

Farewell, Love

Farewell, Love, and all thy laws forever,
 Thy baited hooks shall tangle me no more;
 Senec and Plato call me from thy lore,
 To perfect wealth my wit for to endeavor.¹
 5 In blind error when I did persever,
 Thy sharp repulse, that pricketh aye^o so sore, *always*
 Hath taught me to set in trifles no store, *value*
 And 'scape forth since liberty is lever.^o *more pleasing, dearer*
 Therefore farewell, go trouble younger hearts,
 10 And in me claim no more authority;
 With idle youth go use thy property,² *arrows*
 And thereon spend thy many brittle darts.^o
 For hitherto though I have lost all my time,
 Me lusteth^o no longer rotten boughs to climb. *I care*

E. MS.

I find no peace¹

I find no peace, and all my war is done,
 I fear and hope, I burn and freeze like ice,
 I fly above the wind, yet can I not arise,
 And naught I have, and all the world I seize on.
 5 That^o looseth nor locketh holdeth me in prison, *that which*
 And holdeth me not, yet can I 'scape nowise;
 Nor letteth me live nor die at my devise,^o *will*
 And yet of death it giveth me occasion.
 Without eyen^o I see, and without tongue I plain;² *eyes*
 10 I desire to perish, and yet I ask health;
 I love another, and thus I hate myself;
 I feed me in sorrow, and laugh in all my pain.
 Likewise displeaseth me both death and life,
 And my delight is causer of this strife.

E. MS.

Petrarch, Rima 134

A MODERN PROSE TRANSLATION

Peace I do not find, and I have no wish to make war; and I fear and hope, and burn and am of ice; and I fly above the heavens and lie on the ground; and I grasp nothing and embrace all the world.

Greenblatt, Stephen, et al., eds. *The Norton Anthology of English Lit. 8th Ed.* MY GALLEY / 597

One has me in prison who neither opens nor locks, neither keeps me for his own nor unties the bonds; and Love does not kill and does not unchain me, he neither wishes me alive nor frees me from the tangle.

I see without eyes, and I have no tongue and yet cry out; and I wish to perish and I ask for help; and I hate myself and love another.

I feed on pain, weeping I laugh; equally displeasing to me are death and life. In this state am I, Lady, on account of you.

My galley¹

My galley charged^o with forgetfulness² *freighted*
 Thorough^o sharp seas, in winter nights doth pass *through*
 'Tween rock and rock; and eke^o mine enemy, alas, *also*
 That is my lord, steereth with cruelty;
 5 And every oar a thought in readiness,
 As though that death were light in such a case.³
 An endless wind doth tear the sail apace^o *swiftly*
 Of forced sighs and trusty fearfulness.^o *fear to trust*
 A rain of tears, a cloud of dark disdain,
 10 Hath done the wearied cords great hinderance;
 Wreathed^o with error and eke with ignorance. *twisted; torn*
 The stars be hid that led me to this pain.
 Drowned is reason that should me consort,^o *accompany*
 And I remain despairing of the port.

E. MS.

Petrarch, Rima 189

A MODERN PROSE TRANSLATION

My ship laden with forgetfulness passes through a harsh sea, at midnight, in winter, between Scylla and Charybdis, and at the tiller sits my lord, rather my enemy;

each oar is manned by a ready, cruel thought that seems to scorn the tempest and the end; a wet, changeless wind of sighs, hopes, and desires breaks the sail;

a rain of weeping, a mist of disdain wet and loosen the already weary ropes, made of error twisted up with ignorance.

My two usual sweet stars are hidden; dead among the waves are reason and skill; so that I begin to despair of the port.

1. I.e., "Senec" (Seneca, the Roman moral philos-

2. Do what you characteristically do.

Translated from Petrarch's Rima 189. For

2. I.e., obliviousness of everything except love.

Wyatt never published a collection of his own poems, and very little of his verse appeared in print during his lifetime. In 1557 (fifteen years after his death), the printer Richard Tottel included 97 poems attributed to Wyatt among the 271 poems in his miscellany, *Songs and Sonnets*. Wyatt was not primarily concerned with regularity of accent and smoothness of rhythm. By the time Tottel's collection was published, Wyatt's deliberately rough, vigorous, and expressive metrical practice was felt to be crude, and Tottel (or perhaps some intermediary) smoothed out the versification. We reprint "They flee from me" both in Tottel's "improved" version and in the version found in the Egerton Manuscript, a manuscript that contains poems in Wyatt's own hand and corrections he made to scribal copies of his poems. Unlike the Egerton Manuscript (E. MS.), the Devonshire Manuscript (D. MS.) was not apparently in the poet's possession, but some of its texts seem earlier than Egerton's, and it furnishes additional poems, as do the Blage Manuscript (B. MS.) and the Arundel Manuscript (A. MS.).

In the following selections we have indicated the manuscript from which each of the poems derives and divided the poems into three generic groups: sonnets, other lyrics, and finally a satire. Within each of the first two groups, the poems are printed in the order in which they appear in the manuscripts. There is no reason to think that this is a chronological ordering.*

The long love that in my thought doth harbor¹

The long love that in my thought doth harbor,
 And in mine heart doth keep his residence,
 Into my face presseth with bold pretense
 And therein campeth, spreading his banner.²
 5 She that me learneth^o to love and suffer
 And will that my trust and lust's negligence³
 Be reined by reason, shame,^o and reverence,
 With his hardiness taketh displeasure.
 Wherewithal^o unto the heart's forest he fleeth,
 10 Leaving his enterprise with pain and cry,
 And there him hideth, and not appeareth.
 What may I do, when my master feareth,
 But in the field with him to live and die?
 For good is the life ending faithfully.

teaches me
 modesty
 because of which
 E. MS

Petrarch, Rima 140

A MODERN PROSE TRANSLATION¹

Love, who lives and reigns in my thought and keeps his principal seat in my heart, sometimes comes forth all in armor into my forehead, there camps, and there sets up his banner.

