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In the night, while the others of the household are asleep, Tarquin lays restless. Caught between desire for Lucrece and dread of being discovered, to the consequent loss of his honor, he wanders aimlessly about his chamber. On one hand, there is his position as a military man who should not be the slave of his emotions; on the other hand is his overwhelming desire. He fears the dreadful consequences that might be the result of his lustful deed. His disgrace would never be forgotten. Perhaps his own face would show the mark of his crimes and the advertisement linger on even after death. He thinks for a moment that he might try to woo Lucrece but decides that such a course would be to no avail. She is already married and is not mistress of her own desires. Again he considers the possible consequences of his deed. At last, emotion conquers reason. The locks on the doors have to be forced; the threshold beneath the door grates under his footstep; the wind threatens to blow out his torch; he pricks his finger on a needle. Tarquin ignores these omens of disaster. When he reaches the chamber door, Tarquin begins to pray for success. Realizing, however, that heaven will not countenance his sin, he declares that Love and Fortune will henceforth be his gods. Entering the room, he gazes at Lucrece in sleep. When he reaches forward to touch her breast, she awakens with a cry of fear. He tells her that her beauty has captured his heart and that she must submit to his will. First he threatens Lucrece with force, telling her that if she refuses to submit to him, he will not only kill her but also dishonor her name. His intention is to murder one of her slaves, place him in her arms, and then swear that he killed them because he had seen Lucrece embracing the man. If she yields, however, he promises he will keep the whole affair secret. Lucrece begins to weep and pleads with Tarquin. Her tears only increase his lust. Tarquin smothers her cries with the bed linen while he rapes her. Shame-ridden, Tarquin leaves Lucrece, who is horrified and revolted. She tears her nails and hopes the dawn will never come. In a desperate fury, she rails against the night; its darkness and secrecy have ruined her. She is afraid of the day, for surely her sin will be revealed. Still worse, through her fall, Collatine will be forever shamed. It is Opportunity that is at fault, she claims, working for the wicked and against the innocent. Time, the handmaiden of ugly Night, is hand-in-hand with Opportunity, but Time can work for Lucrece now. She implores Time to bring misery and pain to Tarquin. Exhausted from her emotional tirade, Lucrece falls back on her pillow. She longs for a suicide weapon; death alone could save her soul. As the dawn breaks, she begins to consider her death. Not until she has told Collatine the complete details of her fall will she take the step, however, for Collatine must revenge her on Tarquin. Lucrece calls her maid and asks for pen and paper. Writing to Collatine, she asks him to return immediately. When she gives the messenger the letter, she imagines that he knows of her sin, for he gives her a sly, side glance. Surely everyone must know by now, she thinks. Her grief takes new channels. Studying a picture of the fall of Troy, she tries to find the face showing greatest grief. Hecuba, who gazes mournfully at Priam in his dying moments, seems the saddest. Lucrece grieves for those who died in the Trojan War, all because one man could not control his lust. Enraged, she tears the painting with her nails. Collatine, returning home, finds Lucrece robed in black. With weeping and lamentations, she tells him of her shame, but without naming her violator. After she finishes, Collatine, driven half-mad by rage and grief, demands the name of the traitor. Before revealing it, Lucrece draws promises from the assembled soldiers that the loss of her honor would be avenged. Then, naming Tarquin, she draws a knife from her bosom and stabs herself. Heartbroken, Collatine cries that he will kill himself as well, but Brutus, his friend, steps forward and argues that woe is no cure for woe; it is better to revenge Lucrece. The soldiers leave the palace to carry the bleeding body of Lucrece through Rome. The indignant citizens banish Tarquin and all his family.

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Collatine describes his wife, Lucrece, in glowing terms—she is beautiful and chaste. Tarquin spends the night, and is torn by his desire for Lucrece. He reaches out and touches her breast, which wakes her up. He tells her that she must give in to him, or else he will kill her. If she would give in to him, Tarquin promises to keep it all secret. Lucrece pleads with him to no avail. Full of shame and guilt, Tarquin sneaks away. Lucrece is devastated, furious and suicidal. She writes a letter to her husband, asking him to come home. Collatine demands to know. Before she tells him, Lucrece gets the soldiers, who are also there, to promise to avenge this crime. She then tells her husband who did it, and she immediately pulls out a knife, stabs herself and dies. His friend, Brutus, suggests that revenge is a better choice. The citizens, angered, banish Tarquin and his family.

