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ENGLISH LITERATURE

ELEVENTH EDITION

PACKAGE 1

THE NORTON ANTHOLOGY
ENGLISH LITERATURE

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THE MIDDLE AGES



100 YEARS

THE NORTON ANTHOLOGY
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THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY
THE EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY



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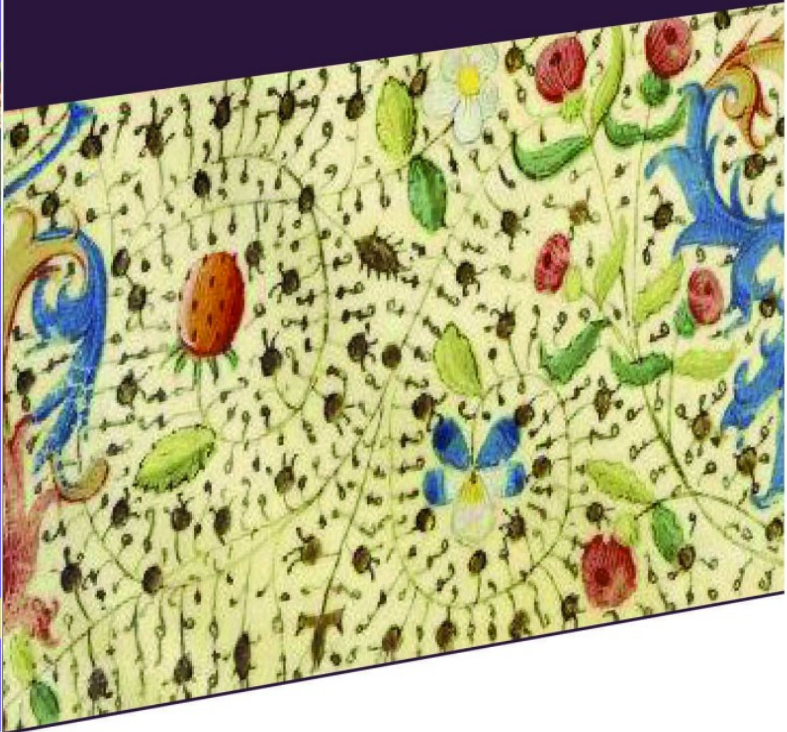
ELEVENTH EDITION



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THE NORTON ANTHOLOGY OF
**ENGLISH
LITERATURE**



ELEVENTH EDITION

Stephen Greenblatt, *General Editor*
COGAN UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR OF THE HUMANITIES
HARVARD UNIVERSITY

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ISBN: 978-0-393-54328-5 (print)

ISBN: 978-1-324-06275-2 (ebook)

W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY
10110

wwnorton.com

W. W. Norton & Company Ltd., 15 Carlisle Street, London W1D 3BS

Ebook version: 1.1-retailer

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Preface

The Norton Anthology of English Literature is a massive cultural space. In it the selections are in conversation, echoing and imitating, and also expanding, contracting, observing, playing, arguing, and dissenting, among a host of other responses. To enter this space as a reader is to recognize that works of literature, even the greatest of them, are never strictly solitary. They belong to larger communities, and within these communities they participate in ongoing dialogues. *The Norton Anthology of English Literature* represents one such community, formed by a shared relation to the English language as it emerged in the British Isles and has evolved, changed shapes, and spread over the centuries. Literary relations often cross boundaries from one language to another, but their interactions tend to be most concentrated and intense within a shared linguistic community—a community that can be both massive and intimate, both cohesive and fractured, but always part of a wider world.

With this Eleventh Edition of *The Norton Anthology of English Literature*, a new generation of editors has assumed the principal responsibility for revising each of the periods of this community. The result is the most thoroughgoing rethinking in the anthology's long and storied life. Though the great landmarks remain, familiar and beloved works of literature find themselves in unfamiliar and sometimes surprising company. It is our hope that fresh perceptions and new conversations will arise out of these changes in the overall anthology environment.

