

MIne eye and heart are at a mortall warre,
 How to deuide the conquest of thy sight,
 Mine eye, my heart their pictures sight would barre,
 My heart, mine eye the freedome of that right,
 My heart doth plead that thou in him doost lye,
 (A closet neuer pearst with christall eyes)
 But the defendant doth that plea deny,
 And sayes in him their faire appearance lyes.
 To side this title is impannelled
 A quest of thoughts, all tennants to the heart,
 And by their verdict is determined
 The cleere eyes moyitie, and the deare hearts part.
 As thus, mine eyes due is their outward part,
 And my hearts right, their inward loue of heart.

BEtwixt mine eye and heart a league is tooke,
 And each doth good turnes now vnto the other,
 When that mine eye is famisht for a looke,
 Or heart in loue with sighes himselfe doth smother;
 With my loues picture then my eye doth feast,
 And to the painted banquet bids my heart:
 An other time mine eye is my hearts guest,
 And in his thoughts of loue doth share a part.
 So either by thy picture or my loue,
 Thy selfe away, are present still with me,
 For thou nor farther then my thoughts canst moue,
 And I am still with them, and they with thee.
 Or if they sleepe, thy picture in my sight
 Awakes my heart, to hearts and eyes delight.

How carefull was I when I tooke my way,
 Each trifle vnder truest barres to thrust,
 That to my vse it might vn-vsed stay
 From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust?
 But thou, to whom my iewels trifles are,
 Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grieffe,
 Thou best of deerest, and mine onely care,

Art left the prey of euery vulgar theefe.
Thee haue I not lockt vp in any chest,
Saue where thou art not though I feele thou art,
Within the gentle closu e of my brest,
From whence at pleasure thou maist come and part,
 And euen thence thou wilt be stolne I feare,
 For truth prooues theeuish for a prize so deare.

49

Against that time (if euer that time come)
When I shall see thee frowne on my defects,
When as thy loue hath cast his vtmost summe,
Cauld to that audite by aduis'd respects,
Against that time when thou shalt strangely passe,
And scarcely greete me with that sunne thine eye,
When loue conuerted from the thing it was
Shall reasons finde of setled grauitie.
Against that time do I insconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine owne desart,
And this my hand, against my selfe vpreare,
To guard the lawfull reasons on thy part,
 To leaue poore me, thou hast the strength of lawes,
 Since why to loue, I can alledge no cause.

50

How heauie doe I iourney on the way,
When what I seeke (my wearie trauels end)
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say
Thus farre the miles are measurde from thy friend.
The beast that beares me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to beare that waight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider lou'd not speed being made from thee:
The bloody spurre cannot prouoke him on,
That some-times anger thrusts into his hide,
Which heuily he answers with a grone,
More sharpe to me then spurring to his side,
 For that same grone doth put this in my mind,
 My greefe lies onward and my ioy behind.

THus can my loue excuse the slow offence,
 Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed,
 From where thou art, why should I hast me thence,
 Till I returne of posting is noe need.
 O what excuse will my poore beast then find,
 When swift extremity can seeme but slow,
 Then should I spurre though mounted on the wind,
 In winged speed no motion shall I know,
 Then can no horse with my desire keepe pace,
 Therefore desire (of perfects loue being made)
 Shall naigh noe dull flesh in his fiery race,
 But loue, for loue, thus shall excuse my iade,
 Since from thee going, he went wilfull slow,
 Towards thee ile run, and giue him leaue to goe.

SO am I as the rich whose blessed key,
 Can bring him to his sweet vp-locked treasure,
 The which he will not eu'ry hower suruay,
 For blunting the fine point of seldome pleasure.
 Therefore are feasts so sollemne and so rare,
 Since sildom comming in the long yeare set,
 Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
 Or captaine Iewells in the carconet.
 So is the time that keepes you as my chest,
 Or as the ward-robe which the robe doth hide,
 To make some speciall instant speciall blest,
 By new vnfoulding his imprison'd pride.
 Blessed are you whose worthinesse giues skope,
 Being had to triumph, being lackt to hope.

VVhat is your substance, whereof are you made,
 That millions of strange shaddowes on you tend?
 Since euery one, hath euery one, one shade,
 And you but one, can euery shaddow lend:
 Describe *Adonis* and the counterfet,
 Is poorely immitated after you,
 On *Hellens* cheeke all art of beautie set,

And you in *Grecian* tires are painted new:
Speake of the spring, and foyzon of the yeare,
The one doth shaddow of your beautie show,
The other as your bountie doth appeare,
And you in euery blessed shape we know.