Publication and title[edit] Title page of the sixth edition of *The Rape of Lucrece* The title given on the title page was simply *Lucrece*, though the running title throughout the volume, as well as the heading at the beginning of the text is *The Rape of Lucrece*. Other octavo editions followed in 1616, 1617, and 1619. Both authors were writing a few centuries after the events occurred, and their histories are not accepted as strictly accurate, partly because Roman records were destroyed by the Gauls in 390 B.C. The Roman king was Lucius Tarquinius Superbus, or Tarquin the Proud. Because of his arrogance and his tyranny, he is also known as Tarquinius Superbus Tarquin the Proud. His son, Sextus Tarquinius, heir to the throne, is the rapist of the story. At the beginning of the poem the Roman army is waging war on a tribe known as the Volscians, who had claimed territory south of Rome. The Romans are laying siege to Ardea, a Volscian city 20 miles south of Rome. As a result, Lucrece committed suicide. This incited a full-scale revolt against the Tarquins led by Lucius Junius Brutus, the banishment of the royal family, and the founding of the Roman Republic. He does not succeed. The scene in which he emerges from the trunk 2. Indeed, Iachimo compares himself to Tarquin in the scene: In this revenge play, when the raped and mutilated Lavinia reveals the identity of her rapists, her uncle Marcus invokes the story of Lucrece to urge an oath to revenge the crime: M, O, A, I, doth sway my life. It is seen as a tragic narrative poem, that is extremely rich in poetic images, fancies, and metaphors. It tells a moralistic tale of a bad deed, what caused it, how it occurred, and the tragic result. In these same opening stanzas, *The Rape of Lucrece* also acknowledges how its own poetic rhetoric is part of this larger literary tradition which yokes praise and violence.

3: Pennsylvania Shakespeare Festival | The Rape of Lucrece

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. The Rape of Lucrece The Argument. Lucius Tarquinius, for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus, after he had caused his own father-in-law Servius.

When Tarquin arrives at her home, pretending to be a comrade of her husband, she welcomes him generously, and offers him a place to stay. It never occurs to her that he may be there for some ulterior purpose. Lucrece spends the night talking with Tarquin, feeds him, and then departs to her own chamber for the night, without so much as a guard to make sure that she is kept safe from her guest. When Tarquin takes her, she begs him not to, and implores him with words regarding knighthood and friendship—she cannot believe he would stoop so low as to take her against her will. What is Shakespeare saying here about the nature of innocence, and those who trust too easily? There is the honor that comes with being a soldier, the honor that should come with being the heir to the throne, and the honor that Lucrece has in her virtue. When that honor is violated throughout this poem, there are severe consequences. When Tarquin violates the chivalric code of honor that he holds due to his position, he brings down the wrath of Collatine and the people of Rome. When Tarquin violates the honor of Lucrece by taking away her virtue, Lucrece finds it necessary to defend that honor. After it becomes clear to Lucrece that her honor will never be restored, she stabs herself, committing suicide, and begs her husband to seek vengeance to right her skewed reputation. In what other ways is honor a driving force throughout this poem? In some ways, is Tarquin trying to defend his honor as heir by raping Lucrece and proving himself virile and powerful? Collatine is an officer who, during a dinner gathering, begins extolling the beauty and virtue of his wife to the other men at the encampment. When Tarquin hears of Lucrece, his desire is enflamed and he decides that he must go see if Collatine is speaking the truth. What is Shakespeare saying here about the importance of humility and discretion? Could the tragic events have been avoided if Collatine had kept quiet about his good fortune in finding such a wonderful wife? The Role of Vengeance in The Rape of Lucrece The role of vengeance in The Rape of Lucrece is important, although it does not become important until near the end of the poem. When Tarquin attacks Lucrece, the first thing she does is send for her husband. When he arrives, she tells him what has come to pass, and only after he promises to avenge her honor, does she name the culprit, before plunging the knife into her chest. Collatine collapses on her, and swears that he will have revenge on the man who is responsible for taking away his wife. Why do you think Collatine chose this method of revenge? Is it indicative of the fact that perhaps Tarquin is more attached to his politics than to his body?