* For the Italian originals of the Petrarchan sonnets translated in our selection, as well as additional poems by Wyatt, go to Norton Literature Online.

1. Wyatt's version of poem 140 of Petrarch's *Rime sparse* (Scattered rhymes); his younger friend the earl of Surrey also translated it (c. 1500).

"with bold pretense" (i.e., making bold claim) flaunts his presence by means of the "banner." Elaborate metaphors of this kind are common in Petrarchan (and Elizabethan) love poetry, and often, as in this instance, an entire sonnet will turn on a single conceit.

She who teaches us to love and to be patient, and wishes my great desire, my kindled hope, to be reined in by reason, shame, and reverence, at our boldness is angry within herself.

Wherefore Love flees terrified to my heart, abandoning his every enterprise, and weeps and trembles; there he hides and no more appears outside.

What can I do, when my lord is afraid, except stay with him until the last hour? For he makes a good end who dies loving well.

Whoso list to hunt¹

Whoso list^o to hunt, I know where is an hind,^o *cares / female deer*
 But as for me, alas, I may no more.
 The vain travail^o hath wearied me so sore, *labor*
 I am of them that farthest cometh behind.
 5 Yet may I, by no means, my wearied mind
 Draw from the deer, but as she fleeth afore,
 Fainting I follow. I leave off, therefore,
 Since in a net I seek to hold the wind.
 Who list her hunt, I put him out of doubt,^o *assure him*
 10 As well as I, may spend his time in vain.
 And graven with diamonds in letters plain
 There is written, her fair neck round about,
 "Noli me tangere, for Caesar's I am,
 And wild for to hold, though I seem tame."

E. MS.

Petrarch, Rima 190

A MODERN PROSE TRANSLATION

A white doe on the green grass appeared to me, with two golden horns, between two rivers, in the shade of a laurel, when the sun was rising in the unripe season.

Her look was so sweet and proud that to follow her I left every task, like the miser who as he seeks treasure sweetens his trouble with delight.

"Let no one touch me," she bore written with diamonds and topazes around her lovely neck. "It has pleased my Caesar to make me free."

And the sun had already turned at midday; my eyes were tired by looking but not sated, when I fell into the water, and she disappeared.

Our selections from Surrey are divided into three groups: sonnets; lyric and reflective poems; classical translations.*

The soote season¹

The soote^o season, that bud and bloom forth brings, *sweet, fragrant*
 With green hath clad the hill and eke^o the vale. *also*
 The nightingale with feathers new she sings;
 The turtle to her make^o hath told her tale. *turtledove to her mate*
 5 Summer is come, for every spray now springs.
 The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;^o *fence, paling*
 The buck in brake^o his winter coat he flings; *thicket*
 The fishes float with new repaired scale;
 The adder all her slough^o away she slings; *cast-off skin*
 10 The swift swallow pursueth the flies small;
 The busy bee her honey now she mings.^o *mingles*
 Winter is worn, that was the flowers' bale.^o *harm*
 And thus I see among these pleasant things,
 Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

1557

Petrarch, Rima 310

A MODERN PROSE TRANSLATION¹

Zephyrus² returns and leads back the fine weather and the flowers and the grass, his sweet family, and chattering Procne and weeping Philomena, and Spring, all white and vermilion;

the meadows laugh and the sky becomes clear again, Jupiter is gladdened looking at his daughter, the air and the waters and the earth are full of love, every animal takes counsel again to love.

But to me, alas, come back heavier sighs, which she draws from my deepest heart, she who carried off to Heaven the keys to it;

and the singing of little birds, and the flowering of meadows, and virtuous gentle gestures in beautiful ladies are a wilderness and cruel, savage beasts.

Love, that doth reign and live within my thought¹

Love, that doth reign and live within my thought,
 And built his seat within my captive breast,

* For additional lyrics by Surrey, as well as two other excerpts from his partial translation of Virgil's *Aeneid* and the Italian originals of the Petrarchan sonnets translated here, go to Norton Literature Online.

1. This poem is a free adaptation of Petrarch's

by Robert K. Durling.

2. Zephyrus is the west wind; Procne and Philomena (below) the swallow and the nightingale; Jupiter and his daughter Venus are here the planets, in favorable astrological relation.

1. Cf. Surrey's version of Petrarch's Rima 140

Clad in the arms wherein with me he fought,
 Oft in my face he doth his banner rest.
 5 But she that taught me love and suffer pain,
 My doubtful hope and eke^o my hot desire
 With shamefast^o look to shadow and refrain,^o *also*
 Her smiling grace converteth straight to ire. *modest / restrain*
 And coward Love then to the heart apace^o *at once*
 10 Taketh his flight, where he doth lurk and plain,^o *complain*
 His purpose lost, and dare not show his face.
 For my lord's guilt thus faultless bide I pain,
 Yet from my lord shall not my foot remove:
 Sweet is the death that taketh end by love.

1557

Alas! so all things now do hold their peace¹

Alas! so all things now do hold their peace,
 Heaven and earth disturbèd in no thing.
 The beasts, the air, the birds their song do cease;
 The night's chare² the stars about doth bring;
 5 Calm is the sea, the waves work less and less.
 So am not I, whom love, alas, doth wring,
 Bringing before my face the great increase
 Of my desires, whereat I weep and sing,
 In joy and woe, as in a doubtful ease:
 10 For my sweet thoughts sometime do pleasure bring,
 But by and by^o the cause of my disease³ *immediately*
 Gives me a pang that inwardly doth sting,
 When that I think what grief it is, again,
 To live, and lack the thing should rid my pain.

1557

Petrarch, Rima 164

A MODERN PROSE TRANSLATION

Now that the heavens and the earth and the wind are silent, and sleep reins in the beasts and the birds, Night drives her starry car about, and in its bed the sea lies without a wave,

I am awake, I think, I burn, I weep; and she who destroys me is always before me, to my sweet pain: war is my state, full of sorrow and suffering, and only thinking of her do I have any peace.

Thus from one clear living fountain alone spring the sweet and the bitter on which I feed; one hand alone heals me and pierces me.

