

## Petrarch, Rima 190

A Modern 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.

## “Whoso List to Hunt” (1557)

Sir Thomas Wyatt the Elder

- Whoso list to hunt, I know where is a hind,  
But as for me, alas, I may no more.  
The vain travail hath wearied me so sore,  
I am of them that farthest come 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.
- (10) Whoso list her hunt, I put him out of doubt,  
As well as I, may 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.”

## Sonnet 67 (1595)

Edmund Spenser

- 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 of their pray:
- (5) So after long pursuit and vaine assay,  
When I all weary had the chace forsooke,  
The gentle deare returnd the selfe-same way,  
Thinking to quench her thirst at the next brooke
- (10) There she beholding me with mylder looke,  
Sought not to fly, but fearelesse still did bide:  
Till I in hand her yet half e trembling tooke,  
And with her owne goodwill hir fymely tyde.  
Strange thing me seem d to see a beast so wyld,  
So goodly wonne with her owne will beguyld.