lo que se llaman el Patrón Sexo/Prestigio (Wodak & Benke 133)

Este patrón se ve reflejado en el estudio que William Labov llevó a cabo en Nueva York, utilizando el enfoque cuantitativo<sup>6</sup>. Su interés se centró en la variable lingüística (r) – es decir el hecho de que en la ciudad de Nueva York *r* en posición post vocálica puede ser pronunciada [ɹ] o no del todo. La estratificación social de (r) es un ejemplo de un patrón sociolingüístico.

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<sup>6</sup> Este enfoque permite a los sociolingüistas cuantificar sus datos y hacer correlaciones entre estructuras lingüísticas y sociales.

Por su parte, Peter Trugill realizó un estudio del Inglés de Norwich (1974a) y, encontró que la variable (ing) - en ítems como *walking* era realizado como [ɪŋ] or [ɪn]- se comportó en forma similar a (r) en Nueva York. Esto quiere decir que el patrón social de estratificación se mantiene.

Cuando los informantes en cada clase social eran subdivididos por sexo, Labov y Trudgill concluyeron que la pronunciación de los hombres varió muy poco entre los discursos formales e informales, mientras que la pronunciación de las mujeres varió en mayor cantidad. Ellas demostraron un mayor grado de cambio de estilo y utilizaron nuevas y avanzadas formas en el discurso casual, por lo tanto, iniciaron el cambio.

#### **5.2.5. CAMBIOS DESDE ARRIBA VS. CAMBIOS DESDE ABAJO**

Con el objeto de explicar sus resultados, Labov (1990) hace una distinción entre cambio consciente y cambio inconsciente, o lo que él llamó ‘cambio desde arriba’ y ‘cambio desde abajo’. Manteniendo el patrón Sexo/Prestigio, él argumenta que las mujeres lideran cambios que vienen por sobre el nivel de consciencia social y que involucran las nuevas formas prestigiosas de los grupos sociales de clase alta, mientras que los hombres inician cambios que se propagan bajo el nivel de consciencia social, y lejos de las normas aceptadas acercándose más al vernáculo.

Por otra parte, el mayor uso del lenguaje prestigioso de las mujeres, ha sido explicado por los sociolingüistas, ya sea en términos económicos y sociales, o por razones de estatus y poder. Alternativamente, el enfoque de dominio sugiere que, ya que a las mujeres

generalmente se les otorga menos estatus y poder que a los hombres, intentan asegurar o señalar su estatus social lingüísticamente utilizando las formas prestigiosas del lenguaje (Wodak & Benke 135-40)

### **5.2.6. GÉNERO Y CAMBIO LINGÜÍSTICO EN EL RENACIMIENTO INGLÉS**

Como ya hemos mencionado, la investigación sociolingüística ha producido evidencia concreta sobre el rol influyente de las mujeres en la variación y cambio lingüísticos en comunidades de habla de hoy en día, sin embargo el rol de las mujeres en el desarrollo histórico de la lengua inglesa no está claro. Recientemente, sociolingüistas históricos han buscado evaluar el alcance en que los universales sociolingüísticos sobre género y cambio del lenguaje son válidos en un contexto histórico. En otras palabras, ¿en qué medida se puede aplicar el patrón Sex/Prestigio o la Paradoja del Género al inglés del periodo temprano del inglés moderno? ¿Fueron las mujeres promotoras de formas del habla estándar antes que los hombres?

### **5.2.7. VENTAJAS Y DESVENTAJAS**

La Sociolingüística Histórica presenta ciertas desventajas en basar los estudios en textos escritos debido a la falta de representatividad y validación estadística que se necesita para reconstruir la situación sociolingüística del pasado de alguna lengua. Además, no se puede

contar con hablantes de las épocas que se quiere investigar que nos puedan proveer de datos, por ejemplo en el plano fonológico. También se debe considerar la escasez de textos originales de periodos anteriores, ya sea porque la mayoría de ellos se perdieron en el transcurso del tiempo o, porque lo que se producía estaba restringido a ciertos grupos sociales y profesiones que requerían saber leer y escribir.

En este sentido, y como la educación era más bien un privilegio masculino, los textos escritos por mujeres eran más escasos que los de los hombres. En otras palabras, menos del 2 por ciento de los textos publicados durante el periodo moderno temprano fueron escritos por mujeres (Nevalainen, 2001)

No obstante, realizar un estudio sociolingüístico histórico utilizando textos escritos originales de las épocas puede presentar ciertos desafíos. Por ejemplo, para evaluar el grado al cual las mujeres instigaron y propagaron el cambio lingüístico se debe considerar los diferentes roles sociales que ellas jugaban, así como también su falta de acceso a la educación y su restrictiva posición social. Por lo tanto, un estudio diacrónico utilizando textos escritos nos da la oportunidad de comprobar si las mujeres realmente lideraron la difusión de los cambios lingüísticos durante el Renacimiento.

## 6. ANTECEDENTES PARA EL PRESENTE ESTUDIO

Como referencia para realizar el presente estudio, se considerará las investigaciones basadas en el Corpus of Early English Correspondence (CEEC)<sup>7</sup> de la Universidad de Helsinki. Este corpus cubre el periodo comprendido entre 1417 y 1682. Consiste en 6.000 cartas personales aproximadamente escritas por 777 personas en total manteniendo la ortografía original.

El promedio proporcional de las cartas escritas por mujeres corresponde al 20 por ciento del total. Además, la gran mayoría de las mujeres presentes en el corpus corresponden a la alta burguesía y a la nobleza. Por lo tanto, textos escritos por personas de menor rango social se restringe a profesionales o comerciantes, en donde las mujeres no participaban. El objetivo original de crear este corpus fue para probar cómo los métodos creados por sociolingüistas que estudian lenguas de hoy podrían ser aplicados a datos históricos. A través de los datos extraídos de este corpus, Nevalainen y Raumolin-Brunberg han examinado la supralocalización (*supralocalization*)<sup>8</sup> de un número de rasgos gramaticales que formaron parte del inglés estándar del periodo en estudio. Las investigadoras basan su estudio en el rol de múltiples variables en el cambio lingüístico, siendo *género* una de ellas.

En el estudio, catorce cambios lingüísticos fueron analizados y como conclusión general se estableció que las mujeres fueron líderes en el proceso de cambio lingüístico en la mayoría

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<sup>7</sup> CEEC comenzó en 1993 y fue completado y publicado en 1998. Esta versión fue compilada por el equipo de Sociolingüística e Historia de la lengua del Departamento de Inglés de la Universidad de Helsinki liderado por Terttu Nevalainen y Helena Raumolin-Brunberg. Para mayor información, visitar <http://www.helsinki.fi/varieng/domains/CEEC.html>

<sup>8</sup> Se entiende por “supralocalization” como la propagación de un rasgo lingüístico desde su región de origen a otras zonas vecinas.



de los casos. Es decir, en 8 de 14 ejemplos, las mujeres adoptaron las nuevas variantes del lenguaje antes que los hombres (Nevalainen 2001)

Por otra parte, diversos estudios basados en este corpus - Palander-Collin, (1999), Nevalainen (2001) y Raumolin-Brunberg, (2009), entre otros – han utilizado el enfoque cuantitativo con el propósito de calcular la frecuencia en que ocurren ciertas características del lenguaje. Según Nevalainen (2001), estas frecuencias deben ser calculadas sobre un gran corpus y normalizadas a una cantidad fija de datos, como por ejemplo una cantidad dada de palabras (por ejemplo: 10.000 palabras). Por ejemplo, Palander-Collin, en su estudio de 1999, muestra que Brilliana Harley<sup>9</sup> utiliza con más frecuencia los pronombres en segunda persona que otras escritoras incluidas en su estudio (513 en 10.000 palabras), mientras que Thomas Wentworth<sup>10</sup>, uno de los escritores incluidos en su estudio, los emplea más de 350 veces por 10.000 palabras. En promedio, las mujeres utilizan 368 pronombres en segunda persona por 10.000 palabras, mientras que los hombres sólo 293 (Nevalainen, 2001)

## **7. METODOLOGÍA**

### **7.1. DATOS**

El corpus seleccionado para la presente investigación, a diferencia del CEEC, está compuesto por textos literarios de autoras y autores contemporáneos del Renacimiento

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<sup>9</sup> Brilliana Harley nació en Brill (Países Bajos) en 1598. Se casó con Robert Harley en 1623. Escribió cerca de 375 cartas a su esposo e hijo Edward Harley. (sacado de [http://www.reference.com/browse/wiki/Brilliana\\_Harley](http://www.reference.com/browse/wiki/Brilliana_Harley))

<sup>10</sup> Thomas Wentworth nació en 1593. Fue uno de los principales consejeros de Carlos I. (sacado de [http://www.1911encyclopedia.org/Thomas\\_Wentworth,\\_Earl\\_Of\\_Strafford](http://www.1911encyclopedia.org/Thomas_Wentworth,_Earl_Of_Strafford))

inglés para realizar el análisis comparativo. Para ello se realizó una revisión bibliográfica sobre la vida y obra de diferentes autores, tanto masculinos como femeninos de la época para luego seleccionar los textos a ser utilizados en el estudio. Este corpus incluyó textos de las autoras y autores contemporáneos para realizar el análisis. Tales textos debían ser similares entre sí, ya sea en términos de género (poesía, prosa, panfleto, soneto u obra de teatro), como en longitud (tener más o menos la misma cantidad de palabras, en este caso cada texto tiene un promedio de 3.500 palabras).

La fuente de información se obtuvo mediante la búsqueda exhaustiva en Internet en distintos sitios dedicados a estos autores, además de revisión de libros digitales y físicos.

Así mismo, se seleccionaron los rasgos lingüísticos sujetos a cambio durante el periodo renacentista y se hizo un conteo de la frecuencia en que ocurren estos rasgos. Los resultados se mostrarán en porcentajes a través de gráficos simples.

## **7.2. SELECCIÓN DE DATOS**

Como referencia para realizar el presente estudio, se consideraron las investigaciones basadas en el Corpus of Early English Correspondence (CEEC) de la Universidad de Helsinki.

Como hemos mencionado anteriormente, diversos estudios basados en este corpus han utilizado el enfoque cuantitativo con el propósito de calcular la frecuencia en que ocurren ciertas características del lenguaje. Sin embargo, el corpus utilizado en esta investigación es

más pequeño, el cual está conformado por textos escritos por escritoras del Renacimiento inglés y de sus respectivas contrapartes masculinas.

El corpus está compuesto por textos literarios de escritoras del Renacimiento inglés, específicamente Isabella Whitney, Jane Anger, Elizabeth Cary, Rachel Speght, Aemilia Lanyer y Lady Mary Wroth, y de sus contrapartes masculinas Edmund Spenser, John Knox, Christopher Marlowe, Thomas Nashe, Ben Jonson y John Donne respectivamente.

Por otra parte, en la selección de los textos se consideró que compartieran de alguna manera el mismo género literario y, que además, coincidieran más o menos con el año de publicación de las obras incluidas en el presente estudio.

De esta manera, el orden de los autores se grafica en la siguiente tabla:

Autora	Título(s)	Año de publicación	Autor	Título(s)	Año de publicación
Isabella Whitney	<i>The Copy of a Letter</i>	1567	Edmund Spenser	<i>Amoretti</i>	1595
	<i>A Sweet Nosgay</i>	1573			
Jane Anger	<i>Her protection for women</i>	1589	John Knox	<i>First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women</i>	1558
Elizabeth Cary	<i>The Tragedy of Miriam, The Fair Queen of Jewry</i>	1606	Christopher Marlowe	<i>The Tragicall History of D. Faustus</i>	1604

Rachel Speght	<i>A Movzell for Melastomvs</i>	1617	Thomas Nashe <sup>11</sup>	<i>Anatomie of Absurditie</i>	1589
	<i>The Dreame</i>	1621			
Aemilia Lanyer	<i>Salve Deus Rex Judaeorum</i>	1611	Ben Jonson	<i>The Forest</i>	1616
Lady Mary Wroth	<i>Pamphilia to Amphilanthus</i>	1621	John Donne	<i>Songs and Sonnets</i>	1635

De los rasgos lingüísticos incluidos en CEEC, estudiaremos 3<sup>12</sup>:

1. Reemplazo de sujeto *ye* por *you*
2. *My* y *Thy* versus *Mine* y *Thine*
3. Sufijo en la tercera persona singular *-(e)s* versus *-(e)th*

### 7.3. CRITERIOS DE ANÁLISIS

Los criterios utilizados fueron los siguientes

- a. Se seleccionaron textos publicados por autoras que se enmarcaron en el periodo renacentista inglés, es decir, entre 1500 y 1650. A su vez, estas

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<sup>11</sup> Las fechas de publicación de la obra de Thomas Nashe no coincide con la publicación de la obra de Rachel Spenght debido a que no se encontró el texto del panfleto original de Joseph Swetnam, a quien la obra de Spenght está dirigida. Por lo tanto se buscó un texto parecido tanto en forma como fondo.

<sup>12</sup> En el proyecto original se había contemplado el análisis del rasgo “Pérdida de la negación múltiple”, sin embargo se decidió no incluirlos debido a que fue muy difícil encontrar ejemplos de dichos rasgos en los textos literarios formales seleccionados.

autoras fueron seleccionadas de acuerdo a su rol como defensoras del género femenino durante dicha época.

- b. Se seleccionaron textos publicados por escritores masculinos contemporáneos a las escritoras anteriormente mencionadas. Tales textos debían ser similares entre sí, ya sea poesía, prosa, panfleto, soneto u obra de teatro, y tener más o menos la misma cantidad de palabras.
- c. Se compararon los textos de las escritoras y los de los escritores de manera de identificar y cuantificar los rasgos lingüísticos a ser analizados.
- d. Se realizó un análisis de la frecuencia de los rasgos lingüísticos realizados por mujeres y hombres. Para ello se llevó a cabo un conteo de las frecuencias en que los rasgos ocurrían en cada texto.

## 8. ANÁLISIS

### 8.1. Reemplazo de sujeto *ye* por *you*. Cantidad de ocurrencias de este rasgo en los textos:

Autora	Texto	<i>you</i> (indicativo)	<i>ye</i>
Isabella Whitney	<i>The Copy of a Letter A Sweet Nosgay</i>	41	9
Jane Anger	<i>Her Protection for Women</i>	4	0
Elizabeth Cary	<i>The tragedy of Miriam, The Fair Queen of Jewry</i>	12	0
Rachel Speght	<i>A Movzell for Melastomvs</i>	30	0

	<i>The Dreame</i>		
Aemilia Lanyer	<i>Salve Deus Rex Judaeorum</i>	11	0
Mary Wroth	<i>Pamphilia to Amphilanthus</i>	17	0

Autor	Título	<i>you</i>	<i>ye</i>
Edmund Spenser	<i>Amoretti</i>	6	15
John Knox	<i>First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women</i>	0	13
Christopher Marlowe	<i>The Tragicall History of D. Faustus</i>	14	2
Thomas Nashe	<i>Anatomie of Absurditie</i>	3	0
Ben Jonson	<i>The Forest</i>	4	0
John Donne	<i>Songs and Sonnets</i>	22	0

**8.2. My y Thy versus Mine y Thine. Cantidad de ocurrencias de este rasgo en los textos:**

Autora	Título	<i>thy</i>	<i>my</i>	<i>mine/myne</i>	<i>thine</i>	<i>thyne</i>
Isabella Whitney	<i>The Copy of a Letter A Sweet Nosgay</i>	15	24	1	0	0
Jane Anger	<i>Her Protection for Women</i>	0	13	0	0	0

Elizabeth Cary	<i>The tragedy of Miriam, The Fair Queen of Jewry</i>	24	58	2	1	0
Rachel Speght	<i>A Movzell for Melastomvs</i> <i>The Dreame</i>	0	38	2	0	0
Aemilia Lanyer	<i>Salve Deus Rex Judaeorum</i>	24	5	0	3	0
Mary Wroth	<i>Pamphilia to Amphilanthus</i>	24	77	4	2	0

Autor	Título	<i>thy</i>	<i>my</i>	<i>mine/myne</i>	<i>thine</i>	<i>thyne</i>
Edmund Spenser	<i>Amoretti</i>	4	52	1	0	0
John Knox	<i>First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women</i>	0	12	0	0	0
Christopher Marlowe	<i>The Tragicall History of D. Faustus</i>	13	25	3	1	0
Thomas Nashe	<i>Anatomie of Absurditie</i>	1	34	0	0	0
Ben Jonson	<i>The Forest</i>	70	28	0	3	0
John Donne	<i>Songs and Sonnets</i>	23	32	1	5	0

**8.3. Sufijo en la tercera persona singular –(e)s versus –(e)th. Cantidad de ocurrencias de este rasgo en los textos:**

Autora	Título	(e) th	(e)s
Isabella Whitney	<i>The Copy of a Letter A Sweet Nosgay</i>	8	9
Jane Anger	<i>Her Protection for Women</i>	14	10
Elizabeth Cary	<i>The tragedy of Miriam, The Fair Queen of Jewry</i>	2	21
Rachel Speght	<i>A Movzell for Melastomvs  The Dreame</i>	10	7
Aemilia Lanyer	<i>Salve Deus Rex Judaeorum</i>	2	23
Mary Wroth	<i>Pamphilia to Amphilanthus</i>	5	37

Autor	Título	(e) th	(e)s
Edmund Spenser	<i>Amoretti</i>	14	24
John Knox	<i>First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women</i>	12	0
Christopher Marlowe	<i>The Tragical History of D. Faustus</i>	4	18
Thomas Nashe	<i>Anatomie of Absurditie</i>	15	11
Ben Jonson	<i>The Forest</i>	6	22
John Donne	<i>Songs and Sonnets</i>	2	18



## 9. PRESENTACIÓN Y DISCUSIÓN DE RESULTADOS

En el análisis realizado nos encontramos con que los rasgos a ser estudiados efectivamente aparecen en los textos formales seleccionados.

### 9.1. *You versus Ye*

Los gráficos 1 y 2 muestran los porcentajes totales de ocurrencias de estos pronombres. En ellos se puede apreciar que el pronombre *you* ocurre con mayor frecuencia en los textos femeninos. Esto es un 93% versus un 62% de ocurrencia en los textos masculinos. Mientras que el pronombre *ye* sólo tiene una ocurrencia de un 7% en los textos femeninos contra un 38% de ocurrencia en los textos masculinos.

Al analizar la frecuencia de uso de los pronombres *you* y *ye* por autor nos podemos dar cuenta que la autora Isabella Whitney utiliza el pronombre *you* 41 veces, mientras que John Knox lo utiliza 0 veces. Es importante señalar que Whitney, a diferencia de las otras autoras, proviene de la clase media y del norte (Cheshire), quien se traslada a Londres a realizar trabajo doméstico. Esto nos permite corroborar que este cambio pareció difundirse desde los estratos sociales más bajos y liderado por mujeres. El siguiente extracto es el comienzo del texto escrito por Whitney *The Copy of a Letter*. En el se puede apreciar el uso recurrente de *you* por parte de la autora:

As close as you your weding kept  
yet now the trueth I here:  
Which **you** (yer now) might me have told  
what nede you nay to swere?

**You** know I alwayes wisht **you** wel  
so wyll I during lyfe:

But sith **you** shal a Husband be  
God send you a good wyfe.

And this (where so **you** shal become)  
full boldly may **you** boast:  
That once **you** had as true a Love,  
as dwelt in any Coast.

Whose constantnesse had never quaild  
if **you** had not begonne:  
And yet it is not so far past,  
but might agayne bewonne.

If **you** so would: yea and not change  
so long as lyfe should last:  
But yf that needes **you** marry must?  
then farewell, hope is past.

Es posible que la cero frecuencia del uso del pronombre *you*, y la predominancia del pronombre *thou* por parte de Knox se deba al tipo de texto que él escribe, el cual está basado en textos bíblicos, y, como ya sabemos, *thou*, básicamente se utilizaba en textos religiosos o discursos públicos en este periodo. En el siguiente extracto de *The First Blast of the Trumpet Against the Monstruous Regiment of Women* se puede apreciar el uso de *thou* por Knox. (Knox se dirige a las mujeres en este texto)

“For the especiall dutie[o] of Goddes messagers is to preache repentance, to admonishe the offenders of their offenses, and to say to the wicked, *thou* shalt die the death, except *thou* repent.”

Los gráficos No 1 y No 2 muestran los porcentajes de la frecuencia de uso de las palabras mencionadas en la sección 8.1

**GRÁFICO No 1**



**GRÁFICO No 2**



## 9.2. *My y Thy versus Mine y Thine*

En el caso de los posesivos *my* y *thy*, nuevamente vemos que las mujeres lideran el uso de este rasgo en sus textos literarios con un 71% versus un 62% de uso por parte de los hombres. La autora con mayor número de ocurrencias es Lady Mary Wroth con 77 veces, mientras que el autor con menor frecuencia de uso es John Knox con 12 veces. El siguiente extracto de *Pamphilia, to Amphilanthus* muestra el uso de *my* por parte de Wroth:

Forbeare darke night, **my** ioyes now budd againe,  
  
Lately growne dead, while cold aspects, did chill  
  
The roote at heart, and **my** chiefe hope quite kill,  
  
And thunders strooke me in **my** pleasures waine.  
  
Then I alas with bitter sobs, and paine,  
  
Priuatly groan'd, **my** Fortunes present ill;  
  
All light of comfort dimb'd, woes in prides fill,  
  
With strange encrease of griefe, I grieu'd in vaine.  
  
And most, when as a memory to good  
  
Molested me, which still as witnes stood,  
  
Of those best dayes, in former time I knew:  
  
Late gone as wonders past, like the great [Snow],  
  
Melted and wasted, with what, change must know:  
  
Now backe the life comes where as once it grew.

Por otro lado, la frecuencia del uso de los posesivos *mine* y *thine* es parejo en ambos grupos, ya que las mujeres utilizan *mine* un 60% y *thine* un 40%, mientras que en los hombres estas cifras se invierten, es decir, *mine* un 40% y *thine* un 60%. Se podría inferir que el uso de estos pronombres estaba en retroceso progresivo por parte de ambos grupos de autores.

Los gráficos No 3, No 4, No 5 y No 6 muestran los porcentajes de frecuencia de los rasgos mencionados en la sección 8.2.

## TEXTOS FEMENINOS

### GRÁFICO No 3



#### GRÁFICO No 4



#### TEXTOS MASCULINOS

#### GRÁFICO No 5



## GRÁFICO No 6



### 9.3. Sufijo en la tercera persona singular (*e*)s y (*e*)th

Los gráficos No 7 y No 8 nos muestran el porcentaje de frecuencias de los sufijos (*e*)s y (*e*)th. Nuevamente se puede apreciar el alto porcentaje de ocurrencia del rasgo (*e*)s en los textos femeninos, un 72% en contraste con el porcentaje ocurrencia por parte de los hombres, 64%.

Estas cifras corroboran los resultados de los estudios hechos por el Corpus of Early English Correspondence: Después del año 1500, las mujeres iban más adelante que los hombres en la difusión de -s, empezando primero en el norte y luego en Londres. En este sentido, la escritora con mayor número de ocurrencias es Lady Mary Wroth con 37 y la escritora con menor número es Rachel Speght con solo 7. El siguiente extracto de *Pamphilia, to Amphilanthus* muestra el uso del sufijo (*e*)s por Wroth

Ledd by the power of grieffe to wailings brought,  
By false conceit of change fallen on my part;  
I seeke for some smale ease by lines which bought,  
Increase the paine; grieffe is not cur'd by Art.  
Ah! how vnkindnesse **moues** within the heart,  
Which still is true and free from changing thought:  
What vnknowne woe it **breeds**, what endlesse smart,  
With ceaslesse teares which causelessly are wrought.  
It **makes** me now to shun all shining light,  
And seeke for blackest clouds me light to giue:  
Which to all others only darkness driue;  
They on me shine, for Sunne **disdaines** my sight.  
Yet though I darke do liue, I triumph may,  
Vnkindnes, nor this wrong shall loue allay.

Por otra parte, el escritor de género masculino con mayor número es Edmund Spenser con 24, mientras que el escritor con menor número es John Knox con 0. Es posible que esta diferencia en la cantidad de ocurrencias entre Spenser y Knox se deba a que fueron contemporáneos en lo que a publicaciones se refiere. Knox publicó en 1558, mientras que Spenser lo hizo en 1595, y que, por lo tanto, Spenser estaba familiarizado con las nuevas formas lingüísticas. El siguiente extracto de *The First Blast of the Trumpet Against the Monstruous Regiment of Women* muestra el uso del sufijo (*e*)th de Knox:

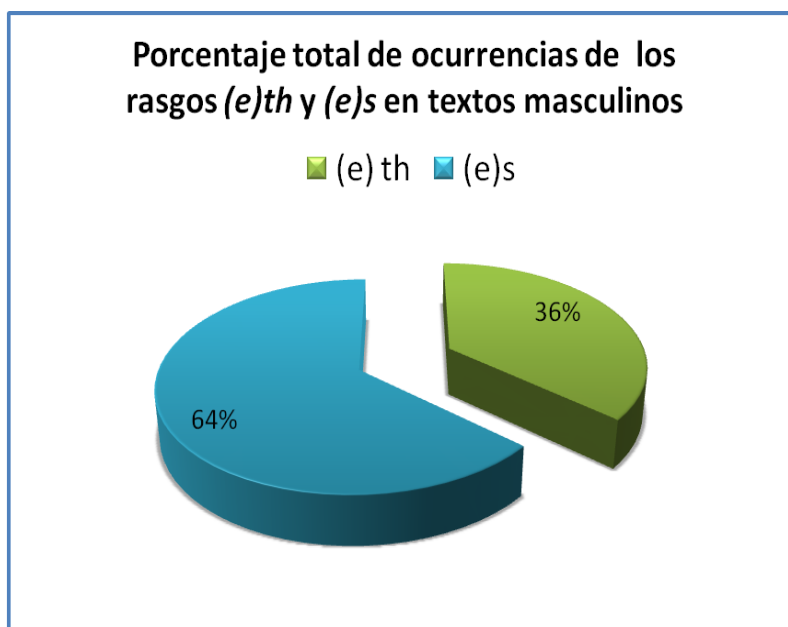


“That the blood of the saintes, which by them is shed, continuallie **crieth** and **craueth** [j] vengeance in the presence of the Lorde of hostes.”

GRÁFICO No 7



GRÁFICO No 8



## CONCLUSIONES

Después de realizar la presente investigación acerca del rol de las mujeres en la difusión del cambio lingüístico durante el Renacimiento inglés, específicamente, la sustitución de *ye* por *you*, sufijo en la tercera persona singular *-(e)s* versus *-(e)th*, y *my/thy* versus *mine/thine*, podemos concluir lo siguiente:

En primer lugar, podemos afirmar que efectivamente las mujeres incluidas en el estudio, lideraron el uso y la difusión de los nuevos rasgos lingüísticos que se estaban desarrollando durante la época. Vale decir, que en los tres rasgos estudiados, las mujeres iban más adelante que los hombres. Esto se muestra en los resultados totales de ocurrencia de estos rasgos en los textos literarios incluidos en este estudio.

Contestando a las preguntas generales que nos hicimos al comienzo de esta investigación, podemos concluir que:

1. A pesar de que la división de los roles sociales durante el Renacimiento inglés estaban muy marcados y que la posición de la mujer estaba, más bien, sujeta o al estatus de su padre o del esposo, estas escritoras fueron capaces de romper con las barreras sociales y escribir y publicar diversos tipos de textos, ya sea poemas, sonetos, prosa, panfletos u obras de teatro.
2. En sus escritos estas mujeres reflejan una defensa hacia el género femenino permanentemente atacado por parte de los intelectuales masculinos de la época o por un amor no correspondido. En sus escritos defienden al género en términos de igualdad intelectual y como criaturas creadas por Dios de la misma forma que los hombres, por lo tanto, no validaban argumento alguno que las hiciera inferior a

ellos. Por ejemplo, Isabella Whitney, quien, a diferencia de las otras autoras, provenía de la clase media y del norte (Cheshire), a realizar trabajo doméstico en Londres, en su *The admonition by the Auctor, to all yong Gentilwomen: And to al other Maids being in Love*, aconseja a las doncellas a cuidarse de los hombres traicioneros y mentirosos. En el siguiente extracto, Whitney traspasa las características negativas típicamente atribuidas a las mujeres al género masculino:

3.

Beware of fayre and painted talke,  
beware of flattering tonges:  
The Mermaides do pretend no good  
for all their pleasant Songs.

Some use the teares of Crocodiles,  
contrary to their hart:  
And yf they cannot alwayes weepe,  
they wet their Cheekes by Art.

Rachel Speght, por su parte, escribe y publica el panfleto *A Muzzel for Melastomus* en defensa de las mujeres en respuesta a uno escrito por Joseph Swetnam - *The Araignment of Lewd, Idle, Froward and Unconstant Women* (1617). El siguiente extracto refleja esta férrea defensa:

*I f Reason had but curb'd thy witlesse will,  
 O r feare of God restrain'd thy rauing quill,  
 S uch venome fowle thou would'st base blight to spue:  
 E xcept that Grace haue bidden thee adue:  
 P rowesse disdaines to wrastle with the weake,  
 H eatheish affected, care not what they speake.  
  
 S educer of the vulgar sort of men,  
 W as Sathan crept into thy filthie Pen,  
 E nflaming thee with such infernall smoake,  
 T hat (if thou had'st thy will) should women choake?  
 N efarious fiends thy sence hauing deluded,  
 A nd from thee all humanitie excluded  
 M onster of men , worthie no other name  
  
 For that thou did'st assay our Sex to shame.*

4. Por otra parte, ambos géneros no tenían las mismas oportunidades en términos educacionales. Mientras los hombres eran enviados a escuelas o universidades, las mujeres debían conformarse con ser educadas bajo el alero de su familia o el de una familia conocida que albergaba a las doncellas. Cuatro de las escritoras incluidas en este estudio pertenecían a familias de la clase alta o familias ricas. En cambio, Isabella Whitney y Aemilia Lanyer provenían de la clase media. Se infiere que, el grupo de escritoras, no quedaron conformes con sólo aprender a ser buenas esposas y llevar las cuentas de la casa, sino que se atrevieron a demostrar que eran

intelectualmente iguales a sus padres, maridos o esposos y comenzaron a plasmar en la escritura lo que pensaban, y, lo que es aún más trasgresor para la época, publicar literatura secular, contraviniendo lo que socialmente estaba permitido.

5. Los resultados de este estudio demuestran que las mujeres, a pesar de las desventajas sociales y educacionales que tenían, lideraron el uso de las nuevas formas (*you*, *-s* en tercera persona y *my/thy*). El uso de estos rasgos les permitió incorporarse y hacerse entender entre aquellos que pertenecían a las clases sociales altas o intelectuales. Este argumento concuerda con lo que los sociolingüistas llaman el patrón sexo/prestigio, ya que estas escritoras, con el objetivo de defender su género y demostrar que no eran personas de menor rango, utilizaron las nuevas formas prestigiosas que se estaban desarrollando en la pujante capital comercial de la ciudad de Londres.
6. Aún cuando los textos seleccionados para este estudio no son textos que reflejen un lenguaje más coloquial o familiar, ni tampoco correspondían a un gran corpus como el utilizado en el CEEC, sino más bien, correspondían a un pequeño corpus de textos literarios formales, sí sirvieron para demostrar que las mujeres tendieron a utilizar las nuevas formas o cambios lingüísticos que se estaba desarrollando durante el Renacimiento inglés con más frecuencia que los hombres.

Para finalizar, es necesario agregar que este es un tema fascinante, el cual hemos podido tratar desde la sociolingüista, la historia y el estudio de género. Hemos podido demostrar que la mujer, que por muchos siglos fue considerada como de segunda categoría, y por lo cual se escribieron diversos textos tratando de mostrar que era un ser malvado y pecaminoso o intelectualmente inferior, de alguna manera logra encontrar la forma de

demostrar todo lo contrario. Y no solamente eso, sino que además, logra convertirse en agente importante en los cambios y desarrollo del lenguaje ocurridos siglos atrás.

Creemos que los estudios diacrónicos de la lengua ligados a la historia y la sociolingüística dan cuenta de que aún hay mucho por descubrir, y que éstos nos permiten entender los cambios o variantes lingüísticas que ocurren en nuestros días.

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## APÉNDICE

Biografías y textos de las autoras y autores incluidos en el presente estudio

### AUTORAS

1. **Isabella Whitney** (1540-1590) es considerada como la primera mujer que escribió poesía secular original para ser publicada.