And that my suffering may not reach an end, a thousand times a day I die and a thousand am born, so distant am I from health.

Th'Assyrians' king,¹ in peace with foul desire

Th'Assyrians' king, in peace with foul desire

And filthy lust that stained his regal heart,

In war, that should set princely hearts afire,

Vanquished did yield for want^o of martial art.

5 The dint of swords from^o kisses seemèd strange,

And harder than his lady's side, his targe;^o

From glutton feasts to soldier's fare, a change,

His helmet, far above a garland's charge.²

Who scace^o the name of manhood did retain,

10 Drenchèd in sloth and womanish delight,

Feeble of sprite,^o impatient^o of pain,

When he had lost his honor and his right

(Proud, time of wealth; in storms, appalled with dread),

Murdered himself, to show some manful deed.³

lack
after
shield

scarcely

spirit / impatient

1557

So cruel prison how could betide¹

So cruel prison how could betide,² alas,

As proud Windsor, where I in lust^o and joy

With a king's son my childish^o years did pass

In greater feast than Priam's sons of Troy?³

pleasure
youthful

5 Where each sweet place returns a taste full sour:

The large green courts, where we were wont to hove,^o

With eyes cast up unto the Maidens' Tower,

And easy sighs, such as folk draw in love.

linger

The stately sales,^o the ladies bright of hue,

10 The dances short, long tales of great delight,

With words and looks that tigers could but rue,⁴

Where each of us did plead the other's right,

halls

The palm play^o where, dispoiled^o for the game,

With dazed eyes oft we by gleams of love

15 Have missed the ball and got sight of our dame,

To bait^o her eyes, which kept the leads⁵ above.

handball / stripped

attract, as in fishing

1. The legendary Sardanapalus was often cited as an example of degenerate kingship. Surrey's poem may allude to Henry VIII.

2. I.e., a far heavier burden than a garland.

3. I.e., he was arrogant in good times but overcome with dread in times of trouble. Sardanapalus

at Windsor Castle for striking a courtier. The poem recalls his boyhood stay there (1530-32) with Henry Fitzroy, illegitimate son of Henry VIII.

2. I.e., how could there happen to be.

3. Priam, king of Troy in the *Iliad*, had fifty sons.

4. Take pity on, despite tigers' legendary fierce-

20 The graveled ground, with sleeves^o tied on the helm,
On foaming horse, with swords and friendly hearts,
With cheer^o as though the one should overwhelm,
Where we have fought and chasèd oft with darts.^o

ladies' favors
countenance
spears

With silver drops the meads yet spread^o for ruth,^o
In active games of nimbleness and strength,
Where we did strain, trailèd by swarms of youth,
Our tender limbs that yet shot up in length.

pity

25 The secret groves which oft we made resound
Of pleasant plaint and of our ladies' praise,
Recording soft what grace^o each one had found,
What hope of speed,^o what dread of long delays.

favor
success

30 The wild forest, the clothèd holts^o with green,
With reins availed^o and swift ybreathèd horse,
With cry of hounds and merry blasts^o between,
Where we did chase the fearful hart a force.⁷

wooded hills
slackened
i.e., of the horn

35 The void^o walls eke^o that harbored us each night,
Wherewith, alas, revive within my breast
The sweet accord, such sleeps as yet delight,
The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest,

empty / also

40 The secret thoughts imparted with such trust,
The wanton^o talk, the divers change of play,
The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just,
Wherewith we passed the winter nights away.

playful

And with this thought, the blood forsakes my face,
The tears berain my cheeks of deadly hue,
The which as soon as sobbing sighs, alas,
Upsuppèd have, thus I my plaint renew:

45 "O place of bliss, renewer of my woes,
Give me accompt,^o where is my noble fere,⁸
Whom in thy walls thou didst each night enclose,
To other lief,^o but unto me most dear."

account

dear

50 Each stone, alas, that doth my sorrow rue,^o
Returns thereto a hollow sound of plaint.
Thus I alone, where all my freedom grew,
In prison pine with bondage and restraint.

pity

And with remembrance of the greater grief
To banish the less, I find my chief relief.

1537

1557

Me to direct, with cloudes is overcast,
 Doe wander now in darknesse and dismay,
 Through hidden perils round about me plast.^o
 Yet hope I well, that when this storme is past
 10 My Helice^a the lodestar^o of my lyfe
 Will shine again, and looke on me at last,
 With lovely light to cleare my cloudy grief.
 Till then I wander carefull^o comfortlesse,
 In secrēt sorow and sad pensivenesse.

Sonnet 37

What guyle is this, that those her golden tresses,
 She doth attyre under a net of gold:
 And with sly^o skill so cunningly them dresses,
 That which is gold or heare,^o may scarce be told?
 5 Is it that mens frayle eyes, which gaze too bold,
 She may entangle in that golden snare:
 And being caught may craftily enfold
 Theyr weaker harts, which are not wel aware?
 Take heed therefore, myne eyes, how ye doe stare
 10 Henceforth too rashly on that guilefull net,
 In which if ever ye entrappèd are,
 Out of her bands ye by no means shall get.
 Fondnesse^o it were for any being free,
 To covet fetters, though they golden bee.

Sonnet 54

Of this worlds Theatre in which we stay,
 My love like the Spectator ydly sits
 Beholding me that all the pageants^o play,
 Disguysing diversly my troubled wits.
 5 Sometimes I joy when glad occasion fits,
 And mask in myrth lyke to a Comedy:
 Soone after when my joy to sorrow flits,
 I waile and make my woes a Tragedy.
 Yet she beholding me with constant^o eye,
 10 Delights not in my merth nor rues my smart:^o
 But when I laugh she mocks, and when I cry
 She laughs and hardens evermore her hart.
 What then can move her? if nor merth nor mone,^o
 She is no woman, but a sencelesse stone.

