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Song. 1.

Sweet, let me enjoy thy sight
More cleare, more bright then morning Sun,
Which in Spring-time giues delight
And by which Summers pride is won.
Present sight doth pleasures moue
Which in sad absence we must misse:
But when met againe in loue,
Then twice redoubled is our blisse.

Yet this comfort absence giues,
And only faithfull louing tries,
That though parted, Loues force liues
As iust in heart, as in our eyes:
But such comfort banish quite,
Farre sweeter is it, still to finde
Fauour in thy loued sight,
Which present smiles with ioyes combind.

Eyes of gladnesse, lipps of Loue,
And hearts from passion not to turne,
But in sweet affections mooue,
In flames of Faith to liue, and burne.
Dearest then, this kindnesse giue,
And grant me life, which is your sight,
Wherein I more blessed liue,
Then graced with the Sunnes faire light.

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2.

*S*weet Siluia in a shady wood,
With her faire Nymphs layd downe,
Saw not farre off where Cupid stood,
The Monarch of Loues Crowne,
All naked, playing with his wings,
Within a Mirtle Tree,
Which sight a sudden laughter brings,
His Godhead so to see.

An fondly they began to iest,
With scoffing, and delight,
Not knowing he did breed vnrest,
And that his will's his right:
When he perceiuing of their scorne,
Grew in such desperate rage,
Who but for honour first was borne,
Could not his rage asswage.

Till shooting of his murth'ring dart,
Which not long lighting was,
Knowing the next way to the heart,
Did through a poore Nymph passe:
This shot the others made to bow,
Besides all those to blame,
Who scorners be, or not allow
Of powerfull Cupids name.

Take heede then nor doe idly smile,
Nor Loues commands despise,

*For soone will he your strength beguile,
Although he want his eyes.*

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3

*C*ome merry Spring delight vs,
*F*or Winter long did spight vs,
*I*n pleasure still perseuer,
*T*hy beauties ending neuer:

Spring, and grow

Lasting so,

With ioyes increasing euer.

*L*et cold from hence be banish'd,
*T*ill hopes from me be vauish'd,
*B*ut blesse thy daynties growing
*I*n fulnesse freely flowing:

Sweet Birds sing

For the Spring,

All mirth is now bestowing.

Philomel in this Arbour
Makes now her louing Harbour,
Yet of her state complaining,
Her Notes in mildnesse straying,
Which though sweet,
Yet doe meet.
Her former luckelesse paining.

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4.

L*ouers learne to speake but truth,
Swear not, and your oathes forgoe,
Giue your age a constant youth,
Vow no more then what you'le doe.*

*Thinke it sacriledge to breake
What you promise, shall in loue
And in teares what you doe speake
Forget not, when the ends you proue.*

*Doe not thinke it glory is
To entice, and then deceiue,
Your chiefe honors lye in this,
By worth what wonne is, not to leaue.*

*'Tis not for your fame to try,
What we weake, not oft refuse,
In our bounty our faults lye,
When you to doe a fault will chuse.*

*Fye leaue this, a greater gaine,
tis to keepe when you haue won,
Then what purchas'd is with paine,
Soone after in all scorne to shun.*

*For if worthlesse to be priz'd,
Why at first will you it moue?
And if worthy, why dispis'd?
You cannot swear, and lie, and loue.*

*Loue alasse you cannot like,
Tis but for a fashion mou'd,
None can chase, and then dislike,
Vnlesse it be by fashood prou'd.*

*But your choyce is, and your loue.
How most number to deceiue,
As if honors claime did moue
Like Popish Law, none safe to leaue.*

*Flye this folly, and returne
Vnto truth in Loue, and try,
None but Martir's happy burne,
More shamefull ends they haue that lye.*

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1.

MY heart is lost, what can I now expect,
An euening faire after a drowsie day?
Alas, fond Phant'sie, this is not the way,
To cure a mourning heart, or salue neglect:

They who should helpe, doe me, and helpe reiect,
Embracing loose desires, and wanton play,
While wanton base delights, doe beare the sway,
Aud impudency raignes without respect.

O *Cupid* let they Mother know her shame,
'Tis time for her to leaue this youthfull flame,
Which doth dishonor her, is ages blame,
And takes away the greatnes of thy name.

Thou God of Loue, she only Queene of lust,
Yet striues by weakning thee, to be vniust.

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2.

LAte in the Forrest I did *Cupid* see

Cold, wett, and crying, he had lost his way,
And being blinde was farther like to stray;
Which sight, a kind compassion bred in me.

I kindly tooke, and dry'd him, while that he,
(Poore Child) complain'd, he sterued was with stay
And pin'd for want of his accustom'd prey,
For none in that wilde place his Host would be.