4: The Complete Works of William Shakespeare

The Rape of Lucrece () is a narrative poem by William Shakespeare about the legendary Lucretia. In his previous narrative poem, *Venus and Adonis* (), Shakespeare had included a dedicatory letter to his patron, the Earl of Southampton, in which he promised to compose a "graver labour".

The love I dedicate to your lordship is without end; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater; meantime, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness. In that pleasant humour they posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife, though it were late in the night, spinning amongst her maids: Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. The same night he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king: Beauty itself doth of itself persuade The eyes of men without an orator; What needeth then apologies be made, To set forth that which is so singular? Or why is Collatine the publisher Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown From thievish ears, because it is his own? But some untimely thought did instigate His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those: His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state, Neglected all, with swift intent he goes To quench the coal which in his liver glows. When at Collatium this false lord arrived, Well was he welcomed by the Roman dame, Within whose face beauty and virtue strived Which of them both should underprop her fame: Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise, In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes. But she, that never coped with stranger eyes, Could pick no meaning from their parling looks, Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies Writ in the glassy margents of such books: Her joy with heaved-up hand she doth express, And, wordless, so greets heaven for his success. Far from the purpose of his coming hither, He makes excuses for his being there: No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear; Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear, Upon the world dim darkness doth display, And in her vaulty prison stows the Day. For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed, Intending weariness with heavy spright; For, after supper, long he questioned With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night: Those that much covet are with gain so fond, For what they have not, that which they possess They scatter and unloose it from their bond, And so, by hoping more, they have but less; Or, gaining more, the profit of excess Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain, That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain. So that in venturing ill we leave to be The things we are for that which we expect; And this ambitious foul infirmity, In having much, torments us with defect Of that we have: Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make, Pawning his honour to obtain his lust; And for himself himself be must forsake: Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust? When shall he think to find a stranger just, When he himself himself confounds, betrays To slanderous tongues and wretched hateful days? Now stole upon the time the dead of night, When heavy sleep had closed up mortal eyes: O impious act, including all foul harms! True valour still a true respect should have; Then my digression is so vile, so base, That it will live engraven in my face. A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy. Or sells eternity to get a toy? For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy? Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown, Would with the sceptre straight be strucken down? This siege that hath engirt his marriage, This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage, This dying virtue, this surviving shame, Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame? Will not my tongue be mute, my

frail joints shake, Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed? The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed; And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly, But coward-like with trembling terror die. But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend, The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end. Hateful it is; there is no hate in loving: The worst is but denial and reproving: O, how her fear did make her colour rise! First red as roses that on lawn we lay, Then white as lawn, the roses took away. All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth; Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses; Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth: Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age! My heart shall never countermand mine eye: Sad pause and deep regard beseem the sage; My part is youth, and beats these from the stage: Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize; Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies? Away he steals with open listening ear, Full of foul hope and full of fond mistrust; Both which, as servitors to the unjust, So cross him with their opposite persuasion, That now he vows a league, and now invasion. Within his thought her heavenly image sits, And in the self-same seat sits Collatine: The locks between her chamber and his will, Each one by him enforced, retires his ward; But, as they open, they all rate his ill, Which drives the creeping thief to some regard: The threshold grates the door to have him heard; Night-wandering weasels shriek to see him there; They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear. As each unwilling portal yields him way, Through little vents and crannies of the place The wind wars with his torch to make him stay, And blows the smoke of it into his face, Extinguishing his conduct in this case; But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch, Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch: The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him, He takes for accidental things of trial; Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial, Who with a lingering slay his course doth let, Till every minute pays the hour his debt. Pain pays the income of each precious thing; Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and sands, The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands. So from himself impiety hath wrought, That for his prey to pray he doth begin, As if the heavens should countenance his sin. The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact, How can they then assist me in the act? The eye of heaven is out, and misty night Covers the shame that follows sweet delight. The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch: Thus treason works ere traitors be espied. Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside; But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing, Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting. Into the chamber wickedly he stalks, And gazeth on her yet unstained bed. The curtains being close, about he walks, Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head: By their high treason is his heart misled; Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon. Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun, Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight; Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun To wink, being blinded with a greater light: Whether it is that she reflects so bright, That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed; But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed. O, had they in that darksome prison died! Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under, Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss; Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder, Swelling on either side to want his bliss; Between whose hills her head entombed is: Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheathed their light, And canopied in darkness sweetly lay, Till they might open to adorn the day. Each in her sleep themselves so beautify, As if between them twain there were no strife, But that life lived in death, and death in life. Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue, A pair of maiden worlds unconquered, Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew, And him by oath they truly honoured. These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred; Who, like a foul usurper, went about From this fair throne to heave the owner out. What could he see but mightily he noted? What did he note but strongly he desired? What he beheld, on that he firmly doted, And in his will his wilful eye he tired. With more than admiration he admired Her azure veins, her alabaster skin, Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin. Anon his beating heart, alarum striking, Gives the hot charge and bids them do their liking. They, mustering to the quiet cabinet Where their dear governess and lady lies, Do tell her she is dreadfully beset, And fright her with confusion of their cries: His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,— Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall! This moves in him more rage and lesser pity, To make the breach and enter this sweet city. I know repentant tears ensue the deed, Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity; Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy. If thou deny, then force must work my way, For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee: And thou, the author of their obloquy, Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes, And sung by children in succeeding times. The fault unknown is as a thought unacted; A little harm done to a great good end For lawful policy remains enacted. The poisonous

