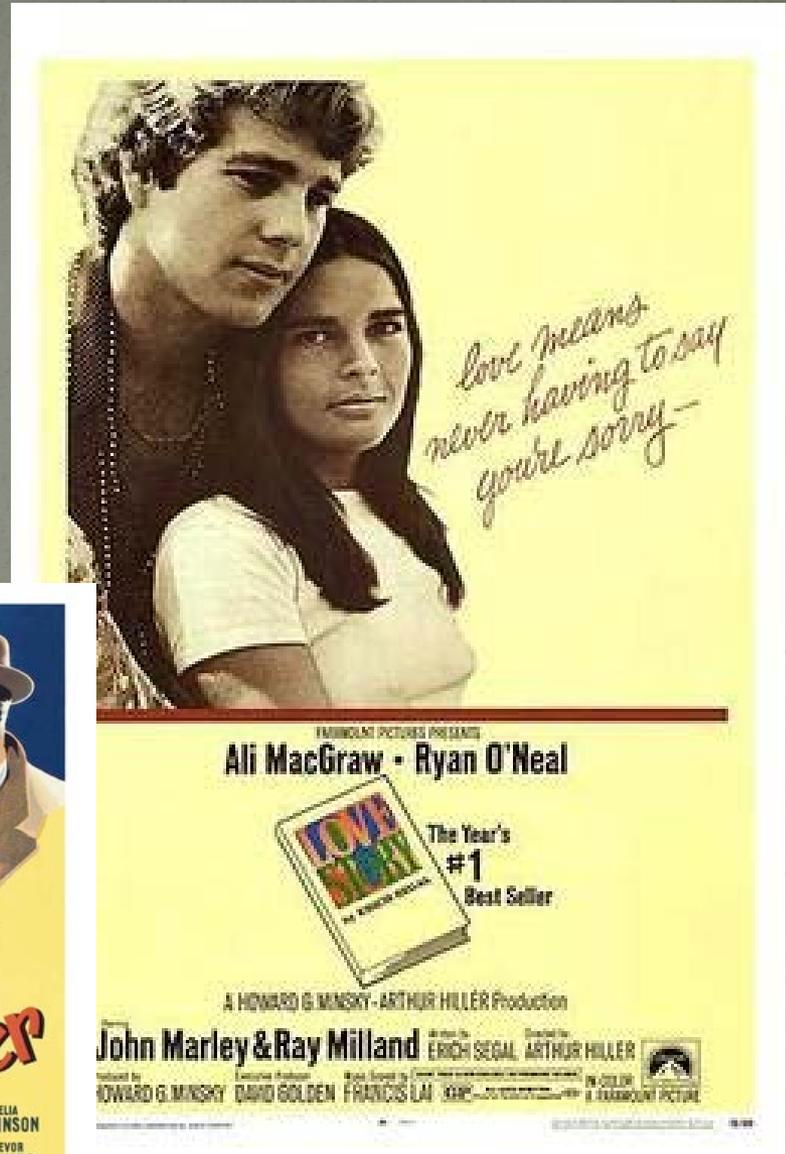
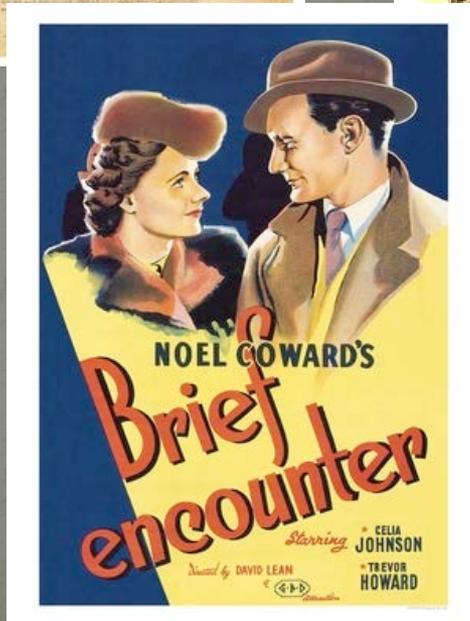


Shakespeare's Lovers

Gresham Professor of Rhetoric,
Jonathan Bate



"SHE LOVES YOU"
THE BEATLES





T was a lover and his lass, With a haye .with a hoe and a hay



no and a haye nonie nonie no , That o're the green cornè fields did passe in spring ti





VENVS AND ADONIS

*Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministrat aqua.*



LONDON

Imprinted by Richard Field, and are to be sold at
the signe of the white Greyhound in
Paules Church-yard.

1593.

SONGES AND SONETTES,
written by the ryght honorable Lorde
Henry Howard late Earle of Sur-
rey, and other.



Apud Richardum Tottel,
1557.
Cum privilegio.