Isabella Whitney es descendiente de una familia de clase media de Cheshire. Probablemente nació a mediados del siglo XVI. Recibió algo de educación en una época en que las mujeres no se les educaban y realizó trabajo doméstico en Londres. Aparentemente, cuando ella pierde esta posición como empleada doméstica, se dedica a escribir. Publicó dos volúmenes, *The Copy of a Letter* (1567)<sup>13</sup> y *A Sweet Nosegay* (1573)<sup>14</sup>.

En *The copy of a Letter*, Whitney advierte a otras doncellas a proteger su honor de los peligrosos engaños de los hombres y se centra en el debate moral de la naturaleza de las mujeres con respecto a la de los hombres. Por su parte, *A Sweet Nosegay* combina prosa y verso convirtiéndose en una narrativa autobiográfica. En *A Sweet Nosegay*, Whitney se describe a sí misma como: “whole in body, and in mind, / but very weak in purse.”

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<sup>13</sup> Nombre completo: *The Copy of a Letter, lately written in meeter by a yonge Gentilwoman: to her unconstant lover. With an Admonition to al yong Gentilwomen, and to all other Mayds in general to beware of mennes flattery.*

<sup>14</sup> Nombre completo: *A Sweet Nosegay, or Pleasant Posy: Containing a Hundred and Ten Philosophical Flowers.*

El trabajo de Whitney es importante por lo inusual del estatus de la escritora. No sólo es una mujer aventurándose en la impresión de sus textos en aquel periodo, sino que también por su condición social- clase media. Aunque su referencia es bíblica y clásica, muchas de sus fuentes son populares y vernáculas y su estilo es simple. Además, en sus poemas, Whitney muestra su preocupación con respecto a la falta de poder tanto social como económico que tenían las mujeres. Así mismo, evoca a las estructuras sociales y económicas de la ciudad de Londres, particularmente en “Wyll and Testament”, publicado como parte de *A Sweet Nosegay*, un poema innovador en el que se refleja ironía y una mirada retorcida del implacable mercantilismo londinense de mediados del siglo XVI, en donde lo financiero gana relevancia por sobre lo moral.

### ***THE COPY OF A LETTER,***

***lately written in meter, by a yonge Gentilwoman: to her unconstant Lover. With  
an Admonition to al yong Gentilwomen, and all other Mayds in general to beware  
of mennes flattery.***

*By Is. W. Newly joined to a Loveletter sent by Bachelor, (a most faithfull Lover) to  
an unconstant and faithless Mayden*

*London: Richard Jhones, 1567*

I.W. to her unconstant Lover

As close as you your weding kept  
yet now the trueth I here:  
Which **you** (yer now) might me have told  
what nede you nay to swere?

**You** know I alwayes wisht you wel  
so wyll I during lyfe:  
But sith **you** shal a Husband be  
God send you a good wyfe.

And this (where so **you** shal become)  
full boldly may **you** boast:  
That once **you** had as true a Love,  
as dwelt in any Coast.

Whose constantnesse had never quaild  
if you had not begonne:  
And yet it is not so far past,  
but might agayne bewonne.

If you so would: yea and not change  
so long as lyfe should last:  
But yf that needes you marry must?  
then farewell, hope is past.

And if you cannot be content  
to lead a single lyfe?  
(Although the same right quiet be)  
then take me to your wife.

So shall the promises be kept,  
that you so firmly made:  
Now chuse whether ye wyll be true,  
or be of SINONS trade.

Whose trade if that you long shal use,  
it shal your kindred stayne:  
Example take by many a one  
whose falshood now is playne.

As by ENEAS first of all,  
who dyd poore DIDO leave,  
Causing the Quene by his untrueth  
with Sword her hart to cleave.

Also I finde that THESEUS did,  
his faithfull loue forsake:  
Stealyng away within the night,  
before she dyd awake.

JASON that came of noble race,  
two Ladies did begile:  
I muse how he durst shew his face,  
to them that knew his wile.

For when he by MEDEAS arte,  
had got the Fleece of Gold  
And also had of her that time,  
al kynd of things he wolde.

He toke his Ship and fled away  
regarding not the vowes:  
That he dyd make so faithfully,  
vnto his loving Spowes.

How durst he trust the surging Seas  
knowing himselfe forsworne?  
Why dyd he scape safe to the land,  
before the ship was torne?

I think king Aeolus stayd the winds  
and Neptune rulde the Sea:

Then might he boldly passe the waves  
no perils could him stea.

But if his falsehed had to them,  
bin manifest befor:  
They wold have rent ye ship as soone  
as he had gon from shore.

Now may you heare how falsenes is  
made manyfest in time:  
Although they that cōmit the same,  
think it a veniall crime.

For they, for their unfaithfulnes,  
did get perpetuall fame:  
Fame? wherfore dyd I terme it so?  
I should haue cald it shame.

Let Theseus be, let Jason passe,  
let Paris also scape:  
That brought destruction unto Troy  
all through the Grecian Rape.

And unto me a Troylus be,  
if not you may compare:  
With any of these parsons that  
above expressed are.

But if I can not please your minde,  
for wants that rest in me:  
Wed whom you list, I am content,  
your refuse for to be.

It shall suffice me simple soule,  
of thee to be forsaken:  
And it may chance although not yet  
you wish you had me taken.

But rather than you should have cause  
to wish this through your wyfe:  
I wish to her, ere you her haue,  
no more but love of lyfe.

For she that shall so happy be,  
of thee to be elect:  
I wish her vertues to be such,  
she nede not be suspect.

I rather wish her HELENS face,  
then one of HELENS trade:  
With chastnes of PENELOPE  
the which did never fade.

A LUCRES for her constancy,  
and Thisbie for her trueth:  
If such thou haue, then PETO be  
not PARIS, that were rueth.

Perchance, ye will think this thing rare,  
in on woman to fynd:  
Saue Helens beauty, al the rest  
the Gods haue me assignd.

These words I do not spek, thinking  
from thy new Love to turne thee:  
Thou knowst by prof what I deserve  
I nede not to informe thee.

But let that passe: would God I had  
Cassandraes gift me lent:  
Then either thy yll chauce or mine  
my foresight might prevent.

But all in vayne for this I seeke,  
wishes may not attaine it



Therefore may hap to me what shall,  
and I cannot refraine it.

Wherfore I pray God be my guide  
and also thee defend:  
No worsen then I wish my selfe,  
vntill thy lyfe shal end.

Which life I pray God, may agayne,  
King Nestors lyfe renew:  
And after that your soule may rest  
amongst the heavenly crew.

Therto I wish King Xerxis wealth,  
or els King Cressus Gould:  
With as much rest and quietnesse  
as man may have on Mould.

And when you shall this letter have  
let it be kept in store?  
For she that sent ye same, hath sworn  
as yet to send no more.

And now farewell, for why at large  
my mind is here exprest?  
The which you may perceive, if that  
you do peruse the rest?

FINIS. IS. W.

*The admonition by the Auctor, to all yong Gentilwomen:  
And to al other Maids being in Love.*

Ye Virgins that from Cupids tentes  
do beare away the soyle  
Whose hartes as yet we raginge love  
most paynfully do boyle.

To you I speake: for you be they,  
that good advice do lacke:  
Oh if I could good counsell geve  
my tongue should not be slacke?

But such as I can geve, I wyll.  
here in few wordes expresse:  
Which if you do observe, it will  
some of your care redresse.

Beware of fayre and painted talke,  
beware of flattering tonges:  
The Mermaides do pretend no good  
for all their pleasant Songs.

Some use the teares of Crocodiles,  
contrary to their hart:  
And yf they cannot alwayes weepe,  
they wet their Cheekes by Art.

Ovid, within his Arte of love,  
doth teach them this same knacke  
To wet their hād a touch their eies:  
so oft as teares they lacke.

Why have ye such deceit in store?  
have you such crafty wile?  
Lesse craft then this god knows wold soone  
us simple soules begile.

And wyll ye not leave of? but still  
delude us in this wise?  
Sith it is so, we trust we shall,  
take hede to fained lies.

Trust not a man at the fyrst sight,  
but trye him well before:  
I wish al Maids within their brests  
to kepe this thing in store.

For triall shal declare his trueth,  
and show what he doth think:  
Whether he be a Lover true,  
or do intend to shrink.

If SCILLA had not trust to much  
before that she dyd trye:  
She could not haue ben clene forsake  
when she for help did crye.

Or yf she had had good advice  
Nisus had lived long:  
How durst she trust a strainger, and  
do her deare father wrong.

King Nisus had a Haire by fate  
which Haire while he dyd kepe:  
He never should be overcome  
neither on Land nor depe.

The straunger that ye Daughter lov'd  
did warre against the King  
And alwaies sought how that he might  
them in subjection bring.

This Scylla stole away the Haire,  
for to obtaine her wyll:  
And gaue it to the Straunger that,  
dyd straight her father kyll.

Then she, who thought her self most sure  
to haue her whole desyre:  
Was cleane reiect, and left behind  
when he dyd whom retyre.

Or if such falshood had ben once,  
vnto Oenone knowne:  
About the fieldes of Ida wood,  
Paris had walkt alone.

Or if Demophoons deceite,  
to Phillis had ben tolde:  
She had not ben transformed so,  
as Poets tell of olde.

Hero did trie Leanders truth,  
before that she did trust:  
Therefore she found him unto her  
both constant, true, and just.

For he alwayes did swim the Sea,  
when starres in Skie did glide:  
Till he was drowned by the way  
nere hand unto the side.

She scrat her face, she tare her Heir  
(it greveth me to tell)  
When she did know the end of him,  
that she did love so well.

But like Leander there be fewe,  
therfore in time take heede:

And alwayes trie before ye trust,  
so shall you better speede.

The little fish that carelesse is,  
within the water cleare;  
How glad is he, when he doth see,  
a Bayt for to appeare.

He thinks his hap right good to bee,  
that he the same could spie:  
And so the simple foole doth trust  
to much before he trie.

O little fish what hap hadst thou?  
to have such spitefull Fate:  
To come into ones cruell hands,  
out of so happy state?

Thou diddst suspect no harme, when thou  
vpon the bait didst looke:  
O that thou hadst had Linceus eies  
for to haue seene the hooke.

Then hadst thou we thy prety mates  
bin playing in the streames  
Wheras syr Phebus' dayly doth,  
shew forth his golden beames.

But sith thy Fortune is so yll  
to end thy lyfe on shore:  
Of this thy most unhappy end,  
I minde to speake no more.

But of thy felowes chance that late  
such prety shift did make:  
That he from fishers hooke did sprit  
before he could him take.

And now he pries on every baite,  
suspecting styll that pricke:  
(for to lye hid in every thing)  
where with the fishers stricke,

And since the fish that reason lacks  
once warned doth beware:  
Why should not we take hede to that  
that turneth vs to care.

And I who was deceived late,  
by ones vnfaithfull teares:  
Trust now for to beware, if that  
I live this hundreth yeares.

FINIS. IS. W

A SWEET NOSGAY

To the worshipfull and right vertuous young Gentyelman,  
George Mainwaring Esquire: IS. W. wisheth happye  
health with good successe in all his godly affayres.

When I (good *M. MAINWARING*) had made this simple Nosegaye: I was in mind to bestow the same on som dere frind, of which number I have good occasion to accompt you chiefe: But waying with my selfe, that although the Flowers bound in the same were good: yet so little of my labour was in them that they were not (as I wysht they should) to bee esteemed as recompence for the least of a great number of benefits, which I have from time to time (even from our Childhood hitherto) receaved of you: yet lest by me, you m[igh]t be occasioned to say, as *ANTIPATER* said [b]y *DEMADES* of Athens, that he should never [f]ill him with geveing, I woulde to shew my selfe satisfied, gratifye your Guifts, and also by the same, make a confession: that by deedes you have deserved benefits: (which as *DIOGENES* saith) is more worth than the geving or unworthy receaving of many: But ceasing to seeke by benefits (which to do is not allotted me) to acquit your curtesies,

I come to present you like the pore man which having no goods, came with his hands full of water to meete the Persian Prince withal, who respecting the good wyll of the man: did not disdayne his simple Guift: even so, I being willinge to bestow some Present on you, by the same thinking to make part of amendes for the much that you have merited, to perfourme the dutie of a friend, to expresse the good wyll that should rest in Countrie folke, and not havynge of mine owne to discharg that I go about (like to that poore Fellow which wente into an others ground for his water) did step into an others garden for these Flowers: which I beseech you (as *DARIUS* did,) to accepte: and though they be of anothers growing, yet considering they be of my owne gathering and makeing up: respect my labour and regard my good wil, and not onely receive them, but vouchsave to be a protector of them from the spightful, which (perhaps) wil env[y] that I either presented you, or gathered them, bef[ore] they had done one, or both: and so might spoyle thi[s] Nosegay, and not to let it come so happily unto your handes, as I wish it may. And though the Garden of your godly mind be full fraught with virtuous Flowers, which I know in your infancie to take roote, and which all may see now to flourish, with an undoubted hope of their yeelding fruite hereafter: yet ordaine to smell to these, and when you come into a pestilent aire that might infect your sound minde: yet savour to these *SLIPS* in which I trust you shal finde safety: And if you take pleasure in them, I shal not only be occasioned to endeavour my selfe to make a further viage for a more dayntier thing (then Flowers are) to present you withall: but also have good hope that you wil accept this my labour, for recompence of al that which you are unrecompenced for, as knoweth god: who I beseeche geve unto you a longe and lucky lyfe with increase of all your vertuous studies.

From Abchurch Lane, the 20. of October. 1573.

By your welwillyng

Countrywoman. IS. W.

A SWEET NOSGAY

The Auctor to the Reader.

This Harvest tyme, I Harvestlesse,

and serviceless also:

And subject unto sicknesse, that

abrode I could not go.  
Had leasure good, (though learning lackt)  
some study to apply:  
To reade such Bookes, wherby I thought  
my selfe to edifye.

Sometime the Scriptures I perusd,  
but wantyng a Devine:\*

*minister*

For to resolve mee in such doubts,  
as past this head of mine

To understand: I layd them by,  
and Histories ‘gan\* read:

*began*

Wherin I found that follyes earst,  
in people did exceede.

The which I see doth not decrease,  
in this our present time

More pittie it is we follow them,  
in every wicked crime.

I straight wart wery of those Bookes,  
and many other mor[e,]

As VIRGIL, OVID, MANTUAN\*

from Italy

which many wonders [bor]e.

And to refresh my mased [mu]se,  
and cheare my brused brayne:



And for to trye if that my limmes,  
had got their strength agayne  
I walked out: but sodenly  
a friend of mine mee met:  
And sayd, yf you regard your health:  
out of this Lane you get.  
And shift you to some better aire,  
for feare to be infect:  
With noysome smell and savors yll,  
I wysh you that respect  
And have regard unto your health,  
or els perhaps you may:  
So make a dye,\* and then adieu,  
your wofull friends may say.  
I thankt him for his carefulnes,  
and this for answer gave:  
I'le neither shun, nor seeke for death,  
yet oft the same I crave.  
By reason of my lucklesse life,  
beleeve me this is true:  
In that (sayd he) you do a misse,  
then bad he mee adieu.  
For he was hastyng out of Towne,

*to die*

and could no longer byde:  
And I went home all sole alone,  
good Fortune was my guyde.  
And though she ever hath denyde,  
to hoyce me on her Wheele:  
Yet now she stood me in some steede,  
and made mee pleasures feele.  
For she to *Plat* his Plot mee brought,  
where fragrant Flowers abound:  
The smell whereof prevents each harm,  
if yet your selfe be sound.  
Amongst those Beds so bravely deckt,  
with every goodly Flower:  
And Bankes and Borders finely framde,  
I mee reposde one howre.  
And longer wolde, but leasure lackt,  
and businesse bad me hie:\*  
And come agayne some other time,  
to fill my gasing eye.  
Though loth:\* yet at the last I went,  
but ere\* I parted thence:  
A slip I tooke to smell unto,  
which might be my defence.  
In stynking streetes, or lothsome Lanes

*hurry*

*reluctant  
before*

which els might mee infect:  
And sence that time, I ech day once  
have viewd that brave prospect.  
And though the Master of the same,  
I yet dyd never see:  
It seemes he is a Gentyman,  
and full of courteseye:  
For none that with good zeale doth come,  
doo any one resist:  
And such as wyll with order get,  
may gather whilst they [lis]t.  
Then pittie were it to destroy,  
what he with payne did plant.  
The moderate heere may be suffizde,  
and he no whit shall want,  
And for my part, I may be bolde,  
to come when as I wyll:  
Yea, and to chuse of all his Flowers,  
which may my fancy fill.  
And now I have a Nosegay got,  
that would be passing rare:  
Yf that to sort the same aright,  
weare lotted to my share.

But in a bundle as they bee,  
(good Reader them accept: )  
It is the geve: not the guift,  
thou oughtest to respect.  
And for thy health, not for thy eye,  
did I this Posye frame:  
Because my selfe did safety finde,  
by smelling to the same.  
But as we are not all a lyke,  
nor of complexion one:  
So that which helpeth some we see,  
to others good doth none.  
I do not say, it dyd me help,  
I no infection felt:  
But sure I think they kept me free,  
because to them I smelt.  
And for because I lyke them well,  
and good have found therby:  
I for good wyll, doo geve them thee,  
fyrst tast and after trye.  
But if thy mind infected be,  
then these wyll not prevayle:  
Sir *Medicus*\* with stronger Erbes,

*a doctor*

thy maliadye must quayle,  
For these be but to keepe thee sound,  
which if thou use them well:  
(Paynes of my lyfe) in healthy state  
thy mind shall ever dwell.  
Or if that thy complexion,  
with them doo not agree:  
Refer them to some friend of thine,  
tyll thou their vertue see.  
And this I pray thee, whether thou  
infected wast afore:  
Or whether with thy nature strong,  
they can agree no more.  
That thou my Nosegay not misuse,  
But leave it to the rest:  
A number may such pleasure finde,  
to beare it in their breast.  
And if thy selfe wolde gather more,  
then I have herein bound:  
My counsell is that thou repayre,  
to Master *Plat* his ground.  
And gather there what I dyd not,  
perhaps thy selfe may light:

On those which for thee fitter are,

then them which I recighte.

Which if thou doo, then render thanks,

to him which sowed the soyle:

Yf not, thou nedes must him commend,

when as thou viewst his toyl.

In any wise,\* be chary\* that

*manner; careful*

thou lettest in no Swine:

No Dog to scrape, nor beast that doth

to ravin\* styll inclyne.

*devour*

For though he make no spare of them,

to such as have good skyll:

To slip, to shere, or get in time,

and not his braunches kyll:

Yet barres he out, such greedy guts,

as come with spite to loote.

And without skill, both Earb and Flower

pluck rashly by the roote.

So wishing thee, to finde such Flowers,

as may thee comfort bring:

And eke\* that he which framd the Plot,

*also*

with vertues styll may spring.

I thee commend to mighty *JOVE*,

and thus I thee assure:  
My Nosegay wyll increase no payne,  
though sickness none it cure.  
Wherfore, if thou it hap to weare  
and feele thy selfe much worse:  
Promote mee for no Sorceresse,  
nor doo me ban or curse.  
For this I say the Flowers are good,  
which I on thee bestow:  
As those which weare them to the stalkes,  
shall by the sequell know.  
One word, and then adieu to thee,  
yf thou to *Plat* his Plot  
Repayre: take heede it is a *Maze*  
to warne thee I forgot.

FINIS. quoth IS. W.

2. **Jane Anger** es reconocida como la primera escritora en publicar un panfleto en defensa de las mujeres durante el siglo XVI. Muchos estudiosos creen que quizás ella utilizó un pseudónimo o nombre falso para publicar. Detalles sobre su vida, como fechas de nacimiento y muerte e identidad de sus padres son desconocidos.

La única evidencia de su carrera como escritora es *Her protection for women, to defend them against the scandalous reportes of a late surfeiting lover, and all other like venerians that complaine so to bee overcloyed with women's kindnesse*, que fue publicado en Londres en 1589, un año después y en respuesta a Thomas Orwin y su panfleto *Boke His Surfeit in Love, with a farwel to the folies of his own phantasie* (1588)<sup>15</sup> cuyo escrito era un ataque a las mujeres diciendo que éstas eran lujuriosas e indignas de confianza.

En su escrito, Anger defiende a las mujeres con un lenguaje energético, utilizando muchos argumentos seculares así como también argumentos religiosos. Según ella, los hombres son egoístas, malgastan los frutos del trabajo de las mujeres, mientras que ellas son las proveedoras de todo lo necesario para hacer la vida más confortable. Anger, en su trabajo fue muy directa en su ataque hacia el patriarcado y los roles de género de la época.

JANE ANGER  
her Protection  
for Women.

To defend them against the  
SCANDALOUS REPORTES OF  
a late Surfeiting Lover, and all other like  
Venerians that complaine so to bee  
overcloyed with womens  
kindnesse.

Written by Ja: A. Gent.

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<sup>15</sup> Este panfleto no está en existencia



At London  
Printed by Richard Jones, and Thomas  
Orwin. 1589.

To the Gentlewomen  
of ENGLAND, health.

Gentlewomen, though it is to be feared that your settled wits wil advisedly condemne that, which my cholloricke vaine hath rashly set downe, and so perchance, ANGER shal reape anger for not agreeing with diseased persons: Yet (if with indifferencie of censure, you consider of the head of the quarell) I hope you will rather shew your selves defendantes of the defenders title, then complainantes of the plaintifes wrong. I doubt judgement before trial, which were injurious to the Law, and I confesse that my rashnesse deserveth no lesse, which was a fit of my extremitie. I will not urge reasons because your wits are sharp and will soone conceive my meaning, ne will I be tedious least I proove too too troublesome, nor over darke in my writing, for feare of the name of a Ridler. But (in a worde) for my presumption I crave pardon, because it was ANGER that did write it: committing your protection, and my selfe, to the protection of your selves, and the judgement of the cause to the censures of your just mindes.

Yours ever at commandement,  
Ja: A.

To all Women in generall,  
and gentle Reader whatsoever.

FIE on the falshoode of men, whose minds goe oft a madding, & whose tongues can not so soone bee wagging, but straight they fal a railing. Was there ever any so abused, so slaundered, so railed upon, or so wickedly handeled undeservedly, as are we women? Will the Gods permit it, the Goddesses stay theyr punishing judgments, and we ourselves not pursue their undoinges for such divelish practises? O Paules steeple and Charing Crosse. A halter hold al such persons. Let the streames of the channels in London streates run so swiftly, as they may be able alone to carrie them from that sanctuarie. Let the stones be as Ice, the soales of their shooes as Glasse, the waies steep like Ætna, & every blast a Whyrlwind puffed out of Boreas his long throat, that these may hasten their passage to the Devils haven. Shal Surfeiters raile on our kindnes, you stand stil & say nought, and shall not Anger stretch the vaines of her braines, the stringes of her fingers, and the listes of her modestie, to answeere their Surfeitings? Yes truely. And herein I conjure all you to aide and

assist me in defence of my willingnes, which shall make me rest at your commaundes. Fare you well.

A Protection for  
Women. &c.

The desire that every man hath to shewe his true vaine in writing is unspeakable, and their mindes are so caried away with the manner, as no care at all is had of the matter: they run so into Rethorick, as often times they overrun the boundes of their own wits, and goe they knowe not whether. If they have stretched their invention so hard on a last, as it is at a stand, there remaines but one help, which is, to write of us women: If they may once encroch so far into our presence, as they may but see the lynyng of our outermost garment, they straight think that Apollo honours them, in yeelding so good a supply to refresh their sore overburdened heads, through studying for matters to indite off. And therefore that the God may see how thankfully they receive his liberality, (their wits whetted, and their braines almost broken with botching his bountie) they fall straight to dispraising and slaundering our silly sex. But judge what the cause should be, of this their so great malice towards simple women. Doubtles the weaknesse of our wits, and our honest bashfulnesse, by reason wherof they suppose that there is not one amongst us who can, or dare reprove their slanders and false reproches: their slaunderous tongues are so short, and the time wherin they have lavished out their wordes freely, hath bene so long, that they know we cannot catch hold of them to pull them out, and they think we wil not write to reprove their lying lips: which conceites have already made them cockes and wolde (should they not be cravened) make themselves among themselves bee thought to be of the game. They have bene so daintely fed with our good natures, that like jades (their stomackes are grown so quesi) they surfeit of our kindnes. If we wil not suffer them to smell on our smockes, they will snatch at our peticotes: but if our honest natures cannot away with that uncivil kinde of jesting then we are coy: yet if we beare with their rudenes, and be somewhat modestly familiar with them, they will straight make matter of nothing, blazing abroad that they have surfeited with love, and then their wits must be shoven in telling the maner how.

Among the innumerable number of bookes to that purpose, of late (unlooked for) the newe surfeit of an olde Lover (sent abroad to warne those which are of his own kind, from catching the like disease) came by chance to my handes: which, because as well women as men are desirous of novelties, I willinglie read over: neither did the ending thereof lesse please me then the beginning, for I was so carried away with the conceit of the Gent. as that I was quite out of the booke before I thought I had bene in the midst thereof: So pithie were his sentences, so pure his wordes, and so pleasing his stile. The chiefe matters therein contained were of two sortes: the one in the dispraise of mans follie, and the other, invective against our sex, their folly proceeding of their own flatterie joined with fancie, & our faultes are through our follie, with which is some faith.

The bounteous wordes written over the lascivious kinge Ninus his head, set down in this olde Lover his Surfeit to be these (Demand and have:) do plainly shew the flatterie of

mens false heartes: for knowing that we women, are weake vessels soone overwhelmed, and that Bountie bendeth everie thing to his becke, they take him for their instrument (too too strong) to assay the pulling downe of us so weake. If we stand fast, they strive: if we totter (though but a little) they will never leave til they have overturned us. Semeramis demaunded: and who would not if courtesie should be so freely offered? Ninus gave all to his kingdome, and that at the last: the more foole he: and of him this shal be my censure (agreeing with the verdict of the surfaiting lover, save onely that he hath misplaced and mistaken certaine wordes) in this maner.

Fooles force such flatterie, and men of dull conceite:  
Such phrensie oft doth hant the wise (Nurse Wisdom once rejected)  
Though love be sure and firme: yet Lust fraught with deceit,  
And mens fair wordes do worke great wo, unlesse they be suspected.  
Then foolish NINUS had but due, if I his judge might be,  
Vilde are mens lustes, false are their lips, besmer'd with flatterie:  
Himselfe and Crowne he brought to thrall which passed all the rest  
His foot-stoole match he made his head, and therefore was a beast.  
Then all such beastes such beastly endes, I wish the Gods to send,  
And worsere too if woorse may be: like his my censure end.

The slouthful king Sardanapalus with his beastlike and licentious deedes are so plainly disciphered, and his bad end well deserved, so truly set down in that Surfeit, as both our judgments agree in one.

But that Menalaus was served with such sauce it is a wonder: yet truely their Sex are so like to Bulls, that it is no marvell though the Gods do metamorphoze some of them, to give warning to the rest, if they coulde think so of it, for some of them wil follow the smocke as Tom Bull will runne after a towne Cowe. But, least they should running slip and breake their pates, the Gods provident of their welfare, set a paire of tooters on their foreheades, to keepe it from the ground, for doubtles so stood the case with Menalus, hee running abroad as a Smel-smocke, got the habit of a Cockold, of whom thus shall go my verdicte.

The Gods most just doe justly punish sinne  
with those same plagues which men do most forlorn,  
If filthy lust in men to spring begin,  
That monstrous sin he plagueth with the horne.  
their wisdom great wherby they men forewarne,  
to shun vild lust, lest they wil weare the horne.

Deceitfull men with guile must be repaid,  
And blowes for blowes who renders not againe?  
The man that is of Cockolds lot affraid,  
From Lechery he ought for to refraine.  
Els shall he have the plague he doth forlorne:

and ought perforce constrain'd to wear the horne.

The Greeke, Acteons badge did weare, they say,  
And worthy too, he loved the smocke so wel,  
That everie man may be a Bull I pray,  
Which loves to follow lust (his game) so well.

For by that meanes poore women shall have peace  
and want these jarres. Thus doth my censure cease.

The greatest fault that doth remaine in us women is, that we are too credulous, for could we flatter as they can dissemble, and use our wittes well, as they can their tongues ill, then never would any of them complaine of surfeiting. But if we women be so so perillous cattell as they terme us, I marvell that the Gods made not Fidelitie as well a man, as they created her a woman, and all the morall vertues of their masculine sex, as of the feminine kinde, except their Deities knewe that there was some soverainty in us women, which could not be in them men. But least some snatching fellow should catch me before I fall to the grounde, (and say they will adorne my head with a feather, affirming that I rome beyond reason, seeing it is most manifest that the man is the head of the woman, and that therefore we ought to be guided by them,) I prevent them with this answeere. The Gods knowing that the mindes of mankind would be aspiring, and having throughly viewed the wonderfull vertues wherewith women are inriched, least they should provoke us to pride, and so confound us with Lucifer, they bestowed the supremacy over us to man, that of that Cockscombe he might onely boast, and therefore for Gods sake let them keepe it. But wee returne to the Surfeit.

Having made a long discourse of the Gods censure concerning love, he leaves them (& I them with him) and comes to the principall object and generall foundation of love, which he affirmeth to be grounded on women: & now beginning to search his scroule, wherein are tauntes against us, he beginneth and saith that we allure their hearts to us: wherin he saith more truly then he is aware off: for we woo them with our vertues, & they wed us with vanities, and men being of wit sufficient to consider of the vertues which are in us women, are ravished with the delight of those dainties, which allure & draw the senses of them to serve us, wherby they become ravenous haukes, who doe not onely seize upon us, but devour us. Our good toward them is the destruction of our selves, we being wel formed, are by them fouly deformed: of our true meaning they make mockes, rewarding our loving follies with disdainful floutes: we are the grieffe of man, in that wee take all the grieffe from man: we languish when they laugh, we lie sighing when they sit singing, and sit sobbing when they lie slugging and sleeping. *Mulier est hominis confusio*, because her kinde heart cannot so sharply reprove their franticke fits, as those madde frensies deserve. *Aut amat, aut odit, non est in tertio*: she loveth good thinges, and hateth that which is evill: shee loveth justice and hateth iniquitie: she loveth trueth and true dealing, and hateth lies and falshood: she loveth man for his vertues, & hateth him for his vices: to be short, there is no Medium between good and bad, and therefore she can be, *In nullo tertio*. Plato his answeere to a Viccar of fooles which asked the question, being, that he knew not whether to place women among those creatures which were reasonable or unreasonable, did as much

beautifie his devine knowledge, as all the bookes he did write: for knowing that women are the greatest help that men have, without whose aide & assistance it is as possible for them to live, as if they wanted meat, drinke, clothing, or any other necessary: and knowing also that even then in his age, much more in those ages which shold after follow, men were grown to be so unreasonable, as he could not discide whether men or brute beastes were more reasonable: their eies are so curious, as be not all women equall with Venus for beautie, they cannot abide the sight of them: their stomackes so queasie, as doe they tast but twise of one dish they straight surfeit, and needes must a new diet be provided for them. Wee are contrary to men, because they are contrarie to that which is good: because they are spurblind, they cannot see into our natures, and we too well (though we had but halfe an eie) into their conditions, because they are so bad: our behaviours alter daily, because mens vertues decay hourelly. If Hesiodus had with equity as well looked into the life of man, as he did presisely search out the qualities of us women, he would have said, that if a woman trust unto a man, it shal fare as well with her, as if she had a waight of a thousand pounds tied about her neck, and then cast into the bottomles seas: for by men are we confounded though they by us are sometimes crossed. Our tongues are light, because earnest in reprooving mens filthy vices, and our good counsel is termed nipping injurie, in that it accordes not with their foolish fancies. Our boldnesse rash, for giving Noddies nipping answeres, our dispositions naughtie, for not agreeing with their vilde mindes, and our furie dangerous, because it will not beare with their knavish behaviours. If our frownes be so terrible, and our anger so deadly, men are too foolish in offering occasions of hatred, which shunned, a terrible death is prevented. There is a continuall deadly hatred betweene the wilde boare and tame hounds, I would there were the like betwixt women and men unles they amend their maners, for so strength should predominate, where now flattery and dissimulation hath the upper hand. The Lion rageth when he is hungrie, but man raileth when he is gluted. The Tyger is robbed of her young ones, when she is ranging abroad, but men rob women of their honour undeservedlye under their noses. The Viper stormeth when his taile is trodden on, & may not we fret when al our bodie is a footstoole to their vild lust: their unreasonable mindes which knowe not what reason is, make them nothing better then brute beastes. But let us graunt that Cletemnestra, Ariadna, Dalila, and Jesabell were spotted with crimes: shal not Nero with others innumerable, & therefore unnameable joine handes with them and lead the daunce? yet it grieves me that faithful Deianira should be falsely accused of her husband Hercules death, seeing she was utterly guiltlesse (even of thought) concerning any such crime, for had not the Centaures falshood exceeded the simplicitie of her too too credulous heart, Hercules had not died so cruelly tormented, nor the monsters treason bene so unhappely executed. But we must beare with these faultes, and with greater then these, especiallye seeing that hee which set it downe for a Maxime was driven into a mad mood through a surfeit, which made him run quite besides his booke, and mistake his case: for wher he accused Deianira falsely, he woulde have had condemned Hercules deservedly.