simple sometimes is compacted In a pure compound; being so applied, His venom in effect is purified. Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally, While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth: Her sad behavior feeds his vulture folly, A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth: His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth No penetrable entrance to her plaining: Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining. She puts the period often from his place; And midst the sentence so her accent breaks, That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks. Thyself art mighty; for thine own sake leave me: Myself a weakling; do not then ensnare me: My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave thee: If ever man were moved with woman moans, Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans: O, if no harder than a stone thou art, Melt at my tears, and be compassionate! Soft pity enters at an iron gate. Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame? If in thy hope thou darest do such outrage, What darest thou not when once thou art a king? With foul offenders thou perforce must bear, When they in thee the like offences prove: Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?

5: Shakespeare Resource Center - Shakespeare's Poetry

The Rape of Lucrece Homework Help Questions. In William Shakespeare's The Rape of Lucrece, is it possible that Tarquin's act of rape was a Intriguing though the notion that William Shakespeare.

Marriage[edit] At the age of 18, Shakespeare married the year-old Anne Hathaway. The consistory court of the Diocese of Worcester issued a marriage licence on 27 November Six months after the marriage, she gave birth to a daughter, Susanna. Greenblatt suggests that this may imply that he felt trapped by Hathaway. This may seem like a slight, but many historians contend that the second best bed was typically the marital bed, while the best bed was reserved for guests. One anecdote along these lines is provided by a lawyer named John Manningham , who wrote in his diary that Shakespeare had a brief affair with a woman during a performance of Richard III. Shakespeare, overhearing their conclusion, went before, was entertained and at his game ere Burbage came. Then, message being brought that Richard the Third was at the door, Shakespeare caused return to be made that William the Conqueror was before Richard the Third. While this is one of the few surviving contemporary anecdotes about Shakespeareâ€”it was made in March , a month after Manningham had seen the play [15] [16] â€”some scholars are sceptical of its validity. Later in the poem there is a section in which "H. This is introduced with a short explanatory passage: The fact that W. The poems were initially published, perhaps without his approval, in Nevertheless, there are numerous passages in the sonnets addressed to the Fair Lord that have been read as expressing desire for a younger man. The poems refer to sleepless nights, anguish and jealousy caused by the youth. The line can be read literally as a denial of sexual interest. However, given the homoerotic tone of the rest of the sonnet, it could also be meant to appear disingenuous, [24] mimicking the common sentiment of would-be seducers: In Sonnet 20, the narrator tells the youth to sleep with women, but to love only him: In some sonnets addressed to the youth, such as Sonnet 52 , the erotic punning is particularly intense: In the preface to his Pelican edition, at which time, in Britain, proven male homosexuality still carried a prison sentence, dismissal from the professions and huge public stigma , Douglas Bush writes, Since modern readers are unused to such ardor in masculine friendship and are likely to leap at the notion of homosexuality a notion sufficiently refuted by the sonnets themselves , we may remember that such an ideal , often exalted above the love of women, could exist in real life, from Montaigne to Sir Thomas Browne , and was conspicuous in Renaissance literature. But Shakespeare for him was always unimpeachably heterosexual. By , the Variorum edition of the sonnets contained an appendix with the conflicting views of nearly forty commentators. In the year after "the law in Britain decriminalized homosexual acts between consenting males over twenty-one", the historian G. The love which he felt for Southampton may well have been the most intense emotion of his life.

