

BRITISH LITERATURE

Middle Ages to the Eighteenth Century and Neoclassicism

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No foreign banished wight shall anchor in this port:
 Our realm brooks no seditious sects--let them elsewhere resort.
 My rusty sword through rest shall first his edge employ
 To poll their tops who seek such change or gape for future joy.

2.7.2 "On Monsieur's Departure"

(ca. 1582)

I grieve and dare not show my discontent,
 I love and yet am forced to seem to hate,
 I do, yet dare not say I ever meant,
 I seem stark mute but inwardly do prate.
 I am and not, I freeze and yet am burned,
 Since from myself another self I turned.

My care is like my shadow in the sun,
 Follows me flying, flies when I pursue it,
 Stands and lies by me, doth what I have done.
 His too familiar care doth make me rue it.
 No means I find to rid him from my breast,
 Till by the end of things it be supprest.

Some gentler passion slide into my mind,
 For I am soft and made of melting snow;
 Or be more cruel, love, and so be kind.
 Let me or float or sink, be high or low.
 Or let me live with some more sweet content,
 Or die and so forget what love ere meant.

2.7.3 "The Golden Speech"

(1601)

Mr Speaker,

We have heard your declaration and perceive your care of our estate. I do assure you there is no prince that loves his subjects better, or whose love can countervail our love. There is no jewel, be it of never so rich a price, which I set before this jewel: I mean your love. For I do esteem it more than any treasure or riches; for that we know how to prize, but love and thanks I count invaluable. And, though God hath raised me high, yet this I count the glory of my Crown, that I have reigned with your loves. This makes me that I do not so much rejoice that God hath made me to be a Queen, as to be a Queen over so thankful a people. Therefore I have cause to wish nothing more than to content the subject and that is a duty which I owe.