Marius daughter indued with so many excellent vertues, was too good either for Metellus, or any man living: for thogh peradventure she had some smal fault, yet doubtles he had detestable crimes. On the same place where Doun is on the hens head, the Combe grows on

the Cocks pate. If women breede woe to men, they bring care, povertie, griefe, and continual feare to women, which if they be not woes they are worsser.

Euthydomus made sixe kinde of women, and I will approve that there are so many of men: which be, poore and rich, bad and good, foule and faire. The great Patrimonies that wealthy men leave their children after their death, make them rich: but dice and other marthriftes happening into their companies, never leave them til they bee at the beggers bush, wher I can assure you they become poore. Great eaters beeing kept at a slender diet never distemper their bodies but remaine in good case: but afterwards once turned foorth to Liberties pasture, they graze so greedilie, as they become surfeiting jades, and alwaies after are good for nothing. There are men which are snout-faire, whose faces looke like a creame-pot, and yet those not the faire men I speake of, but I meane those whose conditions are free from knaverie, and I tearme those foule, that have neither civilitie nor honestie: of these sorts there are none good, none rich or faire long. But if wee doe desire to have them good, we must alwaies tie them to the manger and diet their greedy panches, other wise they wil surfeit. What, shal I say? wealth makes them lavish, wit knavish, beautie effeminate, povertie deceitfull, and deformitie uglie. Therefore of me take this counsell

Esteeme of men as of a broken Reed,  
Mistrust them still, and then you wel shall speede.

I pray you then (if this be true, as it truely cannot bee denied) have not they reason who affirme that a goose standing before a ravenous Fox, is in as good case, as the woman that trusteth to a mans fidelitie: for as the one is sure to loose his head, so the other is most certaine to be bereaved of her good name, if there be any small cause of suspition. The fellow that tooke his wife for his crosse, was an Asse, and so we will leave him: for he loved well to sweare on an ale pot, and because his wife, keeping him from his dronken vain, put his nose out of his socket, he thereby was brought into a mad moode, in which he did he could not tell what.

When provender prickes, the jade will winch, but keepe him at a slender ordinarie, and he will be milde ynough. The Dictators sonne was cranke as long as his cocke was crowing, but proving a cravin, hee made his maister hang downe his head.

3. **Elizabeth Cary**<sup>16</sup> es, probablemente, la autora de la primera obra de teatro original escrita en inglés por una mujer, *The Tragedy of Miriam, The Fair Queen of Jewry* (1606). Nació en el priorato de Burford en Oxfordshire en 1585. Aparentemente, Elizabeth fue una niña con habilidades lingüísticas. Se dice que siendo muy joven, aprendió francés, español, italiano, latín y hebreo, y tradujo las *Epístolas* de Seneca y *Le Mirour du Monde* de Ortelius. Se casó con Sir Henry Cary in 1602. In 1622, Sir Henry fue nominado diputado de Irlanda y la familia se mudó a Dublín. Sin embargo, en 1625, Elizabeth vuelve a Londres debido a su acercamiento al catolicismo, oponiéndose al trabajo de su esposo, el cual consistía en la persecución de los católicos. En 1626, Lady Cary se convierte públicamente al catolicismo. Es sepultada como católica en 1639.

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<sup>16</sup> [Cary, Elizabeth \(1586/1587–1639\) - BIOGRAPHY, CRITICAL RECEPTION - Life, Mariam, Falkland, Tragedy, Cary's, and Ireland http://encyclopedia.jrank.org/articles/pages/3764/Cary-Elizabeth-1586-1587-1639.html#ixzz1LDWUIT65](http://encyclopedia.jrank.org/articles/pages/3764/Cary-Elizabeth-1586-1587-1639.html#ixzz1LDWUIT65)

# The Tragedy of Mariam, The Fair Queen of Jewry<sup>17</sup>

*Written by that learned, virtuous, and truly noble lady, e.c.*

## The Names of the Speakers

HEROD, <i>King of Judea</i>	GRAPHINA, <i>his love</i>
DORIS, <i>his first wife</i>	BABAS' FIRST SON
MARIAM, <i>his second wife</i>	BABAS' SECOND SON
SALOME, <i>HEROD's sister</i>	ANANELL, <i>the high priest</i>
ANTIPATER, <i>his son by DORIS</i>	SOHEMUS, <i>a counsellor to HEROD</i>
ALEXANDRA, <i>MARIAM's mother</i>	NUNTIO
SILLEUS, <i>prince of Arabia</i>	SILLEUS' MAN
CONSTABARUS, <i>husband to SALOME</i>	BU[TLER], <i>another messenger</i>
PHERORAS, <i>HEROD's brother</i>	SOLDIER
	CHORUS, <i>a company of Jews</i>

*Act I*  
scene 1

[MARIAM *alone.*]

**MARIAM** How oft have I with public voice run on

To censure Rome's last hero for deceit:  
Because he wept when Pompey's life was gone,  
Yet when he lived, he thought his name too great.  
5 But now I do recant, and, Roman lord,  
Excuse too rash a judgment in a woman:  
My sex pleads pardon, pardon then afford,  
Mistaking is with us but too too common.  
Now do I find, by self-experience taught,

---

<sup>17</sup> Disponible en <http://www.wnorton.com/college/english/nael/noa/alpha.htm#c>



10 One object yields both grief and joy:  
You wept indeed, when on his worth you thought,  
But joyed that slaughter did your foe destroy.  
So at his death your eyes true drops did rain,  
Whom dead, you did not wish alive again.

15 When Herod lived, that now is done to death,  
Oft have I wished that I from him were free:  
Oft have I wished that he might lose his breath,  
Oft have I wished his carcass dead to see.  
Then rage and scorn had put my love to flight,  
20 That love which once on him was firmly set:  
Hate hid his true affection from my sight,  
And kept my heart from paying him his debt.  
And blame me not, for Herod's jealousy  
Had power even constancy itself to change:

25 For he, by barring me from liberty,  
To shun<sup>o</sup> my ranging, taught me first to range.  
But yet too chaste a scholar was my heart,

*prevent*

To learn to love another than my lord:

To leave his love, my lesson's former part,

30 I quickly learned, the other I abhorred.  
But now his death to memory doth call  
The tender love that he to Mariam bare.<sup>o</sup>  
And mine to him; this makes those rivers fall,

*bore*

Which by another thought unmoistened are.

35 For Aristobulus, the lowliest youth  
That ever did in angel's shape appear,  
The cruel Herod was not moved to ruth;<sup>o</sup>  
Then why grieves Mariam Herod's death to hear?

*pity*

Why joy I not the tongue no more shall speak,

40 That yielded forth my brother's latest<sup>o</sup> doom:  
Both youth and beauty might thy<sup>o</sup> fury break,  
And both in him did ill befit a tomb.

*final  
Herod's*

And, worthy grandsire, ill did he requite

His high ascent, alone by thee procured,

- 45 Except<sup>o</sup> he murdered thee to free the sprite<sup>o</sup> *unless/spirit*  
Which still he thought on earth too long immured.  
How happy was it that Sohemus' mind  
Was moved to pity my distressed estate!  
Might Herod's life a trusty servant find,  
50 My death to his had been unseparate.  
These thoughts have power, his death to make me bear,  
Nay more, to wish the news may firmly hold:  
Yet cannot this repulse some falling tear,  
That will against my will some grief unfold.  
55 And more I owe him for his love to me,  
The deepest love that ever yet was seen:  
Yet had I rather much a milkmaid be,  
Than be the monarch of Judea's queen.  
It was for nought but love he wished his end  
60 Might to my death but the vaunt-courier<sup>o</sup> prove: *forerunner*  
But I had rather still be foe than friend,  
To him that saves for hate, and kills for love.  
Hard-hearted Mariam, at thy discontent

- What floods of tears have drenched his manly face!  
65 How canst thou then so faintly now lament  
They truest lover's death, a death's disgrace:  
Ay, now, mine eyes, you do begin to right  
The wrongs of your admirer and my lord.  
Long since you should have put your smiles to flight,  
70 Ill doth a widowed eye with joy accord.  
Why, now methinks the love I bare<sup>o</sup> him then, *bore*  
When virgin freedom left me unrestrained,

Doth to my heart begin to creep again,

My passion<sup>8</sup> now is far from being feigned.

- 75 But, tears, fly back, and hide you in your banks,  
You must not be to Alexandra seen:  
For if my moan be spied, but little thanks  
Shall Mariam have, from that incensèd queen.

scene 2

[MARIAM. ALEXANDRA.]

**ALEXANDRA** What means these tears? My Mariam

doth mistake,

80 The news we heard did tell the tyrant's end:  
What° weep'st thou for thy brother's murd'rer's sake?  
Will ever wight° a tear for Herod spend?  
My curse pursue his breathless trunk and spirit,

*why*  
*person*

Base Edomite, the damnèd Esau's heir:

85 Must he ere Jacob's child the crown inherit?  
Must he, vile wretch, be set in David's chair?°  
No, David's soul, within the bosom placed

*throne*

Of our forefather Abram, was ashamed:

To see his seat with such a toad disgraced,

90 That seat that hath by Judah's race been famed.  
Thou fatal enemy to royal blood,  
Did not the murder of my boy suffice,  
To stop thy cruel mouth that gaping stood,  
But must thou dim the mild Hircanus' eyes?

95 My gracious father, whose too ready hand  
Did lift this Idumean from the dust:  
And he, ungrateful caitiff,° did withstand°  
The man that did in him most friendly trust.

*wretch / oppose*

What kingdom's right could cruel Herod claim,

100 Was he not Esau's issue, heir of hell?  
Then what succession can he have but shame?  
Did not his ancestor his birth-right sell?  
Oh yes, he doth from Edom's name derive  
His cruel nature which with blood is fed:  
105 That made him me of sire and son deprive,  
He ever thirsts for blood, and blood is red.  
Weep'st thou because his love to thee was bent,  
And read'st thou love in crimson characters?  
Slew he thy friends to work thy heart's content?  
110 No: hate may justly call that action hers.  
He gave the sacred priesthood for thy sake

To Aristobulus, yet doomed<sup>o</sup> him dead:  
Before his back the ephod warm could make,

*commanded*

And ere the miter settled on his head:

- 115 Oh, had he given my boy no less than right,  
The double oil should to his forehead bring  
A double honor, shining doubly bright;  
His birth anointed him both priest and king.  
And say my father and my son he slew
- 120 To royalize by right your prince-born breath:  
Was love the cause, can Mariam deem it true,  
That Mariam gave commandment for her death?  
I know by fits he showed some signs of love,  
And yet not love, but raging lunacy:
- 125 And this his hate to thee may justly prove,  
That sure he hates Hircanus' family.  
Who knows if he, unconstant wavering lord,  
His love to Doris had renewed again?  
And that he might his bed to her afford,
- 130 Perchance he wished that Mariam might be slain.

**MARIAM** Doris! Alas, her time of love was past,  
Those coals were raked in embers long ago

In Mariam's love and she was now disgraced

Nor did I glory in her overthrow.

- 135 He not a whit his first-born son esteemed,  
Because as well as his he was not mine:  
My children only for his own he deemed,  
These boys that did descend from royal line  
These did he style his heirs to David's throne;
- 140 My Alexander, if he live, shall sit  
In the majestic seat of Solomon;<sup>2</sup>  
To will it so, did Herod think it fit.

**ALEXANDRA** Why, who can claim from Alexander's brood  
That gold-adornèd lion-guarded chair?

- 145 Was Alexander not of David's blood?  
 And was not Mariam Alexander's heir?  
 What more than right could Herod then bestow,  
 And who will think except for more than right<sup>4</sup>  
 He did not raise them, for they were not low,  
 150 But born to wear the crown in his despite:  
 Then send those tears away that are not sent  
 To thee by reason, but by passion's power:  
 Thine eyes to cheer, thy cheeks to smiles be bent,  
 And entertain with joy this happy hour.  
 155 Felicity, if when she comes, she finds  
 A mourning habit, and a cheerless look,  
 Will think she is not welcome to thy mind,  
 And so perchance her lodging will not brook.<sup>o</sup> *accept*  
 Oh, keep her whilst thou hast her; if she go,
- 160 She will not easily return again:  
 Full many a year have I endured in woe,  
 Yet still have sued her presence to obtain:  
 And did not I to her as presents send  
 A table,<sup>o</sup> that best art did beautify, *picture*  
 165 Of two, to whom Heaven did best feature lend,  
 To woo her love by winning Anthony?  
 For when a prince's favor we do crave,  
 We first their minions' loves do seek to win:  
 So I, that sought Felicity to have,  
 170 Did with her minion Anthony begin.  
 With double sleight I sought to captivate  
 The warlike lover, but I did not right:  
 For if my gift had borne but half the rate,<sup>o</sup> *value*  
 The Roman had been overtaken quite.
- 175 But now he farèd like a hungry guest,  
 That to some plenteous festival is gone;  
 Now this, now that, he deems to eat were best,  
 Such choice doth make him let them all alone.  
 The boy's large forehead first did fairest seem,  
 180 Then glanced his eye upon my Mariam's cheek:  
 And that without comparison did deem,  
 What was in either but he most did like.  
 And, thus distracted,<sup>o</sup> either's beauty's might *torn, confused*  
 Within the other's excellence was drowned:
- 185 Too much delight did bare<sup>o</sup> him from delight, *strip, deprive*

For either's love the other's did confound.  
Where if thy portraiture had only gone,  
His life from Herod, Anthony had taken:  
He would have lovèd thee, and thee alone,  
190 And left the brown Egyptian clean forsaken,  
And Cleopatra then to seek had been  
So firm a lover of her wanèd face:  
Then great Anthonius' fall we had not seen,  
By her that fled to have him hold the chase.  
195 Then Mariam in a Roman's chariot set,  
In place of Cleopatra might have shown:  
A mart<sup>o</sup> of beauties in her visage met,  
And part in this, that they were all her own.<sup>o</sup>

*display  
not artificial*

**MARIAM** Not to be empress of aspiring Rome,  
200 Would Mariam like to Cleopatra live:  
With purest body will I press my tomb,  
And wish no favors Anthony could give.

**ALEXANDRA** Let us retire us, that we may resolve  
How now to deal in this reversèd state:

205 Great are th'affairs that we must now revolve,  
And great affairs must not be taken late.

scene 3

MARIAM. ALEXANDRA. SALOME.]

**SALOME** More plotting yet? Why, now you have the thing  
For which so oft you spent your suppliant breath:

And Mariam hopes to have another king.

210 Her eyes do sparkle joy for Herod's death.

**ALEXANDRA** If she desired another king to have,  
She might before she came in Herod's bed

Have had her wish. More kings than one did crave

For leave to set a crown upon her head.

215 I think with more than reason<sup>o</sup> she laments,  
That she is freed from such a sad annoy:

*unreasonably*

Who is't will weep to part from discontent?  
And if she joy, she did not causeless<sup>o</sup> joy.

*without cause*

**SALOME** You durst not thus have given your tongue the  
rein,

220 If noble Herod still remained in life:  
Your daughter's betters far, I dare maintain,  
Might have rejoiced to be my brother's wife.

**MARIAM** My betters far! Base woman, 'tis untrue,  
You scarce have ever my superiors seen:

225 For Mariam's servants were as good as you,  
Before she came to be Judea's queen.

**SALOME** Now stirs the tongue that is so quickly moved,  
But more than once your choler<sup>o</sup> have I borne:  
Your fumish<sup>o</sup> words are sooner said than proved,

*anger  
irascible*

230 And Salome's reply is only scorn.

**MARIAM** Scorn those that are for thy companions held.  
Though I thy brother's face had never seen,

My birth thy baser birth so far excelled,

I had to both of you the princess been.

235 Thou parti-Jew, and parti-Edomite,  
Thou mongrel: issued from rejected race,  
Thy ancestors against the Heavens did fight,  
And thou like them wilt heavenly birth disgrace.

**SALOME** Still twit you me with nothing but birth,  
240 What odds betwixt your ancestors and mine?  
Both born of Adam, both were made of earth,  
And both did come from holy Abraham's line.

**MARIAM** I favor thee when nothing else I say,  
With thy black acts I'll not pollute my breath:

245 Else to thy charge I might full justly lay.  
A shameful life, besides a husband's death.

**SALOME** 'Tis true indeed, I did the plots reveal,

That passed betwixt your favorites and you:

I meant not, I, a traitor to conceal.

250 Thus Salome your minion Joseph slew.

**MARIAM** Heaven, dost thou mean this infamy to smother?  
Let slandered Mariam ope thy closed ear:

Self-guilt hath ever been suspicion's mother,

And therefore I this speech with patience bear.

255 No, had not Salome's unsteadfast heart  
In Josephus' stead her Constabarus placed,  
To free herself she had not used the art  
To slander hapless Mariam for unchaste.

**ALEXANDRA** Come, Mariam, let us go: it is no boot<sup>o</sup>  
260 To let the head contend against the foot.

*use*

scene 4

[SALOME *alone.*]

**SALOME** Lives Salome to get so base a style<sup>o</sup>  
As "foot" to the proud Mariam? Herod's spirit

*name*

In happy time for her endured exile,

For did he live, she should not miss her merit:

265 But he is dead: and though he were my brother,  
His death such store of cinders cannot cast  
My coals of love to quench: for though they smother  
The flames a while, yet will they out at last.

270 Oh blest Arabia, in best climate place,  
I by the fruit will censure<sup>o</sup> of the tree:  
'Tis not in vain they happy name thou hast,  
If all Arabians like Silleus be.  
Had not my fate been too too contrary,  
When I on Constabarus first did gaze,

*judge*



275 Silleus had been object to mine eye:  
Whose looks and personage must all eyes amaze.  
But now, ill-fated Salome, thy tongue  
To Constabarus by itself is tied:  
And now, except I do the Hebrew wrong,  
280 I cannot be the fair Arabian's bride:  
What childish lets<sup>o</sup> are these? Why stand I now  
On honorable points? 'Tis long ago

*obstacles*

Since shame was written on my tainted brow:

And certain 'tis, that shame is honor's foe.

285 Had I upon my reputation stood,  
Had I affected<sup>o</sup> an unspotted life,  
Josephus' veins had still been stuffed with blood,  
  
And I to him had lived a sober wife.

*desired*

Then had I never cast an eye of love

290 On Constabarus' now detested face,  
Then had I kept my thoughts without remove:  
And blushed at motion of the least disgrace:  
But shame is gone, and honor wiped away,  
And impudency on my forehead sits:  
295 She bids me work my will without delay,  
And for my will I will employ my wits.  
He loves, I love; what then can be the cause  
Keeps me [from] being the Arabian's wife?  
It is the principles of Moses' laws,  
300 For Constabarus still remains in life.  
If he to me did bear as earnest hate,  
As I to him, for him there were an ease;  
A separating bill<sup>8</sup> might free his fate  
From such a yoke that did so much displease.  
305 Why should such privilege to man be given?  
Or given to them, why barred from women then?  
Are men than we in greater grace with Heaven?  
Or cannot women hate as well as men?  
I'll be the custom-breaker: and begin  
310 To show my sex the way to freedom's door,  
And with an off 'ring will I purge my sin;  
The law was made for none but who are poor.

If Herod had lived, I might to him accuse  
My present lord. But for the future's sake  
315 Then would I tell the king he did refuse  
The sons of Babas in his power to take.  
But now I must divorce him from my bed,  
That my Silleus may possess his room:<sup>o</sup>  
Had I not begged his life, he had been dead,

*place*

320 I curse my tongue, the hind'rer of his doom,  
But then my wand'ring heart to him was fast,  
Nor did I dream of change: Silleus said,  
He would be here, and see, he comes at last.  
Had I not named him, longer had he stayed.

scene 5

[SALOME. SILLEUS.]

325 **SILLEUS** Well found, fair Salome, Judea's pride!  
Hath they innated<sup>o</sup> wisdom found the way  
To make Silleus deem him deified,

*innate*

By gaining thee, a more than precious prey?

**SALOME** I have devised the best I can devise;  
330 A more imperfect means was never found:  
But what cares Salome? It doth suffice  
If our endeavors with their end be crowned.  
In this our land we have an ancient use,  
Permitted first by our law-giver's<sup>3</sup> head:  
335 Who hates his wife, though for no just abuse,  
May with a bill divorce her from his bed.  
But in this custom women are not free,  
Yet I for once will wrest it; blame not thou  
The ill I do, since what I do's for thee,  
340 Though others blame, Silleus should allow.

**SILLEUS** Thinks Salome, Silleus hath a tongue  
To censure her fair actions? Let my blood

Bedash my proper<sup>o</sup> brow, for such a wrong,

*own*

The being yours, can make even vices good:

345 Arabia, joy, prepare thy earth with green,  
Thou never happy wert indeed till now:  
Now shall thy ground be trod by beauty's queen,  
Her foot is destined to depress thy brow.  
Thou shalt, fair Salome, command as much

350 As if the royal ornament were thine:  
The weakness of Arabia's king is such,  
The kingdom is not his so much as mine.  
My mouth is our Obodas' oracle,  
Who thinks not aught but what Silleus will.

355 And thou, rare creature, Asia's miracle,  
Shalt be to me as it: Obodas' still.

**SALOME** 'Tis not for glory I thy love accept,  
Judea yields me honors worthy store:<sup>o</sup>  
Had not affection in my bosom crept,

*supply*

360 My native country should my life deplore.  
Were not Silleus he with whom I go,  
I would not change my Palestine for Rome:  
Much less would I a glorious state to show  
Go far to purchase an Arabian tomb.

365 **SILLEUS** Far be it from Silleus so to think,  
I know it is thy gratitude requites  
The love that is in me, and shall not shrink  
Till death do sever me from earth's delights.

**SALOME** But whist;<sup>o</sup> methinks the wolf is in our talk.  
370 Begone, Silleus. Who doth here arrive?  
'Tis Constabarus that doth hither walk;  
I'll find a quarrel, him from me to drive.

*hush*

**SILLEUS** Farewell, but were it not for thy command,  
In his despite Silleus here would stand.

4. **Rachel Speght** (1597-unknown) Conocida como panfletista, poeta y como una voz importante en la defensa de género durante el comienzo del siglo 17. En 1617 escribió *A Muzzel for Melastomus (Un bozal para Melastomus)*, en el cual defiende su género del ataque realizado por Joseph Swetnam en su *The Araignment of Lewd, Idle, Froward and Unconstant Women* (1617). La respuesta de Speght, en forma de panfleto, fue la primera en ser publicada. Luego, en 1621 publicó *Mortalities Memorandum, with a Dreame Prefixed*, dos largos poemas escritos en pentámetro yámbico dividido en 176 estrofas de seis líneas. Nacida en el seno de una familia con raíces calvinistas, perteneciente a la clase media londinense. Hija de James Speght<sup>18</sup>, clérigo y también escritor.

Rachel fue una jovencita de clase media bien educada. Recibió de su padre una educación clásica la que se refleja en sus escritos no sólo por su familiaridad con la Biblia, sino que también con el latín y cierto grado de conocimiento de lógica y retórica.

En 1621 Rachel se casa con William Proctor. Al parecer, Rachel no escribió nada más después de su casamiento. La fecha exacta de su muerte es incierta.

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<sup>18</sup> James Speght es autor de *A brief Demonstration* (1613) y de *The Christian's Comfort* (1616).

A  
MOVZELL FOR  
MELASTOMVS,<sup>19</sup>

The Cynicall Bayter of, and foule  
*moutherd Barker against*  
*EVAHS SEX.*

Or an Apologeticall Answer to  
*that Irreligious and Illiterate*  
pamphlet made by *Io. Sw.* and by him  
Intituled, *The Arraignment*  
*of Women.*

---

*By Rachel Speght.*

---

P R O V E R B 26.5

A[n]swer a foole according to his foolishness, lest he be wise in  
his owne conceit.

*LONDON.*

Printed by *Nicholas Okes* for *Thomas Archer*, and  
are to be sold at his shop in Popes-  
head Pallace. 1617.

---

*To all vertuous Ladies Honou-  
rable or Worshipfull, and to all other  
of Heuahs sex fearing God, and louing their  
iust reputation, grace and peace through  
Christ, to eternall glory.*



It was the simile of that wise and learned *Lactantius*, that if fire, though but  
with a small sparke kindled, bee not at the first quenched, it may worke  
great mischiefe and dammage: So likewise may the scandals and  
defamations of the malevolent in time proue pernicious, if they bee not nipt

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<sup>19</sup> Disponible en <http://www.luminarium.org/renascence-editions/rachel.html>

in the head at their first appearance. The consideration of this (right Honourable and Worshipfull Ladies) hath incited me. (though yong, and the vnworthiest of thousands) to encounter with a furious enemy to our sexe, least if his vniust imputations should continue without answere, he might insult and account himselfe a victor; and by such a conceit deale, as Historiographers report the vpier to doe, who in the Winter time doth vomit forth her poyson, and in the spring time sucketh the same vp againe, which becommeth twice as deadly as the former: And this our pestiferous enemy, by thinking to prouide a more deadly poyson for women, then already he hath foamed forth, may euaporate, by an addition vnto his former illeterate Pamphlet (intituled *The Arraignement of Women*) a more contagious obtrectation then he hath already done, and indeed hath threatned to doe. Secondly, if it should haue had free passage without any answere at all (seeing that *Tacere* is, *quasi consentire*) the vulgar ignorant might haue beleueed his Diabolicall infamies to be infallible truths, not to bee infringed; whereas now they may plainely perceiue them to bee but the scumme of Heathenish braines, or a building raised without a foundation (at least from sacred Scripture) which the winde of Gods truth must needs cast downe to the ground. A third reason why I haue aduentured to fling this stone at vaunting *Goliah* is, to comfort the mindes of all *Heuahs* sex, both rich and poore, learned and vnlearned, with this Antidote, that if the feare of God reside in their hearts, maugre all aduersaries, they are highly esteemed and accounted of in the eies of their gracious Redeemer, so that they need not feare the darts of enuy or obtrectators: For shame and disgrace (saith *Aristotle*) is the end of them that shoote such poysoned shafts. Worthy therefore of imitation is that example of *Senec[a]*, who when he was told that a certaine man did exclaime and raile against him, made this milde answere; Some dogs barke more vpon custome than curstnesse; and some speake euill of others, not that the defamed deserue it, but because through custome and corruption of their hearts they cannot speake well of any. This I alleage as a paradigmatical patterne for all women, noble & ignoble to follow, that they be not enflamed with choler against this our enraged aduersarie, but patiently consider of him according to the portraiture which he hath drawne of himselfe, his Writings being the very embleme of a monster.

This my briefe Apologie (Right Honourable and Worshipfull) did I enterprise, not as thinking my selfe more fit then others to vndertake such a taske, but as one, who not perceiuing any of our Sex to enter the Lists of encountering with this our grand enemy among men, I being out of all feare, because armed with the truth, which though often blamed, yet can neuer be shamed, and the Word of Gods Spirit, together with the example of vertues Pupils for a Buckler, did no whit dread to combate with our said maleuolent aduersarie. And if in so doing I shall bee censured by the iudicious to haue the victorie, and shall haue giuen content vnto the wronged, I haue both hit the marke whereat I aymed, and obtained that prize which I desired. But if *Zoilus* shall adiudge me presumptuous in Dedicating this my *Chirograph* vnto personages of so high ranke; both because of my

insufficiency in literature and tendernesse in yeares: I this Apologize for my selfe; that feeling the *Bayter of Women* hathopened his mouth against noble as well as ignoble; against the rich as well as the poore; therefore meete it is that they should be ioynt spectators of this encounter: And withhall in regard of my imperfection both in learning and age, I need so much the more to impetrate patronage from some of power to sheild mee from the biting wrongs of *Momus*, who ofententimes setteth a rankling tooth into the sides of truth. Wherefore I being of *Dictus* his mind, who deemed himselfe safe vnder the shield of *CÃ/sar*, haue presumed to shelter my selfe vnder the wings of you (Honourable personages) against the persecuting heate of this fierie and furious Dragon; desiring that you would be pleased, not to looke so much *ad opus*, as *ad animum*: And so not doubting of the fauourable acceptance and censure of all vertuously affected, I rest

*Your Honours and worships*  
*Humbly at commandement,*  
*Rachel Speght.*

*If Reason had but curb'd thy witlesse will,*  
*O r feare of God restrain'd thy rauing quill,*  
*S uch venome fowle thou would'st base blight to spue:*  
*E xcept that Grace haue bidden thee adue:*  
*P rowesse disdaines to wrastle with the weake,*  
*H eatheish affected, care not what they speake.*

*S educer of the vulgar sort of men,*  
*W as Sathan crept into thy filthie Pen,*  
*E nflaming thee with such infernall smoake,*  
*T hat (if thou had'st thy will) should women choake?*  
*N efarious fiends thy sence hauing deluded,*  
*A nd from thee all humanitie excluded*  
*M onster of men , worthie no other name*  
*For that thou did'st assay our Sex to shame.*

RA. SP.

Not vnto the veriest Ideot that  
*Euer set Pen to Paper, but to the*  
Cynicall Bayter of Women, or,  
*metamorphosed Milogunca,*  
Ioseph Swetnam.



From standing water, which soon putrifies, can no good fish be expected, for it produceth no other creatures but those that are venemous or noisome, as snakes, adders, and such like. Semblably, no better streame can we looke, should issue from your idle corrupt braine, then that whereto the ruffe of your fury (to vse your owne words) hath moued you to open the slaite. In which excremene of your roaring cogitations you haue vsed such irregularities touching concordance, and obserued so disordered a methode, as I doubt not to rely on, that a very Accidence Schollar would haue quite put you downe in both. You appeare herein not vnlike that Painter, who seriously indeuouring to pourtray *Cupids* Bowe forgot the String: for you, beeing greedie to botch vp your mingle mangle inuectiue against Women; haue not therein obserued, in many places, so much [as] Gramm[a]r sense. But the emptiest Barrell makes the lowest sound; and so we will account of you.

Many propositions haue you framed, which (as you thinke) make much against Women, but if one would make a Logically assumption, the conclusion would be flat against your owne Sex. Your dealing wants so much discretion, that I doubt whether to bestow so good a name as the Dunce vpon you: but Minoricy bids me keepe within my bounds; and therefore I onlie say vnto you, that your corrupt Heart and railing To[n]gue, hath made you a fit scribe for the Diuell.

In that you haue termed your virulent foame, *the Beare-baying of Women*, you haue plainly displayed you[r] owne disposition to be Cynicall, in that there appeares no other Dogge or Bull, to bayte them, but your selfe. Good had it beene for you to haue put on that Muzzell, which Saint *Lance* would haue all Christians to

James 4.11. weare; *Speake not euill one of another*: and then had you not seemed so like the Serpent *Porphirus*, as now you doo, which, though full of deadly poyson, yet being toothlesse, hurteth none so much as himselfe. For you hauing gone beyond the limits not of *Humanitie* alone, but of Christianitie, haue done greater harme vnto your owne soule, then vnto women, as may plainly appeare. First, in dishonoring of God by palpable blasphemy, wresting and peruerting euerie place of Scripture, that you haue alleadged; which by the testimony of Saint *Peter*,

Pet. 3.16. is to the destruction of them that so doe. Secondly, it appeares by your disparaging of, and opprobrious speeches against that excellent worke of Gods hands, which in his great loue he perfected for the comfort of man. Thirdly, and lastly, by this your hodge-podge of heathenish Sentences, Similies, and Examples, you haue set forth your selfe in your right colours, vnto the view of the world: and I doubt not but the Iudicious will account of you according to your demerit: As for the Vulgar sort, which haue no more learning then you haue shewed in your Booke, it is likely they will applaud you for your paines.