6: Sexuality of William Shakespeare - Wikipedia

The Rape of Lucrece is a narrative poem along the lines of a revenge tragedy, and is written over 1, lines of 6 and 6 line stanzas. The Rape of Lucrece: A poem by William Shakespeare Dedication.

In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife, though it were late in the night, spinning amongst her maids: Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. The same night he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king: O happiness enjoyed but of a few! And, if possessed, as soon decayed and done As is the morning silver-melting dew Against the golden splendour of the sun! An expired date, cancelled ere well begun: Beauty itself doth of itself persuade The eyes of men without an orator; What needeth then apology be made, To set forth that which is so singular? Or why is Collatine the publisher Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown From thievish ears, because it is his own? Perchance that envy of so rich a thing, Braving compare, disdainfully did sting His high-pitched thoughts, that meaner men should vaunt That golden hap which their superiors want. But some untimely thought did instigate His all too timeless speed, if none of those. His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state, Neglected all, with swift intent he goes To quench the coal which in his liver glows. When at Collatium this false lord arrived, Well was he welcomed by the Roman dame, Within whose face beauty and virtue strived Which of them both should underprop her fame: So guiltless she securely gives good cheer And reverend welcome to her princely guest, Whose inward ill no outward harm expressed; For that he coloured with his high estate, Hiding base sin in pleats of majesty; That nothing in him seemed inordinate, Save sometime too much wonder of his eye, Which, having all, all could not satisfy; But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store That cloyed with much he pineth still for more. But she, that never coped with stranger eyes, Could pick no meaning from their parling looks, Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies Writ in the glassy margents of such books. She touched no unknown baits, nor feared no hooks; Nor could she moralize his wanton sight, More than his eyes were opened to the light. Her joy with heaved-up hand she doth express, And wordless so greets heaven for his success. Far from the purpose of his coming thither, He makes excuses for his being there. For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed, Intending weariness with heavy sprite; For after supper long he questioned With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night. The aim of all is but to nurse the life With honour, wealth and ease, in waning age; And in this aim there is such thwarting strife That one for all or all for one we gage: Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make, Pawning his honour to obtain his lust; And for himself himself he must forsake: Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust? Pure thoughts are dead and still, While lust and murder wakes to stain and kill. His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth, That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly, Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth, Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye; And to the flame thus speaks advisedly: O impious act, including all foul harms! True valour still a true respect should have; Then my digression is so vile, so base, That it will live engraven in my face. Or sells eternity to get a toy? For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy? Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake, Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed? The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed; And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly, But coward-like with trembling terror die. O how her fear did make her colour rise! First red as roses that on lawn we lay, Then white as lawn, the roses took away. All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth; Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses; Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth; Affection is my captain, and he leadeth; And when his gaudy banner is displayed, The coward fights and will

