

# Amorous leander

Chivers - Hero and Leander by Christopher Marlowe



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**Inspector George Gently**

The end of the first Sestiad.

**Hero and Leander: The First Sestiad poem**

Her kirtle blue, whereon was many a stain, Made with the blood of wretched lovers slain.

**Hero and Leander by Christopher Marlowe**

And one especially do we affect Of two gold ingots like in each respect. Neptune was angrie that he gave no eare, And in his heart revenging malice bare: He flung at him his mace, but as it went, 210 He called it in, for love made him repent. Therefore unto him hastily she goes And, like light Salmacis, her body throws Upon his bosom where with yielding eyes She offers up herself a sacrifice To slake his anger if he were displeased.

**Hero And Leander: The First Sestiad by Christopher Marlowe**

Which being known as what is hid from Jove? But with a ghastly dreadful countenance, Threatening a thousand deaths at every glance, They answered Love, nor would vouchsafe so much As one poor word, their hate to him was such. So Hero's ruddy cheek Hero betrayed, And her all naked to his sight displayed, Whence his admiring eyes more pleasure took Than Dis, on heaps of gold fixing his look.

**Amorous**

Less sins the poor rich man that starves himself In heaping up a mass of drossy pelf, Than such as you.

**Hero and Leander: The First Sestiad poem**

She, fearing on the rushes to be flung, Strived with redoubled strength; the more she strived The more a gentle pleasing heat revived, Which taught him all that elder lovers know.

## **Analysis of Shakespeare's Sonnet 20**

When two are stript, long ere the course begin, We wish that one should loose, the other win.

### **Inspector George Gently**

He inly stormed and waxed more furious Than for the fire filched by Prometheus, And thrusts him down from heaven. These lovers parleyed by the touch of hands; True love is mute, and oft amazed stands. Note the familiar sentiment about love at first sight; Shakespeare used something similar in Act 3 Scene V of: It lies not win our power to love or hate, For will in us is overruled by fate.

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