As for your *Bugge-beare* or aduice vnto Women, that whatsoever they doe thinke of your Worke, they should conceale it, lest in finding fault, they bewray their galled backs to



the world, in which you allude to that Prouerbe, *Rubbe a galled horse, and he will kicke:* Vnto it I answere by way of Apologie, that though everie galled horse, being touched, doth kicke; yet euery one that kicke, is not galled: so that you might as well haue said, that because burnt folks dread the fire, therefore none feare fire but those that are burnt, as made that illiterate conclusion which you haue absurdly inferred.

In your Title Leafe, you arraigne none but lewd, idle, froward and vnconstant women, but in the Sequele (through defect of memorie as it seemeth) forgetting that you had made a distinction of good from badde, condemning all in generall, you aduise men to beware of, and not to match with any of these sixe sorts of women, *viz. Good and Badde, Faire and Foule, Rich and Poore:* But this doctrine of Diuells Saint *Paul* foreseeing would be broached in the latter

1.Tim.4.3 times, giues warning of.

There also you promise a Commendation of wise, vertuous, and honest women, when as in the subsequent, the worst words, and filthiest Epithites that you can deuise, you bestow on them in generall, excepting no sort of Women. Heerein may you be likened vnto a man, which vpon the doore of a scuruie house sets this Superscription, *Heere is a very faire house to be let:* whereas the doore being opened, it is no better then a dogge-hole and darke dungeon.

Further, if your owne words be true, that you wrote with your hand, but not with your heart, then you are an hypocrite in Print: but it is rather to be thought that your Pen was the bewrayer of the abundance of your minde, and that this was but a little mortar to dawbe vp agayne the wall, which you intended to breake downe.

The reuenge of your rayling Worke wee leaue to Him, who hath appropriated vengeance vnto himselfe, whose Pen-man hath included Raylers in the Catalogue of them that shall not inherite Gods Kingdome, and your selfe vnto the mercie of that iust Iudge, who is able to saue and to destroy.

*Your vnderued friend,*  
RACHEL SPEGHT.

 *The Dreame.*<sup>20</sup>

W Hen splendent *Sol*, which riseth in the East,  
Returning thence tooke harbour in the West;  
When *Phoebus* layd her head in *Titans* lap,  
And Creatures sensitue made hast to rest;  
When skie which earst look't like to azure blew,  
Left colour bright, and put on sable hew.

Then did *Morpheus* close my drowsie eyes,  
And stood as Porter at my sences dore,  
Divrall cares excluding from my minde;  
Including rest, (the salue for labours sore.)  
Nights greatest part in quiet sleepe I spent,  
But nothing in this world is permanent.

For ere *Aurora* spread her glittering beames,  
Or did with roabes of light her selfe invest,  
My mentall quiet sleepe did interdict,  
By entertaining a nocturnall guest.  
A *Dreame* which did my minde and sense possesse,  
With more then I by Penne can well expresse.

At the appoyntment of supernall power,  
By instrumentall meanes me thought I came  
Into a place most pleasant to the eye,  
Which for the beautie some did *Cosmus* name,  
Where stranger-like on euey thing I gaz'd,  
But wanting wisdom was as one amaz'd.

Vpon a sodeyne, as I gazing stood,  
*Thought* came to me, and ask't me of my state,  
Inquiring what I was, and what I would,  
And why I seem'd as one disconsolate:  
To whose demand, I thus againe replide,  
I, as a stranger in this place abide.

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<sup>20</sup> Disponible en <http://www.luminarium.org/renascence-editions/mortal.htm>

The Hauen of my voyage is remote  
I haue not yet attain'd my iourneyes end;  
Yet know I not, nor can I giue a guesse,  
How short a time I in this place shall spend.  
For that high power, which sent me to this place,  
Doth onely know the period of my race.

The reason of my sadnesse at this time,  
Is, 'cause I feele my selfe nor very well,  
Vnto you I shall much obliged bee,  
If for my grieffe a remedie you'le tell.  
Quoth shee, if you your maladie will show,  
My best aduise I'le willingly bestow.

My grieffe, quoth I, is called *Ignorance*,  
Which makes me differ little from a brute:  
For animals are led by natures lore,  
Their seeming science is but customes fruit;  
When they are hurt they haue a sense of paine;  
But want the sense to cure themselues againe.

And euer since this grieffe did me oppresse,  
Instinct of nature is my chiefest guide;  
I feele disease, yet know not what I ayle,  
I finde a sore, but can no salue prouide;  
I hungry am, yet cannot seeke for foode;  
Because I know not what is bad or good.

And sometimes when I seeke the golden meane,  
My weaknesse makes me faile of mine intent,  
That suddenly I fall into extremes,  
Nor can I see a mischief to preuent;  
But feele the paine when I the perill finde,  
Because my maladie doth make me blinde.

What is without the compasse of my braine;  
My sicknesse makes me say it cannot bee;  
What I conceiue not, cannot come to passe;  
Because for it I can no reason see.  
I measure all mens feer by mine owne shooe,  
And count all well, which I appoint or doe.

The pestilent effects of my disease  
Exceed report, their number is so great;  
The euils, which through it I doe incur,  
Are more then I am able to repeat.  
Wherefore, good *Thought*, I sue to thee againe,  
To tell me how my cure I may obtaine.

Quoth she, I wish I could prescribe your helpe;  
You state I pitie much, and doe bewaile;  
But for my part, though I am much imploy'd,  
Yet in my iudgement I doe often faile.  
And therefore I'll commend vnto your triall  
*Experience*, of whom take no deniall.

For she can best direct you, what is meet  
To worke your cure, and satisfie your minde;  
I thank'd her for her loue, and tooke my leaue,  
Demanding where I might *Experience* finde.  
She told me if I did abroad enquire,  
I was likely *Age* could answer my desire.

I sought, I found, She ask't me what I would;  
Quoth I, your best direction I implore:  
For I am troubled with an irkesome grieffe,  
Which when I nam'd, quoth she declare no more:  
For I can tell as much, as you can say,  
And for your cure I'll help you what I may.

The onely medicine for your maladie,  
By which, and nothing else your helpe is wrought,  
Is *Knowledge*, of the which there is two sorts,  
The one is good, the other bad and nought;  
The former sort by labour is attain'd,  
The latter may without much toyle be gain'd.

But 'tis the good, which must effect your cure,  
I pray'd her then, that she would further show,  
Where I might haue it, that I will, quoth shee,  
In *Eruditions* garden it doth grow:  
And in compassion of your woefull case,  
*Industrie* shall conduct you to the place.

*Disswasion* hearing her assigne my helpe,  
(And seeing that consent I did detect)  
Did many remoraes to me propose,  
As dulnesse, and my memories defect;  
The difficultie of attaining lore,  
My time, and sex, with many others more.

Which when I heard, my minde was much perplext,  
And as a horse new come into the field,  
Who with a Harquebuz at first doth start,  
So did this shot make me recoyle and yeeld.  
But of my feare when some did notice take,  
In my behalfe, they this reply did make.

First quoth *Desire*, *Disswasion*, hold thy peace,  
These oppositions come not from aboue:  
Quoth *Truth*, they cannot spring from reasons roote,  
And therefore now thou shalt no victor proue.  
No, quoth *Industrie*, be assured this,  
Her friends shall make thee of thy purpose misse.

For with my sickle I will cut away  
All obstacles, that in her way can grow,  
And by the issue of her owne attempt,  
I'll make thee *labor omnia vincet* know.  
Quoth *Truth*, and sith her sex thou do'st object,  
Thy folly I by reason will detect.

Both man and woman of three parts consist,  
Which *Paul* doth bodie, soule, and spirit call:  
And from the soule three faculties arise,

The mind, the will, the power; then wherefore shall  
A woman haue her intellect in vaine,  
Or not endeuour *Knowledge* to attaine.

The talent, God doth giue, must be employ'd,  
His owne with vantage he must haue againe:  
All parts and faculties were made for vfe:  
The God of *Knowledge* nothing gaue in vaine.  
'Twas *Maries* choyce our Sauour did approue,  
Because that she the better part did loue.

I. *Thess.*  
5.23.

*Luke* 19.23.

I. *Sam.* 2.3.  
*Luke* 10.42.

*Cleobulina*, and *Demophila*,  
With *Telesilla*, as Historians tell,  
(Whose fame doth liue, though they haue long bin dead)  
Did all of them in Poetrie excell.  
A Roman matron that *Cornelia* hight,  
An eloquent and learned style did write.

*Hypatia* in Astronomie had skill,  
*Aspatia* was in Rheth'ricke so expert,  
As that Duke *Pericles* of her did learne;  
*Areta* did deuote her selfe to art:  
And by consent (which shewes she was no foole)  
She did succeed her father in his schoole.

And many others here I could produce,  
Who were in Science counted excellent;  
But these examples which I haue rehearst,  
To shew they error are sufficient.  
Thus hauing sayd, she turn'd her speech to mee,  
That in my purpose I might constant bee.

My friend, quoth she, regard not vulgar talke;  
For dung-hill Cocks at precious stones will spurne,  
And swine-like natures prize not cristall streames,  
Contemned mire, and mud will serue their turne.  
Good purpose seldome oppositions want:  
But constant mindes *Disswasion* cannot daunt.

Shall euery blast disturbe the Saylor's peace?  
Or boughes and bushes Trauellers affright?  
True valour doth not start at euery noyse;  
Small combates must instruct for greater fight.  
Disdaine to bee with euery dart dismayd;  
'Tis childish to be suddenly affrayd.

If thou didst know the pleasure of the place,  
Where *Knowledge* growes, and where thou mayst it gaine;  
Or rather knew the vertue of the plant,  
Thou would it not grudge at any cost, or paine,  
Thou canst bestow, to purchase for thy cure  
This plant, by which of helpe thou shalt be sure.

5. **Aemelia Lanyer**<sup>21</sup> (1569-1645) Se presume que también proviene de una familia de clase media, y que al morir su padre cuando ella tenía siete años, fue primero llevada y educada bajo el alero de la condesa de Kent, y más tarde fue ligada a la casa de Margaret, Condesa de Cumberland, y de su hija, Ann Clifford. Tuvo una relación amorosa con Lord Hunsdon (Lord Chamberlain) con el que tuvo un hijo. Sin embargo, se casó más tarde con un músico de la corte, Alphonso Lanyer.

Lanyer debió ser educada junto con las muchachas nobles a las que les servía ya que su trabajo muestra familiaridad con los géneros poéticos y la Biblia.

Su único volumen, *Salve Deus Rex Judaeorum* en 1611, se compone de once poemas y tres prosas, dos preliminares y una final. A pesar de lo heterogéneo de su trabajo, Lanyer se centra en un solo tema: la defensa de la virtud de las mujeres y argumenta sobre su igualdad social y religiosa. Nueve copias del libro aún sobreviven.

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<sup>21</sup> Biografía y bibliografía disponible también en <http://www.ic.arizona.edu/ic/mcbride/lanyer/lanyer.htm>

SALVE DEVS  
REX IVDÆORVM.<sup>22</sup>

*Containing,*

- 1 The passion of Christ.
- 2 Eues Apologie in defence of Women.
- 3 The Teares of the Daughters of Ierusalem.
- 4 The Salutation and Sorrow of the Virgine Marie.

With diuers other things not vnfit to be read.

Written by Mistris *Æmilia Lanyer*, Wife to  
Captaine *Alfonso Lanyer*, Seruant to the  
Kings Majestie.

XXXXXXXXXX

XXXXXXXXXX

A T L O N D O N .

Printed by *Valentine Simmes* for *Richard Bonian*, and are  
to be sold at his Shop in Paules Churchyard, at the  
Signe of the Floure de Luce and Crowne. 1611.

To all vertuous Ladies in  
generall.

---

**E** Ach blessed Lady that in Virtue spends  
Your pretious time to beautifie your soules;  
Come wait on her whom winged Fame attends  
And in hir hand the Booke where she inroules  
Those high deserts that Maiestie commends:  
Let this faire Queene not vnattended bee,  
When in my Glasse she daines her selfe to see.

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<sup>22</sup> Disponible en <http://www.luminarium.org/renascence-editions/lanyer1.html>



Put on your wedding garments euery one,  
The Bridegroome stayes to entertaine you all;  
Let Virtue be your guide, for she alone  
Can leade you right that you can neuer fall;  
And make no stay for feare he should be gone:  
    But fill your Lamps with oyle of burning zeale,  
    That to your Faith he may his Truth reueale.

Let all your roabes be purple scarlet white,

*Those perfit colours purest Virtue wore,  
Come dekt with Lillies that did so delight  
To be preferr'd in Beauty, farre before  
Wise Salomon in all his glory dight:  
    Whose royall roabes did no such pleasure yield,  
    As did the beauteous Lilly of the field.*

*Adorne your temples with faire Daphnes crowne,  
The neuer changing Laurel, alwaies greene;  
Let constant hope all worldly pleasures drowne,  
In wise Mineruaes paths be alwaies seene;  
Or with bright Cynthia, thogh faire Venus frown:  
    With Esop crosse the posts of euery doore,  
    Where Sinne would riot, making Virtue poore.*

*And let the Muses your companions be,  
Those sacred sisters that on Pallas wait;  
Whose Virtues with the purest minds agree,  
Whose godly labours doe auoyd the baite  
Of worldly pleasures, liuing alwaies free  
    From sword, from violence, and from ill report,  
    To those nine Worthies all faire mindes resort.*

*Annoynt your haire with Aarons pretious oyle,  
And bring your palmes of vict'ry in your hands,  
To ouercome all thoughts that would defile  
The earthly circuit of your soules faire lands;  
Let no dimme shadowes your cleare eyes beguile:*

The roabes  
that Christ  
wore  
before  
his death.

In token of  
Constancie.

*Sweet odours, mirrhe, gum, aloes, frankincense,  
Present that King who di'd for your offence.*

*Behold, bright Titans shining chariot staies,  
All deckt with flowers of the freshest hew,  
Attended on by Age, Houres, Nights, and Daies,  
Which alters not your beauty, but giues you  
Much more, and crownes you with eternall praise:  
    This golden chariot wherein you must ride,  
    Let simple Doues, and subtill serpents guide.*

*Come swifter than the motion of the Sunne,  
To be transfigur'd with our louing Lord,  
Lest Glory end what Grace in you begun,  
Of heau'nly riches make your greatest hoord,  
In Christ all honour, wealth, and beautie's wonne:  
    By whose perfections you appeare more faire  
    Than Phæbus, if he seau'n times brighter were.*

*Gods holy Angels will direct your Doues,  
And bring your Serpents to the fields of rest,  
Where he doth stay that purchast all your loues  
In bloody torments, when he di'd opprest,  
There shall you find him in those pleasant groues  
    Of sweet Elizium, by the Well of Life,  
    Whose cristal springs do purge from worldly strife*

*Thus may you flie from dull and sensuall earth,  
Whereof at first your bodies formed were,  
That new regen'rate in a second berth,  
Your blessed soules may liue without all feare,  
Beeing immortall, subiect to no death:  
    But in the eie of heauen so highly placed,  
    That others by your virtues may be graced.*

*Where worthy Ladies I will leaue you all,  
Desiring you to grace this little Booke;  
Yet some of you me thinkes I heare to call  
Me by my name, and bid me better looke,*

*Lest vnawares I in an error fall:*

*In generall tearmes, to place you with the rest,  
Whom Fame commends to be the very best.*

*Tis true, I must confesse (O noble Fame)  
There are a number honoured by thee,  
Of which, some few thou didst recite by name,  
And willd my Muse they should remembred bee;  
Wishing some would their glorious Trophies frame:  
Which if I should presume to vndertake,  
My tired Hand for very feare would quake.*

*Onely by name I will bid some of those,  
That in true Honors seate haue long bin placed,  
Yea euen such as thou hast chiefly chose,  
By whom my Muse may be the better graced;  
Therefore, vnwilling longer time to lose,  
I will inuite some Ladies that I know,  
But chiefly those as thou hast graced so.*

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### **Eues Apologie in defence of Women.**

Till now your indiscretion sets vs free,  
And makes our former fault much lesse appeare;

Our Mother *Eue*, who tasted of the Tree,  
Giuing to *Adam* what she held most deare,  
Was simply good, and had no powre to see,  
The after-comming harme did not appeare:  
The subtile Serpent that our Sex betraide,  
Before our fall so sure a plot had laide.

That vndiscerning Ignorance perceau'd  
No guile, or craft that was by him intended;  
For, had she knowne of what we were bereau'd,  
To his request she had not condescended.

*Eues Apo-  
logie.*

But she (poore soule) by cunning was deceau'd,  
No hurt therein her harmlesse Heart intended:  
For she alleadg'd Gods word, which he denies  
That they should die, but euen as Gods, be wise.

But surely *Adam* cannot be excus'd,  
Her fault, though great, yet he was most too blame;  
What Weaknesse offred Strength might haue refus'd,  
Being Lord of all the greater was his shame:  
Although the Serpents craft had her abus'd,  
Gods holy word ought all his actions frame:  
For he was Lord and King of al the earth,  
Before poore *Eue* had either life or breath.

Who being fram'd by Gods eternall hand,  
The perfect'st man that euer breath'd on earth,  
And from Gods mouth receiu'd that strait command,  
The breach whereof he knew was present death:  
Yea hauing powre to rule both Sea and Land,  
Yet with one Apple wonne to loose that breath,  
Which God hath breathed in his beauteous face,  
Bringing vs all in danger and disgrace.

And then to lay the fault on Patience backe,  
That we (poore women) must endure it all;  
We know right well he did discretion lacke,  
Beeing not perswaded thereunto at all;  
If *Eue* did erre, it was for knowledge sake,  
The fruit beeing faire perswaded him to fall:  
No subtill Serpents falshood did betray him,  
If he would eate it, who had powre to stay him?

Not *Eue*, whose fault was onely too much loue,  
Which made her giue this present to her Deare,  
That which shee tasted, he likewise might proue,  
Whereby his knowledge might become more cleare;  
He neuer sought her weakenesse to reprove,  
With those sharpe words wich he of God did heare:  
Yet Men will boast of Knowledge, which he tooke

From *Eues* faire hand, as from a learned Booke.

If any Euill did in her remaine,  
Beeing made of him, he was the ground of all;  
If one of many Worlds could lay a staine  
Vpon our Sexe, and worke so great a fall  
To wretched Man, by Satans subtill traine;  
What will so fowle a fault amongst you all?  
Her weakenesse did the Serpents word obay,  
But you in malice Gods deare Sonne betray.

Whom, if vniustly you condemne to die,  
Her sinne was small, to what you doe commit;  
All mortall sinnes that doe for vengeance crie,  
Are not to be compared vnto it:  
If many worlds would altogether trie,  
By all their sinnes the wrath of God to get;  
This sinne of yours, surmounts them all as farre  
As doth the Sunne, another little starre.

Then let us haue our Libertie againe,  
And challenge to your selues no Sou'raigntie;  
You came not in the world without our paine,  
Make that a barre against your crueltie;  
Your fault beeing greater, why should you disdain  
Our beeing your equals, free from tyranny?  
If one weake woman simply did offend,  
This sinne of yours hath no excuse, nor end.

To which (poore soules) we neuer gaue consent,  
Witnesse thy wife (*O Pilate*) speakes for all;  
Who did but dreame, and yet a message sent,  
That thou should'st haue nothing to doe at all  
With that iust man, which, if thy heart relent,  
Why wilt thou be a reprobate with *Saul*?  
To seeke the death of him that is so good,  
For thy soules health to shed his dearest blood.

Yea, so thou mai'st these sinful people please,

Thou art content against all truth and right,  
To seale this act, that may procure thine ease  
With blood, and wrong, with tyrannie, and might;  
The multitude thou seekest to appease,  
By base deiection of this heauenly Light:  
    Demanding which of these that thou shouldst loose,  
    Whether the Thiefe, or Christ King of the Jewes.

Base *Barrabas* the Thiefe they all desire  
And thou more base than he, perform'st their will;  
Yet when thy thoughts backe to themselues retire,  
Thou art vnwilling to commit this ill:  
Oh that thou couldst vnto such grace aspire,  
That thy polluted lips might neuer kill  
    That Honour, which right Iudgement euer graceth,  
    To purchase shame, which all true worth defaceth.

Art thou a Iudge, and askest, What to doe  
With One, in whom no fault there can be found?  
The death of Christ wilt thou consent vnto  
Finding no cause, no reason, nor no ground?  
Shall he be scour'd and crucified too?  
And must his miseries by thy meanes abound?  
    Yet not asham'd to aske what he hath done,  
    When thine owne conscience seeks this sin to shunne.

Three times thou askest, What euill hath he done?  
And saist, thou find'st in him no cause of death,  
Yet wilt thou chasten Gods beloued Sonne.  
Although to thee no word of ill he saith:  
For wrath must end, what Malice hath begunne,  
And thou must yeeld to stop his guiltlesse breath:  
    This rude tumultous rout doth presse so sore,  
    That thou condemnest him thou should'st adore.

Yet *Pilate*, this can yeeld thee no content,  
To exercise thine owne authoritie,  
But vnto *Herod* he must needs be sent,  
To reconcile thy selfe by tyrannie,

Was this the greatest good in Iustice meant  
When thou perceiu'st no fault in him to be?

If thou must make thy peace by Virtues fall,  
Much better 'twere not to be friends at all.

Yet neither thy sterne browe, nor his great place,  
Can draw an answer from the Holy One:  
His false accusers, nor his great disgrace,  
Nor *Herods* scoffes, to him they are all one:  
He neither cares, nor feares his owne ill case,  
Though being despis'd and mockt of euery one:  
King *Herods* gladnesse giues him little ease,  
Neither his anger seekes he to appease.

Yet this is strange, that base Impietie  
Should yeeld those robes of honour which were due;  
Pure white, to shew his great Integritie,  
His Innocency, that all the world might view,  
Perfections height in lowest penurie,  
Such glorious pouerty as they neuer knew:  
Purple and Scarlet well might him beseeme,  
Whose pretious blood must all the world redeeme.

And that Imperiall Crowne of Thornes he wore,  
Was much more pretious than the Diademe  
Of any king that euer liu'd before,  
Or since his time, their honour's but a dreame,  
To his eternall glorie, being so poore,  
To make a purchase of that heauenly Realme,  
Where God with all his Angells liues in peace,  
No griefes, nor sorrowes, but all joyes increase.

Those royall robes, which they in scorne did giue,  
To make him odious to the common sort,  
Yeeld light of grace to those whose soules shall liue  
Within the harbour of this heauenly port;  
Much doe they joy, and much more do they grieue,  
His death, their life, should make his foes such sport:

With sharpest thornes to pricke his blessed face,  
Our joyfull sorrow, and his greater grace.

Three feares at once possessed *Pilates* heart;  
The first, Christs Innocencie, which so plaine appears:  
The next, that he which now must feele this smart,  
If Gods deare Sonne, for any thing he heares:  
But that which proou'd the deepest wounding dart,  
Is peoples threatnings, which he so much feares:  
That he to *Cæ,sar* could not be a friend,  
Vnlesse he sent sweet I E S V S to his end.

Now *Pilate* thou art proou'd a painted wall,  
A golden Sepucher with rotten bones;  
From right to wrong, from equitie to fall:  
If none vpbraid thee, yet the very stones  
Will rise against thee, and in question call  
His blood, his teares, his sighes, his bitter groanes:  
All these will witnesse at the latter day,  
When water cannot wash thy sinne away.

Canst thou be innocent, that gainst all right,  
Wilt yeeld to what thy conscience doth withstand?  
Beeing a man of knowledge, powre, and might,  
To let the wicked carrie such a hand,  
Before thy face to blindfold Heau'ns bright light,  
And thou to yeeld to what they did demand?  
Washing thy hands, thy conscience cannot cleare,  
But to all worlds this staine must needs appeare.

For loe, the Guiltie doth accuse the Iust,  
And faultie Iudge condemnes the Innocent;  
And wilfull Iewes to exercise their lust,  
With whips and taunts against their Lord are bent;  
He basely vs'd, blasphemed, scorn'd and curst,  
Our heauenly King to death for vs they sent:  
Reproches, slanders, spittings in his face,  
Spight doing all her worst in his disgrace.



¶ And now this long expected houre drawes neere,  
When blessed Saints with Angels doe condole;  
His holy march, soft pace, and heauy cheere,  
In humble sort yeeld his glorious soule,  
By his deserts the fowlest sinnes to cleare;  
And in th'eternall booke of heauen to enroule  
    A satisfaction till the generall doome,  
    Of all sinnes past, and all that are to come.

*Christ  
going  
to death.*

They that had seene this pitifull Procession,  
From *Pilates* Palace to Mount Caluarie,  
Might thinke he answer'd for some great transgression,  
Beeing in odious sort condemn'd to die;  
He plainely shewed that his owne profession  
Was virtue, patience, grace, loue, piety;  
    And how by suffering he could conquer more  
    Than all the Kings that euer liu'd before.

First went the Crier with open mouth proclayming  
The heauy sentence of Iniquitie,  
The Hangman next, by his base office clayming  
His right in Hell, where sinners neuer die,  
Carrying the nayles, the people still blaspheming  
Their maker, vsing all impiety;  
    The Thieues attending him on either side,

¶ The Serjeants watching while the women cri'd.

Thrice happy women that obtaind such grace  
From him whose worth the world could not containe;  
Immediately to turne about his face,  
As not remembring his great grieffe and paine,  
To comfort you, whose teares powr'd forth apace  
On *Flora's* bankes, like shewers of April raine:  
    Your cries inforced mercie, grace, and loue  
    From him, whom greatest Princes could not mooue

*The teares  
of  
the daugh-  
ters of Ieru-  
salem.*

To speake on[e] word, nor once to lift his eyes

Vnto proud *Pilate*, no nor *Herod*, king,  
By all the Questions that they could devise,  
Could make him answer to no manner of thing;  
Yet these poore women, by their piteous cries  
Did moue their Lord, their Louer, and their King,  
    To take compassion, turne about, and speake  
    To them whose hearts were ready now to breake.

Most blessed Daughters of *Ierusalem*,  
Who found such fauor in your Sauours sight,  
To turne his face when you did pitie him;  
Your tearefull eyes beheld his eyes more bright;  
Your Faith and Loue vnto such grace did clime,  
To haue reflection from this Heau'nly light:  
    Your Eagles eies did gaze against this Sunne,  
    Your hearts did thinke, he dead, the world were done.

When spitefull men with torments did oppresse  
Th'afflicted body of this innocent Doue,  
Poore women seeing how much they did transgresse,  
By teares, by sighs, by cries, intreate, nay proue,  
What may be done among the thickest presse,  
    They labour still these tyrants hearts to moue:  
    In pitie and compassion to forbear

    Their whipping, spurning, tearing of his haire,  
But all in vaine, their malice hath no end,  
Their hearts more hard than flint, or marble stone;  
Now to his grieffe, his greatnesse they attend,  
When he (God knowes) had rather be alone;  
They are his guard, yet seeke all meanes t'offend;  
Well may he grieue, well may he sigh and groane;  
    Vnder the burden of a heauy crosse  
    He faintly goes to make their gaine his losse.

¶ His wofull Mother waiting on her Sonne,  
All comfortlesse in depth of sorrow drownd;  
Her griefes extreame, although but new begunne,  
To see his bleeding Body oft she swounded:

*The sorrow  
of the  
virgin  
Marie.*

How could she choose but thinke her selfe vndone,  
He dying, with whose glory she was crowned?

None euer lost so great a losse as shee,  
Being Sonne, and Father of Eternitie.

Her teares did wash away his pretious blood,  
That sinners might not tread in vnder feet  
To worship him, and that it did her good  
Vpon her knees, although in open street,  
Knowing he was the Iessie floure and bud,  
That must be gath'red when it smell'd most sweet:  
Her Sonne, her Husband, Father, Saviour, King,  
Whose death killd Death, and tooke away his sting.

Most blessed Virgin, in whose faultlesse fruit,  
All Nations of the earth must needes reioyce,  
No Creature hauing sence though ne'r so brute,  
But ioyes and trembles when they heare his voyce;  
His wisdomes strikes the wisest persons mute,  
Faire chosen vessell, happy in his choyce:  
Deere mother of our Lord, whose reuerend name,  
All people Blessed call, and spread thy fame.

For the Almightye magnified thee,  
And looked downe vpon thy meane estate;  
Thy lowly mind, and vnstain'd Chastitie,  
Did pleade for Loue at great *Iehouaes* gate,  
Who sending swift-wing'd *Gabriel* vnto thee,  
His holy will and pleasure to relate;  
To thee most beauteous Queene of Woman-kind,  
The Angell did vnfold his Makers mind.

¶ He thus beganne, Haile *Mary* full of grace,  
Thou freely art beloued of the Lord,  
He is with thee, behold thy happy case;  
What endlesse comfort did these words afford  
To thee that saw'st an Angell in the place  
Proclaime thy Virtues worth, and to record  
Thee blessed among women: that thy praise

*The saluta-  
tion of the  
virgin Ma-  
rie.*

Should last so many worlds beyond thy daies.

Loe, this high message to thy troubled spirit,  
He doth deliuer in the plainest sence;  
Sayes, Thou shouldst beare a Sonne that shal inherit  
His Father  *Davids*  throne, free from offence,  
Call's him that Holy thing, by whose pure merit  
We must be sau'd, tels what he is, of whence;  
    His worth, his greatnesse, what his name must be,  
    Who should be call'd the Sonne of the most High.

He cheeres thy troubled soule, bids thee not feare;  
When thy pure thoughts could hardly apprehend  
This salutation, when he did appeare;  
Nor couldst thou judge, whereto those words did tend;  
His pure aspect did mooue thy modest cheere  
To muse, yet joy that God vouchsaf'd to send  
    His glorious Angel; who did thee assure  
    To beare a child, although a Virgin pure.

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6. **Lady Mary Wroth** (c. 1587-c.1651) es una de las escritoras más prolíficas del Renacimiento. Escribió una larga prosa romántica, *The Countess of Pembroke's Urania* 1 y 2 (1621), un soneto secuencial, *Pamphilia to Amphilanthus*, desde el punto de vista de una mujer y una comedia dramática, *Love's Victory* <sup>23</sup>(sin publicar)

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<sup>23</sup> *Love's Victory* nunca fue publicada y actualmente se encuentra en manos de privados.

Mary Wroth formó parte de una prominente familia literaria y ligada a las cortes reales de Elizabeth I y James I, la familia Sidney. Hija de Sir Robert Sidney<sup>24</sup>, sobrina de Sir Philip Sidney<sup>25</sup> y Mary Sidney<sup>26</sup> (Mary Herbert, Condesa de Pembroke). La obra literaria de Philip Sidney influyó en gran medida al trabajo de Mary Wroth. No obstante, la persona que más influyó en la obra literaria de Mary Wroth fue su tía y madrina Mary Sidney. La condesa de Pembroke escribió poesía e hizo traducciones del francés e italiano, y lo más importante, publicó su poesía y traducciones en un tiempo en que pocas mujeres se atrevían a hacerlo.

Fue educada en casa por tutores privados y bajo la supervisión de su madre. Además, debido a que su padre fue nombrado gobernador de Flushing en los Países Bajos en 1588, Mary pasó gran parte de su niñez en la casa de Mary Sidney.

En términos literarios, Mary Wroth fue una de las más innovadoras y revolucionarias escritoras de la corte Jacobeana. En términos personales, Mary desafió las convenciones sociales debido a su larga relación sentimental con su primo, William Herbert, con quién tuvo dos hijos ilegítimos.

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<sup>24</sup> Robert Sidney también fue poeta, además de destacado estadista (sus versos sobrevivieron en forma de manuscrito que recién pudieron ser impresos en 1984)

<sup>25</sup> Philip Sydney fue un destacado poeta isabelino, estadista y soldado, quien, después de una trágica muerte en los Países Bajos, fue elevado al estatus de héroe.

<sup>26</sup> Mary Sidney estaba casada con Henry Herbert, segundo conde de Pembroke.

P A M P H I L I A,  
T O  
A M P H I L A N T H V S<sup>27</sup>

1.



When night's blacke Mantle could most darknesse proue,  
And sleepe (deaths Image) did my senses hyre,  
From Knowledge of my selfe, then thoughts did moue  
Swifter then those, most [swiftnesse] neede require.  
In sleepe, a Chariot drawne by wing'd Desire,

I saw; where sate bright *Venus* Queene of Loue,  
And at her feete her Sonne, still adding Fire  
To burning hearts, which she did hold aboue,  
But one heart flaming more then all the rest,  
The Goddess held, and put it to my breast,  
Deare Sonne now [shoot], said she: thus must we winne;  
He her obey'd, and martyr'd my poore heart.  
I waking hop'd as dreames it would depart,  
Yet since, O me, a Lover I haue beene.

2.