not be dismayed. Respect and reason wait on wrinkled age! My heart shall never countermand mine eye; Sad pause and deep regard beseems the sage; My part is youth, and beats these from the stage: Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize; Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies? Within his thought her heavenly image sits, And in the selfsame seat sits Collatine. The locks between her chamber and his will, Each one by him enforced, retires his ward; But, as they open, they all rate his ill, Which drives the creeping thief to some regard. Pain pays the income of each precious thing; Huge rocks; high winds, strong pirates, shelves and sands The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands. So from himself impiety hath wrought, That for his prey to pray he doth begin, As if the heavens should countenance his sin. The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact; How can they then assist me in the act? My will is backed with resolution. Thoughts are but dreams. The eye of heaven is out, and misty night Covers the shame that follows sweet delight. The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch. Thus treason works ere traitors be espied. Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside; But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing, Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting. Into the chamber wickedly he stalks And gazeth on her yet unstained bed. The curtains being close, about he walks, Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head. By their high treason is his heart misled, Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon. Look as the fair and fiery-pointed sun, Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight; Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun To wink, being blinded with a greater light; Whether it is that she reflects so bright That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed, But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed. O, had they in that darksome prison died! Without the bed her other fair hand was, On the green coverlet; whose perfect white Showed like an April daisy on the grass, With pearly sweat resembling dew of night. Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheathed their light, And canopied in darkness sweetly lay, Till they might open to adorn the day. Her hair, like golden threads, played with her breath- O modest wantons! Each in her sleep themselves so beautify As if between them, twain there were no strife, But that life lived in death and death in life. Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue, A pair of maiden worlds unconquered, Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew, And him by oath they truly honoured. These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred, Who like a foul usurper went about From this fair throne to heave the owner out. What could he see but mightily he noted? What did he note but strongly he desired? What he beheld, on that he firmly doted, And in his will his wilful eye he tired. With more than admiration he admired Her azure veins, her alabaster skin, Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin. Anon his beating heart, alarum striking Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their liking. His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye, His eye commends the leading to his hand; His hand, as proud of such a dignity, Smoking with pride, marched on to make his stand On her bare breast, the heart of all her land; Whose ranks of blue veins as his hand did scale, Left their round turrets destitute and pale. She, much amazed, breaks ope her locked-up eyes, Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold, Are by his flaming torch dimmed and controlled. Wrapped and confounded in a thousand fears, Like to a new-killed bird she trembling lies; She dares not look; yet, winking, there appears Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes. His hand that yet remains upon her breast- Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall! This moves in him more rage and lesser pity, To make the breach and enter this sweet city. Under that colour am I come to scale Thy never-conquered fort. The fault is thine, For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine. I know repentant tears ensue the deed, Reproach, disdain and deadly enmity; Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy. Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally, While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth; Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly, A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth; His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth No penetrable entrance to her plaining. Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fixed In the remorseless wrinkles of his face; Her modest eloquence with sighs is mixed, Which to her oratory adds more grace. She puts the period often from his place, And midst the sentence so her accent breaks That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks. He is no woodman that doth bend his bow To strike a poor unseasonable doe. My sighs like whirlwinds labour hence to heave thee. O, if no harder than a stone thou art, Melt at my tears, and be compassionate! Soft pity enters at an iron gate. Must he in thee read lectures of such shame? Wilt thou be glass wherein it shall discern Authority for sin, warrant for blame, To privilege dishonour in thy name? Thy princely office how canst thou fulfill, When patterned by thy fault foul sin may say He learned to sin, and thou didst teach the way? O, how are they wrapped in with infamies That from their

own misdeeds askance their eyes! His true respect will prison false desire, And wipe the dim mist from thy dotting eyne, That thou shalt see thy state and pity mine. Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide, And with the wind in greater fury fret. O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed! The spots whereof could weeping purify, Her tears should drop on them perpetually. But she hath lost a dearer thing than life, And he hath won what he would lose again. This forced league doth force a further strife; This momentary joy breeds months of pain; This hot desire converts to cold disdain; Pure Chastity is rifled of her store, And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before. Look as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk, Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight, Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk The prey wherein by nature they delight, So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night: His taste delicious, in digestion souring, Devours his will, that lived by foul devouring. O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit Can comprehend in still imagination! Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt, Ere he can see his own abomination. While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation Can curb his heat or rein his rash desire, Till, like a jade, Self-will himself doth tire. And then with lank and lean discoloured cheek, With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace, Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor and meek, Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case: The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with Grace, For there it revels, and when that decays The guilty rebel for remission prays. She says her subjects with foul insurrection Have battered down her consecrated wall, And by their mortal fault brought in subjection Her immortality, and made her thrall To living death and pain perpetual; Which in her prescience she controlled still, But her foresight could not forestall their will.

7: The Rape of Lucrece|William Shakespeare.|Free download|PDF EPUB|Freeditorial

From The Rape Of Lucrece by William www.enganchecubano.com lily hand her rosy cheek lies under Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss Who therefore angry seems to part in sunder Swelling on either side to.

