

BVt wherefore do not you a mightier waie
 Make warre vppon this bloodie tirant time?
 And fortifie your selfe in your decay
 With meanes more blessed then my barren rime?
 Now stand you on the top of happie houres,
 And many maiden gardens yet unset,
 With vertuous wish would beare your liuing flowers,
 Much liker then your painted counterfeit:
 So should the lines of life that life repaire
 Which this (Times pensel or my pupill pen)
 Neither in inward worth nor outward faire
 Can make you liue your selfe in eies of men,
 To giue away your selfe, keeps your selfe still,
 And you must liue drawne by your owne sweet skill.

VWho will beleeeve my verse in time to come
 If it were fild with your most high deserts?
 Though yet heauen knowes it is but as a tombe
 Which hides your life, and shewes not halfe your parts:
 If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
 And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
 The age to come would say this Poet lies,
 Such heauenly touches neer toucht earthly faces.
 So should my papers (yellowed with their age)
 Be scorn'd, like old men of lesse truth then tongue,
 And your true rights be termd a Poets rage,
 And stretched miter of an Antique song.
 But were some childe of yours aliue that time,
 You should liue wise in it, and in my rime.

SHall I compare thee to a Summers day?
 Thou art more louely and more temperate:
 Rough windes do shake the darling buds of Maie,
 And Sommers lease hath all too short a date:
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,
 And euery faire from faire some-time declines,

By chance, or natures changing course vntrim'd:
But thy eternall Sommer shall not fade,
Nor loose possession of that faire thou ow'st,
Nor shall death brag thou wandr'st in his shade,
When in eternall lines to time thou grow'st,
 So long as men can breath or eyes can see,
 So long liues this, and this giues life to thee,

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Deuouring time blunt thou the Lyons pawes,
And make the earth deuoure her owne sweet brood,
Plucke the keene teeth from the fierce Tygers yawes,
And burne the long-liu'd Phaenix in her blood,
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
And do what ere thou wilt swift-footed time
To the wide world and all her fading sweets:
But I forbid thee one most hainous crime,
O carue not with thy howers my loues faire brow,
Nor draw noe lines there with thine antique pen,
Him in thy course vntainted doe allow,
For beauties patterne to succeeding men.
 Yet doe thy worst ould Time dispight thy wrong,
 My loue shall in my verse euer liue young.

20

AWomans face with natures owne hand painted,
Haste thou the Master Mistris of my passion,
A womans gentle hart but not acquainted
With shifting change as is false womens fashion,
An eye more bright then theirs, lesse false in rowling:
Gilding the obiect where-vpon it gazeth,
A man in hew all *Hews* in his controwling,
Which steales mens eyes and womens soules amaseth.
And for a woman wert thou first created,
Till nature as she wrought thee fell a dotinge,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
 But since she prickt thee out for womens pleasure,
 Mine be thy loue and thy loues vse their treasure.

SO is it not with me as with that Muse,
 Stird by a painted beauty to his verse,
 Who heaven it selfe for ornament doth vse,
 And euery faire with his faire doth reherse,
 Making a coopelment of proud compare
 With Sunne and Moone, with earth and seas rich gems:
 With Aprills first borne flowers and all things rare,
 That heauens ayre in this huge rondure hems,
 O let me true in loue but truly write,
 And then beleeeue me, my loue is as faire,
 As any mothers childe, though not so bright
 As those Gould candells fixt in heauens ayer:
 Let them say more that like of heare-say well,
 I will not prayse that purpose not to sell.

MY glasse shall not perswade me I am ould,
 So long as youth and thou are of one date,
 But when in thee times forrwes I behould,
 Then look I death my daies should expiate.
 For all that beauty that doth couer thee,
 Is but the seemely rayment of my heart,
 Which in thy brest doth liue, as thine in me,
 How can I then be elder then thou art?
 O therefore loue be of thy selfe so wary,
 As I not for my selfe, but for thee will,
 Bearing thy heart which I will keepe so chary
 As tender nurse her babe from faring ill,
 Presume not on thy heart when mine is slaine,
 Thou gau'st me thine not to giue backe again.

