

Song
[F62, P61]

Deerest if I by my deseruing
may maintaine in your thoughts my loue,
Lett mee itt still inioy
nor faith destroy
Butt, pittty loue wher itt doth moue,

Lett noe other new loue inuite you
to leaue mee who soe long haue seru'd,
Nor lett yo^r powre decline
butt purely shine
On, mee, who haue all truth preseru'd;

Or had you once found my hart straying
then would nott I accuse your chang,
Butt beeing constant still
itt needs must kill
One, whose soule knowes nott how to rang;

Yett may you loues sweet smiles recouer
since all loue is nott yett quite lost
Butt tempt nott loue too long
least soe great wrong
Make him think hee is too much crost

Song
F64, P62

Fairest, and still truest eyes
can you the lights bee, and the spies
of my desires?
Can you shine cleere for loues delight,
and yett the breeders bee of spite,
and iealous fires?

Mark what lookes doe you beehold,
such as by iealousie are told
they want your loue:
See how they sparcle in distrust
w^{ch} by a heat of thoughts vniust
in them doe moue;

Learne to guide your course by art
chang your eyes into your hart,
and patient bee
Till fruitles iealousie giues leaue
by safest absence to receaue
what you would see;

Then lett loue his triumph haue,
and suspition such a graue
as nott to moue,
While wished freedome brings that bliss
that you inioy what all ioy is
happy to loue;

Sonett I.
[F66, P63]

In night yett may wee see some kind of light
when as the Moone doth please to show her face,
and in the Sunns roome yeelds her sight, and grace
w^{ch} otherwise must suffer dullest night;

Soe ar my fortunes, bard from true delight
colde, and vnertaine, like to this strang place,
decreasing, changing in an instant space,
and euen att full of ioy turn'd to despite;

Iustly on Fortune was beestow'd the wheele
Whose fauors ficle, and vnconstant reele;
drunk wth delight of chang, and sodaine paine;

Wher pleasure hath noe settled place of stay
butt turning still for our best hopes decay,
And this (alas) wee louers often gaine;

.15.

[F17, P64]

Loue like a jugler, comes to play his prise,
and all minds draw his wonders to admire,
to see how cunningly hee, wanting eyes,
can yett deseae the best sight of desire:

The wanton child, how hee can faine his fire
so pretely, as none sees his disguise;
how finely doe his tricks, while wee fooles hire
the maske, and seruice of his tirannies,

For in the end, such iugling doth hee make
as hee our harts, in stead of eyes doth take
for men can only by theyr slieghts abuse

The sight wth nimble, and delightfull skill;
butt if hee play, his gaine is our lost will:
yett childlike, wee can nott his sports refuse;

26.

[F30, P65]

Most blessed Night, the happy time for loue,
the shade for Louers and theyr loues delight,
the Raigne of Venus' seruants, free from spite,
the hopefull season, for ioy's sports to moue;

Now hast thou made thy glory higher proue
then did the God, whose pleasant reede did smite
all Argus eyes into a deathlike night
till they were safe, that loue could non reprove,

Butt thou hast clos'd those eyes from priing sight
that nourish iealousie more then ioyes right
while Vaine suspition fosters theyr mistrust,

Making sweet sleepe to master all suspect
w^{ch} els theyr priuatt feares would nott neglect
butt would imbrace both blinded, and vniust

4.

[F69, P66]

Cruell suspition, O! bee now att rest
lett dayly torments bring to thee some stay
alas make nott my ill thy ease=full pray,
nor giue loose raines to rage when loue's oprest

I ame by care sufficiently distrest
noe rack can stretch my hart more, nor a way
can I find out for least content to lay,
one happy foote of ioye, one step thats blest;

Butt to my end thou fly'st w^t greedy eye,
seeking to bring grieffe by bace iealousie,
O in how strang a cage ame I kept in?

Noe little signe of fauor can I proue
butt must bee way'de, and turnd to wronging loue,
and wth each humor must my state begin;

5.

[F70, P67]

How many nights haue I w^t paine indur'd
w^{ch} as soe many ages I esteem'd
since my misfortune? yett noe whitt redeem'd
butt rather faster tide, to grieffe assur'd?

How many howrs haue my sad thoughts indur'd
of killing paines? yett is itt nott esteem'd
by cruell loue, who might haue thes redeem'd,
and all thes yeers of howres to ioy assur'd:

Butt fond child, had hee had a care to saue
as first to conquer, this my pleasures graue
had nott bin now to testify my woe;

I might haue bin an Image of delight,
as now a Tombe for sad misfortunes spite,
W^{ch} Loue vnkindly for reward doth showe

.16.

[F18, P68]

My paine, still smother'd in my griued brest,
seekes for some ease, yett cannott passage finde
to bee discharg'd of this vnwellcome ghest;
when most I striue, more fast his burdens bind,

Like to a ship, on Goodwines cast by wind
the more she striues, more deepe in sand is prest
till she bee lost; so am I, in this kind
sunk, and deuour'd, and swallow'd by vnrest,

Lost, shipwrack't, spoyl'd, debar'd of smallest hope
nothing of pleasure left; saue thought's haue scope,
w^{ch} wander may: Goe then, my thoughts, and cry

Hope's perish'd; Loue tempest=beaten; Ioy lost
killing dispaire hath all thes blessing crost
yett faith still cries, Loue will nott falsefy.

7.

[F72, P69]

An end fond iealousie alas I know
thy hidenest, and thy most secrett art
thou canst noe new inuention frame butt part
I haue allreddy seene, and felt w^t woe;

All thy dissemblings w^{ch} by fained show
wunn my beeleeefe, while truth did rule my hart
I, wth glad mind imbrace'd, and deemd my smart
the spring of ioy, whose streames wth bliss should flow;

I thought excuses had bin reasons true,
and that noe faulcehood could of thee ensue;
soe soone beeleeefe in honest minds is wrought;

Butt now I find thy flattery, and skill,
w^{ch} idly made mee to obserue thy will;
thus is my learning by my bondage bought

.17.

[F19, P70]

Poore Loue in chaines, and fetters, like a thiefe
I mett led forthe, as chast Diana's gaine,
vowing the vntaught Lad should noe reliefe
from her receaue, who glory'd in fond paine.

She call'd him theife; w^t vowes hee did maintaine
hee neuer stole; butt some slight touch of griefe
had giuen to those who did his powre disdaine,
in w^{ch} reueng, his honor, was the chiefe:

She say'd hee murder'd, and therfor must dy;
hee, that hee caus'd butt loue: did harmes deny
butt, while she thus discoursing w^t him stood

The Nimphs vnty'd him, and his chaines tooke of
thinking him safe; butt hee, loose, made a scofe
smiling, and scorning them, flew to the wood.

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