From The Rape Of Lucrece - Poem by William Shakespeare Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under, Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss; Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder, Swelling on either side to want his bliss; Between whose hills her head entombed is; Where like a virtuous monument she lies, To be admired of lewd unhallowed eyes. Without the bed her other fair hand was, On the green coverlet, whose perfect white Showed like an April daisy on the grass, With pearly sweat resembling dew of night. Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheathed their light, And canopied in darkness sweetly lay Till they might open to adorn the day. Her hair like golden threads played with her breath O modest wantons, wanton modesty! Each in her sleep themselves so beautify As if between them twain there were no strife, But that life lived in death, and death in life. These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred, Who like a foul usurper went about From this fair throne to heave the owner out. What could he see but mightily he noted? What did he note but strongly he desired? What he beheld, on that he firmly doted, And in his will his willful eye he tired. With more than admiration he admired Her azure veins, her alabaster skin, Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin. And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting, Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting. Anon his beating heart, alarum striking, Gives the hot charge and bids them do their liking. His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye, His eye commends the leading to his hand; His hand, as proud of such a dignity, Smoking with pride, marched on to make his stand On her bare breast, the heart of all her land, Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale, Left their round turrets destitute and pale. They, mustering to the quiet cabinet Where their dear governess and lady lies, Do tell her she is dreadfully beset And fright her with confusion of their cries. She, much amazed, breaks ope her locked-up eyes, Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold, Are by his flaming torch dimmed and controlled. Imagine her as one in dead of night From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking, That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite, Whose grim aspect sets every joint a-shaking. Wrapped and confounded in a thousand fears, Like to a new-killed bird she trembling lies. She dares not look; yet, winking, there appears Quick-shifting antics ugly in her eyes. His hand, that yet remains upon her breast Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall! May feel her heart poor citizen distressed, Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall, Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal. This moves in him more rage and lesser pity, To make the breach and enter this sweet city.

8: Editions of The Rape of Lucrece by William Shakespeare

The Rape of Lucrece is a narrative poem. In BC Lucretia was raped by the son of Tarquin the King of Rome. Lucretia was the wife of a Roman aristocrat.

Other Poetry In the summer of 1592, an episodic outbreak of the plague swept through London. Theatres were among the public gathering places to be shut down. William Shakespeare decided to stay in London rather than follow a theatrical company on tour. Shakespeare needed a way to earn a wage until the theatres reopened. He also desired to be taken seriously as a writer. Playwrights of the era were considered little more than populist hacks, writing largely disposable entertainment. Shakespeare instead found a way to earn both money and acclaim through the patronage of the third Earl of Southampton, Henry Wriothesley. The following year, Shakespeare published *The Rape of Lucrece*. The Sonnets At some point in the early 1590s, Shakespeare began writing a compilation of sonnets. The first edition of these appeared in print in 1609. However, Frances Meres mentions Shakespeare sharing at least some of them among friends as early as 1599, and two appear as early versions in the folio *The Passionate Pilgrim*. The sonnet was arguably the most popular bound verse form in England when Shakespeare began writing. Imported from Italy as the Petrarchan or Italian sonnet, the form took on a distinctive English style of three distinctively rhymed quatrains capped by a rhymed couplet comprising 14 total lines of verse. This allowed the author to build a rising pattern of complication in a three-act movement, followed by the terse denouement of the final two lines. Conventional subject matter of the Elizabethan sonnet concerned love, beauty, and faith. Shakespeare as a poet could hardly have ignored the sonnet as a verse form. He appears to have written a sequence of them, dedicated to a "Master W. Of the sonnets, there are three broad divisions: They also defy many expected conventions of the traditional sonnet by addressing praises of beauty and worth to the fair youth, or by using the third quatrain as part of the resolution of the poem. The first edition of could very well have been an unauthorized printing. The dedication is enigmatic, and the sonnet by that time had waned in popularity. Points of debate have ensued ever since as to: The order of the arrangement Whether or not the sonnets are autobiographical Whether or not Shakespeare actually intended them to be published The identities of W. Shakespeare also includes elements from *Metamorphoses* from the tales of Narcissus and Hermaphroditus. Written in rhyme royal stanzas, *The Rape of Lucrece* also borrows from Ovid. While Shakespeare sticks fairly closely to the narrative of Ovid, in *The Rape of Lucrece*, he expands significantly on the action through the characterization of both Tarquin and Lucrece. Shakespeare creates as a result a tense drama with both moral and political overtones. The verses are thick with rhetorical flourishes and wordplay. Other The volume *The Passionate Pilgrim* was a collection of twenty poems that the publisher attributed entirely to Shakespeare. Only five works can be traced to Shakespeare: Thomas Heywood actually complained about a later reprinting of the work in which his poetry was published but still credited to Shakespeare. Heywood also noted that Shakespeare was unhappy with the publisher, William Jaggard, who "presumed to make so bold with his name. The poem tells the story of a woman seduced by a womanizing young man. Scholars have given it the title *The Phoenix and the Turtle* based on the thematic subject of the collection.