DEare eyes how well indeed, you doe adorne  
That blessed Sphere, which gazing soules hold deare?  
The loved place of sought for triumphs, neere  
The Court of Glory, where Loues force was borne.  
How may they terme you *Aprills* sweetest morne?  
When pleasing lookes, from those bright lights appeare  
A Sunne-shine day, from cloudes, and mists still cleare:  
Kinde nursing fires for wishes yet vnborne.  
Two Starres of Heauen sent downe to grace the Earth,  
Plac'd in that Throne which gives all ioyes their birthe,  
Shining, and burning; pleasing yet their Charmes:  
Which wounding, euen in hurts are deem'd delights;

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<sup>27</sup> Disponible en <http://www.luminarium.org/renascence-editions/mary.html>

So pleasant is their force, so great their might,  
As happy they can triumph in their harmes.

3.

YEt is there hope, then Love but play thy part,  
Remember well thy selfe, and think on me;  
Shine in those eyes which conquer'd haue my heart,  
And see if mine, be slacke to answer thee.  
Lodge in that breast, and pittie moouing see,  
For flames which in mine burne in truest smart,  
Exciling thoughts, that touch Inconstancy,  
Or those which waste not in the constant Art,  
Watch but my sleepe, if I take any rest,  
For thought of you, my spirit so distrest,  
As, pale and famish'd, I for mercy cry.  
Will you your seruant leave: thinke but on this,  
Who weares Love's Crowne, must not doe so amisse  
But seeke their good, who on thy force do lye.

4.

FORbeare darke night, my ioyes now budd againe,  
Lately growne dead, while cold aspects, did chill  
The roote at heart, and my chiefe hope quite kill,  
And thunders strooke me in my pleasures waine.  
Then I alas with bitter sobs, and paine,  
Priuatly groan'd, my Fortunes present ill;  
All light of comfort dimb'd, woes in prides fill,  
With strange encrease of griefe, I grieu'd in vaine.  
And most, when as a memory to good  
Molested me, which still as witnes stood,  
Of those best dayes, in former time I knew:  
Late gone as wonders past, like the great [Snow],  
Melted and wasted, with what, change must know:  
Now backe the life comes where as once it grew.

5.

CAn pleasing sight, misfortune euer bring?  
Can firme desire a painefull torment trye?  
Can winning eyes proue to the heart a sting?  
Or can sweet lips in Treason hidden lye?

The Sunne most pleasing, blindes the strongest eye,  
If two much look'd on, breaking the sights string;  
Desires still crost must unto mischief hie,  
And as Despaire, a lucklesse chance may fling.  
Eyes hauing [won], reiecting proues a sting  
Killing the budd before the tree doth spring;  
Sweet lipps, not louing, doe as poyson proue:  
Desire, sight, Eyes, lipps; seeke, see, proue, and finde,  
You loue may winn, but curses if vnkinde,  
Then show you harmes dislike, and ioy in loue.

6.

O Striue not still to heape disdain on me,  
Nor pleasure take, your cruelty to show  
On haplesse me, on whom all sorrowes flow,  
And byding make: as giuen, and lost by thee.  
Alas; eu'ne griefe is growne to pittie me,  
Scorne cryes out 'gainst it selfe such ill to show,  
And would giue place for ioyes delights to flow;  
Yet wretched I, all [tortures] beare from thee.  
Long haue I suffer'd, and esteem'd it deare,  
Since such thy will, yet grew my paine more neere:  
Wish you [my] end, say so, you shall it haue;  
For all the deapth of my heart-held despaire,  
Is that for you, I feele not Death for care,  
But now Ile seeke it, since you will not saue.

*Song. I.*

*The spring now come at last  
To Trees, Fields, to Flowres,  
And meadowes makes to taste  
His pride, while sad showres  
Which from mine eyes doe flow  
Makes knowne with cruell paines,  
Cold Winter yet remaines,  
No signe of Spring we knowe.*

*The Sunne which to the Earth  
Giues heate, light, and pleasure,  
Ioyes in Spring, hateth Dearth,*



*Plenty makes his Treasure.  
His heate to me is colde,  
His light all darknesse is,  
Since I am barrd of blisse,  
I heate, nor light behold*

*A Shepherdesse thus said,  
Who was with griefe opprest,  
For truest Loue betrayd,  
Barrd her from quiett rest:  
And weeping thus, said shee,  
My end approacheth neere,  
Now Willow must I weare,  
My fortune so will bee.*

*With Branches of this tree  
Ile dresse my haplesse head,  
Which shall my wittnes bee,  
My hopes in Loue are dead:  
My cloathes imbroder'd all,  
Shall be with Garlands round,  
Some scatter'd, others bound;  
Some tyde, some like to fall.*

*The Barke my Booke shall bee,  
Where dayly I will write,  
This tale of haples mee,  
True slaue to Fortunes spite.  
The roote shall be my bedd,  
Where nightly I will lye  
Wailing [inconstancy],  
Since all true loue is dead.*

*And these Lines I will leaue,  
If some such Louer come,  
Who may them right conceiue,  
and place them on my Tombe:  
She who still constant lou'd  
Now dead with cruell care,  
Kill'd with unkind Dispaire,  
And change, her end heere prou'd.*

7.

Loue leaue to vrge, thou knowest thou hast the hand  
'Tis Cowardize to striue where none resist,  
Pray thee leaue off, I yeeld vnto thy band,  
Doe not thus, still in thine owne power persist.  
Behold, I yeeld; let forces be dismiss,  
I am thy Subiect conquer'd bound to stand  
Neuer thy foe, but did thy claime assist,  
Seeking thy due of those who did withstand.  
But now it seemes thou would'st I should thee loue,  
I doe confesse, t'was thy will made mee choose,  
And thy faire shewes made me a Louer proue,  
When I my freedome did for paine refuse.  
Yet this Sir god, your Boy-ship I despise,  
Your charmes I obey, but loue not want of eyes.

8.

LEdd by the power of grieffe to wailings brought,  
By false conceit of change fallen on my part;  
I seeke for some smale ease by lines which bought,  
Increase the paine; grieffe is not cur'd by Art.  
Ah! how vnkindnesse moues within the heart,  
Which still is true and free from changing thought:  
What vnknowne woe it breeds, what endlesse smart,  
With ceaslesse teares which causelessly are wrought.  
It makes me now to shun all shining light,  
And seeke for blackest clouds me light to giue:  
Which to all others only darkness driue;  
They on me shine, for Sunne disdaines my sight.  
Yet though I darke do liue, I triumph may,  
Vnkindnes, nor this wrong shall loue allay.

9.

BEe you all pleas'd, your pleasures grieue not me;  
Doe you delight? I enuy not your ioy:  
Haue you content? contentment with you be;  
Hope you for blisse? Hope still, and still enioy.  
Let sad misfortune, haplesse me destroy,  
Leaue crosses to rule me, and still rule free:  
While all delights their contraries imploy,  
To keepe good backe, and I but torments see.

Ioyes are bereau'd me, harmes doe only tarry,  
Despaire takes place, disdain hath gott the hand:  
Yet firme loue holds my senses in such band,  
As (since dispis'ed) I with sorrow marry.  
Then if with grieffe I now must coupled bee,  
Sorrow Ile wed; Despaire thus gouernes mee.

10.

THE weary Traueller, who tyred, sought  
In places distant farre, yet found no end  
Of paine or labour, nor his state to mend:  
At last with ioy is to his home backe brought.  
Findes not more ease though he with ioy be fraught,  
When past is feare content like soules ascend:  
Then I, on whom new pleasures doe descend,  
Which now as high as first-borne blisse is wrought.  
He tyred with his paines, I with my minde;  
He all content receiues by ease of lymbes:  
I, greatest happinesse that I doe finde,  
Beliefe for faith, while hope in pleasure swimmes.  
Truth saith 'twas wrong conceit bred my despigt,  
Which once acknowledg'd, brings my hearts delight.

11.

YOU endlesse torments that my rest opresse,  
How long will you delight in my sad paine?  
Will neuer Loue your fauour more expresse?  
Shall I still liue, and euer feele disdain?  
Alasse now stay, and let my grieffe [obtaine]  
Some end; feede not my heart with sharpe distresse:  
Let me once see my cruell fortunes gaine,  
At least release, and long-felt woes redresse.  
Let not the blame of cruelty disgrace  
The honor'd title of your god-head Loue;  
Giue not iust cause for me [to] say, a place  
Is found for rage alone on me to moue.  
O quickly end, and doe not long debate  
My needful ayd, lest helpe doe come too late.

12.

CLoy'd with the torments of a tedious night,  
I wish for day; which come, I hope for ioy:  
When crosse I finde, new tortures to destroy,  
My woe-kil'd heart, first hurt by mischiefs might.  
Then crye for night, and once more day takes flight.  
And brightnesse gone; what rest should heere inioy  
Vsurped is: Hate will her force imploy;  
Night cannot Griefe intombe though blacke as spite.  
My thoughts are sad, her face as sad doth seeme;  
My paines are long, Her howers tedious are;  
My griefe is great, and endlesse is my care;  
Her face, her force, and all of woes esteeme.  
Then welcome Night, and farwell flattering Day,  
Which all hopes breed, and yet our ioyes delay.

*Song. 2.*

*All Night I weepe, all Day I cry, Ay me,  
I still doe wish, though yet deny, ay me;  
I sigh, I mourne, I say that still,  
I only am the store for ill, ay me.*

*In coldest hopes I freeze, yet burne, ay me,  
From flames I striue to fly, yet turne, ay me:  
From griefe I hast, but sorrowes hye,  
And on my heart all woes do lye, ay me.*

*From contraries I seeke to run, ay me,  
But contraries I cannot shun, ay me:  
For they delight their force to trye,  
And to Despaire my thoughts doe ty, ay me.*

*Whither alasse then shall I goe, ay me,  
When as Despaire all hopes outgoe, ay me:  
If to the Forrest Cupid hies,  
And my poore soule to his law tyes, ay me.*

*To the Court: O no. He cryes fye, ay me,  
There no true loue you shall espy, ay me:  
Leaue that place to falsest Louers,  
Your true loue all truth discouers, ay me,  
Then quiet rest, and no more proue, ay me,  
All places are alike to Loue, ay me:*

*And constant be in this begun,  
Yet say, till Life with Loue be dunn Ay me.*

13.

DEare famish not what you your selfe gaue food,  
Destroy not what your glory is to saue:  
Kill not that soule to which you spirit gaue,  
In pittie, not disdaine, your triumph stood.  
An easie thing it is to shed the bloud  
Of one who at your will yeelds to the graue:  
But more you may true worth by mercy craue,  
When you preserue, not spoyle, but nourish good.  
Your sight is all the food I doe desire,  
Then sacrifice me not in hidden fire,  
Or stop the breath which did your praises moue.  
Think but how easie 'tis a sight to giue,  
Nay euen desert, since by it I doe liue,  
I but Camelion-like, would liue, and loue.

14.

AM I thus conquer'd? haue I lost the powers,  
That to withstand, which ioyes to ruine me?  
Must I bee still, while it my strength deuoures,  
And captiue leads me prisoner bound, vnfree?  
Loue first shall [leau] mens phant'sies to them free,  
Desire shall quench loues flames, Spring, hate sweet showres;  
Loue shall loose all his Darts, haue sight, and see  
His shame and wishings, hinder happy houres.  
Why should we not loues purblinde charmes resist?  
Must we be seruile, doing what he list?  
No, seeke some hoste too harbour thee: I flye  
Thy babish tricks, and freedome doe professe;  
But O my hurt makes my lost heart confesse:  
I loue, and must; so farewell liberty.

15.

TRuly (poore night) thou welcome art to me,  
I loue thee better in this sad attire  
Then that which rayseth some mens fant'sies higher,  
Like painted outsides, which foule inward be.

I loue thy graue and saddest lookes to see,  
Which seems my soule and dying heart entire,  
Like to the ashes of some happy fire,  
That flam'd in ioy, but quench'd in misery.  
I loue thy count'nance, and thy sober pace,  
Which euenly goes, and as of louing grace  
To vs, and mee among the rest opprest,  
Giues quiet peace to my poore selfe alone,  
And freely grants day leaue; when thou art gone,  
To giue cleare light, to see all ill redrest.

16.

Sleepe fye possesse me not, nor doe not fright  
Me with thy heauy, and thy deathlike might:  
For counterfetting's vilder then death's sight;  
And such deluding more my thoughts doe spight.  
Thou suffer'st falsest shapes my soule t'affright,  
Sometimes in likenesse [of] a hopefull spright;  
And oft times like my Loue, as in despight;  
Ioying, thou canst with malice kill delight.  
When I (a poore foole made by thee) thinke ioy  
Doth flow, when thy fond shadowes doe destroy  
My that while sencelesse selfe, left free to thee.  
But now doe well, let me for euer sleepe,  
And so for euer that deere Image keepe  
Or still wake that my senses may be free.

17.

Sweet shades, why doe you seeke to giue delight  
To me, who deeme delight in this vilde place:  
But torment, sorrow, and mine owne disgrace,  
To taste of ioy, or your vaine pleasing sight?  
Show them your pleasures who saw neuer night  
Of grieffe, where ioyings fawning smiling face  
Appears as day, where grieffe found neuer space:  
Yet for a sigh, a groane, or enuies spite.  
But O: on me a world of woes doe lye,  
Or els on me all harmes striue to relye,  
And to attend like seruants bound to me.  
Heate in desire, while frosts of care I proue,

Wanting my loue, yet surfet doe with loue,  
Burne, and yet freeze, better in Hell to be.

18.

WHich should I better like of, day or night?  
Since all the day, I liue in bitter woe:  
Inioying light more cleere my wrongs to know,  
And yet most sad, feeling in it all spite;  
In night when darknesse doth forbid all light;  
Yet see I grieffe apparant to the show,  
Follow'd by iealousie, whose fond tricks flow,  
And on vnconstant waues of doubt alight.  
I can behold rage cowardly to feede  
Vpon foule error, which these humors breede,  
Shame doubt and feare, yet boldly will thinke ill.  
All those in both I feele, then which is best  
Darke to ioy by day, light in night opprest?  
Leaue both and end, these but each other spill.

*Song. 3.*

*STay my thoughts do not aspire,  
To vaine hopes of high desire;  
See you not all meanes bereft,  
To inioye no ioye is left,  
Yet still me thinkes my thoughts doe say,  
Some hopes do liue amid dismay.*

*Hope then once more, hope for ioy,  
Bury feare which ioyes destroy,  
Thought hath yet some comfort giuen,  
Which despaire hath from vs driuen:  
Therefore deerely my thoughts cherish,  
Neuer let such thinking perish.*

*'Tis an idle thing to plaine,  
Odder farre to dye for paine;  
Thinke and see how thoughts doe rise,  
Winning where there noe hope lies;  
Which alone is louers treasure,  
For by thoughts we loue doe measure.*

*Then kinde thought my fant'sie guide,  
Let me neuer haplesse slide;  
Still maintaine thy force in me,  
Let me thinking still be free;  
Nor leaue thy might vntill my death,  
But let me thinking yeeld vp breath.*

19.

COme darkest Night, becomming sorrow best,  
Light leaue thy light, fit for a lightsome soule:  
Darknesse doth truely sute with me opprest,  
Whom absence power doth from mirthe controule.  
The very trees with hanging heads condole  
Sweet Summers parting, and of leaues distrest,  
In dying colours make a grief-full role;  
So much (alas) to sorrow are they prest.  
Thus of dead leaues, her farewell carpets made,  
Their fall, their branches, all their mournings proue,  
With leaulesse naked bodies, whose hues vade  
From hopefull greene to wither in their loue.  
If trees, and leaues for absence mourners be,  
No maruell that I grieue, who like want see.

20.

THE Sunne which glads, the earth at his bright sight,  
When in the morne he shows his golden face,  
And takes the place from tedious drowsie Night.  
Making the world still happy in his grace.  
Shewes happinesse remaines not in one place,  
Nor may the Heauens alone to vs giue light,  
But hide that cheerfull face, though noe long space,  
Yet long enough for tryall of their might.  
But neuer Sun-set could be so obscure,  
No Desart euer had a shade so sad:  
Nor could black darknesse euer proue so bad,  
As paines which absence makes me now indure.  
The missing of the Sunne [awhile] makes Night,  
But absence of my ioy sees neuer light.

21.



WHen last I saw thee, I did not thee see,  
It was thine Image which in my thoughts lay  
So liuely figur'd, as no times delay  
Could suffer me in heart to parted be.  
And sleepe so fauourable is to me,  
As not to let thy lou'd remembrance stray:  
Lest that I waking might haue cause to say,  
there was one minute found to forgett thee.  
Then, since my faith is such, so kinde my sleepe,  
That gladly thee presents into my thought,  
And still true Louer-like thy face doth keepe,  
So as some pleasure shadow-like is wrought.  
Pitty my louing, nay of consience giue  
Reward to me in whom thy self doth liue.

22.

LIke to the Indians scorched with the Sunne,  
The Sunne which they doe as their God adore:  
So am I vs'd by Loue, for euermore  
I worship him, lesse fauors haue I wonne.  
Better are they who thus to blacknesse run,  
And so can onely whitenesse want deplore:  
[Then] I who pale and white am with griefes store,  
Nor can haue hope, but to see hopes vndone.  
Beesides their sacrifice receiu'd in sight,  
Of their chose Saint, mine hid as worthlesse rite,  
Grant me to see where I my offerings giue.  
Then let me weare the marke of *Cupids* might,  
In heart, as they in skin of *Phoebus* light,  
Not ceasing offerings to Loue while I Liue.

23.

WHen euery one to pleasing pastime hies  
Some hunt, some hauke, some play, while some delight  
In sweet discourse, and musicke shewes ioys might:  
Yet I my thoughts doe farr aboute these prize.  
The ioy which I take is, that free from eyes  
I sit and wonder at this day-like night,  
So to dispose themselues as voyd of right,  
And leaue true pleasure for poore vanities.

When others hunt, my thoughts I haue in chase;  
If hauke, my minde at wished end doth flye:  
Discourse, I with my spirit talke and cry;  
While others musicke choose as greatest grace.  
O God say I, can thes fond pleasures moue,  
Or musicke bee but in sweet thoughts of Loue?

24.

ONce did I heare an aged father say  
Vnto his sonne, who with attention heares  
What Age and wise experience euer cleares  
From doubts of feare, or reason to betray.  
My Sonn (said hee) behold thy father gray,  
I once had as thou hast, fresh tender yeares,  
And like thee sported destitute of feares;  
But my young faults made me too soone decay.  
Loue once I did, and like thee, fear'd my Loue,  
Led by the hatefull [thread] of Ielousie,  
Striuing to keepe, I lost my liberty,  
And gain'd my grieffe, which still my sorrowes moue.  
In time shun this, to loue is no offence,  
But doubt in Youth, in Age, breeds penitence.

## AUTORES

1. **Edmund Spenser**<sup>28</sup> (1552-1599) nació en Londres. Cursó estudios en la Merchant Tailor's Grammar School y en el Pembroke College de Cambridge. En el año 1579 entró al servicio de Robert Dudley, conde de Leicester, y conoce al poeta Philip Sidney. En 1580 fue secretario de Arthur Grey, lord administrador de Irlanda.

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<sup>28</sup> Biografía también disponible en <http://www.buscabiografias.com/bios/biografia/verDetalle/6158/Edmund%20Spenser>

Publica los tres primeros libros de La reina de las hadas, en 1590. En 1594 escribió “Epithalamion”, una canción nupcial, considerada el más bello ejemplo del género de la literatura inglesa, la que fue publicada al año siguiente junto con un grupo de sonetos de amor, los Amoretti. En octubre de 1598, su castillo fue saqueado por los rebeldes irlandeses, y tuvo que volver a Londres, donde falleció el 13 de enero de 1599.

## AMORETTI<sup>29</sup>

AND

Epithalamion.

Written not long since  
by Edmund  
Spenser.

Printed for William  
*Ponsonby*. 1595.

---

*To the Right Worship-*

full

SIR ROBERT NEED -  
*HAM KNIGHT.*

---

SONNET. I.



APPY ye leaues when as those lilly hands,  
which hold my life in their dead doing might  
shall handle u and hold in loues soft bands,  
lyke captiues trembling at the victors sight.

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<sup>29</sup> Disponible en <http://www.luminarium.org/renascence-editions/amoretti.html>

And happy lines, on which with starry light,  
those lamping eyes will deigne sometimes to look  
and reade the sorrowes of my dying spright,  
written with teares in harts close bleeding book.  
And happy rymes bath'd in the sacred brooke,  
of *Helicon* whence she deriued is,  
when ye behold that Angels blessed looke,  
my soules long lacked foode, my heauens blis.  
Leaues, lines, and rymes, seeke her to please alone,  
whom if ye please, I care for other none.

SONNET. II.

VNQUIET thought, whom at the first I bred,  
Of th' inward bale of my loue pined hart:  
and sithens haue with sighes and sorrowes fed,  
till greater then my wombe thou woxen art.  
Breake forth at length out of the inner part,  
in which thou lurkest lyke to vipers brood:  
and seeke some succour both to ease my smart  
and also to sustayne thy selfe with food.  
But if in presence of that fayrest proud  
thou chance to come, fall lowly at her feet:  
and with meeke humblesse and afflicted mood,  
pardon for thee, and grace for me intreat.  
Which if she graunt, then liue and my loue cherish,  
if not, die soone, and I with thee will perish.

SONNET. III.

THE souerayne beauty which I doo admyre,  
witness the world how worthy to be prayzed:  
the light wherof hath kindled heauenly fyre,  
in my fraile spirit by her from basenesse raysed.  
That being now with her huge brightnesse dazed,  
base thing I can no more endure to view:  
but looking still on her I stand amazed,  
at wondrous sight of so celestiall hew.  
So when my tounge would speak her praises dew,  
it stopped is with thoughts astonishment:

and when my pen would write her titles true,  
it rauisht is with fancies wonderment:  
Yet in my hart I then both speake and write,  
the wonder that my wit cannot endite.

SONNET. III.

NEW yeare forth looking out of *Ianus* gate,  
Doth seeme to promise hope of new delight:  
and bidding th' old Adieu, his passed date  
bids all old thoughts to die in dumpish spright.  
And calling forth out of sad Winters night,  
fresh loue, that long hath slept in cheerlesse bower:  
wils him awake, and soone about him dight  
his wanton wings and darts of deadly power.  
For lusty spring now in his timely howre,  
is ready to come forth him to receiue:  
and warnes the Earth with diuers colord flowre,  
to decke hir selfe, and her faire mantle weaue.  
Then you faire flowre, in whom fresh youth doth raine,  
prepare your selfe new loue to entertaine.

SONNET. V.

RVDELY thou wrongest my deare harts desire,  
In finding fault with her too portly pride:  
the thing which I doo most in her admire,  
is of the world vnworthy most enuide.  
For in those lofty lookes is close implide,  
scorn of base things, & sdeigne of foule dishonor:  
thretning rash eies which gaze on her so wide,  
that loosely they ne dare to looke vpon her.  
Such pride is praise, such portlinesse is honor,  
that boldned innocence beares in her eies:  
and her faire countenance like a goodly banner,  
spreds in defiaunce of all enemies.  
Was neuer in this world ought worthy tride,  
without some spark of such self-pleasing pride.

SONNET. VI.

BE nought dismayd that her vnmoued mind,  
doth still persist in her rebellious pride:  
such loue not lyke to lusts of baser kynd,  
The harder wonne, the firmer will abide.  
The durefull Oake, whose sap is not yet dride,  
is long ere it conceiue the kindling fyre:  
but when it once doth burne, it doth diuide  
great heat, and makes his flames to heauen aspire.  
So hard it is to kindle new desire,  
in gentle brest that shall endure for euer:  
deepe is the wound, that dints the parts entire  
with chast affects, that naught but death can seuer.  
Then thinke not long in taking litle paine  
to knit the knot, that euer shall remaine.

SONNET. VII.

FAYRE eyes, the myrroure of my mazed hart,  
what wondrous vertue is contaynd in you  
the which both lyfe and death forth from you dart  
into the obiect of your mighty view?  
For, when ye mildly looke with louely hew,  
then is my soule with life and loue inspired:  
but when ye lowre, or looke on me askew  
then doe I die, as one with lightning fyred.  
But since that lyfe is more then death desyred,  
looke euer louely, as becomes you best,  
that your bright beams of my weak eies admyred,  
may kindle liuing fire within my brest.  
Such life should be the honor of your light,  
such death the sad ensample of your might.

SONNET. VIII.

MORE then most faire, full of the liuing fire  
Kindled aboue vnto the maker neere:  
no eies buy ioyes, in which al powers conspire,  
that to the world naught else be counted deare.  
Through your bright beams doth not [the] blinded guest,

shoot out his darts to base affections wound;  
but Angels come to lead fraile mindes to rest  
in chaste desires on heavenly beauty bound.  
You frame my thoughts and fashion me within,  
you stop my tongue, and teach my heart to speak,  
you calm the storme that passion did begin,  
strong through your cause, but by your vertue weak.  
Dark is the world, where your light shined neuer;  
well is he borne that may behold you euer.

SONNET. IX.

LONG-WHILE I sought to what I might compare  
those powrefull eyes, which lighten my dark spright,  
yet find I nought on earth to which I dare  
resemble th' ymage of their goodly light.  
Not to the Sun: for they doo shine by night;  
nor to the Moone: for they are changed neuer;  
nor to the Starres: for they haue purer sight;  
nor to the fire: for they consume not euer;  
Nor to the lightning: for they still perseuer;  
nor to the Diamond: for they are more tender;  
nor vnto Christall: for nought may them seuer;  
nor vnto glasse: such basenesse mought offend her;  
Then to the Maker selfe they likest be,  
whose light doth lighten all that here we see.

SONNET. X.

VNRIGHTEOUS Lord of loue what law is this,  
That me thou makest thus tormented be:  
the whiles she lordeth in licentious blisse  
of her freewill, scorning both thee and me.  
See how the Tyrannesse doth ioy to see  
the huge massacres which her eyes do make:  
and humbled hearts brings captiues vnto thee,  
that thou of them mayst mightie vengeance take.  
But her proud heart doe thou a little shake,  
and that high look, with which she doth comptroll  
all this worlds pride bow to a baser make,

and al her faults in thy black booke enroll.  
That I may laugh at her in equall sort,  
as she doth laugh at me & makes my pain her sport.

SONNET. XI.

DAYLY when I do seeke and sew for peace,  
And hostages doe offer for my truth:  
she cruell Warriour doth her selfe address,  
to battell, and the weary war renew'th.  
Ne wilbe moou'd with reason or with rewth,  
to graunt small respite to my restlesse toile:  
but greedily her fell intent pursuewth,  
Of my poore life to make vnpiteid spoile.  
Yet my poore life, all sorrowes to assoyle,  
I would her yield, her wrath to pacify:  
but then she seekes with torment and turmoyle,  
to force me liue and will not let me dy.  
All paine hath end and euery war hath peace,  
but mine no price nor prayer may surcease.

SONNET. XII.

ONE day I sought with her hart-thrilling eies,  
to make a truce and termes to entertaine:  
all fearlesse then of so false enimies,  
which sought me to entrap in treasons traine.  
So as I then disarmed did remaine,  
a wicked ambush which lay hidden long  
in the close couert of her guilefull eyen,  
thence breaking forth did thicke about me throng,  
Too feeble I t'abide the brunt so strong,  
was forst to yeeld my selfe into their hands:  
who me captiuing streight with rigorous wrong,  
haue euer since me kept in cruell bands.  
So Ladie now to you I doo complaine,  
against your eies that iustice I may gaine.



SONNET. XIII.

IN that proud port, which her so goodly graceth,  
whiles her faire face she reares vp to the skie:  
and to the ground her eie lids low embaseth,  
most goodly temperature ye may descry,  
Myld humblesse mixt with awfull maiesty,  
for looking on the earth whence she was borne:  
her minde remembreth her mortalitie,  
what so is fayrest shall to earth returne.  
But that same lofty countenance seemes to scorne  
base thing, & thinke how she to heauen may clime:  
treading downe earth as lothsome and forlorne,  
that hinders heauenly thoughts with drossy slime.  
Yet lowly still vouchsafe to looke on me,  
such lowlinesse shall make you lofty be.

SONNET. XIII.

RETOURNE agayne my forces late dismayd,  
Vnto the siege by you abandon'd quite,  
great shame it is to leaue like one afrayd,  
so fayre a peece for one repulse so light.  
Gaynst such strong castles needeth greater might,  
then those small forts which ye were wont belay,  
such haughty mynds enur'd to hardy fight,  
disdayne to yield vnto the first assay.  
Bring therefore all the forces that ye may,  
and lay incessant battery to her heart,  
playnts, prayers, vowes, ruth, sorrow, and dismay,  
those engins can the proudest loue conuert.  
And if those fayle fall downe and dy before her,  
so dying liue, and liuing do adore her.

SONNET. XV.

YE tradefull Merchants that with weary toyle,  
do seeke most pretious things to make your gain:  
and both the Indias of their treasures spoile,  
what needeth you to seeke so farre in vaine?  
For loe my loue doth in her selfe containe

all this worlds riches that may farre be found;  
if Saphyres, loe her eies be Saphyres plaine,  
if Rubies, loe hir lips be Rubies found;  
If Pearles, hir teeth be pearles both pure and round;  
if Yuorie, her forehead yuory weene;  
if Gold, her locks are finest gold on ground;  
if siluer, her faire hands are siluer sheene,  
But that which fairest is, but few behold,  
her mind adornd with vertues manifold.

SONNET. XVI.

ONE day as I vnwarily did gaze  
on those fayre eyes my loues immortall light:  
the whiles my stonisht hart stood in amaze,  
through sweet illusion of her lookes delight.  
I mote perceiue how in her glauncing sight,  
legions of loues with little wings did fly:  
darting their deadly arrowes fyry bright,  
at euery rash beholder passing by.  
One of those archers closely I did spy,  
ayming his arrow at my very hart:  
when suddenly with twinkle of her eye,  
the Damzell broke his misintended dart.  
Had she not so doon, sure I had bene slayne,  
yet as it was, I hardly scap't with paine.

SONNET. XVII.

THE glorious portraict of that Angels face,  
Made to amaze weake mens confused skil:  
and this worlds worthlesse glory to embase,  
what pen, what pencill can expresse her fill?  
For though he colours could deuize at will,  
and eke his learned hand at pleasure guide:  
least trembling it his workmanship should spill,  
yet many wondrous things there are beside.  
The sweet eye-glaunces, that like arrowes glide,  
the charming smiles, that rob sence from the hart:  
the louely pleasance and the lofty pride

cannot expressed be by any art.  
A greater craftsmans hand thereto doth neede,  
that can expresse the life of things indeed.

SONNET. XVIII.

THE rolling wheele that runneth often round.  
The hardest steele in tract of time doth teare:  
and drizzling drops that often doe redound,  
the firmest flint doth in continuance weare.  
Yet cannot I with many a dropping teare,  
and long intreaty soften her hard hart:  
that she will once vouchsafe my plaint to heare,  
or looke with pittie on my payneful smart.  
But when I pleade, she bids me play my part,  
and when I weep, she sayes teares are but water:  
and when I sigh, she sayes I know the art,  
and when I waile she turnes hir selfe to laughter.  
So doe I weepe, and wayle, and pleade in vaine,  
whiles she as steele and flint doth still remayne.

SONNET. XIX.

THE merry Cuckow, messenger of Spring,  
His trompet shrill hath thrise already sounded:  
that warnes al louers wayt vpon their king,  
who now is comming forth with girland crowned.  
With noyse whereof the quyre of Byrds resounded  
their anthemes sweet devized of loues prayse,  
that all the woods theyr ecchoes back rebounded,  
as if they knew the meaning of their layes.  
But mongst them all, which did Loues honor rayse  
no word was heard of her that most it ought,  
but she his precept proudly disobayes,  
and doth his ydle message set at nought.  
Therefore O loue, vnlesse she turne to thee  
ere Cuckow end, let her a rebell be.

SONNET. XX.

IN vaine I seeke and sew to her for grace,  
and doe myne humbled hart before her poure:  
the whiles her foot she in my necke doth place,  
and tread my life downe in the lowly floure.  
And yet the Lyon that is Lord of power,  
and reigneth ouer euery beast in field:  
in his most pride disdeigneth to deuoure  
the silly lambe that to his might doth yield.  
But she more cruell and more saluage wylde,  
then either Lyon or the Lyonesse:  
shames not to be with guiltlesse bloud defylde,  
but taketh glory in her cruelnesse.  
Fayrer then fayrest let none euer say,  
that ye were blooded in a yeelded pray.

SONNET. XXI.