In all externall grace you haue some part,
But you like none, none you for constant heart.

54

OH how much more doth beautie beautious seeme,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth giue,
The Rose lookes faire, but fairer we it deme
For that sweet odor, which doth in it liue:
The Canker bloomes haue full as deepe a die,
As the perfumed tincture of the Roses,
Hang on such thornes, and play as wantonly,
When sommers breath their masked buds discloses:
But for their virtue only is their show,
They liue vnwoo'd, and vnrespected fade,
Die to themselues. Sweet Roses doe not so,
Of their sweet deathes, are sweetest odors made:
And so of you, beautious and louely youth,
When that shall vade, by verse distils your truth.

55

NOt marble, nor the gilded monument,
Of Princes shall out-liue this powrefull rime,
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Then vnswept stone, besmeer'd with sluttish time.
When wastefull warre shall *Statues* ouer-turne,
And broiles roote out the worke of masonry,
Nor *Mars* his sword, nor warres quick fire shall burne:
The liuing record of your memory.
Gainst death, and all obliuious emnity
Shall you pace forth, your praise shall stil finde roome,
Euen in the eyes of all posterity
That weare this world out to the ending doome.
So til the iudgement that your selfe arise,
You liue in this, and dwell in louers eies.

Sweet loue renew thy force, be it not said
 Thy edge should blunter be then appetite,
 Which but too daie by feeding is alaied,
 To morrow sharpned in his former might.
 So loue be thou, although too daie thou fill
 Thy hungrie eies, euen till they winck with fulnesse,
 Too morrow see againe, and doe not kill
 The spirit of Loue, with a perpetual dulnesse:
 Let this sad *Intrim* like the Ocean be
 Which parts the shore, where two contracted new,
 Come daily to the banckes, that when they see:
 Returne of loue, more blest may be the view.
 As cal it Winter, which being ful of care,
 Makes Sommers welcome, thrice more wish'd, more rare.

Being your slaue what should I doe but tend,
 Vpon the houres, and times of your desire?
 I haue no precious time at al to spend;
 Nor seruices to doe til you require.
 Nor dare I chide the world without end houre,
 Whilst I (my soueraine) watch the clock for you,
 Nor thinke the bitterness of absence sowre,
 VWhen you haue bid your seruant once adieue.
 Nor dare I question with my iealious thought,
 VWhere you may be, or your affaires suppose,
 But like a sad slaue stay and thinke of nought
 Saue where you are, how happy you make those.
 So true a foole is loue, that in your Will,
 (Though you doe any thing) he thinkes no ill.

That God forbid, that made me first your slaue,
 I should in thought controule your times of pleasure,
 Or at your hand th' account of houres to craue,
 Being your vassail bound to staie your leisure.
 Oh let me suffer (being at your beck)
 Th' imprison'd absence of your libertie,
 And patience tame, to sufferance bide each check,

Without accusing you of iniury.
Be where you list, your charter is so strong,
That you your selfe may priuiledge your time
To what you will, to you it doth belong,
Your selfe to pardon of selfe-doing crime.
I am to waite, though waiting so be hell,
Not blame your pleasure be it ill or well.

59

IF their bee nothing new, but that which is,
Hath beene before, how are our braines beguild,
Which laboring for inuention beare amisse
The second burthen of a former child?
Oh that record could with a back-ward looke,
Euen of fiue hundreth courses of the Sunne,
Show me your image in some antique booke,
Since minde at first in carrecter was done.
That I might see what the old world could say,
To this composed wonder of your frame,
Whether we are mended, or where better they,
Or whether reuolution be the same.
Oh sure I am the wits of former daies,
To subiects worse haue giuen admiring praise.

60

LIke as the waues make towards the pibled shore,
So do our minuites hasten to their end,
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toile all forwards do contend.
Natiuity once in the maine of light.
Crawles to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses gainst his glory fight,
And time that gaue, doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfixe the florish set on youth,
And delues the paralels in beauties brow,
Feedes on the rarities of natures truth,
And nothing stands but for his sieth to mow.
And yet to times in hope, my verse shall stand
Praising thy worth, dispight his cruell hand.

[Original content ©2015 by Dirk Jol]