Sonnet 64^s

Comming to kisse her lyps (such grace I found)
 Me seemd I smelt a gardin of sweet flowres
 That dainty odours from them threw around,

placed

guiding star

full of cares

clever

hair

foolishness

dramatic scenes

unmoved
pities my hurt

moan

For damzels fit to decke their lovers bowres.
 5 Her lips did smell lyke unto Gillyflowers,^o carnations
 Her ruddy cheeks lyke unto Roses red;
 Her snowy browes lyke budded Bellamoures,^o
 Her lovely eyes like Pincks but newly spred,
 Her goodly bosome lyke a Strawberry bed,
 10 Her neck lyke to a bounch of Cullambynes;
 Her brest lyke lillyes, ere theyr leaves be shed,
 Her nipples lyke yong blossomd Jessemynes.^o jasmynes
 Such fragrant flowres doe give most odorous smell,
 But her sweet odour did them all excell.

Sonnet 65

The doubt which ye misdeeme,^o fayre love, is vaine,
 That fondly^o feare to loose your liberty, misconceive
 When loosing one, two liberties ye gayne, foolishly
 And make him bond^o that bondage earst^o dyd fly. bound / formerly
 5 Sweet be the bands, the which true love doth tye,
 Without constraunt or dread of any ill:
 The gentle birde feels no captivity
 Within her cage, but sings and feeds her fill.
 There pride dare not approach, nor discord spill^o destroy
 10 The league twixt them, that loyal love hath bound;
 But simple truth and mutuall good will
 Seekes with sweet peace to salve each others wound.
 There fayth^o doth fearlesse dwell in brasen towre, fidelity
 And spotlesse pleasure builds her sacred bowre.

Sonnet 67^r

Lyke as a huntsman after weary chace,
 Seeing the game from him escapt away,
 Sits downe to rest him in some shady place,
 With panting hounds beguiled^o of their pray: deluded
 5 So after long pursuit and vaine assay,^o attempt
 When I all weary had the chace forsooke,
 The gentle deare returned the selfe-same way,
 Thinking to quench her thirst at the next^o brooke. nearby
 10 There she beholding me with mylder looke,
 Sought not to fly, but fearelesse still did bide:
 Till I in hand her yet halfe trembling tooke,
 And with her owne goodwill hir fymely tyde.
 Strange thing me seemd to see a beast so wyld,
 So goodly wonne with her owne will beguyld.

Sonnet 68

Most glorious Lord of lyfe, that on this day,^o i.e., Easter
 Didst make thy triumph over death and sin:

4. A name for the Big Dipper (after the nymph

5. Much of the imagery of this sonnet is imitated

6. Unidentified flower, evidently white

adaptation ("Whence list to hunt") of the same son-

Sonnet 74

And having harrowd hell,⁸ didst bring away
 Captivity thence captive us to win:
 5 This joyous day, deare Lord, with joy begin,
 And grant that we for whom thou diddest dye
 Being with thy deare blood clene washt from sin,
 May live for ever in felicity.
 And that thy love we weighing worthily,
 10 May likewise love thee for the same againe:
 And for thy sake that all lyke deare didst buy,⁹
 With love may one another entertayne.^o
 So let us love, deare love, lyke as we ought,
 Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.¹

Sonnet 75

Most happy letters fram'd by skillfull trade,^o
 With which that happy name^o was first desynd:
 The which three times thrise happy hath me made,
 With guifts of body, fortune and of mind.
 5 The first my being to me gave by kind,^o
 From mothers womb deriv'd by dew descent,
 The second is my sovaigne Queene most kind,
 That honour and large riches to me lent.^o
 The third my love, my lives last ornament,
 10 By whom my spirit out of dust was raysed:
 To speake her prayse and glory excellent,
 Of all alive most worthy to be prayسد.
 Ye three Elizabeths for ever live,
 That three such graces did unto me give.

Sonnet 75²

One day I wrote her name upon the strand,^o
 But came the waves and washèd it away:
 Agayne I wrote it with a second hand,
 But came the tyde, and made my paynes his pray.^o
 5 "Vayne man," sayd she, "that doest in vaine assay,^o
 A mortall thing so to immortalize,
 For I my selve shall lyke to this decay,
 And eek^o my name bee wyped out lykewize."
 "Not so," quod^o I, "let baser things devize^o
 10 To dy in dust, but you shall live by fame:
 My verse your vertues rare shall eternize,
 And in the heavens wryte your glorious name.
 Where whenas death shall all the world subdew,
 Our love shall live, and later life renew."

8. In the apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus, Christ descended into hell and led out into Paradise the righteous who had lived before his time. "Captivity thence captive" (line 4) is a biblical phrase, as in Judges 5.12 and Ephesians 4.8.

cost.

1. Cf. John 15.12: "This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you."

2. For a recitation of this sonnet, go to Norton Literature Online.

Sonnet 79

Men call you fayre, and you doe credit^o it, believe
 For that your selfe ye dayly such doe see:
 But the trew fayre,^o that is the gentle wit,^o beauty / intelligence
 And vertuous mind, is much more praysd of me.
 5 For all the rest, how ever fayre it be,
 Shall turne to nought and loose that glorious hew:^o form
 But onely that is permanent and free
 From frayle corruption, that doth flesh ensew.^o outlast
 That is true beautie: that doth argue^o you prove
 10 To be divine and borne of heavenly seed:
 Deriv'd from that fayre Spirit,^o from whom al true i.e., God
 And perfect beauty did at first proceed.
 He onely fayre, and what he fayre hath made:
 All other fayre, lyke flowres, untymely fade.

