

Provided by Mootnotes.com

Project Gutenberg Etext of The Passionate Pilgrim by Shakespeare PG has multiple editions of William Shakespeare's Complete Works

Copyright laws are changing all over the world, be sure to check the copyright laws for your country before posting these files!!

Please take a look at the important information in this header. We encourage you to keep this file on your own disk, keeping an electronic path open for the next readers. Do not remove this.

**\*\*Welcome To The World of Free Plain Vanilla Electronic Texts\*\***

**\*\*Etexts Readable By Both Humans and By Computers, Since 1971\*\***

**\*These Etexts Prepared By Hundreds of Volunteers and Donations\***

Information on contacting Project Gutenberg to get Etexts, and further information is included below. We need your donations.

The Passionate Pilgrim

by William Shakespeare [Collins edition]

November, 1998 [Etext #1544]

Project Gutenberg Etext of The Passionate Pilgrim by Shakespeare \*\*\*\*\*This file should be named 2ws4510.txt or 2ws4510.zip\*\*\*\*\*

Corrected EDITIONS of our etexts get a new NUMBER, 2ws4511.txt VERSIONS based on separate sources get new LETTER, 2ws4510a.txt

This etext was prepared by the PG Shakespeare Team, a team of about twenty Project Gutenberg volunteers.

Project Gutenberg Etexts are usually created from multiple editions, all of which are in the Public Domain in the United States, unless a copyright notice is included. Therefore, we usually do NOT! keep these books in compliance with any particular paper edition.

We are now trying to release all our books one month in advance of the official release dates, leaving time for better editing.

Please note: neither this list nor its contents are final till midnight of the last day of the month of any such announcement. The official release date of all Project Gutenberg Etexts is at Midnight, Central Time, of the last day of the stated month. A preliminary version may often be posted for suggestion, comment and editing by those who wish to do so. To be sure you have an up to date first edition [xxxxx10x.xxx] please check file sizes in the first week of the next month. Since our ftp program has a bug in it that scrambles the date [tried to fix and failed] a look at the file size will have to do, but we will try to see a new copy has at least one byte more or less.

Information about Project Gutenberg (one page)

We produce about two million dollars for each hour we work. The time it takes us, a rather conservative estimate, is fifty hours to get any etext selected, entered, proofread, edited, copyright searched and analyzed, the copyright letters written, etc. This projected audience is one hundred million readers. If our value per text is nominally estimated at one dollar then we produce \$2 million dollars per hour this year as we release thirty-six text files per month, or 432 more Etexts in 1999 for a total of 2000+ If these reach just 10% of the computerized population, then the total should reach over 200 billion Etexts given away this year.

The Goal of Project Gutenberg is to Give Away One Trillion Etext Files by December 31, 2001. [10,000 x 100,000,000 = 1 Trillion] This is ten thousand titles each to one hundred million readers, which is only ~5% of the present number of computer users.

At our revised rates of production, we will reach only one-third of that goal by the end of 2001, or about 3,333 Etexts unless we manage to get some real funding; currently our funding is mostly from Michael Hart's salary at Carnegie-Mellon University, and an assortment of sporadic gifts; this salary is only good for a few more years, so we are looking for something to replace it, as we don't want Project Gutenberg to be so dependent on one person.

We need your donations more than ever!

All donations should be made to "Project Gutenberg/CMU": and are tax deductible to the extent allowable by law. (CMU = CarnegieMellon University).

For these and other matters, please mail to:

Project Gutenberg  
P. O. Box 2782  
Champaign, IL 61825

When all other email fails. . .try our Executive Director:

Michael S. Hart <[hart@pobox.com](mailto:hart@pobox.com)>

[hart@pobox.com](mailto:hart@pobox.com) forwards to [hart@prairienet.org](mailto:hart@prairienet.org) and archive.org if your mail bounces from archive.org, I will still see it, if it bounces from prairienet.org, better resend later on. . . .

We would prefer to send you this information by email.

---

To access Project Gutenberg etexts, use any Web browser to view <http://promo.net/pg>. This site lists Etexts by author and by title, and includes information about how to get involved with Project Gutenberg. You could also download our past Newsletters, or subscribe here. This is one of our major sites, please email [hart@pobox.com](mailto:hart@pobox.com), for a more complete list of our various sites.