M. H. Abrams, the distinguished literary critic who brought together the original team of editors more than sixty years ago and, with characteristic insight, diplomacy, and humor, oversaw the first seven editions of the anthology, understood that scholarly discoveries and the shifting interests of readers constantly alter the landscape of literary history. As he said, "A vital literary culture is

290 I believe what you have told me, that you are a
troop
loyal to our king. So come ahead
with your arms and your gear, and I will guide you.
What's more, I'll order my own comrades
on their word of honor to watch your boat
295 down there on the strand—keep her safe
in her fresh tar, until the time comes
for her curved prow to preen on the waves
and bear this hero back to Geatland.
May one so valiant and venturesome
come unharmed through the clash of battle.”
300 So they went on their way. The ship rode the water,
broad-beamed, bound by its hawser
and anchored fast. Boar-shapes⁷ flashed
above their cheek-guards, the brightly forged
work of goldsmiths, watching over
305 those stern-faced men. They marched in step,
hurrying on till the timbered hall
rose before them, radiant with gold.
Nobody on earth knew of another
building like it. Majesty lodged there,
310 its light shone over many lands.
So their gallant escort guided them
to that dazzling stronghold and indicated
the shortest way to it; then the noble warrior
wheeled on his horse and spoke these words:
315 “It is time for me to go. May the Almighty
Father keep you and in His kindness
watch over your exploits. I'm away to the sea,
back on alert against enemy raiders.”
It was a paved track, a path that kept them
320 in marching order. Their mail-shirts glinted,
hard and hand-linked; the high-gloss iron
of their armor rang. So they duly arrived

3155 slavery and abasement. Heaven swallowed the
smoke.
Then the Geat people began to construct
a mound on a headland, high and imposing,
a marker that sailors could see from far away,
and in ten days they had done the work.
3160 It was their hero's memorial; what remained from
the fire
they housed inside it, behind a wall
as worthy of him as their workmanship could make
it.
And they buried torques in the barrow, and jewels
and a trove of such things as trespassing men
had once dared to drag from the hoard.
3165 They let the ground keep that ancestral treasure,
gold under gravel, gone to earth,
as useless to men now as it ever was.
Then twelve warriors rode around the tomb,
chieftains' sons, champions in battle,
3170 all of them distraught, chanting in dirges,
mourning his loss as a man and a king.
They extolled his heroic nature and exploits
and gave thanks for his greatness; which was the
proper thing,
3175 for a man should praise a prince whom he holds
dear
and cherish his memory when that moment comes
when he has to be convoyed from his bodily home.
So the Geat people, his hearth-companions,
sorrowed for the lord who had been laid low.
3180 They said that of all the kings upon earth
he was the man most gracious and fair-minded,
kindest to his people and keenest to win fame.

Endnotes

accept me in his stead, I will do battle with you." "We will," said the youths, "by him who made us."

And they attacked Owain, and he was hard beset by them. And with that the lion came to Owain's assistance, and they two got the better of the young men. And they said to him, "Chieftain, it was not agreed that we should fight save with thyself alone, and it is harder for us to contend with yonder animal than with thee." And Owain put the lion in the place where the maiden had been imprisoned, and blocked up the door with stones, and he went to fight with the young men, as before. But Owain had not his usual strength, and the two youths pressed hard upon him. And the lion roared incessantly at seeing Owain in trouble; and he burst through the wall until he found a way out, and rushed upon the young men, and instantly slew them. So Luned was saved from being burned.

Then Owain returned with Luned to the dominions of the Countess of the Fountain. And when he went thence he took the Countess with him to Arthur's court, and she was his wife as long as she lived.