1595

Epithalamion

Ye learnèd sisters which have oftentimes
 Beene to me ayding, others to adorne:¹
 Whom ye thought worthy of your gracefull rymes,
 That even the greatest did not greatly scorne
 5 To heare theyr names sung in your simple layes,^o songs
 But joyèd in theyr prayse.
 And when ye list^o your owne mishaps to mourne,
 Which death, or love, or fortunes wreck did rayse,
 Your string could soone to sadder tenor^o turne, mood
 10 And teach the woods and waters to lament
 Your dolefull dreriment.^o sorrow
 Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside,
 And having all your heads with girland crownd,
 Helpe me mine owne loves prayses to resound,
 15 Ne^o let the same of^o any be envie: nor / by
 So Orpheus did for his owne bride,²
 So I unto my selfe alone will sing,
 The woods shall to me answer and my Eccho ring.
 20 Early before the worlds light giving lampe,
 His golden beame upon the hills doth spred,
 Having disperst the nights unchearefull dampe,
 Doe ye awake, and with fresh lustyhed^o vigor
 Go to the bowre^o of my beloved love, bedchamber
 My truest turtle dove,

1. To write poems in praise of others. The "learned sisters" are the Muses.

antiquity, was famous for his love for his wife, Eurydice.

5 I sought fit words to paint the blackest face of woe,
 Studying inventions fine, her wits to entertain,
 Oft turning others' leaves, to see if thence would flow
 Some fresh and fruitful showers upon my sunburned brain:
 But words came halting forth, wanting Invention's stay;²
 10 Invention, Nature's child, fled step-dame Study's blows,
 And others' feet still^o seemed but strangers in my way.
 Thus great with child to speak, and helpless in my throes,
 Biting my treward^o pen, beating myself for spite,
 "Fool," said my Muse to me, "look in thy heart and write."

2

Not at first sight, nor with a dribbled³ shot
 Love gave the wound, which while I breathe will bleed,
 But known worth did in mine⁴ of time proceed,
 Till by degrees it had full conquest got.

5 I saw and liked, I liked but loved not,
 I loved, but straight did not⁵ what Love decreed;
 At length to Love's decrees, I, forced, agreed,
 Yet with repining^o at so partial^o lot.

complaining / unfair

Now even that footstep of lost liberty
 10 Is gone, and now like slave-born Muscovite,⁶
 I call it praise to suffer tyranny;
 And now employ the remnant of my wit,^o
 To make myself believe that all is well,
 While with a feeling skill I paint my hell.

mind

5

It is most true that eyes are formed to serve
 The inward light,^o and that the heavenly part
 Ought to be king, from whose rules who do swerve,
 Rebels to Nature, strive for their own smart.^o

i.e., reason, understanding

pain

5 It is most true, what we call Cupid's dart
 An image is, which for ourselves we carve;
 And, fools, adore in temple of our heart,
 Till that good god make church and churchman starve.⁷

True, that true beauty virtue is indeed,
 10 Whereof this beauty can be but a shade,^o
 Which elements with mortal mixture⁸ breed;
 True, that on earth we are but pilgrims made,
 And should in soul up to our country move:
 True, and yet true that I must Stella love.

shadow

2. I.e., lacking the support of Invention, his words moved haltingly.

3. Ineffectual or at random.

4. Tunnel dug to undermine a besieged fortress.

5. Did not immediately do.

6. Inhabitant of Muscovy, Russian principality ruled from Moscow; sixteenth-century travel books describe Muscovites as contented slaves.

Christian doctrines opposed to romantic love. Neoplatonic theory held that physical beauty is only a shadow of inner virtue, which is at one with the true, transcendent and immortal Idea of Beauty. For a highly influential exposition of this theory, see the excerpts from Castiglione's *The Courtier*, p. 646.

8. Physical beauty is a mixture of the four ele-

6

Some lovers speak, when they their muses entertain,
 Of hopes begot by fear, of wot^o not what desires,
 Of force of heavenly beams infusing hellish pain,
 Of living deaths, dear wounds, fair storms, and freezing fires;⁹

know

5 Some one his song in Jove and Jove's strange tales attires,
 Broidered with bulls and swans, powdered with golden rain;¹
 Another humbler wit to shepherd's pipe retires,
 Yet hiding royal blood full oft in rural vein.²

To some a sweetest plaint a sweetest style affords,³

10 While tears pour out his ink, and sighs breathe out his words,
 His paper pale Despair, and pain his pen doth move.
 I can speak what I feel, and feel as much as they,
 But think that all the map of my state I display,
 When trembling voice brings forth that I do Stella love.

7

When Nature made her chief work, Stella's eyes,
 In color black why wrapped she beams so bright?
 Would she in beamy^o black, like painter wise,
 Frame daintiest luster, mixed of shades and light?

radiant

5 Or did she else that sober hue devise,
 In object^o best to knit and strength^o our sight,
 Lest if no veil those brave gleams did disguise,
 They sun-like should more dazzle than delight?

with purpose / strengthen

Or would she her miraculous power show,
 10 That whereas black seems beauty's contrary,
 She even in black doth make all beauties flow?
 Both so and thus: she, minding^o Love should be
 Placed ever there, gave him this mourning weed,^o
 To honor all their deaths, who for her bleed.

remembering
funeral garb

9

Queen Virtue's court, which some call Stella's face,
 Prepared by Nature's chiefest furniture,⁴
 Hath his front^o built of alabaster^o pure;
 Gold is the covering of that stately place.

i.e., Stella's forehead / alabaster

5 The door, by which sometimes comes forth her Grace,
 Red porphir⁵ is, which lock of pearl makes sure;
 Whose porches rich (which name of cheeks endure),
 Marble mixed red and white do interlace.

The windows now through which this heavenly guest
 10 Looks o'er the world, and can find nothing such,
 Which dare claim from those lights the name of best,

9. Conventional Petrarchan oxymorons.

1. I.e., embroidered with mythological figures. Jove courted Europa in the shape of a bull; Leda, as a swan; and Danaë, as a golden shower.

3. Parodying the overuse of the word *sweet* in love complaints, with allusion to the very musical *dolce stil nuovo* (sweet new style) associated with Dante and his Italian contemporaries.

Of touch⁶ they are that without touch doth touch,
Which Cupid's self from Beauty's mine did draw:
Of touch they are, and poor I am their straw.

10

Reason, in faith thou art well served, that still
Wouldst brabling^o be with sense and love in me:
I rather wished thee climb the Muses' hill,⁷
Or reach the fruit of Nature's choicest tree,⁸

5 Or seek heaven's course, or heaven's inside to see.
Why shouldst thou toil our thorny soil to till?
Leave sense, and those which sense's objects be:
Deal thou with powers of thoughts, leave love to will.