Arch. G. f. 12(1)

Sweet love, thou knowst that we two, Ovid-like,
Have often chid the morning when it 'gan to peep,
And often wished that dark night's purblind steeds
Would pull her by the purple mantle back
And cast her in the ocean to her love.
But this night, sweet Alice, thou hast killed my heart:
I heard thee call on Mosby in thy sleep.

Arden of Faversham

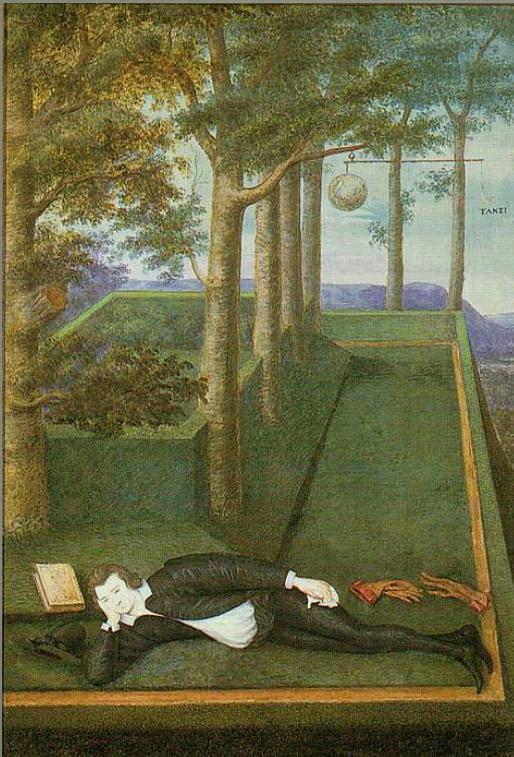
“O lente lente currite noctis equi”

Ovid, *Amores*

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Toward Phoebus' lodging. Such a wagoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night ...

Romeo & Juliet

“a wandring extravagant, a domineering, a boundlesse, an irrefregable passion: sometimes this burning lust rageth after marriage, and then it is properly called *Jelousie*, sometimes before, and then it causeth this *Heroicall melancholy* ... sometimes it produceth rapes, incests, murders, etc. is confined within no termes, of yeares, sexe or whatsoever else ... *a disease or melancholy vexation or anguish of mind, in which a man continually meditates of the beauty, gesture, manners of his mistris, and troubles himselfe about it.*” Burton on “heroical love” (*The Anatomy of Melancholy*)

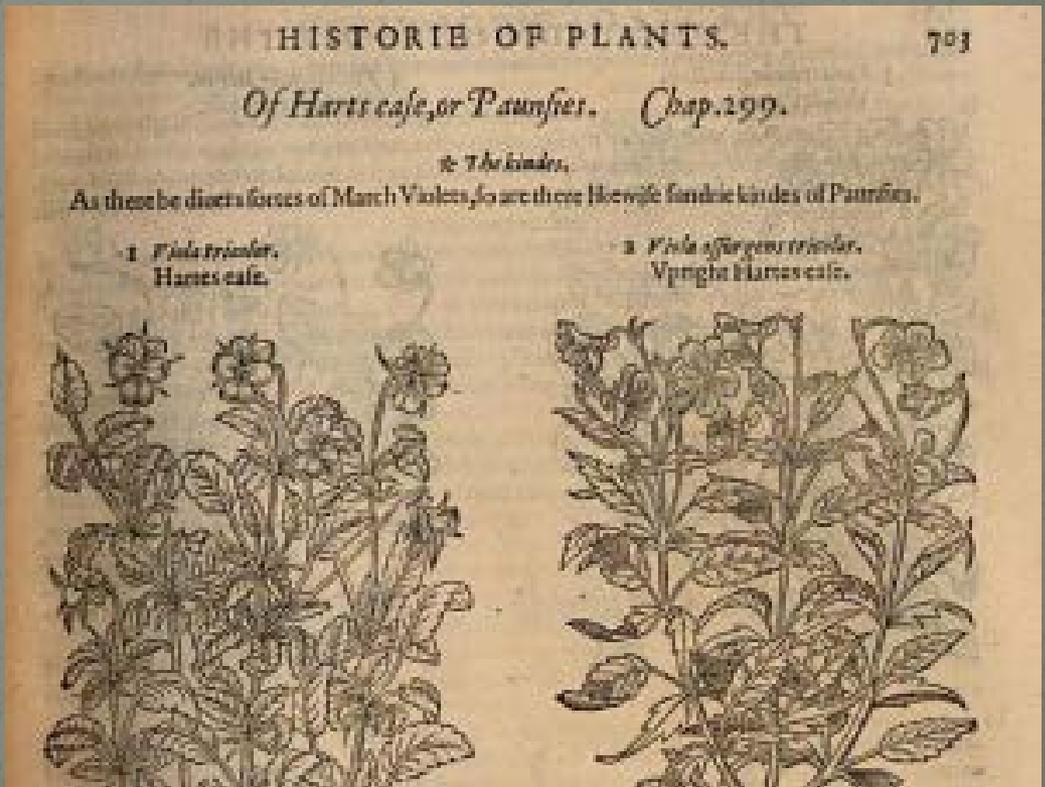


LEFT: Hilliard miniature of Henry Percy in melancholy pose.
RIGHT: John Donne in pose of melancholy lover



Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell.
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound.
And maidens call it "love-in-idleness."
Fetch me that flower. The herb I showed thee once.
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid
Will make or man or woman madly dote.