And then he took the road that led to the court of the Black Oppressor,¹ and Owain fought with him, and the lion did not quit Owain until he had vanquished him. And when he reached the court of the Black Oppressor he entered the hall and beheld four-and-twenty ladies, the fairest that could be seen. And the garments which they had on were not worth four-and-twenty pence, and they were as sorrowful as death. And Owain asked them the cause of their sadness. And they said, "We are the daughters of Earls, and we all came here with our husbands, whom we dearly loved. And we were received with honour and rejoicing. And we were thrown into a state of stupor, and while we were thus, the demon who owns this castle slew all our husbands, and took from us our horses, and our raiment, and our gold, and our silver; and the corpses of our husbands are still in this house, and many others with them. And this, Chieftain, is the cause of our grief, and we are sorry that thou art come hither, lest harm should befall thee."

return and I for my part love him with such faith that I shall never abandon him for anything which anyone may say to me.'

* * *

Endnotes

- Note 1: The translation is from Jocelyn Wogan-Browne and Glyn S. Burgess, *Virgin Lives and Holy Deaths* (1996).[Return to reference 1](#)
- Note 2: Essence or substance of God.[Return to reference 2](#)
- Note 3: Christian doctrine requires baptism to enter the kingdom of God, but martyrdom could act equivalently, as Catherine assures the philosophers.[Return to reference 3](#)
- Note 4: Clemence's use of the masculine "Lords" (in Anglo-Norman French, *segnurs*) suggests that she does not envision an audience made up exclusively of other nuns.[Return to reference 4](#)

- ◦: *well*[Return to reference](#) ◦
- ◦: *wrongly done*[Return to reference](#) ◦
- ◦: *know*[Return to reference](#) ◦
- ◦: *jerk*[Return to reference](#) ◦
- ◦: *knot*[Return to reference](#) ◦
- ◦: *knave* [Return to reference](#) ◦
- ◦: *diminish*[Return to reference](#) ◦
- ◦: *fasten*[Return to reference](#) ◦
- ◦: *matter* [Return to reference](#) ◦
- ◦: *badly*[Return to reference](#) ◦
- ◦: *yet*[Return to reference](#) ◦
- ◦: *try*[Return to reference](#) ◦
- ◦: *pull*[Return to reference](#) ◦
- ◦: *think* [Return to reference](#) ◦
- ◦: *well*[Return to reference](#) ◦
- ◦: *badly*[Return to reference](#) ◦
- ◦: *before* [Return to reference](#) ◦
- ◦: *to*[Return to reference](#) ◦
- ◦: *afflicted*[Return to reference](#) ◦
- ◦: *tricks*[Return to reference](#) ◦
- ◦: *hang*[Return to reference](#) ◦
- ◦: *harm*[Return to reference](#) ◦
- ◦: *improve* [Return to reference](#) ◦
- ◦: *argue*[Return to reference](#) ◦
- ◦: *rasca*[Return to reference](#) ◦
- ◦: *ready*[Return to reference](#) ◦
- ◦: *think*[Return to reference](#) ◦
- ◦: *this*[Return to reference](#) ◦
- ◦: *easy*[Return to reference](#) ◦
- ◦: *more*[Return to reference](#) ◦
- ◦: *doubt*[Return to reference](#) ◦
- ◦: *carry*[Return to reference](#) ◦
- ◦: *ready*[Return to reference](#) ◦
- ◦: *to*[Return to reference](#) ◦
- ◦: *turn out* [Return to reference](#) ◦
- ◦: *wrong*[Return to reference](#) ◦

When he had don thus that tide,
Over all his land by each a side
The word well wide sprong.
1065 Five heathen kinges that tide^o
And many heathen duke unride^o
With people great and strong
They sent aboute near and fer^o
Upon that sultan for to war,
1070 And said for that wrong,
By Mahoun and Ternagaunt,
There should not ben his warrant^o
But been drawe and hong.⁹

1075 Tho five kinges of proud parayle^o
Dight^o them ready to that bateyl;
Well stout and strong they were.
How the sultan gan them assail
And what they hete^o withouten fail,
Now herken and ye may hear.
1080 King Canadok and King Lesias,
King Carmel and King Clamadas,
And King Memarok¹ their fere.^o
Upon the sultan with war they went,
His men they slew, his townes brent
1085 With strengthe and great power.