10 But thou wouldst needs fight both with love and sense,
With sword of wit,^o giving wounds of dispraise,
Till downright blows did foil thy cunning fence:^o
For soon as they strake^o thee with Stella's rays,
Reason thou kneel'dst, and offeredst straight^o to prove
By reason good, good reason her to love.

quarreling

intellect

swordplay

struck

straightway

15

You that do search for every purling^o spring
Which from the ribs of old Parnassus⁹ flows,
And every flower,¹ not sweet perhaps, which grows
Near therabout, into your poesy² wring;

5 You that do dictionary's method bring
Into your rhymes, running in rattling rows;
You that poor Petrarch's long-deceased woës
With new-born sighs and denizened wit^o do sing;
You take wrong ways, those far-fet^o helps be such,
10 As do bewray a want of inward touch,³

And sure at length stolen goods do come to light.
But if (both for your love and skill) your name
You seek to nurse at fullest breasts of Fame,
Stella behold, and then begin to endite.^o

murmuring

naturalized ingenuity

far-fetched

write

16

In nature apt to like when I did see
Beauties, which were of many-carats fine,
My boiling sprites^o did thither soon incline,
And, Love, I thought that I was full of thee:

5 But finding not those restless flames in me,
Which others said did make their souls to pine,
I thought those babes of some pin's hurt did whine,

spirits

6. Glossy black stone (lignite or jet) able to attract light bodies such as straw by static electricity.

7. Mount Helicon in Greece, sacred to the Nine Muses—a symbol of poetic inspiration.

8. The tree of knowledge.

9. Mountain near Delphos in Greece, sacred to the Muses, who foster poetry and other arts.

1. Also, poetic figures ("flowers of rhetoric").

2. Also, a nosegay (posy).

3. Reveal a lack of innate talent.

By my love judging what love's pain might be.

But while I thus with this young lion⁴ played,
10 Mine eyes (shall I say cursed or blessed) beheld
Stella; now she is named, need more be said?
In her sight I a lesson new have spelled,

I now have learned love right, and learned even so,
As who by being poisoned doth poison know.

18

With what sharp checks^o I in myself am shent,^o

rebukes / shamed

When into Reason's audit I do go,

And by just counts myself a bankrout^o know
Of all those goods, which heaven to me hath lent;

bankrupt

5 Unable quite to pay even Nature's rent,
Which unto it by birthright I do owe;

And which is worse, no good excuse can show,
But that my wealth I have most idly spent.

10 My youth doth waste, my knowledge brings forth toys,⁵

Which for reward spoil it with vain annoys.
I see my course to lose myself doth bend:^o

intellect

I see and yet no greater sorrow take,

turn

Than that I lose no more for Stella's sake.

20

Fly, fly, my friends, I have my death-wound, fly;
See there that boy, that murth'ring^o boy, I say,
Who like a thief hid in dark bush doth lie
Till bloody bullet get him wrongful prey.

murdering

5 So tyrann^o he no fitter place could spy,
Nor so fair level^o in so secret stay,^o

tyrant

As that sweet black^o which veils the heav'nly eye;
There himself with his shot he close^o doth lay.

aim / stopping place

10 Poor passenger,^o pass now thereby I did,

pupil

And stay'd, pleas'd with the prospect of the place,
While that black hue from me the bad guest hid;

secretly

But straight I saw motions of lightning grace,
And then descried^o the glist'ring^o of his dart;

saw / glittering

But ere I could fly thence, it pierc'd my heart.

21

Your words, my friend (right healthful caustics),⁶ blame

My young mind marred, whom Love doth windlass^o so,
That mine own writings like bad servants show

ensnare

My wits quick in vain thoughts, in virtue lame;

4. In a popular fable, a shepherd raised a lion cub that, while young, was a pet for his children but when grown destroyed all his flocks.

5. Trifles, i.e., these poems.

6. Caustic substances for burning away diseased tissue.

5 That Plato I read for nought, but if^o he tame
 Such coltish gyres,⁷ that to my birth I owe
 Nobler desires, least^o else that friendly foe,
 Great Expectation, wear a train of shame.
 For since mad March great promise made of me,
 10 If now the May of my years much decline,
 What can be hoped my harvest time will be?
 Sure you say well; your wisdom's golden mine
 Dig deep with learning's spade; now tell me this,
 Hath this world ought^o so fair as Stella is?

27

Because I oft, in dark abstracted guise,
 Seem most alone in greatest company,
 With dearth of words, or answers quite awry,
 To them that would make speech of speech arise,
 5 They deem, and of their doom^o the rumor flies,
 That poison foul of bubbling pride doth lie
 So in my swelling breast that only I^o
 Fawn on myself, and others do despise,
 Yet pride, I think, doth not my soul possess,
 10 Which looks too oft in his unflattering glass;^o
 But one worse fault, ambition, I confess,
 That makes me oft my best friends overpass,^o
 Unseen, unheard, while thought to highest place
 Bends all his powers, even unto Stella's grace.^o

28

You that with allegory's curious frame^o
 Of others' children changelings use^o to make,
 With me those pains, for God's sake, do not take;
 I list not^o dig so deep for brazen fame.
 5 When I say Stella, I do mean the same
 Princess of beauty for whose only sake
 The reins of love I love, though never slake,^o
 And joy therein, though nations count it shame.
 I beg no subject to use eloquence,^o
 10 Nor in hid ways do guide philosophy;
 Look at my hands for no such quintessence,^o
 But know that I in pure simplicity
 Breathe out the flames which burn within my heart,
 Love only reading unto me this art.

31

With how sad steps; O Moon, thou climb'st the skies,
 How silently, and with how wan a face!