9: Lucrece | Folger Shakespeare Library

This "Newly Reuised" edition bears a significantly different title page than the five previous editions: the title is changed from "Lucrece" to "The Rape of Lucrece," and for the first time in an edition of Lucrece or Venus and Adonis, "Mr. William Shakespeare" is identified as the author. The original dedication to Henry.

In the night, while the others of the household were asleep, Tarquin lay restless. Caught between desire for Lucrece and dread of being discovered, to the consequent loss of his honor, he wandered aimlessly about his chamber. On the one hand, there was his position as a military man who should not be the slave of his emotions; on the other hand was his overwhelming desire. He feared the dreadful consequences that might be the result of his lustful deed. His disgrace would never be forgotten. Perhaps his own face would show the mark of his crimes and the advertisement linger on even after death. He thought for a moment that he might try to woo Lucrece but decided that such a course would be to no avail. She was already married and was not mistress of her own desires. Again he considered the possible consequences of his deed. At last, emotion conquered reason. The locks on the doors had to be forced; the threshold beneath the door grated under his footstep; the wind threatened to blow out his torch; he pricked his finger on a needle. Tarquin ignored these omens of disaster. In fact, he misconstrued them as forms of trial that only made his prize more worth winning. When he reached the chamber door, Tarquin began to pray for success. Realizing, however, that heaven would not countenance his sin, he declared that Love and Fortune would henceforth be his gods. Entering the room, he gazed at Lucrece in sleep. When he reached forward to touch her breast, she awoke with a cry of fear. He told her that her beauty had captured his heart and that she must submit to his will. First he threatened Lucrece with force, telling her that if she refused to submit to him, he would not only kill her but also dishonor her name. His intention was to murder one of her slaves, place him in her arms, and then swear that he killed them because he had seen Lucrece embracing the man. If she yielded, however, he promised he would keep the whole affair secret. Lucrece began to weep and plead with Tarquin. Her tears serving only to increase his lust, Tarquin smothered her cries with the bed linen while he raped her. Shame-ridden, he stole away, leaving Lucrece desolate. She, horrified and revolted, tore her nails and hoped the dawn would never come. In a desperate fury, she railed against the night; its darkness and secrecy had ruined her. She was afraid of the day, for surely her sin would be revealed. Still worse, through her fall, Collatine would be forever shamed. It was Opportunity that was at fault, she claimed, working for the wicked and against the innocent. Time, the handmaiden of ugly Night, was hand-in-hand with Opportunity, but Time could work for Lucrece now. She implored Time to bring misery and pain to Tarquin. Exhausted from her emotional tirade, Lucrece fell back on her pillow. She longed for a suicide weapon; death alone could save her soul. As the dawn broke, she began to consider her death. Not until she had told Collatine the complete details of her fall would she take the step, however, for Collatine must revenge her on Tarquin. Lucrece called her maid and asked for pen and paper. Writing to Collatine, she asked him to return immediately. When she gave the messenger the letter, she imagined that he knew of her sin, for he gave her a sly side glance. Surely everyone must know by now, she thought. Studying a picture of the fall of Troy, she tried to find the face showing greatest grief. Hecuba, who gazed mournfully at Priam in his dying moments, seemed the saddest. Lucrece grieved for those who died in the Trojan War, all because one man could not control his lust. Enraged, she tore the painting with her nails. Collatine, returning home, found Lucrece robed in black. With weeping and lamentations, she told him of her shame, but without naming her violator. After she had finished, Collatine, driven half-mad by rage and grief, demanded the name of the traitor. Before revealing it, Lucrece drew promises from the assembled soldiers that the loss of her honor would be avenged. Then, naming Tarquin, she drew a knife from her bosom and stabbed herself. Heartbroken, Collatine cried that he would kill himself as well, but Brutus, his friend, stepped forward and argued that woe was no cure for woe; it was better to revenge Lucrece. The soldiers left the palace to carry the bleeding body of Lucrece through Rome. The indignant citizens banished Tarquin and all his family.

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