The king of Tars and the sultan,
Day of bateyle they gun tan^o
Again tho kinges five.
Ac ever again^o a Christian man,
1090 Ten heathen houndes were than
Of Saracens stout and stithe.^o
Now herkneth to me bothe old and ying
How the sultan and the king
Amonges them gun drive,

Now and then he doubles back through thorny
thickets,
or halts and harkens in the hem of a hedge,
until finally, by a hollow, he hurdles a fence,
and carefully he creeps by the edge of a copse,
1710 convinced that his cunning has conned those canines!
But unawares he wanders where they lie in wait,
where greyhounds are gathered together, a group
of three.

1715 He springs back with a start,
then twists and turns and flees.
With heavy, heaving heart
he tracks towards the trees.

1720 It was one of life's delights to listen to those hounds
as they massed to meet him, marauding together.
They bayed bloodily at the sight of his being,
as if clustering cliffs had crashed to the ground.
Here he was ambushed by bushwhacking huntsmen
waiting with a welcome of wounding words;
1725 there he was threatened and branded a thief,
and the team on his tail gave him no time to tarry.
Often, in the open, the pack tried to pounce,
then that crafty Reynard¹ would creep into cover.
So his lordship and his lords were merrily led
in this manner through the mountains until
1730 midafternoon,
while our handsome hero snoozed contentedly at
home,
kept from the cold of the morning by curtains.
But love would not let her ladyship sleep
nor suppress the purpose which suppressed her
heart.
1735 She rose from her rest and rushed to his room
in a flowing robe that reached to the floor
and was finished inside with fine-trimmed furs.

Return, return again into Christ's war, and, as becometh a faithful warrior, put on that armor that St. Paul teacheth to be most necessary for a Christian man.¹ And above all things take to you the shield of faith, and be you provoked by Christ's own example to withstand the devil, to forsake the world, and to become a true and faithful member of his mystical body, who spared not his own body for our sins.

Throw down yourself with the fear of his threatened vengeance for this so great and heinous an offense of apostasy; and comfort yourself, on the other part, with the mercy, blood, and promise of him that is ready to turn unto you whensoever you turn unto him. Disdain not to come again with the lost son,² seeing you have so wandered with him. Be not ashamed to turn again with him from the swill of strangers³ to the delicacies of your most benign and loving Father, acknowledging that you have sinned against heaven and earth: against heaven, by staining the glorious name of God and causing his most sincere and pure word to be evil-spoken-of through you; against earth, by offending so many of your weak brethren, to whom you have been a stumbling-block through your sudden sliding. Be not abashed to come home again with Mary,⁴ and weep bitterly with Peter,⁵ not only with shedding the tears of your bodily eyes, but also pouring out the streams of your heart—to wash away, out of the sight of God, the filth and mire of your offensive fall. Be not abashed to say with the publican,⁶ "Lord be merciful unto me a sinner."

Last of all, let the lively remembrance of the last day⁷ be always before your eyes, remembering the terror that such shall be in at that time, with the runagates⁸ and fugitives from Christ, which, setting more by the world than by heaven, more by their life than by him that gave them life, did shrink, yea did clean fall away, from him that forsook not them; and, contrariwise, the inestimable joys prepared for them that, fearing no peril nor dreading death, have manfully fought and victoriously triumphed over all power of darkness, over hell, death, and damnation, through their most redoubted⁹ captain, Christ, who now stretcheth out his arms to

- \circ : *reward* [Return to reference \$\circ\$](#)

Caesar's nose by a shoeing-horn; and this he did to
gain the name of a
speculative⁹ man.

40
PESCARA Mark Prince Ferdinand:
A very salamander lives in 's eye,
To mock the eager violence of fire.¹

SILVIO That Cardinal hath made more bad faces with
his oppression
than ever Michelangelo² made good ones: he lifts up
45 's nose, like a foul
porpoise before a storm.

PESCARA The Lord Ferdinand laughs.