AS an vnperfect actor on the stage,
 Who with his feare is put besides his part,
 Or some fierce thing repleat with too much rage,
 Whose strengths abondance weakens his owne heart;
 So I for feare of trust, forget to say,
 The perfect ceremony of loues right,
 And in mine owne loues strength seeme to decay,

Ore-charg'd with burthen of mine owne loues might:
O let my books be then the eloquence,
And domb presagers of my speaking brest,
Who pleade for loue, and look for recompence,
More then that tonge that more hath more exprest.
O learne to read what silent loue hath writ:
To heare wit eies belongs to loues fine wiht.

24

MIne eye hath play'd the painter and hath steeld,
Thy beauties forme in table of my heart,
My body is the frame wherein ti's held,
And perspectiue it is best Painters art.
For through the Painter must you see his skill,
To finde where your true Image pictur'd lies,
Which in my bosomes shop is hanging stil,
That hath his windowes glazed with thine eyes:
Now see what good-turnes eyes for eies haue done,
Mine eyes haue drawne thy shape, and thine for me
Are windowes to my brest, where-through the Sun
Delights to peepe, to gaze therein on thee
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art
They draw but what they see, know not the hart.

25

Let those who are in fauor with their stars,
Of publike honour and proud titles bost,
Whilst I whome fortune of such triumph bars
Vnlookt for ioy in that I honour most;
Great Princes fauorites their faire leaues spread,
But as the Marygold at the suns eye,
And in them-selues their pride lies buried,
For at a frowne they in their glory die.
The painefull warrior famosed for worth,
After a thousand victories once foild,
Is from the booke of honour rased quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toild:
Then happy I that loue and am beloued,
Where I may not remoue, nor be remoued.

Lord of my loue, to whom in vassalage
 Thy merrit hath my dutie strongly knit;
 To thee I send this written ambassage
 To witnesse duty, not to shew my wit:
 Duty so great, which wit so poore as mine
 May make seeme bare, in wanting words to shew it;
 But that I hope some good concept of thine
 In thy soules thought (all naked) will bestow it:
 Till whatsoeuer star that guides my mouing,
 Points on me graciously with faire aspect,
 And puts apparrell on my tottered louing,
 To show me worthy of their sweet respect,
 Then may I dare to boast how I doe loue thee;
 Til then, not show my head where thou maist proue me

Weary with toyle, I hast me to my bed,
 The deare repose for lims with travaill tired,
 But then begins a iourney in my head
 To worke my mind, when boddies work's expired.
 For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
 Intend a zelous pilgrimage to thee,
 And keepe my drooping eye-lids open wide,
 Looking on darknes which the blind doe see.
 Saue that my soules imaginary sight
 Presents their shaddoe to my sightles view,
 Which like a iewell (hunge in gastly night)
 Makes blacke night beautious, and her old face new.
 Loe thus by day my lims, by night my mind,
 For thee, and for my selfe, noe quiet finde.

How can I then returne in happy plight
 That am debarred the benifit of rest?
 When daies oppression is not eazd by night,
 But day by night and night by day oprest.
 And each (though enimies to ethers raigne)
 Doe in consent shake hands to torture me,
 The one by toyle, the other to complaine

How far I toyle, still farther off from thee.
I tell the Day to please him thou art bright,
And do'st him grace when clouds doe blot the heauen:
So flatter I the swart complexiond night,
When sparkling stars twire not thou guil't th' eauen.
 But day doth daily draw my sorrowes longer,
 And night doth nightly make greefes length seeme stronger.

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When in disgrace with Fortune and mens eyes,
I all alone beweepe my out-cast state,
And trouble deafe heauen with my bootlesse cries,
And looke vpon my selfe and curse my fate.
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possest,
Desiring this mans art, and that mans skope,
With what I most inioy contented least,
Yet in these thoughts my selfe almost despising,
Haplye I thinke on thee, and then my state,
(Like to the Larke at breake of daye arising)
From sullen earth sings himns at Heauens gate,
 For thy sweet loue remembred such welth brings,
 That then I skorne to change my state with Kings.

30

Vhen to the Sessions of sweet silent thought,
I sommon vp remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lacke of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new waile my deare times waste:
Then can I drowne an eye (vn-vs'd to flow)
For precious friends hid in deaths dateles night,
And weepe a fresh loues long since canceld woe,
And mone th'expence of many a vannisht sight.
Then can I greeue at greeuances fore-gon,
And heauily from woe to woe tell ore
The sad account of fore-bemoned mone,
Which I new pay as if not payd before.
 But if the while I thinke on thee (deare friend)
 All losses are restord and sorrowes end.

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