WAS it the worke of nature or of Art?  
which tempred so the feature of her face:  
that pride and meeknesse mixt by equall part,  
doe both appeare t'adorne her beauties grace.  
For with mild pleasance, which doth pride displace,  
she to her loue doth lookers eyes allure:  
& with sterne countenance back again doth chace  
their looser lookes that stir vp lustes impure,  
With such strange termes her eyes she doth inure,  
that with one looke she doth my life dismay:  
& with another doth it streight recure,  
her smile me drawes, her frowne me driues away.  
Thus doth she traine and teach me with her lookes,  
such art of eyes I neuer read in bookes.

SONNET. XXII.

THIS holy season fit to fast and pray,  
Men to deuotion ought to be inclynd:  
therefore, I lykewise on so holy day,  
for my sweet Saynt some seruice fit will find,

Her temple fayre is built within my mind,  
in which her glorious ymage placed is,  
on which my thoughts doo day and night attend  
lyke sacred priests that neuer thinke amisse.  
ere I to her as th' author of my blisse,  
will builde an altar to appease her yre:  
and on the same my hart will sacrifice,  
burning in flames of pure and chast desyre:  
The which vouchsafe O goddesse to accept,  
amongst thy deerest relicks to be kept.

SONNET. XXIII.

PENELOPE for her *Vlisses* sake,  
Deuiz'd a Web her wooers to deceaue:  
in which the worke that she all day did make  
the same at night she did againe vnreaue.  
Such subtile craft my Damzell doth conceaue,  
th' importune suit of my desire to shonne:  
for all that I in many dayes doo weaue,  
in one short houre I find by her vndonne.  
So when I thinke to end that I begonne,  
I must begin and neuer bring to end:  
for with one looke she spils that long I sponne,  
& with one word my whole years work doth rend.  
Such labour like the Spyderys web I fynd,  
whose fruitlesse worke is broken with least wynd.

SONNET. XXIII.

WHEN I behold that beauties wonderment,  
And rare perfection of each goodly part:  
of natures skill the onely complement,  
I honor and admire the makers art.  
But when I feele the bitter balefull smart,  
which her fayre eyes vnwares doe worke in mee:  
that death out of theyr shiny beames doe dart,  
I thinke that I a new *Pandora* see.  
Whom all the Gods in councell did agree,  
into this sinfull world from heauen to send:

that she to wicked men a scourge should bee,  
for all their faults with which they did offend.  
But since ye are my scourge I will intreat,  
that for my faults ye will me gently beat.

SONNET. XXV.

HOW long shall this lyke dying lyfe endure,  
And know no end of her owne mysery:  
but wast and weare away in termes vnsure,  
twixt feare and hope depending doubtfully.  
Yet better were attonce to let me die,  
and shew the last ensample of your pride:  
then to torment me thus with cruelty,  
to proue your powre, which I too wel haue tride.  
yet if in your hardned brest ye hide,  
a close intent at last to shew me grace:  
then all the woes and wrecks which I abide,  
as meanes of blisse I gladly wil embrace.  
And wish that more and greater they might be,  
that greater meede at last may turne to mee.

SONNET. XXVI.

SWEET is the Rose, but growes vpon a brere;  
Sweet is the Iunipere, but sharpe his bough;  
sweet is the Eglantine, but pricketh nere;  
sweet is the firbloome, but his braunches rough  
Sweet is the Cypresse, but his rynd is tough,  
sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;  
sweet is the broome-flowre, but yet sowre enough;  
and sweet is Moly, but his root is ill.  
So euery sweet with soure is tempred still,  
that maketh it be coueted the more:  
for easie things that may be got at will,  
most sorts of men doe set but little store.  
Why then should I accoumpt of little paine,  
that endlesse pleasure shall vnto me gaine.

SONNET. XXVII.

FAIRE proud now tell me, why should faire be proud,  
Sith all worlds glorie is but drosse vncleane:  
and in the shade of death it selfe shall shroud,  
how euer now thereof ye little weene.  
That goodly Idoll, now so gay beseene,  
shall doffe her fleshes borowd fayre attyre:  
and be forgot as it had neuer beene,  
that many now much worship and admire.  
Ne any then shall after it inquire,  
ne any mention shall thereof remaine:  
but what this verse, that neuer shall expyre,  
shall to you purchas with her thankles paine.  
Faire be no lenger proud of that shall perish,  
but that which shal you make immortall, cherish.

SONNET. XXVIII.

THE laurell leafe, which you this day doe weare,  
guies me great hope of your relenting mynd:  
for since it is the badg which I doe beare,  
ye bearing it doe seeme to me inclind:  
The powre thereof, which ofte in me I find,  
let it lykewise your gentle brest inspire  
with sweet infusion, and put you in mind  
of that proud mayd, whom now those leaues attyre.  
Proud *Daphne* scorning *Phoebus* louely fyre,  
on the Thessalian shore from him did flie:  
for which the gods in theyr reuengefull yre  
did her transforme into a laurell tree.  
Then fly no more fayre loue from *Phebus* chace,  
but in your brest his leafe and loue embrace.

SONNET. XXIX.

SEE! how the stubborne damzell doth depraue  
my simple meaning with disdaynfull scorne:  
and by the bay which I vnto her gaue,  
accoumpts my selfe her captiue quite forlorne.

The bay (quoth she) is of the victours borne,  
yielded them by the vanquisht as they meeds,  
and they therewith doe poetes heads adorne,  
to sing the glory of their famous deedes.  
But sith she will the conquest challeng needs  
let her accept me as her faithfull thrall,  
that her great triumph which my skill exceeds,  
I may in trump of fame blaze ouer all.  
Then would I decke her head with glorious bayes,  
and fill the world with her victorious prayse.

*Imprinted by P. S. for Wil-  
liam Ponsonby.*

2. **John Knox**<sup>30</sup>. Reformador religioso escocés. Nació en Haddington en 1514. Cursó estudios en la Universidad de Glasgow. Siendo sacerdote católico, en 1543 escuchó los sermones del reformador escocés George Wishart y se hizo protestante. A lo largo de 1558, Knox desarrolló una frenética actividad literaria fruto de la cual fue su famosa obra *First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women*, dirigida contra María Tudor, María de Guisa, Catalina de Médicis y la joven María Estuardo. En sus escritos, Knox expuso la idea, sacada del Antiguo Testamento, de que los protestantes tenían derecho a perseguir y matar a los católicos por ser estos idólatras. John Knox falleció el 24 de noviembre de 1572.

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<sup>30</sup> Disponible en <http://www.buscabiografias.com/bios/biografia/verDetalle/5602/John%20Knox>



**THE FIRST<sup>31</sup>  
BLAST OF THE  
TRUMPET AGAINST  
THE MONSTRVOVS**

**regiment of  
women.**

**Veritas temporis  
filia,**

**M. D. LVIII.**

**THE KINGDOME  
APPERTEINETH**

**TO OVR**

**GOD.**

Wonder it is, that amongst so many pregnant wittes as the Ile of greate Brittanny hath produced, so many godlie and zelous preachers as England did sometime norishe, and amongst so many learned and men of graue iudgement, as this day by Iesabel are exiled, none is found so stowte of courage, so faithfull to God, nor louing to their natiue countrie, that they dare admonishe the inhabitantes of that Ile how abominable before God, is the Empire or Rule of a wicked woman, yea of a traiteresse and bastard. And what may a people or nation left destitute of a lawfull head, do by the authoritie of Goddes worde in

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<sup>31</sup> Disponible en Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation  
[http://www.gutenberg.org/catalog/world/readfile?fk\\_files=2318196&pageno=16](http://www.gutenberg.org/catalog/world/readfile?fk_files=2318196&pageno=16) y en Christian Classics Ethereal Library  
<http://www.ccel.org/ccel/knox/blast.iv.iv.html>

electing and appointing common rulers and magistrates. That Ile (alas) for the contempt and horrible abuse of Goddes mercies offred, and for the shamefull reuolting to Satan frome Christ Iesus, and frome his Gospell ones professed, doth iustlie merite to be left in the handes of their own counsel, and so to come to confusion and bondage of strangiers But yet I feare that this vniuersall negligence [a] of such as somtimes were esteemed watchemen, shall rather aggrauate our former ingratitude, then excuse this our vniuersall and vngodlie silence, in so weightie a mater. We se our countrie set further for a pray to foreine nations, we heare the blood of our brethren, the membres of Christ Iesus most cruellie to be shed, and the monstrous empire of a cruell woman (the secrete counsel of God excepted) we knowe to be the onlie occasion of all these miseries: and yet with silence we passé the time as thogh the mater did nothinge appertein to vs. But the contrarie examples of the auncient prophetes [b] moue me to doubte of this our fact. For Israel did vniuersalie decline frome God by embrasing idolatrie vnder Ieroboam. In whiche they did continue euen vnto the destruction of their common welthe [c]. And Iuda withe Ierusalem did followe the vile superstition and open iniquitie of Samaria [d]. But yet ceased not the prophetes of God to admonishe the one and the other: Yea euen after that God had poured furthe his plagues vpon them [e]. For Ieremie did write to the captiues of Babylon, and did correct their errors, plainlie instructing them, who did remaine in the midst of that idolatrouse nation. Ezechiel [f] frome the midst of his brethren prisoners in Chaldea, did write his vision to those that were in Ierusalem, and sharplie rebukinge their vices, assured them that they shuld not escape the vengeance of God by reason of their abominations committed.

[Sidenote a: the Negligence of watchemen.]

[Sidenote b: The diligence of the olde prophetes of God.]

[Sidenote c: I. Reg. 12.]

[Sidenote d: Ezech. 16.]

[Sidenote e: Ierem. 29.]

[Sidenote f: Ezech. 7,8,9.]

The same prophetes for comfort of the afflicted and chosen saintes of God, who did lie hyd amongst the reprobate of that age [g] (as commonlie doth the corne amongst the chaffe) did prophecie and before speake the changes of kingdomes, the punishmentes of tyrannes, and the vengeance [h] whiche God wold execute vpon the oppressors of his people. The same did Daniel and the rest of the prophetes euerie one in their season. By whose examples and by the plaine precept, which is geuen to Ezechiel, commanding him that he shall say to the wicked: Thou shalt die the death. We in this our miserable age are bounde to admonishe [i] the world and the tyrannies thereof, of their sodeine destruction, to assure them, and to crie vnto them, whether they list to heare or not. That the blood of the saintes, which by them is shed, continuallie crieth and craueth [j] vengeance in the presence of the Lorde of hostes. And further it is our dutie to open the truthe reueled vnto vs, vnto the ignorant and blind world, vnlest that to our owne condemnation we list to wrap vp and and hyde the talent committed to our charge. I am assured that God hath reueled to some in this our age, that it is more then a monstre in nature, that a woman shall reigne and haue empire aboue man. And yet with vs all, there is suche silence, as if God therewith were nothing offended. The naturall man, ennemy to God shall fynd, I knowe, many causes why no suche doctrine oght to be published in these our dangerous dayes. First, for that it may seme to tend to sedition [k]: secundarilie, it shal be dangerous, not onlie to the writer or publisher, but also to all such as shall reade the writinges, or fauor this truth spoken: and last it shall not amend the chief offenders, partlie because it shall neuer come to their eares, and partlie because they will not be admonished in such cases. I answer, yf any of these be a sufficient reason that a truth knowen shalbe conceled, then were the auncient prophetes of God very fooles, who did not better prouide for their owne quietnes, then to hasard their liues for rebuking of vices, and for the opening of such crimes, as were not knowen to the world, And Christ Iesus did iniurie to his Apostles, commanding them to preache repentance and remission of synnes in his name to euerie realme and nation. And Paule did not vnderstand his owne libertie, when he cried, wo be to me, if I preache not the Euangile. Yf feare, I say, of persecution[l] , of sclander, or of any inconuenience before named might have excused, and discharged the seruantes of God[m], from plainlie rebuking the sinnes of the world; iuste cause had euerie one of them to haue ceased frome their office. For

sodeinlie their doctrine was accused by termes of sedition, of newe learning, and of treason: persecution and vehement trouble did shortlie come vpon the professours with the preachers[n]: kinges, princes and worldlie rulers did conspire against God and against his anoynted Christ Iesus. But what? Did any of these moue the prophetes and Apostles to faynt in their vocation? no. But by the resistance, whiche the deuill made to them by his suppostes, were they the more inflamed to publishe the truthe reueled vnto them and to wnesse with their blood, that greuous condemnation and Goddes heuie vengeance shuld folowe the proude contempt of graces offred. The fidelitie, bold courage, and constancie of those that are passed before vs, oght to prouoke vs to folowe their footsteppes, onles we loke for an other kingdome then Christ hath promised to such as perseuere in profession of his name to the end. Yf any think that the empire of women, is not of such importance, that for the suppressing of the same, any man is bounde to hasarde his life, I answer, that to suppress it, is in the hand of god alone. But to vtter the impietie and abomination of the same, I say, it is the dutie of euerie true messenger of God, to whome the truth is reueled in that behalfe. For the especiall dutie[o] of Goddes messagers is to preache repentance, to admonishe the offenders of their offenses, and to say to the wicked, thou shalt die the death, except thou repent. This, I trust, will no man denie to be the propre office of all Goddes messagers to preache (as I haue said) repentance and remission of synnes. But nether of both can be done, except the conscience of the offenders be accused and conuicted of transgression. For howe shall any man repent not knowing wher in he hath offended? And where no repentance is founde[p], there can be no entrie to grace. And therefore I say, that of necessitie it is, that, this monstiferouse empire of women, (which amongst all enormities, that this day do abound vpon the face of the hole earth, is most detestable and damnable) be openlie reueled and plainlie declared to the world, to the end that some may repent and be sauued. And thus farre to the first sorte.

[Sidenote g: God alway had his people amongst the wicked, who neuer lacked their prophetes and teachers.]

[Sidenote h: Isaie. 13. Ierem. 6. Ezech. 36.]

[Sidenote i: Examples what teachers oght to do in this time.]

[Sidenote j: Ezech. 2, Apoca. 6.]

[Sidenote k: Thre chief reasons, that do stay man from speaking the  
truthe.]

[Sidenote l: 1. Cor. 9.]

[Sidenote m: Mat. 26. Act. 18, 21.]

[Sidenote n: Psalm. 2. Act. 4.]

[Sidenote o: It is necessarie for everie man to open the impietie,  
whiche he knoweth to hurt his commonwelth.]

[Sidenote p: No man can repent except he knowe his synne.]

To such as thinke that it will be long before such doctrine come to the eares of the chief offenders, I answer that the veritie of God is of that nature, that at one time or at other, it will purchace to it selfe audience. It is an odour and smell, that can not be suppressed[q], yea it is a trumpet that will sound in despite of the aduersarie. It will compell the verie enemies to their own confusion, to tes tifie and beare witnessse of it. For I finde that the prophecie and preaching of Heliseus was declared in the hall of the king of Syria by the seruantes and flatterers of the same wicked king[r], making mention that Heliseus declared to the king of Israel, what so euer the said king of Syria spake in his most secret chamber. And the wonderous workes of Iesus Christ were notified to Herode[s], not in any greate praise or commendation of his doctrine, but rather to signifie that Christ called that tyranne a fox: and that he did no more regarde his authoritie then did Iohn the Baptist, whom Herode before had beheaded for the libertie of his tonge. But whether the bearers of the rumors and tidinges were faouurers of Christ or flatterers of the tyranne, certain it is that the fame, as well of Christes doctrine, as of his workes came to the eares of Herod: euen so may the sounde of our weake trumpet, by the support of some wynd (blowe it from the south or blowe it from the northe it is no mater) come to the eares of the chief offenders. But whether it do or not, yet dare we not cease to blowe as God will giue strength[t]. For we are debtors to mo then to princes, to witte, to the multitude of our brethren, of whome, no doubtte a greate number haue here to fore offended by error and ignorance, geuing their suffragies, consent and helpe to establishe women in their kingdomes and empires[u], not vnderstanding howe abominable, odious and detestable is all such vsurped authoritie in the

presence of God. And therefore must the truth, be plainlie spoken, that the simple and rude multitude may be admonished.

[Sidenote q: The propertie of Goddes truth.]

[Sidenote r: 2. Reg. 6.]

[Sidenote s: Mat. 14.]

[Sidenote t: Rum. 1.]

[Sidenote u: The ignorant multitude hath set up the authoritie of women not knowinge the danger.]

[Sidenote v: A very dangerous thing to speake against olde errors.]

#### THE FIRST BLAST TO AWAKE WOMEN DEGENERATE.

To promote a woman to beare rule, superioritie, dominion or empire aboue any realme, nation, or citie, is repugnant to nature, contumelie to God, a thing most contrarious to his reueled will and approued ordinance, and finallie it is the subuersion of good order, of all equitie and iustice.

In the probation of this proposition, I will not be so curious, as to gather what soeuer may amplifie, set furth, or decore the same, but I am purposed, euen as I haue spoken my conscience in most plaine and fewe wordes, so to stand content with a simple prooue of euerie membre, bringing in for my witness Goddes ordinance in nature, his plaine will reueled in his worde, and the mindes of such as be moste auncient amongst godlie writers.

[Sidenote 1: Causes why women shuld not have preeminence ouer men.]

And first, where that I affirme the empire of a woman to be a thing repugnant to nature, I meane not onlie that God by the order of his creation hath spoiled woman of authoritie and dominion, but also that man hath seen, proued and pronounced iust causes why that it so shuld be. Man, I say, in many other cases blind, doth in this behalfe see verie clearlie. For the causes be so manifest, that they can not be hid. For who can denie but it repugneth to nature, that the blind shal be appointed to leade and conduct such as do see? That the

weake, the sicke, and impotent persones[1] shall norishe and kepe the hole and strong, and finallie, that the foolishe, madde and phrenetike shal gouerne the discrete, and giue counsel to such as be sober of mind? And such be al women, compared vnto man in bearing of authoritie. For their sight in ciuile regiment, is but blindnes: their strength, weaknes: their counsel, foolishenes: and iudgement, phrenesie, if it be rightlie considered.

*JOHN KNOX's apologetical Defence of his First Blast &c. to Queen ELIZABETH.*

20 July 1559. John Knox's *Declaration* to Queen Elizabeth.

To the verteuus and godlie Elizabeht by the grace of GOD quen of England etc John Knox desireht the perpetuall Encrease of the Holie Spiritt. etc.

As your graces displeasur against me most Iniustlie conceaned, hath be[en] and is to my wretched hart a burthen grevous and almost intollerabill, so is the testimonye of a clean conscience to me a stay and 58vphold that in desperation I sink not, how vehement that ever the temptations appear, for in GODDis presence my conscience beareht me reacord that maliciouslie nor of purpose I inoffended your grace, nor your realme. And therfor how so ever I be ludged by man, I am assured to be absolued by him who onlie knoweht the secreatis of hartes.

I can not Deny the Writeing of a booke against the vsurped authoritie and Iniust regiment of wemen, neyther yet am I mynded to retract or to call any principall point or proposition of the sam[e], till treuth and veritie do farther appear, but why that eyther your grace, eyther yit ony such as vnfeanedlie favourthe libertie of England should be offended at the author of such a work I can perceae no iust occasion.

For first my booke tuchheht not your graces person in especiall, neyther yit is it preiudiciall till any libertie of the realme yf the tyme and my Writing be indifferently considered. How could I be enemy to your graces person? for deliuerance quhairof I did mor[e] study, and interprise farther, than any of those that now accuse me. And as concerning your regiment how could? or can I envy that? which most I haue thrusted and for the which (as obliuion will suffer) I render thankis vnfeanedlie unto GOD that is, that it hath pleased Him of His

eternall goodnes to exalt your head (which tymes wes in Daunger) to the manifestation of his glorie and extirpation of Idolatrie.

And as for any offence whiche I haf committed against England eyther in writeing that or of any other werk I will not refuse that moderate and indifferent men Iudge and decerne betwixt me and thost that accuse me. To witt Whither of the partijs Do most hurt the libertie of England, I that afferme that no woman may be exalted above any realme to mak[e] the libertie of the sam[e] thrall to a straunge, proud, and euell nation, or thai that approve whatsoeur pleaseth princes for the tyme.

Yf I were wer[e] asweall disposed till accuse, as som of them (till thair owne schame) haue declared thame selves I nothing dowbt but that in few wordis I should lett ressonabill men vnderstand that som that this Day lowlie crouche to your grace, and lauboure to make me odious in your eyes, did in your aduersitie neyther shew thame selvis faithfull frendis 59to your grace, neyther yit so loving and cairfull ouer thair native cuntry as now thai wold be esteemed.

But omitting the accusation of others for my owne purgation and for your graces satisfaction I say. That nothyng in my booke conceaued Is, or can be preiudiciall to your graces iust regiment prouided that ye be not found vngrate unto GOD. Vngrate ye shalbe proued in presence of His throne, (howsoeur that flatterairs Iustifie your fact) yf ye transfer the glory of that honour in which ye now stand to any other thing, then to the dispensation of His mercy which onelye mackethe that lauthfull to your grace Which nature and law Denyeth to all woman. Neyther wold I that your grace should fear that this your humiliation befor GOD should in any case infirm or weaken your Iust and lauthfull authoritie befor men. Nay madam such vnfeaned confession of goddis benefittis receaued shalbe the establishment of the sam[e] not onelye to your self, bot also to your sead and posteritie. Whane contrariwise a proud conceat, and eleuation of your self shalbe the occasion that your reing shalbe vnstabill, troublesum and schort.

GOD is witness that vnfeanedlie I both love and reverence your grace, yea I pray that your reing may be long, prosperous, and quyet. And that for the quyetnes which Christis



membris before persecuted haue receaued vnder yow but yit yf I should flatter your grace I were no freind, but a deceavabill trater. And therfor of conscience I am compelled to say, that neyther the consent of peopill, the proces of tyme, nor multitude of men, can establish a law which GOD shall approve, but whatsoever He approveht (by his eternall word) that shalbe approued, and whatsoever he dampneth shalbe condampneth, though all men in earth wold hasard the iustification of the sam[e]. And therfor[e] madam the onlie way to retean and to keap those benefittes of GOD haboundandlie powred now of laitt Dayis vpon yow, and vpon your realme is vnfeanedlie to rendir vnto GOD, to His mercy and vndererued grace the [w]holl glory of this your exaltatioun, forget your byrth and all tytill which therypon doth hing[e], and consider deaplie how for feir of your lyfe ye did declyne from GOD, and bow till Idolatrie. Lett it not appear a small offence in your eyis, that ye haue declyned from Christ Iesus in the Day of his battale, 60neyther yit wold I that ye should esteem that mercy to be vulgar and commone which ye haue receaued. To witt, that GOD hath covered your formar offence, hath presented yow when ye were most unthankfull, and in the end hath exalted and raised yow vp not onlie from the Dust, but also from the portes [*gates*] of death to reull above his people for the confort of his kirk. It aperteaneth to yow thairfor to ground the iustice of your auctoritie not vpon that law which from year to year Doth change, but vpon the eternall prouidence of Hym who contrarfy to nature, and without your deserving hath thus exalted your head.

Yf thus in GODDis presence ye humill [*humble*] your self, as in my hart I glorifie GOD for that rest granted to His afflicted flock within England under yow a weak instrument, so will I with tounge and pen iustifie your auctoritie and regiment as the HOLIE GHOST hath iustified the same In DEBORA, that blessed mother in Israeli, but yf these premisses (as GOD forbid) neglected, ye shall begyn to brag of your birth, and to build your auctoritie vpon your owne law, flatter yow who so list youre felicite shalbe schort. Interpret my rud[e] wordis in the best part as written by him who is no ennemye to your grace.

By diuerse letters I haue required licence to vesitt your realme not to seik my self neyther yit my owen ease, or commodite. Whiche yf ye now refuse and. deny I must remit my [?] to GOD, adding this for conclusioun, that commonlie it is sein that such as luf not the counsall

of the faithfull (appear it never so scharp) are compelled to follow the Deceat of flatteraris to thair owen perdition. The mighty Spreit of the Lord Iesus move your hart to vnderstand what is said, geve vnto yow the discretion of spirittes, and so reull yow in all your actlonis and interprisis that in yow GOD may be glorified, His church edified, and ye your self as a livelie member of the sam[e] may be an exempill and mirroure of vertew and of godlie Lief till others.

So be it. Off Edinburgh the 20. Day of Julij. 1559.

By your graces [w]holly to command in godlynes.

*Endorsed.* John Knox.

To the ryght myghty ryght high and ryght excellent princesse Elizabeth quen of England, etc.

3. **Christopher Marlowe**<sup>32</sup>. Dramaturgo y poeta del Renacimiento inglés, nació el 6 de febrero de 1564 en Canterbury y murió en Deptford en 1593. Hijo de un zapatero, estudió en la Universidad de Cambridge, es considerado como el primer gran autor teatral de Inglaterra y una de las figuras más importantes del teatro isabelino, aunque sólo se dedicó a ello por espacio de seis años. Fue el primer dramaturgo que empleó el verso blanco en el teatro inglés. Entre sus obras destacan: Tamerlán el grande (1590), basada en un conquistador mongol; Eduardo II (1594), drama histórico que sirvió como modelo a Shakespeare para su Ricardo II y Ricardo III; La trágica historia del doctor Fausto (c. 1604), y la tragedia El judío de Malta (1633). También fue autor de dos obras menores: Tragedia de Dido, reina de

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<sup>32</sup> Biografía disponible en <http://www.buscabiografias.com/bios/biografia/verDetalle/3140/Christopher%20Marlowe>

Cartago, completada por el dramaturgo inglés Thomas Nashe (1594), y La matanza de París (1600). Su obra poética más famosa es ‘El pastor apasionado’ (1599).

**THE  
TRAGICALL  
History of D. Faustus.<sup>33</sup>**

*As it hath bene Acted by the Right  
Honorable the Earle of Nottingham his seruants.*

Written by Ch. Marl.

LONDON  
Printed by V.S. for Thomas Bushell. 1604.

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**DRAMATIS PERSONAE**

The Pope.	A Knight.
Cardinal of Lorrain.	An Old Man.
The Emperor of Germany.	Scholars, Friars, <i>and</i> Attendants.
Duke of Vanholt.	Duchess of Vanholt.
Faustus.	Lucifer.
Valdes }	Belzebub.
Cornelius} <i>friends to</i> Faustus.	Mephistophilis.
Wagner, <i>servant to</i> Faustus	Good Angel.
Clown.	Evil Angel.
Robin.	The Seven Deadly Sins.
Ralph.	Devils.
Vintner.	Spirits <i>in the shapes of</i>
Horse-courser.	Alexander the Great, <i>of his</i> Paramour <i>and of</i> Helen.
	Chorus.

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<sup>33</sup> Disponible en <http://www.luminarium.org/renascence-editions/marlowe2.html>

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*Enter* Chorus.

*Chorus.* Not marching now in fields of Thrasymene,  
Where Mars did mate the Carthaginians;  
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,  
In courts of kings where state is overturn'd;  
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,  
Intends our Muse to vaunt her heavenly verse:  
Only this, gentlemen,-we must perform  
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad:  
To patient judgments we appeal our plaud,  
And speak for Faustus in his infancy.  
Now is he born, his parents base of stock,  
In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes:  
Of riper years, to Wertenberg he went;  
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.  
So soon he profits in divinity,  
The fruitful plot of scholarism grac'd,  
That shortly he was grac'd with doctor's name,  
Excelling all whose sweet delight disputes  
In heavenly matters of theology;  
Till swoln with cunning, of a self coceit  
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,

And, melting, heavens conspir'd his overthrow;  
For, falling to a devilish exercise,  
And glutted now with learning's golden gifts,  
He surfeits upon cursed necromancy;  
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,  
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss:  
And this the man that in his study sits.

*[Exit.*

*Faustus discovered in his study.*

*Faust.* Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin  
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess:  
Having commenc'd, be a divine in show,  
Yet level at the end of every art,  
And live and die in Aristotle's works.  
Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou hast ravish'd me!  
*Bene disserere est finis logices.*  
Is, to dispute well, logic's chiefest end?  
Affords this art no greater miracle?  
Then read no more; thou hast attain'd that end:  
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit:  
Bid Economy farewell, and Galen come,

Seeing, *Ubi desinit philosophus, ibi incipit medicus:*

Be a physician, Faustus; heap up gold,

And be eternis'd for some wondrous cure:

*Summum bonum medicinae sanitas,*

The end of physic is our body's health.

Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end?

Is not thy common talk found aphorisms?

Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,

Whereby whole cities have escap'd the plague,

And thousand desperate maladies been eas'd?

Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.

Couldst thou make men to live eternally,

Or, being dead, raise them to life again,

Then this profession were to be esteem'd.

Physic, farewell! Where is Justinian? *[Reads.*

*Si una eademque res legatur duobus, alter rem, alter valorem, rei, etc.*

A pretty case of paltry legacies! *[Reads.*

*Exhaereditare filium non potest pater, nisi, etc.*

Such is the subject of the institute,

And universal body of the law:

This study fits a mercenary drudge,

Who aims at nothing but external trash;

Too servile and illiberal for me.

When all is done, divinity is best:

Jerome's Bible, Faustus; view it well. *[Reads.]*

*Stipendium peccati mors est. Ha! Stipendium, etc.*

The reward of sin is death: that's hard. *[Reads.]*

*Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis veritas;*

If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and there's no truth in us. Why, then, belike we must sin, and so consequently die:

Ay, we must die an everlasting death.

What doctrine call you this, *Che sera, sera,*

What will be, shall be? Divinity, adieu!

These metaphysics of magicians,

And necromantic books are heavenly;

Lines, circles, scenes, letters, and characters;

Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.

O, what a world of profit and delight,

Of power, of honour, of omnipotence,

Is promis'd to the studious artisan!

All things that move between the quiet poles

Shall be at my command: emperors and kings

Are but obeyed in their several provinces,

Nor can they raise the wind, or rend the clouds;

But his dominion that exceeds in this,

Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man;

A sound magician is a mighty god:

Here, Faustus, tire thy brains to gain a deity.

*Enter Wagner.*

Wagner, commend me to my dearest friends,

The German Valdes and Cornelius;

Request them earnestly to visit me.

*Wag.* I will, sir.

*[Exit.*

*Faust.* Their conference will be a greater help to me  
Than all my labours, plod I ne'er so fast.

*Enter Good Angel and Evil Angel.*

*G. Ang.* O, Faustus, lay thy damned book aside,  
And gaze not on it, lest it tempt thy soul,  
And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head!  
Read, read the Scriptures:-that is blasphemy.

*E. Ang.* Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art



Wherein all Nature's treasure is contain'd:

Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,

Lord and commander of these elements.

*[Exeunt Angels.]*

*Faust.* How am I glutted with conceit of this!

Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,

Resolve me of all ambiguities,

Perform what desperate enterprise I will?

I'll have them fly to India for gold,

Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,

And search all corners of the new-found world

For pleasant fruits and princely delicates;

I'll have them read me strange philosophy,

And tell the secrets of all foreign kings;

I'll have them wall all Germany with brass,

And make swift Rhine circle fair Wertenberg;

I'll have them fill the public schools with silk,

Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad;

I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,

And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,

And reign sole king of all the provinces;

Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war,

Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp's bridge,  
I'll make my servile spirits to invent.

*Enter Valdes and Cornelius.*

Come, German Valdes and Cornelius,  
And make me blest with your sage conference.  
Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,  
Know that your words have won me at the last  
To practise magic and concealed arts:  
Yet not your words only, but mine own fantasy,  
That will receive no object; for my head  
But ruminates on necromantic skill.  
Philosophy is odious and obscure;  
Both law and physic are for petty wits;  
Divinity is basest of the three,  
Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible, and vile:  
'Tis magic, magic, that hath ravish'd me.  
Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt;  
And I, that have with concise syllogisms  
Gravell'd the pastors of the German church,  
And made the flowering pride of Wertenberg  
Swarm to my problems, as the infernal spirits

On sweet Mussaeus when he came to hell,  
Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,  
Whose shadow made all Europe honour him.

*Vald.* Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our experience,  
Shall make all nations to canonise us.  
As Indian Moors obey their Spanish lords,  
So shall the spirits of every element  
Be always serviceable to us three;  
Like lions shall they guard us when we please;  
Like Almain rutters with their horsemen's staves.  
Or Lapland giants, trotting by our sides;  
Sometimes like women, or unwedded maids,  
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows  
Than have the white breasts of the queen of love:  
From Venice shall they drag huge argosies,  
And from America the golden fleece  
That yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury;  
If learned Faustus will be resolute.

*Faust.* Valdes, as resolute am I in this  
As thou to live: therefore object it not.