To go directly to the etext collections, use FTP or any Web browser to visit a Project Gutenberg mirror (mirror sites are available on 7 continents; mirrors are listed at <http://promo.net/pg>).

Mac users, do NOT point and click, typing works better.

Example FTP session:

```
ftp sunsite.unc.edu
login: anonymous
password: your@login
cd pub/docs/books/gutenberg
cd etext90 through etext99
dir [to see files]
get or mget [to get files. . .set bin for zip files]
GET GUTINDEX.?? [to get a year's listing of books, e.g., GUTINDEX.99] GET GUTINDEX.ALL [to get a
listing of ALL books]
```

\*\*\*

\*\*Information prepared by the Project Gutenberg legal advisor\*\*

(Three Pages)

**\*\*\*START\*\*THE SMALL PRINT!\*\*FOR PUBLIC DOMAIN ETEXTS\*\*START\*\*\*** Why is this "Small Print!" statement here? You know: lawyers. They tell us you might sue us if there is something wrong with your copy of this etext, even if you got it for free from someone other than us, and even if what's wrong is not our fault. So, among other things, this "Small Print!" statement disclaims most of our liability to you. It also tells you how you can distribute copies of this etext if you want to.

#### **\*BEFORE!\* YOU USE OR READ THIS ETEXT**

By using or reading any part of this PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm etext, you indicate that you understand, agree to and accept this "Small Print!" statement. If you do not, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for this etext by sending a request within 30 days of receiving it to the person you got it from. If you received this etext on a physical medium (such as a disk), you must return it with your request.

#### **ABOUT PROJECT GUTENBERG-TM ETEXTS**

This PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm etext, like most PROJECT GUTENBERGtm etexts, is a "public domain" work distributed by Professor Michael S. Hart through the Project Gutenberg Association at Carnegie-Mellon University (the "Project"). Among other things, this means that no one owns a United States copyright on or for this work, so the Project (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth below, apply if you wish to copy and distribute this etext under the Project's "PROJECT GUTENBERG" trademark.

To create these etexts, the Project expends considerable efforts to identify, transcribe and proofread public domain works. Despite these efforts, the Project's etexts and any medium they may be on may contain "Defects". Among other things, Defects may take the form of incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other etext medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

#### **LIMITED WARRANTY; DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES**

But for the "Right of Replacement or Refund" described below, [1] the Project (and any other party you may receive this

etext from as a PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm etext) disclaims all

liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees, and [2] YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE OR

**UNDER STRICT LIABILITY, OR FOR BREACH OF WARRANTY OR CONTRACT, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES, EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGES.**

If you discover a Defect in this etext within 90 days of

receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending an explanatory note within that

time to the person you received it from. If you received it on a physical medium, you must return it with your note, and such person may choose to alternatively give you a replacement copy. If you received it electronically, such person may

choose to alternatively give you a second opportunity to receive it electronically.

**THIS ETEXT IS OTHERWISE PROVIDED TO YOU "AS-IS". NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, ARE MADE TO YOU AS TO THE ETEXT OR ANY MEDIUM IT MAY BE ON, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR A PARTICULAR PURPOSE.**

Some states do not allow disclaimers of implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of consequential damages, so the above disclaimers and exclusions may not apply to you, and you may have other legal rights.

#### **INDEMNITY**

You will indemnify and hold the Project, its directors, officers, members and agents harmless from all liability, cost and expense, including legal fees, that arise directly or

indirectly from any of the following that you do or cause:

[1] distribution of this etext, [2] alteration, modification, or addition to the etext, or [3] any Defect.

#### **DISTRIBUTION UNDER "PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm"**

You may distribute copies of this etext electronically, or by disk, book or any other medium if you either delete this

"Small Print!" and all other references to Project Gutenberg, or:

[1] Only give exact copies of it. Among other things, this

requires that you do not remove, alter or modify the

etext or this "small print!" statement. You may however, if you wish, distribute this etext in machine readable binary, compressed, mark-up, or proprietary form,

including any form resulting from conversion by word processing or hypertext software, but only so long as **\*EITHER\***:

[\*] The etext, when displayed, is clearly readable, and

does *\*not\** contain characters other than those

intended by the author of the work, although tilde (~), asterisk (\*) and underline ( \_ ) characters may be used to

convey punctuation intended by the author, and additional characters may be used to indicate hypertext links; OR

[\*] The etext may be readily converted by the reader at

no expense into plain ASCII, EBCDIC or equivalent form by the program that displays the etext (as is the case, for instance, with most word processors); OR

[\*] You provide, or agree to also provide on request at

no additional cost, fee or expense, a copy of the etext in its original plain ASCII form (or in EBCDIC or other equivalent proprietary form).

