

[P31]

27.

Fie tedious Hope, why doe you still rebell?

Is it not yet enough you flatter'd me,

But cunningly you seeke to vse a Spell

How to betray; must these your Trophees bee?

I look'd from you farre sweeter fruite to see,

But blasted were your blossomes when they fell:

And those delights expected from hands free,

Wither'd and dead, and what seemd blisse proues hell.

No Towne was won by a more plotted slight,

Then I by you, who may my fortune write,

In embers of that fire which ruin'd me:

Thus Hope your falshood calls you to be tryde,

You'r loth, I see, the tryall to abide;

Proue true at last, and gaine your liberty.

[P32]

28.

GRiefe, killing griefe, haue not my torments beene
Already great and strong enough? but still
Thou dost increase, nay glory in mine il,
And woes new past, a fresh new woes begin?

Am I the onely purchase thou canst win?
Was I ordain'd to giue despaire her fill,
Or fittest I should mount misfortunes hill,
Who in the plaine of ioy cannot liue in?

If it be so, Griefe come as welcome guest,
Since I must suffer for anothers rest;
Yet this (good Griefe) let me intreat of thee,

Vse still thy force, but not from those I loue
Let me all paines and lasting torments proue;
So I misse these, lay all thy waights on me.

[P33]

29.

FLye hence, O Ioy, no longer heere abide,
Too great thy pleasures are for my despaire
To looke on, losses now must proue my fare;
Who not long since on better foode relide.

But foole, how oft had I Heau'ns changing spi'de
Before of mine owne fate I could haue care:
Yet now past time I can too late beware,
When nothings left but sorrowes faster ty'de.

While I enioyd that Sunne, whose sight did lend
Me ioy, I thought that day could haue no end:
But soone a night came cloath'd in absence darke;

Absence more sad, more bitter then is gall,
Or death, when on true Louers it doth fall;
Whose fires of loue, disdain reasts poorer sparke.

[P34]

30.

YOu blessed shades, which giue me silent rest,
Witnes but this when death hath clos'd mine eyes,
And separated me from earthly tyes;
Being from hence to higher place adrest.

How oft in you I haue laine heere opprest?
And haue my miseries in wofull cries
Deliuer'd forth, mounting vp to the Skyes?
Yet helplesse, backe return'd to wound my brest.

Which wounds did but striue how to breed more harm
To me, who can be cur'd by no one charme
But that of Loue, which yet may me releue;

If not, let Death my former paines redeeme,
My trusty friends, my faith vntouch'd, esteeme,
And witnesse I could loue, who so could grieue.

[P35]

Song. 5.

Time onely cause of my vnrest,
By whom I hop'd once to be blest,
How cruell art thou turn'd?
That first gau'st life vnto my loue,
And still a pleasure not to moue,
Or change, though euer burn'd.

Haue I thee slack'd, or left vndone
One louing rite, and so haue wonne,
Thy rage, or bitter changing?
That now no minutes I shall see,
Wherein I may least happy be,
Thy fauours so estranging.

Blame thy selfe and not my folly,
Time gaue time but to be holy,
True Loue such ends best loueth:
Vnworthy Loue doth seeke for ends,
A worthy Loue, but worth pretends;
Nor other thoughts it proueth.

Then stay thy swiftnes cruell Time,
And let me once more blessed clime
to ioy, that I may praise thee:
Let me pleasure sweetly tasting,
Ioy in Loue, and faith not wasting,
and on Fames wings Ile raise thee.

Neuer shall thy glory dying,

*Bee vntill thine owne vntying,
that Tyme no longer liueth,
'Tis a gaine such time to lend,
Since so thy fame shall neuer end,
But ioy for what she giueth.*

[P36]

31.

After long trouble in a tedious way,
Of Loues vnrest, laid downe to ease my paine,
Hoping for rest, new torments I did gaine
Possessing me, as if I ought t' obey.

When Fortune came, though blinded, yet did stay,
And in her blessed armes did me inchaine:
I, cold with grieffe, thought no warmth to obtaine,
Or to dissolue that yce of ioyes decay.

Till rise (said she) Reward to thee doth send
By me the seruant of true Louers ioy:
Bannish all clouds of doubt, all feares destroy;
And now on Fortune, and on Loue depend.

I her obey'd, and rising felt that Loue
Indeed was best, when I did least it moue.

[P37]

32.

HOw fast thou fliest, O Time, on Loues swift wings,
To hopes of ioy, that flatters our desire:
Which to a Louer still contentment brings;
Yet when we should inioy, thou dost retire.

Thou stay'st thy pace (false Time) from our desire
When to our ill thou hast'st with Eagles wings:
Slow only to make vs see thy retire
Was for Despaire, and harme, which sorrow brings.

O slake thy pace, and milder passe to Loue,
Be like the Bee, whose wings she doth but vse
To bring home profit; masters good to proue,
Laden, and weary, yet againe pursues.

So lade thy selfe with hony of sweet ioy,
And do not me (the Hiue of Loue) destroy.

[P38]

33.

How many eyes (poore Loue) hast thou to guard
Thee from thy most desired wish, and end?
Is it because some say th'art blinde, that barr'd
From sight, thou should'st no happinesse attend?

Who blame thee so, small Iustice can pretend,
Since 'twixt thee and the Sunne no question hard
Can be; his sight but outward, thou can'st bend
The heart, and guide it freely thus vnbar'd.

Art thou, while we both blinde and bold, oft dare
Accuse thee of the harmes our selues should finde:
Who led with folly, and by rashnesse blinde
Thy sacred power doe with a child's compare.

Yet Loue, this boldnesse pardon; for admire
Thee sure we must, or be borne without fire.

[P39]

34.

TAke heed mine eyes, how you your looks doe cast,
Lest they betray my hearts most secret thought:
Be true vnto your selues; for nothing's bought
More deare then Doubt, which brings a Louers fast.

Catch you alwatching eyes ere they be past,
Or take yours fix't, where your best Loue hath sought
The pride of your desires; let them be taught
Their faults for shame they could no truer last.

Then looke, and looke with ioy, for conquest won,
Of those that search'd your hurt in double kinde:
So you kept safe, let them themselues looke blinde,
Watch, gaze, and marke till they to madnesse run.

While you mine eyes enioy full sight of Loue,
Contented that such happinesses moue.

[P40]

35.

FAlse Hope which feeds but to destroy and spill
What it first breeds, vnnaturall to the blrth
Of thine owne wombe, conceiuing but to kill
And plenty giues to make the greater dearth.

So Tyrants doe, who falsly ruling Earth,
Outwardly grace them, and with profits fill,
Aduance those who appointed are to death;
To make their greater fall to please their will.

Thus shadow they their wicked vile intent,
Colouring euill with a show of good:
While in faire shows their malice so is spent;
Hope kill's the heart, and Tyrants shed the blood.

For Hode deluding brings vs to the pride
Of our desires the farther downe to slide.

[Original content ©2015 by Dirk Jol]