*Corn.* The miracles that magic will perform  
Will make thee vow to study nothing else.  
He that is grounded in astrology,  
Enrich'd with tongues, well seen in minerals,  
Hath all the principles magic doth require:  
Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renown'd,  
And more frequented for this mystery  
Than heretofore the Delphian oracle.  
The spirits tell me they can dry the sea,  
And fetch the treasure of all foreign wrecks,  
Ay, all the wealth that our forefathers hid  
Within the massy entrails of the earth:  
Then tell me, Faustus, what shall we three want?

*Faust.* Nothing, Cornelius. O, this cheers my soul!  
Come, show me some demonstrations magical,  
That I may conjure in some lusty grove,  
And have these joys in full possession.

*Vald.* Then haste thee to some solitary grove,  
And bear wise Bacon's and Albertus' works,  
The Hebrew Psalter, and New Testament;  
And whatsoever else is requisite

We will inform thee ere our conference cease.

*Corn.* Valdes, first let him know the words of art;  
And then, all other ceremonies learn'd,  
Faustus may try his cunning by himself.

*Vald.* First I'll instruct thee in the rudiments,  
And then wilt thou be perfecter than I.

*Faust.* Then come and dine with me, and, after meat,  
We'll canvass every quiddity thereof;  
For, ere I sleep, I'll try what I can do:  
This night I'll conjure, though I die therefore.

*[Exeunt.]*

*Enter two Scholars.*

*First Schol.* I wonder what's become of Faustus, that was wont to make our schools ring  
with *sic probo*.

*Sec. Schol.* That shall we know, for see, here comes his boy.

*Enter Wagner.*

*First Schol.* How now, sirrah! where's thy master?

*Wag.* God in heaven knows.

*Sec. Schol.* Why, dost not thou know?

*Wag.* Yes, I know; but that follows not.

*First Schol.* Go to, sirrah! leave your jesting, and tell us where he is.

*Wag.* That follows not necessary by force of argument, that you, being licentiates, should stand upon: therefore acknowledge your error, and be attentive.

*Sec. Schol.* Why, didst thou not say thou knewest?

*Wag.* Have you any witness on't?

*First Schol.* Yes, sirrah, I heard you.

*Wag.* Ask my fellow if I be a thief.

*Sec, Schol.* Well, you will not tell us?

*Wag.* Yes, sir, I will tell you; yet, if you were not dunces, you would never ask me such a question, for is not he *corpus naturale*? and is not that *mobile*? then wherefore should you ask me such a question? But that I am by nature phlegmatic, slow to wrath, and prone to lechery (to love, I would say), it were not for you to come within forty foot of the place of execution, although I do not doubt to see you both hanged the next sessions. Thus having triumphed over you, I will set my countenance like a precisian, and begin to speak thus:-- Truly, my dear brethren, my master is within at dinner, with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine, if it could speak, would inform your worships: and so, the Lord bless you, preserve you, and keep you, my dear brethren, my dear brethren!

*[Exit.*

*First Schol.* Nay, then, I fear he has fallen into that damned art for which they two are infamous through the world.

*Sec. Schol.* Were he a stranger, and not allied to me, yet should I grieve for him. But, come, let us go and inform the Rector, and see if he by his grave counsel can reclaim him.

*First Schol.* O, but I fear me nothing can reclaim him!

*Sec. Schol.* Yet let us try what we can do.

*[Exeunt.*

*Enter Faustus to conjure.*

*Faust.* Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth,  
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,  
Leaps from th' antarctic world unto the sky,  
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,  
Faustus, begin thine incantations,  
And try if devils will obey thy hest,  
Seeing thou hast pray'd and sacrific'd to them.  
Within this circle is Jehovah's name,  
Forward and backward anagrammatis'd,  
Th' abbreviated names of holy saints,  
Figures of every adjunct to the heavens,

And characters of signs and erring stars,  
By which the spirits are enforc'd to rise:  
Then fear not, Faustus, but be resolute,  
And try the uttermost magic can perform.-

*Sint mihi dei Acherontis propitii! Valeat numen triplex Jehovae! Ignei, aerii, aquatani  
spiritus, salvete! Orientis princeps Belzebub, inferni ardentis monarcha, et Demogorgon,  
propitiamus vos, ut apparent et surgat Mephistophilis, quod tumeraris: per Jehovam,  
Gehennam, et consecratam aquam quam nunc spargo, signumque crucis quod nunc facio,  
et per vota nostra, ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatus Mephistophilis!*

*Enter Mephistophilis.*

I charge thee to return, and change thy shape;  
Thou art too ugly to attend on me:  
Go, and return an old Franciscan friar;  
That holy shape becomes a devil best.

*[Exit Mephistophilis.*

I see there's virtue in my heavenly words:  
Who would not be proficient in this art?  
How pliant is this Mephistophilis,  
Full of obedience and humility!  
Such is the force of magic and my spells:  
No, Faustus, thou art conjuror laureat,



That canst command great Mephistophilis:

*Quin regis Mephistophilis fratris imagine.*

*Re-enter Mephistophilis like a Franciscan friar.*

*Meph.* Now, Faustus, what wouldst thou have me do?

*Faust.* I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,

To do whatever Faustus shall command,

Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere,

Or the ocean to overwhelm the world.

*Meph.* I am a servant to great Lucifer,

And may not follow thee without his leave:

No more than he commands must we perform.

*Faust.* Did not he charge thee to appear to me?

*Meph.* No, I came hither of mine own accord.

*Faust.* Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee? speak.

*Meph.* That was the cause, but yet *per accidens*;

For, when we hear one rack the name of God,

Abjure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ,

We fly, in hope, to get his glorious soul;

Nor will we come, unless he use such means

Whereby he is in danger to be damn'd.

Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring

Is stoutly to abjure the Trinity,

And pray devoutly to the prince of hell.

*Faust.* So Faustus hath  
Already done; and holds this principle,  
There is no chief but only Belzebub;  
To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.  
This word “damnation” terrifies not him,  
For he confounds hell in Elysium:  
His ghost be with the old philosophers!  
But, leaving these vain trifles of men’s souls,  
Tell me what is that Lucifer thy lord?

*Meph.* Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.

*Faust.* Was not that Lucifer an angel once?

*Meph.* Yes, Faustus, and most dearly lov’d of God.

*Faust.* How comes it, then, that he is prince of devils?

*Meph.* O, by aspiring pride and insolence;  
For which God threw him from the face of heaven.

*Faust.* And what are you that live with Lucifer?

*Meph.* Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,  
Conspir’d against our God with Lucifer,  
And are for ever damn’d with Lucifer.

*Faust.* Where are you damn’d?

*Meph.* In hell.

*Faust.* How comes it, then, that thou art out of hell?

*Meph.* Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it.  
Think'st thou that I, who saw the face of God,  
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,  
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,  
In being depriv'd of everlasting bliss?  
O, Faustus, leave these frivolous demands,  
Which strike a terror to my fainting soul!

*Faust.* What, is great Mephistophilis so passionate  
For being deprived of the joys of heaven?  
Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,  
And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.  
Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer:  
Seeing Faustus hath incurr'd eternal death  
By desperate thoughts against Jove's deity,  
Say, he surrenders up to him his soul,  
So he will spare him four-and-twenty years,  
Letting him live in all voluptuousness;  
Having thee ever to attend on me,  
To give me whatsoever I shall ask,  
To tell me whatsoever I demand,  
To slay mine enemies, and aid my friends,  
And always be obedient to my will.  
Go and return to mighty Lucifer,

And meet me in my study at midnight,  
And then resolve me of thy master's mind.

*Meph.* I will, Faustus.

*[Exit.*

*Faust.* Had I as many souls as there be stars,  
I'd give them all for Mephistophilis:  
By him I'll be great Emperour of the world,  
And make a bridge through the moving air,  
To pass the Ocean with aband of men.  
I'll join the hills that band the Africk shore  
And make that land continent to Spain,  
And both contributory to my crown:  
The Emperour shall not live but by my leave,  
Nor any Potentate of Germany;  
Now that I have obtain'd what I desire,  
I'll live in speculation of this Art,  
Til Mephistophilis return again.

*[Exit.*

*Enter Wagner and the Clown.*

*Wag.* Sirrah boy, come hither.

*Clown.* How, boy? swounds, boy, I hope you have seen many boys with such

pickadevaunts as I have. Boy, quoth'a?

Wag. Tell me, sirrah, hast thou any comings in?

Clown. Aye, and goings out, too, you may see else.

Wag. Alas poor slave, see how poverty jesteth in his nakedness, the villain is bare, and out of service, and so hungey, that I know he would give his soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton, though it were blood raw.

Clown. How, my soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton though t'were blood raw? Not so good, friend by'r lady, I had need have it well roasted, and good sauce to it, if I pay so dear.

Wag. Well, wilt thou serve me, and I'll make thee go like *Qui mihi discipulus?*

Clown. How, in verse?

Wag. No, sirrah, in beaten silk and stave's acre.

Clown. How, how, knave's acre? Aye, I thought that was all the land his father left him: do ye hear, I would be sorry to rob you of your living.

Wag. Sirrah, I say in stave's acre.

Clown. Oho, oho, stave's acre, why then belike, if I were your man, I should be full of vermin.

Wag. So thou shlt, whether thou beest with me, or no; but, sirrah, leave your jesting, and bind yourself presently unto me for seven years, or I'll turn all the lice about thee into familiars, and they shall tear thee in pieces.

*Clown.* Do you hear, sir? You may save that labor, they are too familiar with me already, swounds they are as bold with my flesh as if they had paid for my meat and drink.

*Wag.* Well, do you hear, sirrah? Hold, take these guilders.

*Clown.* Gridirons, what be they?

*Wag.* Why, French crowns.

*Clown.* Mass, but for the name of French crowns a man were as good have as many English counters, and what should I do with these?

*Wag.* Why, now, sirrah, thou art at an hour's warning whensoever or wheresoever the devil shall fetch thee.

*Clown.* No, no, take your gridirons again.

*Wag.* Truly, I'll none of them.

*Clown.* Truly, but you shall.

*Wag.* Bear witness I gave them him.

*Clown.* Bear witness I give them you again.

*Wag.* Well, I will cause two devils presently to fetch thee away. Baliol and Belcher.

*Clown.* Let your Balio amd your Belcher come here, and I'll knock them, they were never so knockt since they were devils. Say I should kill one of them what would folks say? do ye see yonder tall fellow in the round slop, he has killed the devil; so I should be called kill devil all the parish over.

4. **Thomas Nashe**<sup>34</sup>. Escritor británico, nacido en Lowestoft (Suffolk) hacia 1567 y muerto en Londres hacia 1601. Cursó estudio en el St. John's College de Cambridge y, con sátiras y libelos, participó en las polémicas literarias y religiosas de su tiempo, atacando a los puritanos, las supersticiones populares y algunos escritores contemporáneos suyos. Entre sus obras figuran: *Anatomie of Absurditie* (1589) , en la cual satiriza la literatura contemporánea, especialmente los romances, , *Christs Teares over Jerusalem* (1593) y *The Unfortunate Traveller, or The Life of Jack Wilton* (1594). En 1592 compuso para el teatro *Summer's Last Will and Testament*.

### The Anatomy of Absurdity<sup>35</sup>

Containing a brief confutation  
of the slender imputed praises to feminine perfection,  
with a short description of the several practices of youth,  
and sundry follies of our licentious times.  
No less pleasant to be read than profitable to be remembered,  
especially of those who live more licentiously,  
or addicted to a more nice stoical austerity.

Compiled by T. Nashe.

*Ita diligendi sunt homines, ut eorum non diligamus errores.*

At London.

Printed by I. Charlewood for Thomas Hackett, and are to be sold at his shop in Lombard Street, under the sign of the Pope's head.

Anno. Dom. 1589.

To the right worshipful Charles Blount, knight, adorned with all perfections of honour or art, T. Nashe wisheth whatever content felicity or fortune may infer.

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<sup>34</sup> Disponible en <http://www.mcabiografias.com/app-bio/do/show?key=nashe-thomas>

<sup>35</sup> Disponible en [http://www.oxford-shakespeare.com/Nashe/Anatomy\\_Absurdity.pdf](http://www.oxford-shakespeare.com/Nashe/Anatomy_Absurdity.pdf)

If (right worshipful) the old poet Persius thought it most prejudicial to attention for Verres to declaim against theft, Gracchus against sedition, Catiline against treason, what such *supplosus pedum* may sufficiently entertain my presumption, who, being an accessory to absurdity, have took upon me to draw her anatomy? But that little alliance which I have unto art will authorize my folly in defacing her enemy, and the circumstance of my infancy, that brought forth this embryon, somewhat tolerate their censures that would derive infamy from my unexperienced infirmities. What I have written proceeded not from the pen of vainglory, but from the process of that pensiveness which two summers since overtook me, whose obscured cause, best known to every name of curse, hath compelled my wit to wander abroad unregarded in this satirical disguise, & counselled my content to dislodge his delight from traitors' eyes.

Gentlemen that know what it is to encounter with ingratitude in the form of Cupid will soon aim at the efficient of my armed phrase; for others that cannot discern Venus through a cloud, they will measure each deformed fury by the Queen of Fairies, all birds by one phoenix, all beasts by one lion. For my part, as I have no portion in any man's opinion, so am I the pro-rex of my private thought, which makes me term poison, as well in a silver piece as in an earthen dish, and Proteus Proteus, though girt in the apparel of Pactolus. However the siren change her shape, yet is she inseparable from deceit, and however the devil alter his shadow, yet will he be found in the end to be a she-saint. I dare not prefix a *nigrum theta* to all of that sex, lest immortality might seem to have been taxed by my slander, and the purity of heaven bepuzzled by my unhallowed speech. Only this shall my arguments infer, and my anger aver, that constancy will sooner inhabit the body of a chameleon, a tiger or a wolf than the heart of a woman, who, predestinated by the father of eternity even in the nonage of nature to be the iliads of evils to all nations, have never inverted their creation in any country but ours.

Whose heaven-born Elizabeth hath made majesty herself mazed, and the world's eyesight astonied. Time, well may'st thou exult, that in the evening of thy age thou conceived'st such a subject of wonder, & Peace, sing Io paean, for that in despite of dissension she hath patronized thee under her wings. Felicity saw her invested with royalty, and became young again in the beholding. Fortune, ashamed each sorrow should smile, and her face alonely be wrapped with wrinkles, suited poor Flanders and France in her frowns, & saluted England's soul with a smoothed forehead. Plenty and Abundance, that long had lived as exiles with the utmost Indians, were no sooner advertised of her advancement, but they made their passage through ten thousand perils to spend their prosperity in her presence. Why seeks my pen to break into the buildings of Fame, and echo my amazed thoughts to her brazen towers, whenas my tongue is too base a Triton to eternize her praise, that thus upholdeth our happy days?



Wherefore since my words impoverish her worths, my fervent zeal shall be the uncessant attendant on her weal. I fear, right worshipful, lest the affection of my phrase present me as a foe to your important affairs, whose heart, exalted with the eyesight of such sovereignty as soars above human sight, could not but methodize this admiration in this digression of distinction. But from such intercourse of excuse, let my unschooled indignities convert themselves to your courtesy, and acquaint you with the counsel of my rude dedication.

So it was that not long since, lighting in company with many extraordinary gentlemen of most excellent parts, it was my chance (amongst other talk which was generally traversed amongst us) to move divers questions as touching the several qualities required in Castiglione's *Courtier*; one came in with that of Ovid, *Semper amabilis esto*; another stood more strictly on the necessity of that affability which our Latinists entitle *facetus*, & we more familiarly describe by the name of discoursing; the third came in with his carpet devises and told what it was to tickle a cittern, or have a sweet stroke on the lute, to dance more delicately, and revel it bravely. The fourth, as an enemy to their faction, confuted all these as effeminate follies, and would needs maintain that the only adjuncts of a courtier were scholarship and courage, returning picked curiosity to paltry scriveners and suchlike, affability to Aristippus and his crew, citterning and luting to the birthright of every sixpenny slave, and to conclude, dancing & revelling to every tailor's holiday humour. But as for those two branches of honour before mentioned, they distinguish a gentleman from a broking jack, and a courtier from a club-headed companion. This discourse thus continued, at length they fell by a jarring gradation to the particular demonstrations of their general assertions. One would have one thing preferred because some one man was thereby advanced; another, another thing because some nobleman loves it; every man shot his bolt, but this was the upshot, that England afforded many mediocrities, but never saw anything more singular than worthy Sir Philip Sidney, of whom it might truly be said, *Arma virumque cano*. In this heat of opinions, many hopes of nobility were brought in question, but nothing so generally applauded in every man's comparisons as your Worship's most absolute perfections, whose effectual judicial of your virtues made such deep impression in my attentive imagination as ever since there hath not any pleasure mixed itself so much with my secret vows as the indefinite desire to be suppliant unto you in some subject of wit. From which, howsoever this my undigested endeavour declineth, yet more earnestly I beseech you, by that entire love which you bear unto arts, to accept of it in good part. And as the foolish painter in Plutarch, having blurred a ragged table with the rude picture of a dunghill cock, willed his boy in any case to drive away all live cocks from that his worthless workmanship, lest by the comparison he might be convinced of ignorance, so I am to request your Worship, whiles you are perusing my pamphlet, to lay aside out of your sight whatsoever learned invention hath heretofore bred your delight, lest their singularity reflect my simplicity, their excellence convince me of innocence. Thus hoping you will

every way censure of me in favour, as one that doth partake some parts of a scholar, I commit you to the care of that sovereign content which your soul desireth.

Your most affectionate in all,

Usque aras,

T. Nashe.

### The Anatomy of Absurdity.

Zeuxes, being about to draw the counterfeit of Juno, assembled all the Agrigentine maids, whom, after he pausing had viewed, he chose out five of the fairest, that in their beauty he might imitate what was most excellent; even so it fareth with me, who, being about to anatomize absurdity, am urged to take a view of sundry men's vanity, a survey of their folly, a brief of their barbarism, to run through authors of the absurder sort assembled in the stationer's shop, sucking and selecting out of these upstart antiquaries somewhat of their unsavoury duncery, meaning to note it with a *nigrum theta*, that each one at the first sight may eschew it as infectious, to show it to the world that all men may shun it. And even as Macedon Philip, having finished his wars, builded a city for the worst sort of men, which he called [ ], *malorum civitas*, so I, having laid aside my graver studies for a season, determined with myself, being idle in the country, to begin in this vacation the foundation of

a trifling subject which might shroud in his leaves the abusive enormities of these our times. It fareth now-a-days with unlearned idiots as it doth with she-asses, who bring forth all their life long; even so, these brainless buzzards are every quarter big with one pamphlet or other. But as an egg that is full, being put into water, sinketh to the bottom, whereas that which is empty floateth above, so those that are more exquisitely furnished with learning shroud themselves in obscurity, whereas they that are void of all knowledge endeavour continually to publish their folly.

Such and the very same are they that obtrude themselves unto us as the authors of eloquence and fountains of our finer phrases, whenas they set before us naught but a confused mass of words without matter, a chaos of sentences without any profitable sense, resembling drums, which, being empty within, sound big without. Were it that any moral of greater moment might be fished out of their fabulous folly, leaving their words we would cleave to their meaning, pretermittting their painted show we would pry into their propounded sense, but whenas lust is the tractate of so many leaves, and love passions the lavish dispense of so much paper, I must needs send such idle wits to shrift to the vicar of St. Fools, who, instead of a worser, may be such a Gothamist's ghostly father. Might

Ovid's exile admonish such idlers to betake them to a new trade, the press should be far better employed. Minerals, stones and herbs should not have such clogged natures and names ascribed to them without cause; Englishmen should not be half so much Italianated as they are; finally, love would obtain the name of lust, and vice no longer mask under the vizard of virtue.

Are they not ashamed, in their prefixed posies, to adorn a pretence of profit mixed with pleasure, whenas in their books there is scarce to be found one precept pertaining to virtue, but whole quires fraught with amorous discourses, kindling Venus' flame in Vulcan's forge, carrying Cupid in triumph, alluring even vowed vestals to tread awry, enchanting chaste minds and corrupting the continent's? Henceforth, let them alter their posies of profit with intermingled pleasure, inserting that of Ovid instead.

Si quis in hoc artem populo non nouit amandi,

Me legat & lecto carmine doctus amet.

So shall the discreet reader understand the contents by the title, and their purpose by their posy; what else, I pray you, do these babble bookmongers endeavour, but to repair the ruinous walls of Venus' court, to restore to the world that forgotten legendary licence of lying, to imitate afresh the fantastical dreams of those exiled abbey-lubbers from whose idle pens proceeded those worn-out impressions of the feigned nowhere acts of Arthur of the Round Table, Arthur of Little Britain, Sir Tristram, Huon of Bordeaux, The Squire of Low Degree, The Four Sons of Aymon, with infinite others. It is not of my years nor study to censure these men's foolery more theologically, but to show how they, to no commonwealth commodity, toss over their troubled imaginations to have the praise of the learning which they lack. Many of them, to be more amiable with their friends of the feminine sex, blot many sheets of paper in the blazing of women's slender praises, as though in that generation there reigned, and always remained, such singular simplicity that all posterities should be enjoined by duty to fill and furnish their temples and towns and streets with the shrines of the saints. Never remembering that, as there was a loyal Lucretia, so there was a light-a-love Lais; that as there was a modest Medullina, so there was a mischievous Medea; that as there was a steadfast Timoclea, so there was a traitorous Tarpeia; that as there was a sober Sulpicia, so there was a deceitful Scylla; that as there was a chaste Claudia, so there was a wanton Clodia.

But perhaps women, assembling their senate, will seek to stop my mouth by most voices, and as though there were more better than bad in the bunch, will object unto me Atlanta, Architumna, Hippo, Sophronia, Leaena; to these will I oppose proud Antigone, Niobe, Circe, Flora, Rhodope, the spiteful daughters of Danaus, Biblis and Canace, who fell in love with their own brothers, Myrrha with her own father, Semiramis with her own son,

Phaedra with Hippolytus, Venus' inconstancy, Juno's jealousy, the riotous wantonness of Pasiphae, with whom I will knit up this packet of paramours. To this might be added Mantuan's invective against them, but that pity makes me refrain from renewing his worn-out complaints, the wounds whereof the former forepassed feminine sex hath felt. Aye, but here the Homer of women hath forestalled an objection, saying that, Mantuan's house holding of our lady, he was enforced by melancholy into such vehemency of speech, and that there be, amongst them as amongst men, some good, some bad; but then let us hear what was the opinion of ancient philosophers, as touching the female sex.

One of them, being asked what estate that was which made wise men fools and fools wise men, answered, *Marriage*. Aristotle doth counsel us rather to get a little wife than a great, because always a little evil is better than a great, so that he counted all women, without exception, evil and ungracious. Another of them, being asked what was the greatest miracle in the world, said, *A chaste woman*. One, requiring Diogenes' judgement when it was best time to take a wife, answered, *For the young man, not yet, and the old man, never*.

Pythagoras said that there were three evils not to be suffered, fire, water, and a woman. And the forenamed cynic deemed them the wisest liars in the world which tell folk they will be married, and yet remain single, accounting it the less inconvenience of two extremities to choose the less. The selfsame man affirmeth it to be the only means to escape all evils, to eschew women's counsel, and not to square our actions by their direction. The old sages did admonish young men, if ever they matched with any wife, not to take a rich wife; she will not be content to be a wife, but will be a master or mistress in commanding, chiding, correcting & controlling. Another philosopher compared a woman richly apparelled to a dunghill covered with grass. Socrates deemed it the desperatest enterprise that one can take in hand, to govern a woman's will.

What shall I say of him that, being asked from what woman a man should keep himself, answered, *From the quick & from the dead*, adding moreover that one evil joins with another when a woman is sick. Demosthenes said that it was the greatest torment that a man could invent to his enemy's vexation to give him his daughter in marriage as a domestical fury to disquiet him night and day. Democritus accounted a fair chaste woman a miracle of miracles, a degree of immortality, a crown of triumph, because she is so hard to be found. Another, being asked who was he that could not at any time be without a wife, answered, *He that was always accurst*, and what doth this common proverb, *He that marrieth late, marrieth evil*, insinuate unto us but that, if a man mean to marry, he were as good begin betimes as tarry long, and, being about to make a virtue of necessity and an art of patience, they are to begin in their young and tender age. Moreover, amongst the things which change the nature and conditions of men, women and wine are set in the forefront as the chief causes of their calamity.

Plutarch, in his precepts of wedlock, allegeth a reason why men fail so often in choosing of a good wife, because, saith he, *The number of them is so small. There be two especial troubles in this world, saith Seneca, a wife and ignorance.* Marcus Aurelius compared women to ships, because to keep them well and in order there is always somewhat wanting, and Plautus saith that women deck themselves so gorgeously, and lace themselves so nicely, because foul deformed things seek to set out themselves sooner than those creatures that are for beauty far more amiable. For my part, I mean to suspend my sentence, and to let an author of late memory be my speaker, who affirmeth that they carry angels in their faces to entangle men, and devils in their devices. Valerius in *Epist. ad Ruf.* hath these words of women's treacherous works, *Amice ne longo dispendio te suspendam, lege aureolum Theophrasti, & Medeam Iasonis, & vix pauca inuenies impossibilia mulieri: Amice det tibi Deus omnipotens faeminae fallacia non falli.* My friend, lest I should hold thee too long with too tedious a circumstance, read but the golden book of Theophrastus, and Jason's Medea, and thou shalt find few things impossible for a woman. My sweet friend, God Almighty grant that thou beest not entrapped by women's treachery. Furthermore, in the same place he saith, *Quis muliebri garrulitati aliquid committit, quae illud solum potest tacere quod nescit, Who will commit anything to a woman's tattling trust, who conceals nothing but that she knows not?* I omit to tell with what phrases of disgrace the ancient fathers have defaced them, whereof one of them saith, *Quid aliud est mulier nisi amicitiae inimica, &c. What is a woman but an enemy to friendship, an unevitable pain, a necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desired calamity, a domestical danger, a delectable detriment, the nature of the which is evil shadowed with the colour of goodness? Therefore if to put her away be a sin, to keep her still must needs be a torment.* Another saith, *Illud aduerte quod extra paradisum vir factus est, &c. Consider this, that man was made without Paradise, woman within Paradise, that thereby we may learn that everyone winneth not credit by the nobility of the place, or of his stock, but by his virtue. Finally, man made better is found without Paradise, in a place inferior, and, contrariwise, she which was created in a better place, namely Paradise, is found to be worsen.* Another hath these words: *Diligit mulier ut capiat, decipit ut rapiat: amat quod habes, non quod es. A woman loves, that she may entrap; she deceives, that she may spoil; she loves that thou hast, not that thou art.* Another writeth after this manner: *Nulla est uxoris electio, &c. There is no choice to be had of a wife, but even as she comes, so we must take her; if teatish, if foolish, if deformed, if proud, if stinking-breathed, or whatsoever other fault she hath, we know not till we be married. A horse, an ox, or an ass, or a dog, or whatsoever other vile merchandise, are first proved, and then bought; a man's wife alone is never thoroughly seen before, lest she displease before she be married. Viros ad unumquodque maleficium singulae cupiditates impellunt (saith Tully) mulieres ad omnia maleficia cupiditas una ducit: muliebrium enim vitiorum omnium fundamentum est auaritia. Men's several desires do egg them to each kind of evil, but one only affection leads women to all kind of*

wickedness, for covetousness is the foundation of all women's evil inclinations. Seneca also saith thus in his Proverbs: *Aut amat, aut odit mulier, nil tertium est, dediscere flere faeminam, mendacium est, &c.* A woman either loves, or hates; there is no third thing. It is an untruth to say that a woman can learn to forget to weep; two kinds of tears are common in their eyes, the one of true sorrow, the other of deceit. A woman meditates evil when she is musing alone.

5. **Ben Jonson**<sup>36</sup>. Nació el 11 de junio de 1572 en Westminster (Gran Bretaña). En 1592 ingresó en la compañía de teatro londinense de Philip Henslowe como actor y aprendiz de dramaturgo. Su primera obra de teatro original fue *Cada cual según su humor*, que se estrenó en 1598. Posteriormente escribió comedias como, *Las diversiones de Cynthia* (1600) y *El poetaastro* (1601), en la que satirizaba a los dramaturgos Thomas Dekker y John Marston. Desde 1603 escribe mascaradas para la corte del rey Jacobo I Estuardo, al parecer cumpliendo con su papel de poeta laureado desde 1616. Creó dos tragedias históricas, *Sejanus* (1603) y *Catilina* (1611), y cuatro comedias brillantes: *Volpone* (1606), *Epiceno o la mujer silenciosa* (1609), *El alquimista* (1610) y *La feria de san Bartolomé* (1614).

El resto de su producción literaria se completa con gran cantidad de poemas líricos que le convierten en un apreciado autor de baladas. Entre ellas, resultó especialmente celebrada la canción titulada “*Bébeme sólo con los ojos*”, un poema recogido en el volumen conjunto titulado *El bosque* (1616).

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<sup>36</sup> Disponible en <http://www.mcabiografias.com/app-bio/do/show?key=jonson-benjamin>

# T H E F O R E S T.<sup>37</sup>

By Ben Jonson

## I. — WHY I WRITE NOT OF LOVE.

SOME act of LOVE'S bound to rehearse,  
I thought to bind him in my verse :  
Which when he felt, Away, quoth he,  
Can poets hope to fetter me ?  
It is enough, they once did get           5  
Mars and my mother, in their net:  
I wear not these my wings in vain.  
With which he fled me; and again,  
Into my rhymes could ne'er be got  
By any art : then wonder not,           10  
That since, my numbers are so cold,  
When Love is fled, and I grow cold.

## II. — TO PENSHURST.

Thou art not, PENSHURST, built to envious show  
Of touch, or marble ; nor canst boast a row  
Of polish'd pillars, or a roof of gold :  
Thou hast no lantern whereof tales are told ;  
Or stair, or courts ; but stand'st an ancient pile,  
And these grudg'd at, art revered the while.  
Thou joy'st in better marks, of soil, of air,  
Of wood, of water; therein thou art fair.  
Thou hast thy walks for health, as well as sport :  
Thy mount, to which thy Dryads do resort,           10  
Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have made,  
Beneath the broad beech, and the chestnut shade;  
That taller tree, which of a nut was set,  
At his great birth, where all the Muses met.           20

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<sup>37</sup> Disponible en <http://www.luminarium.org/editions/forest.htm>

There, in the writhed bark, are cut the names  
 Of many a sylvan, taken with his flames;  
 And thence the ruddy satyrs oft provoke  
 The lighter fauns, to reach thy lady's oak.  
 Thy copse too, named of Gamage, thou hast there,  
 That never fails to serve thee season'd deer,  
 When thou wouldst feast or exercise thy friends.  
 The lower land, that to the river bends,  
 Thy sheep, thy bullocks, kine, and calves do feed;  
 The middle grounds thy mares and horses breed.  
 Each bank doth yield thee conies ; and the tops  
 Fertile of wood, Ashore and Sydneys copp's,  
 To crown thy open table, doth provide  
 The purpled pheasant, with the speckled side :  
 The painted partridge lies in ev'ry field,  
 And for thy mess is willing to be kill'd. 30  
 And if the high-swoln Medway fail thy dish,  
 Thou hast thy ponds, that pay thee tribute fish,  
 Fat aged carps that run into thy net,  
 And pikes, now weary their own kind to eat,  
 As loth the second draught or cast to stay,  
 Officiously at first themselves betray.  
 Bright eels that emulate them, and leap on land,  
 Before the fisher, or into his hand,  
 Then hath thy orchard fruit, thy garden flowers,  
 Fresh as the air, and new as are the hours. 40  
 The early cherry, with the later plum,  
 Fig, grape, and quince, each in his time doth come:  
 The blushing apricot, and woolly peach  
 Hang on thy walls, that every child may reach.  
 And though thy walls be of the country stone,  
 They're rear'd with no man's ruin, no man's groan ;  
 There's none, that dwell about them, wish them down ;  
 But all come in, the farmer and the clown ;  
 And no one empty-handed, to salute  
 Thy lord and lady, though they have no suit. 50  
 Some bring a capon, some a rural cake,  
 Some nuts, some apples ; some that think they make  
 The better cheeses, bring them ; or else send  
 By their ripe daughters, whom they would commend  
 This way to husbands ; and whose baskets bear  
 An emblem of themselves in plum, or pear.  
 But what can this (more than express their love)  
 Add to thy free provisions, far above  
 The need of such ? whose liberal board doth flow 60



With all that hospitality doth know !  
 Where comes no guest, but is allow'd to eat,  
 Without his fear, and of thy lord's own meat :  
 Where the same beer and bread, and self-same wine,  
 That is his lordship's, shall be also mine.  
 And I not fain to sit (as some this day,  
 At great men's tables) and yet dine away.  
 Here no man tells my cups ; nor standing by,  
 A waiter, doth my gluttony envý :  
 But gives me what I call, and lets me eat,  
 He knows, below, he shall find plenty of meat ;                   70  
 Thy tables hoard not up for the next day,  
 Nor, when I take my lodging, need I pray  
 For fire, or lights, or livery ; all is there ;  
 As if thou then wert mine, or I reign'd here :  
 There's nothing I can wish, for which I stay.  
 That found King JAMES, when hunting late, this way,  
 With his brave son, the prince ; they saw thy fires  
 Shine bright on every hearth, as the desires  
 Of thy Penates had been set on flame,  
 To entertain them ; or the country came,                               80  
 With all their zeal, to warm their welcome here.  
 What (great, I will not say, but) sudden cheer  
 Didst thou then make 'em ! and what praise was heap'd  
 On thy good lady, then ! who therein reap'd  
 The just reward of her high huswifry ;  
 To have her linen, plate, and all things nigh,  
 When she was far ; and not a room, but drest,  
 As if it had expected such a guest !  
 These, Penshurst, are thy praise, and yet not all.  
 Thy lady's noble, fruitful, chaste withal.                               90  
 His children thy great lord may call his own ;  
 A fortune, in this age, but rarely known.  
 They are, and have been taught religion ; thence  
 Their gentler spirits have suck'd innocence.  
 Each morn, and even, they are taught to pray,  
 With the whole household, and may, every day,  
 Read in their virtuous parents' noble parts,  
 The mysteries of manners, arms, and arts.  
 Now, Penshurst, they that will proportion thee  
 With other edifices, when they see                                       100  
 Those proud ambitious heaps, and nothing else,  
 May say, their lords have built, but thy lord dwells.