DELIO Like a deadly cannon that lightens ere it
smokes.

PESCARA These are your true pangs of death,
The pangs of life, that struggle with great
50 statesmen.

DELIO In such a deformed silence witches whisper
Their charms.

CARDINAL Doth she make religion her riding
hood
To keep her from the sun and tempest?

FERDINAND That,
That damns her. Methinks her fault and beauty,
Blended together, show like leprosy,
55 The whiter, the fouler. I make it a question
Whether her beggarly brats were ever christened.

CARDINAL I will instantly solicit the state of Ancona
To have them banished.

FERDINAND You are for Loreto?
I shall not be at your ceremony; fare you well.
60 Write to the Duke of Malfi, my young nephew
She had by her first husband, and acquaint him
With 's mother's honesty.

BOSOLA I will.

Each other's burden in our share of woe;
Since this day's death denounced, if aught I see,
Will prove no sudden, but a slow-paced evil,
A long day's dying to augment our pain,
And to our seed (O hapless seed!) derived."°
965 To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, replied:
"Adam, by sad experiment I know
How little weight my words with thee can find,
Found so erroneous, thence by just event°
Found so unfortunate; nevertheless,
970 Restored by thee, vile as I am, to place
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain
Thy love, the sole contentment of my heart
Living or dying, from thee I will not hide
What thoughts in my unquiet breast are ris'n,
975 Tending to some relief of our extremes,
Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,
As in our evils, and of easier choice.
If care of our descent perplex us most, 7
Which must be born to certain woe, devoured
980 By Death at last, and miserable it is
To be to others cause of misery,
Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring
Into this cursèd world a woeful race,
That after wretched life must be at last
985 Food for so foul a monster, in thy power
It lies, yet ere conception to prevent
The race unblest, to being yet unbegot.
Childless thou art, childless remain; so Death
Shall be deceived° his glut, and with us two
990 Be forced to satisfy his rav'nous maw.
But if thou judge it hard and difficult,
Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain
From love's due rites, nuptial embraces sweet,
And with desire to languish without hope,
995

abound very much in both of these, and usually contain either some exalted notions of friendship and benevolence, or the praises of those who were victors in races and other bodily exercises. Their buildings, although very rude and simple, are not inconvenient, but well contrived to defend them from all injuries of cold and heat. They have a kind of tree, which at forty years old loosens in the root, and falls with the first storm; it grows very straight, and being pointed like stakes with a sharp stone (for the Houyhnhnms know not the use of iron), they stick them erect in the ground about ten inches asunder, and then weave in oat straw, or sometimes wattles, betwixt them. The roof is made after the same manner, and so are the doors.

The Houyhnhnms use the hollow part between the pastern and the hoof of their forefeet as we do our hands, and this with greater dexterity than I could at first imagine. I have seen a white mare of our family thread a needle (which I lent her on purpose) with that joint. They milk their cows, reap their oats, and do all the work which requires hands in the same manner. They have a kind of hard flints, which by grinding against other stones they form into instruments that serve instead of wedges, axes, and hammers. With tools made of these flints, they likewise cut their hay, and reap their oats, which there groweth naturally in several fields. The Yahoos draw home the sheaves in carriages, and the servants tread them in certain covered huts, to get out the grain, which is kept in stores. They make a rude kind of earthen and wooden vessels, and bake the former in the sun.

If they can avoid casualties, they die only of old age, and are buried in the obscurest places that can be found, their friends and relations expressing neither joy nor grief at their departure; nor does the dying person discover the least regret that he is leaving the world, any more than if he were upon returning home from a visit to one of his neighbors; I remember my master having once made an appointment with a friend and his family to come to his house upon some affair of importance; on the day fixed, the mistress and her two children came very late; she made two excuses, first for her

- Note 4: A reference to 2 Kings 2:11: “there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire,” and “Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven.”[Return to reference 4](#)

Notes

- °: *sacred place*[Return to reference °](#)
- °: *horses*[Return to reference °](#)