A Midsummer Night's Dream



Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight,
Which I so lively acted with my tears
That my poor mistress, movèd therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and would I might be dead
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona





The gods themselves
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellowed; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-robed god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

The Winter's Tale

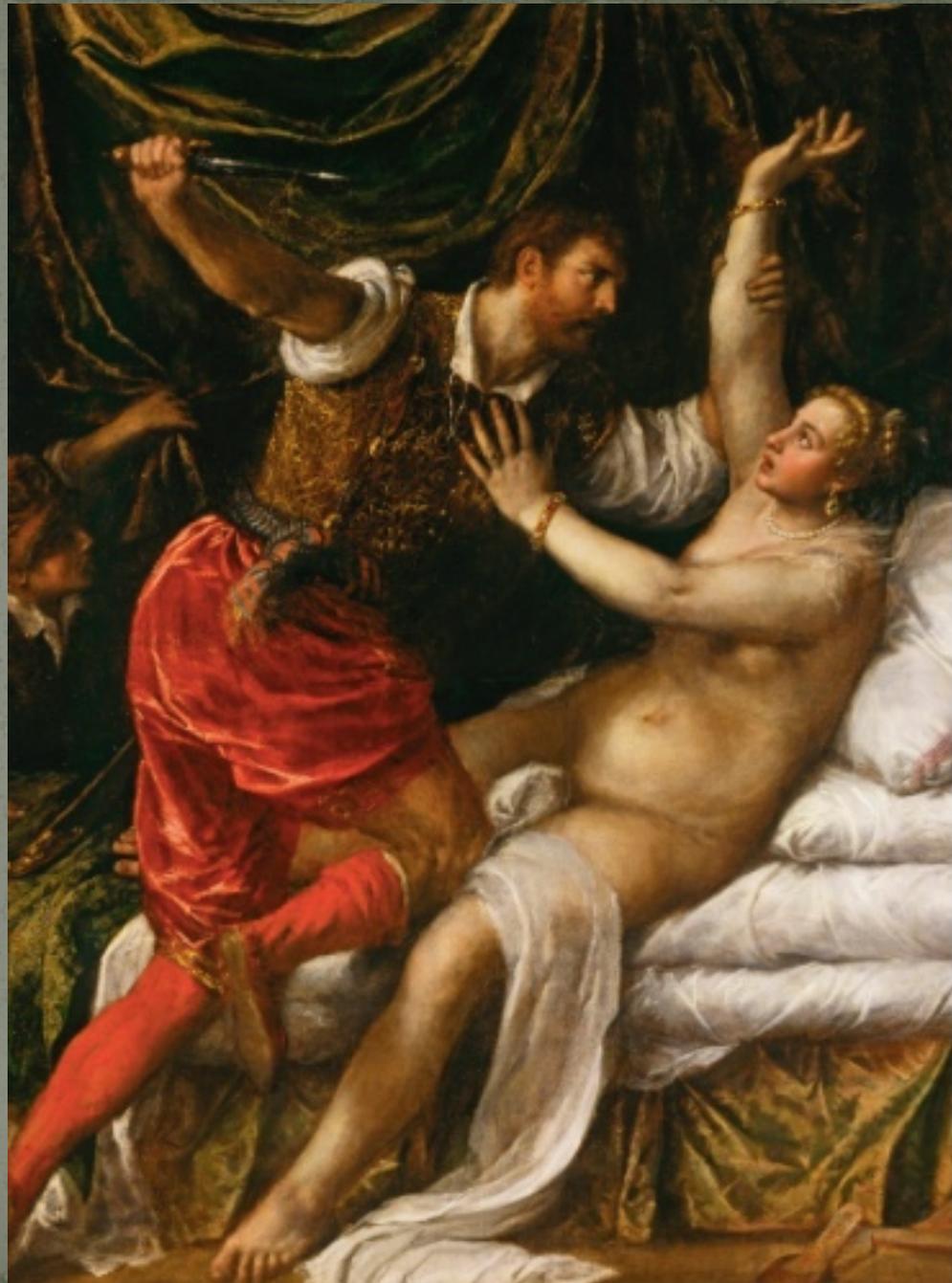


I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer;
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale:
Graze on my lips; and if those hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain.



Venus &
Adonis



Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-browed night,
Give me my Romeo. And when I shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun.

Romeo & Juliet

Eros! – I come, my queen. – Eros! – Stay for me:
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:
Dido and her Aeneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours. – Come, Eros, Eros!

Antony & Cleopatra