I glad was of his finding, thinking sure,
This seruice should my freedome still procure,
And in my armes I tooke him then vnarm'd,

Carrying him safe vnto a Myrtle bowre,
But in the way he made me, feele his powre,
Burning my heart, who had him kindly warm'd.

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3.

I*Vno* still ieaious of her husband *Ioue*,
Descended from aboue, on earth to try,
Whether she there could find his chosen Loue,
Which made him from the Heau'ns so often flye.

Close by the place where I for shade did lye,
She chafing came, but when shee saw me moue,
Haue you not seene this way (said she) to hye
One, in whom vertue neuer grownde did proue?

Hee, in whom Loue doth breed, to stirre more hate,
Courting a wanton Nymph for his delight;
His name is *Iupiter*, my Lord, by Fate,
Who for her, leaues Me, Heauen, his Throne, and light.

I saw him not (said I) although heere are
Many, in whose hearts, Loue hath made like warre,

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4.

When I beheld the Image of my deare,
With greedy lookes mine eies would that way bend,
Feare, and Desire, did inwardly contend;
Feare to be mark'd, Desire to draw still neere.

And in my soule a Spirit would appeare,
Which boldnes warranted, and did pretend
To be my *Genius*; yet I durst not lend,
My eyes in trust, where others seem'd so cleare.

Then did I search, from whence this danger rose,
If such vnworthynesse in me did rest,
As my staru'd eyes must not with sight be blest,
When Iealousie her poyson did disclose.

Yet in my heart vnseene of Iealous eye,
The truer Image shall in tryumph lye.

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5.

Like to huge Clowdes of smoake which well may hide
The face of fairest day, though for a while:
So wrong may shaddow me, till truth doe smile,
And Iustice Sunne-like hath those vapours tyde.

O doating Time, canst thou for shame let slid,
So many minutes, while ills doe beguile
Thy age, and worth, and falshoods thus defile
Thy auncient good, where now but crosses bide?

Looke but once vp, and leaue thy toyling pace
And on my miseries thy dimme eye place,
Goe not so fast, but giue my care some ende,

Turne not thy glasse (alas) vnto my ill
Since thou with sand it canst not so farre fill,
But to each one my sorrowes will extend.

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6.

O That no day would euer more appeare,
But cloudy night to gouerne this sad place,
Nor light from Heauen these haples roomes to grace
Since that light's shadow'd which my Loue holds deare.

Let thickest mists in enuy master here,
And Sunne-borne day for malice show no face,
Disdaining light, where *Cupid*, and the race
Of Louers are despisd, and shame shines cleere.

Let me be darke, since barr'd of my chiefe light,
And wounding Iealousie commands by might,
But Stage-play-like disguised pleasures giue:

To me it seemes, as ancient fictions make
The Starrs, all fashious, and all shapes partake,
While in my thoughts true forme of Loue shall liue.

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7.

NO time, no roome, no thought, or writing can
Giue rest, or quiet to my louing heart,
Or can my m-mory, or Phant'sie scan,
The measure of my still renewing smart.

Yet whould I not (deare Loue) thou should'st depart,
But let my passions as they first began,
Rule, wound, and please, it is thy choycest Art,
To giue disquiet, which seemes ease to man.

When all alone, I thinke vpon thy paine,
How thou dost trauell our best selues to gaine,
Then houerly thy lessons I doe learne;

Thinke on thy glory, which shall still ascend,
Vntill the world come to a finall end,
And then shall we thy lasting powre dicerne.

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8.

HOw Glowworme-like the Sun doth now appeare,
Cold beames doe from his glorious face descend
Which shewes his daies, and force duw to an ende,
Or that to leaue taking, his time growes neere.

The day his face did seeme but pale, though cleare,
The reason is, he to the North must lend
His light, and warmth must to that Climat bend,
Whose frozen parts could not loues heat hold deare

Alas, if thou bright Sunne to part from hence
Griue so, what must I haplesse who from thence,
Where thou dost goe my blessing shall attend;

Thou shalt enioy that sight for which I dye,
And in my heart thy fortuues doe enuy,
Yet griue, I'le loue thee, for this state may 'mend.

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9.

MY Muse now happy lay thy selfe to rest,
Sleepe in the quiet of a faithfull loue,
Write you no more, but let these Phant'sies mooue
Some other hearts, wake not to new vnrest.

But if you Study be those thoughts adrest
To truth, which shall eternall goodnes prooue;
Enioying of true ioy the most, and best
The endles gaine which neuer will remoue.

Leaue the discourse of *Venus*, and her sonne
To young beginners, and their braines inspire
With storyes of great Loue, and from that fire,
Get heat to write the fortunes they haue wonne.

And thus leaue off; what's past shewes you can loue,
Now let your Constancy your Honor proue.

F I N I S.

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