7. Wild circles, like those of a young horse; there is a probable reference to Plato's story of the charioteer Reason reigning in the horses of Passion

9. The mysterious "fifth element" of matter (supplementary to earth, air, and fire)

What, may it be that even in heavenly place
 That busy archer^o his sharp arrows tries?
 5 Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
 Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
 I read it in thy looks: thy languished grace,
 To me that feel the like, thy state describes,^o
 Then even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
 10 Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?^o
 Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
 Do they above love to be loved, and yet
 Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
 Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?¹

33²

I might (unhappy word), O me, I might,
 And then would not, or could not, see my bliss:
 Till now, wrapped in a most infernal night,
 I find how heav'nly day, wretch, I did miss.
 5 Heart, rent^o thyself, thou dost thyself but right:
 No lovely Paris made thy Helen his;³
 No force, no fraud robbed thee of thy delight;
 Nor Fortune of thy fortune author is;
 But to myself myself did give the blow,
 10 While too much wit^o (forsooth) so troubled me,
 That I respects for both our sakes must show;⁴
 And yet could not by rising morn foresee
 How fair a day was near. O punished eyes,
 That I had been more foolish, or more wise!

34

Come, let me write. "And to what end?" To ease
 A burdened heart. "How can words ease, which are
 The glasses^o of thy daily vexing care?"
 Oft cruel fights well pictured forth do please.
 5 "Art^o not ashamed to publish thy disease?"
 Nay, that may breed my fame, it is so rare.
 "But will not wise men think thy words fond ware?"^o
 Then be they close,⁵ and so none shall displease.
 "What idler thing, than speak and not be hard?"^o
 10 What harder thing than smart,^o and not to speak?
 Peace, foolish wit,^o with wit my wit is marred.
 Thus while I write I doubt^o to write, and wreak^o
 My harms on Ink's poor loss; perhaps some find
 Stella's great powers, that so confuse my mind.

1. I.e., is the lady's ingratitude considered virtue in heaven (as here)? Also, is the lover's virtue (fidelity) considered distasteful in heaven (as here)?

3. I.e., Astrophil did not lose Stella to a more attractive rival, as Menelaus lost Helen of Troy to Paris.

unless

lest

ought, anything

judgment

that I do nothing but

mirror

pass by, ignore

beauty, elegance; favor

intricate contrivance

are accustomed

I don't care to

slack

Cupid

reveals

lack of intelligence

rend, tear

cleverness

mirrors

are you

foolish trinkets

heard

feel pain

reason; intellect

hesitate; fear / avenge

37

My mouth doth water, and my breast doth swell,
 My tongue doth itch, my thoughts in labor be:
 Listen then, lordings, with good ear to me,
 For of my life I must a riddle tell.
 5 Towards Aurora's court a nymph doth dwell,⁶
 Rich in all beauties which man's eye can see,
 Beauties so far from reach of words, that we
 Abase her praise, saying she doth excel:
 Rich in the treasure of deserved renown,
 10 Rich in the riches of a royal heart,
 Rich in those gifts which give th'eternal crown;
 Who though most rich in these and every part,
 Which make the patents⁷ of true worldly bliss,
 Hath no misfortune, but that Rich she is.

39

Come sleep! O sleep the certain knot of peace,
 The baiting place⁸ of wit,⁹ the balm of woe,
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
 Th' indifferent⁹ judge between the high and low;
 5 With shield of proof⁹ shield me from out the prease⁹
 Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw:
 O make in me those civil wars to cease;
 I will good tribute pay if thou do so.
 Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
 10 A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light,
 A rosy garland, and a weary head:¹
 And if these things, as being thine by right,
 Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me
 Livelier⁹ than elsewhere Stella's image see.

41

Having this day my horse, my hand, my lance
 Guided so well that I obtained the prize,
 Both by the judgment of the English eyes
 And of some sent from that sweet enemy France;²
 5 Horsemen my skill in horsemanship advance;³
 Townfolks my strength; a daintier⁹ judge applies
 His praise to sleight,⁹ which from good use⁹ doth rise;
 Some lucky wits impute it but to chance;
 Others, because of both sides I do take

6. Aurora (the dawn) has her court in the east; Penelope Devereux Rich, the original of Stella, dwells in Essex, one of the eastern counties. Sidney

a poetic convention. A likely source is Chaucer's *Book of the Duchess*, lines 240-69.
 2. Sidney took part in several tournaments between 1579 and 1585 with French spectators

10 My blood from them who did excel in this,⁴
 Think Nature me a man of arms did make.
 How far they shoot awry! The true cause is,
 Stella looked on, and from her heavenly face
 Sent forth the beams which made so fair my race.

45

Stella oft sees the very face of woe
 Painted in my beclouded stormy face,
 But cannot skill to pity⁹ my disgrace,⁵ *is unable to / misfortune*
 Not though thereof the cause herself she know.⁵
 5 Yet hearing late a fable which did show,
 Of lovers never known, a grievous case,
 Pity thereof gate⁹ in her breast such place *got*
 That, from that sea derived, tears' spring did flow.
 Alas, if fancy,⁹ drawn by imaged things, *fantasy*
 10 Though false, yet with free scope more grace⁹ doth breed *favor*
 Than servant's wrack, where new doubts honor brings,⁶
 Then think, my dear, that you in me do read
 Of lover's ruin some sad tragedy:
 I am not I; pity the tale of me.

47

What, have I thus betrayed my liberty?
 Can those black beams such burning marks⁹ engrave *brands of slavery*
 In my free side? or am I born a slave,
 Whose neck becomes⁹ such yoke of tyranny? *is suited to*
 Or want I sense to feel my misery?
 Or sprite,⁹ disdain of such disdain to have? *spirit*
 Who for long faith, though daily help I crave,
 May get no alms but scorn of beggary.⁷
 Virtue awake! Beauty but beauty is;
 10 I may, I must, I can, I will, I do
 Leave following that which it is gain to miss.
 Let her go. Soft, but here she comes. Go to,⁸
 Unkind, I love you not. O me, that eye
 Doth make my heart give to my tongue the lie.⁹ *contradict my tongue*

49

I on my horse, and Love on me doth try
 Our horsemanships, while by strange work I prove
 A horseman to my horse, a horse to Love;
 And now man's wrongs in me, poor beast, descry.⁹ *discover*
 5 The reins wherewith my rider doth me tie

4. Sidney's father and grandfather and his mater-

6. I.e., than the ruin of her lover ("servant"), caused by the new scruples ("doubts") her honor

5 Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
 And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
 To the wide world and all her fading sweets,
 But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
 O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
 10 Nor draw no lines there with thine antique⁹ pen;
 Him in thy course untainted¹ do allow,
 For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
 Yet do thy worst, old Time; despite thy wrong,
 My love shall in my verse ever live young.