[2] Honor the etext refund and replacement provisions of this

"Small Print!" statement.

[3] Pay a trademark license fee to the Project of 20% of the

net profits you derive calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. If you don't derive profits, no royalty is due. Royalties are payable to "Project Gutenberg Association/Carnegie-Mellon University" within the 60 days following each date you prepare (or were legally required to prepare) your annual (or equivalent periodic) tax return.

**WHAT IF YOU \*WANT\* TO SEND MONEY EVEN IF YOU DON'T HAVE TO?** The Project gratefully accepts contributions in money, time, scanning machines, OCR software, public domain etexts, royalty free copyright licenses, and every other sort of contribution you can think of. Money should be paid to "Project Gutenberg Association / Carnegie-Mellon University".

\*END\*THE SMALL PRINT! FOR PUBLIC DOMAIN ETEXTS\*Ver.04.29.93\*END\*

This etext was prepared by the PG Shakespeare Team, a team of about twenty Project Gutenberg volunteers.

## **THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM**

by William Shakespeare

I.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,  
'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,  
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?  
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.  
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,  
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:  
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;  
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.  
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;  
Then, thou fair sun, that on this earth doth shine,  
Exhale this vapour vow; in thee it is:

If broken, then it is no fault of mine.  
 If by me broke, what fool is not so wise  
 To break an oath, to win a paradise?

## II.

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook  
 With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,  
 Did court the lad with many a lovely look,  
 Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.  
 She told him stories to delight his ear;  
 She show'd him favours to allure his eye;  
 To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there:  
 Touches so soft still conquer chastity.  
 But whether unripe years did want conceit,  
 Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,  
 The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,  
 But smile and jest at every gentle offer:  
 Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward;  
 He rose and ran away; ah, fool too froward!

## III.

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

## IV.

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

He, spying her, bounc'd in, whereas he stood;  
 O Jove, quoth she, why was not I a flood?

V.

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

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

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth;  
 She burn'd out love, as soon as straw outburneth;  
 She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the framing;  
 She bade love last, and yet she fell a turning.  
 Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?  
 Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VI.

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

VII.

Fair was the morn when the fair queen of love,

---

Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,  
 For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;  
 Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:  
 Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;  
 She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,

Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds;  
 Once, quoth she, did I see a fair sweet youth  
 Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,  
 Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!  
 See, in my thigh, quoth she, here was the sore.  
 She showed hers: he saw more wounds than one,  
 And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

### VIII.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon vaded,  
 Pluck'd in the bud, and vaded in the spring!  
 Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely shaded!  
 Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting!  
 Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,  
 And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.

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

### IX.

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

### X.

Crabbed age and youth  
 Cannot live together  
 Youth is full of pleasance,  
 Age is full of care;  
 Youth like summer morn,  
 Age like winter weather;  
 Youth like summer brave,  
 Age like winter bare;  
 Youth is full of sport,

Age's breath is short;  
 Youth is nimble, age is lame;  
 Youth is hot and bold,  
 Age is weak and cold;  
 Youth is wild, and age is tame.  
 Age, I do abhor thee;  
 Youth, I do adore thee;  
 O, my love, my love is young!  
 Age, I do defy thee;  
 O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,  
 For methinks thou stay'st too long.

### XI.

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

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

### XII.

Good night, good rest. Ah! neither be my share:  
 She bade good night that kept my rest away;  
 And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,  
 To descant on the doubts of my decay.  
 Farewell, quoth she, and come again tomorrow:  
 Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow;

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

### XIII.

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

For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,  
And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night:  
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;  
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight;  
Sorrow chang'd to solace, solace mix'd with sorrow;  
For why, she sigh'd and bade me come tomorrow.

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

End of Project Gutenberg Etext of The Passionate Pilgrim by Shakespeare PG has multiple editions of William Shakespeare's Complete Works