III. — TO SIR ROBERT WROTH.

How blest art thou, canst love the country, WROTH,  
Whether by choice, or fate, or both !  
And though so near the city, and the court,  
Art ta'en with neither's vice nor sport :  
That at great times, art no ambitious guest  
Of sheriff 's dinner, or mayor's feast.  
Nor com'st to view the better cloth of state,  
The richer hangings, or crown-plate ;  
Nor thron'g'st (when masquing is) to have a sight  
Of the short bravery of the night ; 10  
To view the jewels, stuffs, the pains, the wit  
There wasted, some not paid for yet !  
But canst at home, in thy securer rest,  
Live, with unbought provision blest ;  
Free from proud porches, or their gilded roofs,  
'Mongst lowing herds, and solid hoofs :  
Along the curled woods, and painted meads,  
Through which a serpent river leads  
To some cool courteous shade, which he calls his,  
And makes sleep softer than it is. 20  
Or if thou list the night in watch to break,  
A-bed canst hear the loud stag speak,  
In spring, oft roused for thy master's sport,  
Who for it makes thy house his court ;  
Or with thy friends, the heart of all the year  
Divid'st, upon the lesser deer :  
In Autumn, at the partridge mak'st a flight,  
And giv'st thy gladder guests the sight ;  
And in the winter, hunt'st the flying hare,  
More for thy exercise, than fare ; 30  
While all that follow, their glad ears apply  
To the full greatness of the cry :  
Or hawking at the river, or the bush,  
Or shooting at the greedy thrush,  
Thou dost with some delight the day out-wear,  
Although the coldest of the year !  
The whilst the several seasons thou hast seen  
Of flowery fields, of cop'ces green,  
The mowed meadows, with the fleeced sheep,  
And feasts, that either shearers keep ; 40  
The ripened ears, yet humble in their height,  
And furrows laden with their weight ;  
The apple-harvest, that doth longer last ;

The hogs return'd home fat from mast ;  
 The trees cut out in log, and those boughs made  
 A fire now, that lent a shade !  
 Thus Pan and Sylvan having had their rites,  
 Comus puts in for new delights ;  
 And fills thy open hall with mirth and cheer,  
 As if in Saturn's reign it were ; 50  
 Apollo's harp, and Hermes' lyre resound,  
 Nor are the Muses strangers found.  
 The rout of rural folk come thronging in,  
 (Their rudeness then is thought no sin)  
 Thy noblest spouse affords them welcome grace ;  
 And the great heroes of her race  
 Sit mixt with loss of state, or reverence.  
 Freedom doth with degree dispense.  
 The jolly wassal walks the often round,  
 And in their cups their cares are drown'd : 60  
 They think not then, which side the cause shall leese,  
 Nor how to get the lawyer fees.  
 Such and no other was that age of old,  
 Which boasts t' have had the head of gold.  
 And such, since thou canst make thine own content,  
 Strive, Wroth, to live long innocent.  
 Let others watch in guilty arms, and stand  
 The fury of a rash command,  
 Go enter breaches, meet the cannon's rage,  
 That they may sleep with scars in age ; 70  
 And shew their feathers shot, and colors torn,  
 And brag that they were therefore born.  
 Let this man sweat, and wrangle at the bar,  
 For every price, in every jar,  
 And change possessions, oftner with his breath,  
 Than either money, war, or death :  
 Let him, than hardest sires, more disinherit,  
 And each where boast it as his merit,  
 To blow up orphans, widows, and their states ;  
 And think his power doth equal fate's. 80  
 Let that go heap a mass of wretched wealth,  
 Purchased by rapine, worse than stealth,  
 And brooding o'er it sit, with broadest eyes,  
 Not doing good, scarce when he dies.  
 Let thousands more go flatter vice, and win,  
 By being organs to great sin ;  
 Get place and honor, and be glad to keep  
 The secrets that shall break their sleep

And so they ride in purple, eat in plate,  
 Though poison, think it a great fate. 90  
 But thou, my Wroth, if I can truth apply,  
 Shalt neither that, nor this envy :  
 Thy peace is made ; and when man's state is well,  
 'Tis better, if he there can dwell.  
 God wisheth none should wrack on a strange shelf :  
 To him man's dearer, than t' himself.  
 And howsoever we may think things sweet,  
 He always gives what he knows meet ;  
 Which who can use is happy : Such be thou.  
 Thy morning's and thy evening's vow 100  
 Be thanks to him, and earnest pray'r to find  
 A body sound, with sounder mind ;  
 To do thy country service, thy self right ;  
 That neither want do thee affright,  
 Nor death ; but when thy latest sand is spent,  
 Thou may'st think life a thing but lent.

#### IV. — TO THE WORLD.

*A Farewell for a Gentlewoman, virtuous and noble.*

False world, good-night ! since thou hast brought  
 That hour upon any morn of age,  
 Henceforth I quit thee from my thought,  
 My part is ended on thy stage.

Do not once hope that thou canst tempt  
 A spirit so resolv'd to tread  
 Upon thy throat, and live exempt  
 From all the nets that thou canst spread.

I know thy forms are studied arts,  
 Thy subtle ways be narrow straits ; 10  
 Thy courtesy but sudden starts,  
 And what thou call'st thy gifts are baits.

I know too, though thou strut and paint,  
 Yet art thou both shrunk up, and old,  
 That only fools make thee a saint, 20

And all thy good is to be sold.

I know thou whole are but a shop  
Of toys and trifles, traps and snares,  
To take the weak, or make them stop :  
Yet art thou falser than thy wares.

And, knowing this, should I yet stay,  
Like such as blow away their lives,  
And never will redeem a day,  
Enamour'd of their golden gyves ?

Or having 'scaped shall I return,  
And thrust my neck into the noose,  
From whence so lately, I did burn,  
With all my powers, myself to loose ?

What bird, or beast is known so dull,  
That fled his cage, or broke his chain, 30  
And, tasting air and freedom, wull  
Render his head in there again ?

If these who have but sense, can shun  
The engines, that have them annoy'd ;  
Little for me had reason done,  
If I could not thy gins avoid.

Yes, threaten, do. Alas, I fear  
As little, as I hope from thee :  
I know thou canst nor shew, nor bear  
More hatred, than thou hast to me. 40

My tender, first, and simple years  
Thou didst abuse, and then betray ;  
Since stirr'dst up jealousies and fears,  
When all the causes were away.

Then in a soil hast planted me,  
Where breathe the basest of thy fools,  
Where envious arts professed be,  
And pride and ignorance the schools :

Where nothing is examin'd, weigh'd,  
But as 'tis rumour'd, so believed ; 50  
Where every freedom is betray'd, 60

And every goodness tax'd or grieved.

But what we're born for, we must bear :  
Our frail condition it is such,  
That what to all may happen here,  
If't chance to me, I must not grutch.

Else I my state should much mistake,  
To harbor a divided thought  
From all my kind ; that for my sake,  
There should a miracle be wrought.

No, I do know that I was born  
To age, misfortune, sickness, grief :  
But I will bear these with that scorn,  
As shall not need thy false relief.

Nor for my peace will I go far,  
As wanderers do, that still do roam ;  
But make my strengths, such as they are,  
Here in my bosom, and at home.

V. — SONG. — TO CELIA.

Come, my CELIA, let us prove,  
While we may, the sports of love ;  
Time will not be ours for ever :  
He at length our good will sever.  
Spend not then his gifts in vain.      5  
Suns that set, may rise again:  
But if once we lose this light,  
'Tis with us perpetual night.  
Why should we defer our joys ?  
Fame and rumor are but toys.      10  
Cannot we delude the eyes  
Of a few poor household spies ;  
Or his easier ears buguile,  
So removed by our wile ?  
'Tis no sin love's fruit to steal,      15  
But the sweet theft to reveal :  
To be taken, to be seen,  
These have crimes accounted been.

VI. — TO THE SAME.

Kiss me, sweet : the wary lover  
Can your favors keep, and cover,  
When the common courting jay  
All your bounties will betray.  
Kiss again : no creature comes.  
Kiss, and score up wealthy sums  
On my lips, thus hardly sundred,  
While you breathe. First give a hundred,  
Then a thousand, then another  
Hundred, then unto the other 10  
Add a thousand, and so more :  
Till you equal with the store,  
All the grass that Rumney yields,  
Or the sands in Chelsea fields,  
Or the drops in silver Thames,  
Or the stars that gild his streams,  
In the silent Summer-nights,  
When youths ply their stolen delights ;  
That the curious may not know  
How to tell 'em as they flow, 20  
And the envious, when they find  
What their number is, be pined.

VII. — SONG. — THAT WOMEN ARE BUT  
MEN'S SHADOWS.

Follow a shadow, it still flies you,  
Seem to fly it, it will pursue :  
So court a mistress, she denies you ;  
Let her alone, she will court you.  
Say are not women truly, then, 5  
Styl'd but the shadows of us men ?

At morn and even shades are longest ;  
At noon they are or short, or none :  
So men at weakest, they are strongest,  
But grant us perfect, they're not known. 10  
Say, are not women truly, then,  
Styl'd but the shadows of us men ?

VIII. — SONG. — TO SICKNESS.

Why, DISEASE, dost thou molest  
Ladies, and of them the best?  
Do not men enow of rights  
To thy altars, by their nights  
Spent in surfeits ; and their days,  
And nights too, in worser ways ?  
Take heed, Sickness, what you do,  
I shall fear you'll surfeit too.  
Live not we, as all thy stalls,  
Spittles, pest-house, hospitals,  
Scarce will take our present store ?  
And this age will build no more. 10  
    'Pray thee, feed contented then,  
    Sickness, only on us men ;  
    Or if it needs thy lust will taste  
    Woman-kind ; devour the waste  
    Livers, round about the town.  
But, forgive me, — with thy crown  
They maintain the truest trade,  
And have more diseases made. 20  
    What should yet thy palate please ?  
    Daintiness, and softer ease,  
    Sleeked limbs, and finest blood ?  
    If thy leanness love such food,  
    There are those, that for thy sake,  
    Do enough ; and who would take  
    Any pains : yea, think it price,  
    To become thy sacrifice.  
    That distill, their husbands' land  
    In decoctions ; and are mann'd 30  
    With ten emp'rics, in their chamber,  
    Lying for the spirit of amber.  
    That for the oil of talc dare spend  
    More than citizens dare lend  
    Them, and all their officers.  
    That to make all pleasure theirs,  
    Will by coach, and water go,  
    Every stew in town to know ;  
    Dare entail their loves on any,  
    Bald or blind, or ne'er so many : 40



And for thee at common game,  
Play away health, wealth, and fame.  
These, Disease, will thee deserve ;  
And will long, ere thou should'st starve,  
On their beds, most prostitute,  
Move it, as their humblest suit,  
In thy justice to molest  
None but them, and leave the rest.

IX. — SONG. — TO CELIA.

Drink to me, only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine ;  
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,  
And I'll not look for wine.  
The thirst, that from the soul doth rise,     5  
Doth ask a drink divine :  
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,  
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
Not so much honoring thee,             10  
As giving it a hope, that there  
It could not wither'd be.  
But thou thereon didst only breathe,  
And sent'st it back to me :  
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear, 15  
Not of itself, but thee.

X. — PRÆLUDIUM.

And must I sing ? what subject shall I choose ?  
Or whose great name in poets' heaven use,  
For the more countenance to my active muse?  
Hercules ? Alas his bones are yet sore,  
With his old earthly labors : t' exact more,  
Of his dull godhead, were sin. I'll implore  
Phoebus. No, tend thy cart still. Envious day  
Shall not give out that I have made thee stay,  
And founder'd thy hot team, to tune my lay.

Nor will I beg of thee, Lord of the vine,  
To raise my spirits with thy conjuring wine,  
In the green circle of thy ivy twine.

Pallas, nor thee I call on, mankind maid,  
That at thy birth, mad'st the poor smith afraid,  
Who with his axe, thy father's midwife plaid.

Go, cramp dull Mars, light Venus, when he snorts,  
Or, with thy tribade trine, invent new sports ;  
Thou nor thy looseness with my making sorts.

Let the old boy, your son, ply his old task,  
Turn the stale prologue to some painted mask ;  
His absence in my verse, is all I ask.

Hermes, the cheater, shall not mix with us,  
Though he would steal his sisters' Pegasus,  
And rifle him : or pawn his petasus.

#### THE PHOENIX ANALYSED.

Now, after all, let no man  
Receive it for a fable,  
If a bird so amiable  
Do turn into a woman.

Or, by our Turtle's augure,  
That nature's fairest creature  
Prove of his mistress' feature  
But a bare type and figure.

Nor all the ladies of the Thespian lake,  
(Though they were crushed into one form) could make  
A beauty of that merit, that should take.

6. **John Donne**<sup>38</sup>. Poeta y predicador inglés, nacido en Londres en 1572 y fallecido en su ciudad natal en 1631. Aún cuando perteneció a una familia de la baja burguesía, obtuvo por parte de su madre, quien era hija de un dramaturgo, un importante legado humanístico. Entró a la universidad de Oxford a los 11 años y estudió allí por tres años. Luego en la universidad de Cambridge e ingresa a Lincoln's Inn de Londres para estudiar leyes.

En general, toda la producción literaria de John Donne osciló entre su admiración hacia lo medieval y las ciencias novedosas, entre el catolicismo y el reformismo, entre el amor divino y la pasión humana, y, en definitiva, entre dos temas tan universales como el del ser humano y la divinidad.

Donne supo enriquecer su poesía con numerosos elementos del registro coloquial del lenguaje que, hasta entonces, habían permanecido excluidos de la lengua poética. *Songs and Sonnets* fueron publicados aproximadamente en 1635.

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<sup>38</sup> Disponible en <http://www.mcabiografias.com/app-bio/do/show?key=donne-john>

## SONGS AND SONNETS.<sup>39</sup>

### THE FLEA.

MARK but this flea, and mark in this,  
How little that which thou deniest me is ;  
It suck'd me first, and now sucks thee,  
And in this flea our two bloods mingled be.  
Thou know'st that this cannot be said  
A sin, nor shame, nor loss of maidenhead ;  
Yet this enjoys before it woo,  
And pamper'd swells with one blood made of two ;  
And this, alas ! is more than we would do.

O stay, three lives in one flea spare,  
Where we almost, yea, more than married are.  
This flea is you and I, and this  
Our marriage bed, and marriage temple is.

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<sup>39</sup> Disponible en <http://www.luminarium.org/editions/songsandsonnets.htm>

Though parents grudge, and you, we're met,  
And cloister'd in these living walls of jet.

Though use make you apt to kill me,  
Let not to that self-murder added be,  
And sacrilege, three sins in killing three.

Cruel and sudden, hast thou since  
Purpled thy nail in blood of innocence?  
Wherein could this flea guilty be,  
Except in that drop which it suck'd from thee?  
Yet thou triumph'st, and say'st that thou  
Find'st not thyself nor me the weaker now.  
'Tis true ; then learn how false fears be ;  
Just so much honour, when thou yield'st to me,  
Will waste, as this flea's death took life from thee.

#### THE GOOD-MORROW.

I WONDER by my troth, what thou and I  
Did, till we loved ? were we not wean'd till then ?  
But suck'd on country pleasures, childishly ?  
Or snorted we in the Seven Sleepers' den ?  
'Twas so ; but this, all pleasures fancies be ;  
If ever any beauty I did see,  
Which I desired, and got, 'twas but a dream of thee.

And now good-morrow to our waking souls,  
Which watch not one another out of fear ;  
For love all love of other sights controls,  
And makes one little room an everywhere.  
Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone ;  
Let maps to other, worlds on worlds have shown ;  
Let us possess one world ; each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,  
And true plain hearts do in the faces rest ;  
Where can we find two better hemispheres  
Without sharp north, without declining west ?  
Whatever dies, was not mix'd equally ;  
If our two loves be one, or thou and I  
Love so alike that none can slacken, none can die.

SONG.

GO and catch a falling star,  
Get with child a mandrake root,  
Tell me where all past years are,  
Or who cleft the devil's foot,  
Teach me to hear mermaids singing,  
Or to keep off envy's stinging,  
And find  
What wind  
Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou be'st born to strange sights,

Things invisible to see,  
Ride ten thousand days and nights,  
Till age snow white hairs on thee,  
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me,  
All strange wonders that befell thee,  
And swear,  
No where  
Lives a woman true and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know,  
Such a pilgrimage were sweet;  
Yet do not, I would not go,  
Though at next door we might meet,  
Though she were true, when you met her,  
And last, till you write your letter,  
Yet she  
Will be  
False, ere I come, to two, or three.

#### WOMAN'S CONSTANCY.

NOW thou hast loved me one whole day,  
To-morrow when thou leavest, what wilt thou say ?  
Wilt thou then antedate some new-made vow ?  
Or say that now

We are not just those persons which we were ?  
Or that oaths made in reverential fear  
Of Love, and his wrath, any may forswear ?  
Or, as true deaths true marriages untie,  
So lovers' contracts, images of those,  
Bind but till sleep, death's image, them unloose ?  
    Or, your own end to justify,  
For having purposed change and falsehood, you  
Can have no way but falsehood to be true ?  
Vain lunatic, against these 'scapes I could  
    Dispute, and conquer, if I would ;  
    Which I abstain to do,  
For by to-morrow I may think so too.

#### THE UNDERTAKING.

I HAVE done one braver thing  
    Than all the Worthies did ;  
And yet a braver thence doth spring,  
    Which is, to keep that hid.

It were but madness now to impart  
    The skill of specular stone,  
When he, which can have learn'd the art  
    To cut it, can find none.

So, if I now should utter this,  
    Others—because no more



Such stuff to work upon, there is—

Would love but as before.

But he who loveliness within

Hath found, all outward loathes,

For he who color loves, and skin,

Loves but their oldest clothes.

If, as I have, you also do

Virtue in woman see,

And dare love that, and say so too,

And forget the He and She ;

And if this love, though placèd so,

From profane men you hide,

Which will no faith on this bestow,

Or, if they do, deride ;

Then you have done a braver thing

Than all the Worthies did ;

And a braver thence will spring,

Which is, to keep that hid.

THE SUN RISING.

BUSY old fool, unruly Sun,

Why dost thou thus,

Through windows, and through curtains, call on us ?

Must to thy motions lovers' seasons run ?

Saucy pedantic wretch, go chide

Late school-boys and sour prentices,

Go tell court-huntsmen that the king will ride,

Call country ants to harvest offices ;

Love, all alike, no season knows nor clime,

Nor hours, days, months, which are the rags of time.

Thy beams so reverend, and strong

Why shouldst thou think ?

I could eclipse and cloud them with a wink,

But that I would not lose her sight so long.

If her eyes have not blinded thine,

Look, and to-morrow late tell me,

Whether both th' Indias of spice and mine

Be where thou left'st them, or lie here with me.

Ask for those kings whom thou saw'st yesterday,

And thou shalt hear, "All here in one bed lay."

She's all states, and all princes I ;

Nothing else is ;

Princes do but play us ; compared to this,

All honour's mimic, all wealth alchemy.

Thou, Sun, art half as happy as we,

In that the world's contracted thus ;

Thine age asks ease, and since thy duties be

To warm the world, that's done in warming us.

Shine here to us, and thou art everywhere ;

This bed thy centre is, these walls thy sphere.

#### THE INDIFFERENT.

I CAN love both fair and brown ;

Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want betrays ;

Her who loves loneliness best, and her who masks and plays ;

Her whom the country form'd, and whom the town ;

Her who believes, and her who tries ;

Her who still weeps with spongy eyes,

And her who is dry cork, and never cries.

I can love her, and her, and you, and you ;

I can love any, so she be not true.

Will no other vice content you ?

Will it not serve your turn to do as did your mothers ?

Or have you all old vices spent, and now would find out others ?

Or doth a fear that men are true torment you ?

O we are not, be not you so ;

Let me—and do you—twenty know ;

Rob me, but bind me not, and let me go.

Must I, who came to travel thorough you,  
Grow your fix'd subject, because you are true ?

Venus heard me sigh this song ;  
And by love's sweetest part, variety, she swore,  
She heard not this till now ; and that it should be so no more.  
She went, examined, and return'd ere long,  
And said, "Alas ! some two or three  
Poor heretics in love there be,  
Which think to stablish dangerous constancy.  
But I have told them, 'Since you will be true,  
You shall be true to them who're false to you.' "

#### LOVE'S USURY.

FOR every hour that thou wilt spare me now,  
I will allow,  
Usurious god of love, twenty to thee,  
When with my brown my gray hairs equal be.  
Till then, Love, let my body range, and let  
Me travel, sojourn, snatch, plot, have, forget,  
Resume my last year's relict ; think that yet  
We'd never met.

Let me think any rival's letter mine,  
And at next nine  
Keep midnight's promise ; mistake by the way  
The maid, and tell the lady of that delay ;  
Only let me love none ; no, not the sport  
From country grass to confitures of court,  
Or city's *quelque-chose* ; let not report  
My mind transport.

This bargain's good ; if when I'm old, I be  
    Inflamed by thee,  
If thine own honour, or my shame and pain,  
Thou covet most, at that age thou shalt gain.  
Do thy will then ; then subject and degree  
And fruit of love, Love, I submit to thee.  
Spare me till then ; I'll bear it, though she be  
    One that love me.

#### THE CANONIZATION.

FOR God's sake hold your tongue, and let me love ;  
    Or chide my palsy, or my gout ;  
    My five gray hairs, or ruin'd fortune flout ;  
With wealth your state, your mind with arts improve ;  
    Take you a course, get you a place,  
    Observe his Honour, or his Grace ;  
Or the king's real, or his stamp'd face  
    Contemplate ; what you will, approve,  
    So you will let me love.

Alas ! alas ! who's injured by my love?  
    What merchant's ships have my sighs drown'd?  
    Who says my tears have overflow'd his ground?  
When did my colds a forward spring remove?  
    When did the heats which my veins fill

Add one more to the plaguy bill?

Soldiers find wars, and lawyers find out still

Litigious men, which quarrels move,

Though she and I do love.

Call's what you will, we are made such by love ;

Call her one, me another fly,

We're tapers too, and at our own cost die,

And we in us find th' eagle and the dove.

The phoenix riddle hath more wit

By us ; we two being one, are it ;

So, to one neutral thing both sexes fit.

We die and rise the same, and prove

Mysterious by this love.

We can die by it, if not live by love,

And if unfit for tomb or hearse

Our legend be, it will be fit for verse ;

And if no piece of chronicle we prove,

We'll build in sonnets pretty rooms ;

As well a well-wrought urn becomes

The greatest ashes, as half-acre tombs,

And by these hymns, all shall approve

Us canonized for love ;

And thus invoke us, “You, whom reverend love

Made one another’s hermitage ;

You, to whom love was peace, that now is rage ;

Who did the whole world’s soul contract, and drove

Into the glasses of your eyes ;

So made such mirrors, and such spies,

That they did all to you epitomize—

Countries, towns, courts beg from above

A pattern of your love.”

#### THE TRIPLE FOOL.

I am two fools, I know,

For loving, and for saying so

In whining poetry ;

But where’s that wise man, that would not be I,

If she would not deny ?

Then as th’ earth’s inward narrow crooked lanes

Do purge sea water’s fretful salt away,

I thought, if I could draw my pains

Through rhyme’s vexation, I should them allay.

Grief brought to numbers cannot be so fierce,

For he tames it, that fetters it in verse.

But when I have done so,

Some man, his art and voice to show,

Doth set and sing my pain ;

And, by delighting many, frees again

Grief, which verse did restrain.

To love and grief tribute of verse belongs,  
But not of such as pleases when 'tis read.  
Both are increased by such songs,  
For both their triumphs so are published,  
And I, which was two fools, do so grow three.  
Who are a little wise, the best fools be.

#### LOVERS' INFINITENESS.

IF yet I have not all thy love,  
Dear, I shall never have it all ;  
I cannot breathe one other sigh, to move,  
Nor can intreat one other tear to fall ;  
And all my treasure, which should purchase thee,  
Sighs, tears, and oaths, and letters I have spent ;  
Yet no more can be due to me,  
Than at the bargain made was meant.  
If then thy gift of love were partial,  
That some to me, some should to others fall,  
Dear, I shall never have thee all.

Or if then thou gavest me all,  
All was but all, which thou hadst then ;  
But if in thy heart since there be or shall  
New love created be by other men,



Which have their stocks entire, and can in tears,  
In sighs, in oaths, and letters, outbid me,  
This new love may beget new fears,  
For this love was not vow'd by thee.  
And yet it was, thy gift being general ;  
The ground, thy heart, is mine ; what ever shall  
    Grow there, dear, I should have it all.  
Yet I would not have all yet.  
He that hath all can have no more ;  
And since my love doth every day admit  
New growth, thou shouldst have new rewards in store ;  
Thou canst not every day give me thy heart,  
If thou canst give it, then thou never gavest it ;  
Love's riddles are, that though thy heart depart,  
It stays at home, and thou with losing savest it ;  
But we will have a way more liberal,  
Than changing hearts, to join them ; so we shall  
    Be one, and one another's all.

SONG.

SWEETEST love, I do not go,  
    For weariness of thee,

Nor in hope the world can show

A fitter love for me ;

But since that I

At the last must part, 'tis best,

Thus to use myself in jest

By feigned deaths to die.

Yesternight the sun went hence,

And yet is here to-day ;

He hath no desire nor sense,

Nor half so short a way ;

Then fear not me,

But believe that I shall make

Speedier journeys, since I take

More wings and spurs than he.

O how feeble is man's power,

That if good fortune fall,

Cannot add another hour,

Nor a lost hour recall ;

But come bad chance,

And we join to it our strength,

And we teach it art and length,

Itself o'er us to advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not wind,

But sigh'st my soul away ;

When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,

My life's blood doth decay.

It cannot be

That thou lovest me as thou say'st,

If in thine my life thou waste,

That art the best of me.

#### THE LEGACY.

WHEN last I died, and, dear, I die

As often as from thee I go,

Though it be but an hour ago

—And lovers' hours be full eternity—

I can remember yet, that I

Something did say, and something did bestow ;

Though I be dead, which sent me, I might be

Mine own executor, and legacy.

I heard me say, "Tell her anon,

That myself," that is you, not I,

" Did kill me," and when I felt me die,

I bid me send my heart, when I was gone ;

But I alas ! could there find none ;

When I had ripp'd, and search'd where hearts should lie,

It kill'd me again, that I who still was true

In life, in my last will should cozen you.

Yet I found something like a heart,

But colours it, and corners had ;  
It was not good, it was not bad,  
It was entire to none, and few had part ;  
As good as could be made by art  
It seem'd, and therefore for our loss be sad.  
I meant to send that heart instead of mine,  
But O ! no man could hold it, for 'twas thine.

A FEVER.

O ! DO not die, for I shall hate  
All women so, when thou art gone,  
That thee I shall not celebrate,  
When I remember thou wast one.

But yet thou canst not die, I know ;  
To leave this world behind, is death ;  
But when thou from this world wilt go,  
The whole world vapours with thy breath.

Or if, when thou, the world's soul, go'st,  
It stay, 'tis but thy carcase then ;  
The fairest woman, but thy ghost,  
But corrupt worms, the worthiest men.

O wrangling schools, that search what fire  
Shall burn this world, had none the wit  
Unto this knowledge to aspire,  
That this her fever might be it?

And yet she cannot waste by this,  
Nor long bear this torturing wrong,  
For more corruption needful is,  
To fuel such a fever long.

These burning fits but meteors be,  
Whose matter in thee is soon spent ;  
Thy beauty, and all parts, which are thee,  
Are unchangeable firmament.

Yet 'twas of my mind, seizing thee,  
Though it in thee cannot perséver ;  
For I had rather owner be  
Of thee one hour, than all else ever.

AIR AND ANGELS.

TWICE or thrice had I loved thee,

    Before I knew thy face or name ;

    So in a voice, so in a shapeless flame

Angels affect us oft, and worshipp'd be.

    Still when, to where thou wert, I came,

Some lovely glorious nothing did I see.

    But since my soul, whose child love is,

Takes limbs of flesh, and else could nothing do,

    More subtle than the parent is

Love must not be, but take a body too ;

    And therefore what thou wert, and who,

        I bid Love ask, and now

That it assume thy body, I allow,

And fix itself in thy lip, eye, and brow.

Whilst thus to ballast love I thought,

    And so more steadily to have gone,

    With wares which would sink admiration,

I saw I had love's pinnace overfraught ;

    Thy every hair for love to work upon

Is much too much ; some fitter must be sought ;

For, nor in nothing, nor in things

Extreme, and scattering bright, can love inhere ;

Then as an angel face and wings

Of air, not pure as it, yet pure doth wear,

So thy love may be my love's sphere ;

Just such disparity

As is 'twixt air's and angels' purity,

'Twixt women's love, and men's, will ever be.

**BREAK OF DAY.**

STAY, O sweet, and do not rise ;

The light that shines comes from thine eyes ;

The day breaks not, it is my heart,

Because that you and I must part.

Stay, or else my joys will die,

And perish in their infancy.

[ANOTHER OF THE SAME.]

'TIS true, 'tis day ; what though it be?

O, wilt thou therefore rise from me?

Why should we rise because 'tis light?  
Did we lie down because 'twas night?  
Love, which in spite of darkness brought us hither,  
Should in despite of light keep us together.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye ;  
If it could speak as well as spy,  
This were the worst that it could say,  
That being well I fain would stay,  
And that I loved my heart and honour so  
That I would not from him, that had them, go.

Must business thee from hence remove?  
O ! that's the worst disease of love,  
The poor, the foul, the false, love can  
Admit, but not the busied man.  
He which hath business, and makes love, doth do  
Such wrong, as when a married man doth woo.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

ALL kings, and all their favourites,  
All glory of honours, beauties, wits,

The sun it self, which makes time, as they pass,  
Is elder by a year now than it was  
When thou and I first one another saw.  
All other things to their destruction draw,  
    Only our love hath no decay ;  
This no to-morrow hath, nor yesterday ;  
Running it never runs from us away,  
But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day.

    Two graves must hide thine and my corse ;  
    If one might, death were no divorce.  
Alas ! as well as other princes, we  
—Who prince enough in one another be—  
Must leave at last in death these eyes and ears,  
Oft fed with true oaths, and with sweet salt tears ;  
    But souls where nothing dwells but love  
—All other thoughts being inmates—then shall prove  
This or a love increased there above,  
When bodies to their graves, souls from their graves remove.

    And then we shall be throughly blest ;  
    But now no more than all the rest.



Here upon earth we're kings, and none but we  
Can be such kings, nor of such subjects be.

Who is so safe as we? where none can do  
Treason to us, except one of us two.

True and false fears let us refrain,  
Let us love nobly, and live, and add again  
Years and years unto years, till we attain  
To write threescore ; this is the second of our reign.