20

A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted²
 Hast thou, the master mistress of my passion;³
 A woman's gentle heart but not acquainted
 With shifting change as is false women's fashion;
 5 An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,^o
 Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
 A man in hue all hues⁴ in his controlling,
 Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth.
 And for a woman wert thou first created,
 10 Till Nature as she wrought thee fell a-doting,⁵
 And by addition me of thee defeated,
 By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
 But since she pricked⁶ thee out for women's pleasure,
 Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.⁷

23

As an unperfect actor on the stage
 Who with his fear is put besides^o his part,
 Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage
 Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart,
 5 So I, for fear of trust,^o forget to say
 The perfect ceremony of love's rite.⁸
 And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
 O'er-charged^o with burden of mine own love's might.
 O let my books be then the eloquence
 10 And dumb presagers^o of my speaking breast,
 Who plead for love, and look for recompense
 More than that tongue that more hath more expressed.⁹
 O learn to read what silent love hath writ;
 To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.^o

9. (1) Old, (2) fantastic (antic).
 1. (1) Undefined, (2) untouched by a weapon (a term from jousting).

a copyist's or compositor's misreading of "maiden."
 5. (1) Crazy, (2) infatuated.
 6. Marked, with obvious sexual pun.

29

When, in disgrace^o with Fortune and men's eyes,
 I all alone bewEEP my outcast state,
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless^o cries,
 And look upon myself and curse my fate,
 5 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
 Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,¹
 Desiring this man's art^o and that man's scope,^o
 With what I most enjoy contented least;
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
 10 Haply I think on thee, and then my state²
 (Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;
 For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

30

When to the sessions³ of sweet silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new wail^o my dear time's waste;
 5 Then can I drown an eye (unused to flow)
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless^o night,
 And weep afresh love's long since canceled woe,
 And moan th' expense^o of many a vanished sight:
 Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,^o
 10 And heavily from woe to woe tell^o o'er
 The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,
 Which I new pay as if not paid before.
 But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
 All losses are restored and sorrows end.

33

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
 Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,^o
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
 5 Anon^o permit the basest^o clouds to ride
 With ugly rack^o on his celestial face,
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.
 Even so my sun one early morn did shine
 10 With all triumphant splendor on my brow;
 But out, alack,^o he was but one hour mine;
 The region^o cloud hath masked him from me now.

alas
high

From you have I been absent in the spring,
 When proud-pied¹ April, dressed in all his trim,
 Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,
 5 That heavy Saturn^o laughed and leapt with him.
 Yet nor^o the lays^o of birds, nor the sweet smell
 Of different flowers in odor and in hue,
 Could make me any summer's story tell,
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew;
 Nor did I wonder at^o the lily's white,
 10 Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
 They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
 Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
 Yet seemed it winter still, and, you away,
 As with your shadow I with these did play.

god of melancholy
neither / songs

admire

Let not my love be called idolatry,
 Nor my beloved as an idol show,
 Since all alike my songs and praises be
 To one, of one, still^o such, and ever so.
 5 Kind is my love today, tomorrow kind,
 Still constant in a wondrous excellence.
 Therefore my verse, to constancy confined,
 One thing expressing, leaves out difference.^o
 "Fair, kind, and true" is all my argument,^o
 10 "Fair, kind, and true" varying to other words,
 And in this change is my invention spent,²
 Three themes in one, which wonderous scope affords.
 Fair, kind, and true have often lived alone,^o
 Which three till now never kept seat^o in one.

continually

variety
theme

separately
dwelt permanently

When in the chronicle of wasted^o time
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,^o
 And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
 In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
 5 Then, in the blazon³ of sweet beauty's best,
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
 I see their antique pen would have expressed
 Even such a beauty as you master now.
 So all their praises are but prophecies
 10 Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
 And, for they looked but with divining eyes,⁴
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
 For we, which now behold these present days,
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

past
persons

1. Magnificent in many colors.
2. And in varying the words alone my inventive-

3. Catalog of excellencies.
4. Because ("for") they were able only ("but") to foresee prophetically.

May still seem love to me, though altered new—
 Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place.
 5 For there can live no hatred in thine eye;
 Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
 In many's looks the false heart's history
 Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange:⁴
 But heaven in thy creation did decree
 10 That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
 Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
 Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
 How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow^o
 If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!⁵

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
 That do not do the thing they most do show,⁶
 Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
 Unmovèd, cold, and to temptation slow;
 5 They rightly do inherit heaven's graces
 And husband nature's riches from expense;⁷
 They are the lords and owners of their faces,
 Others but stewards of their excellence.
 The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
 10 Though to itself it only live and die,
 But if that flower with base infection meet,
 The basest weed outbraves^o his dignity:
 For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
 Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

become

surpasses

How like a winter hath my absence been
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
 What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
 What old December's bareness everywhere!
 5 And yet this time removed⁸ was summer's time,
 The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
 Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,⁹
 Like widowed wombs after their lords' decease;
 Yet this abundant issue^o seemed to me
 10 But hope of orphans and unfathered fruit;
 For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
 And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
 Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer^o
 That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

outgrowth

such a dismal mood

4. Unaccustomed. "Moods": moody expressions.
5. Does not correspond to your appearance.
6. Seem to do, or seem capable of doing.
7. I.e., they do not squander nature's gifts.

8. I.e., when I was absent.
9. Spring, which has engendered the lavish crop ("wanton burthen") that autumn is now left to bear.