

When in the Chronicle of wasted time,
 I see discriptions of the fairest wights,
 And beautie making beautifull old rime,
 In praise of Ladies dead, and louely Knights,
 Then in the blazon of sweet beauties best,
 Of hand, of foote, of lip, of eye, of brow,
 I see their antique Pen would haue exprest,
 Euen such a beauty as you maister now.
 So all their praises are but prophesies
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring,
 And for they look'd but with deuining eyes,
 They had not still enough your worth to sing:
 For we which now behold these present dayes,
 Haue eyes to wonder, but lack tongs to praise.

Not mine owne feares, nor the prophetick soule,
 Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,
 Can yet the lease of my true loue controule,
 Supposde as forfeit to a confin'd doome.
 The mortall Moone hath her eclipse indur'de,
 And the sad Augurs mock their owne presage,
 Incertenties now crowne them-selues assur'de,
 And peace proclaimes Oliues of endlesse age.
 Now with the drops of this most balmie time,
 My loue lookes fresh, and death to me subscribes,
 Since spight of him Ile liue in this poore rime,
 While he insults ore dull and speachlesse tribes.
 And thou in this shalt finde thy monument,
 When tyrants crests and tombs of brasse are spent.

What's in the braine that Inck may character,
 Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit,
 What's new to speake, what now to register,
 That may expresse my loue, or thy deare merit?
 Nothing sweet boy, but yet like prayers diuine,
 I must each day say ore the very same,
 Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,

Euen as when first I hallowed thy faire name.
So that eternall loue in loues fresh case,
Waighes not the dust and iniury of age,
Nor giues to necessary wrinckles place,
But makes antiquitie for aye his page,
 Finding the first conceit of loue there bred,
 Where time and outward forme would shew it dead,

109

O Neuer say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to quallifie,
As easie might I from my selfe depart,
As from my soule which in thy brest doth lye:
That is my home of loue, if I haue rang'd,
Like him that trauels I returne againe,
Iust to the time, not with the time exchang'd,
So that my selfe bring water for my staine,
Neuer beleue though in my nature raig'n'd,
All frailties that besiege all kindes of blood,
That it could so preposterouslie be stain'd,
To leaue for nothing all thy summe of good:
 For nothing this wide Vniuerse I call,
 Saue thou my Rose, in it thou art my all.

110

A Las 'tis true, I haue gone here and there,
And made my selfe a motley to the view,
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most deare,
Made old offences of affections new.
Most true it is, that I haue lookt on truth
Asconce and strangely: But by all aboue,
These blenches gaue my heart an other youth,
And worse essaies prou'd thee my best of loue,
Now all is done, haue what shall haue no end,
Mine appetite I neuer more will grin'de
On newer prooffe, to trie an older friend,
A God in loue, to whom I am confin'd.
 Then giue me welcome, next my heauen the best,
 Euen to thy pure and most most louing brest.

O For my sake doe you with fortune chide,
 The guiltie goddesse of my harmfull deeds,
 That did not better for my life prouide,
 Then publick meanes which publick manners breeds.
 Thence comes it that my name receiues a brand,
 And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
 To what it workes in, like the Dyers hand,
 Pitty me then, and wish I were renu'de,
 Whilst like a willing pacient I will drinke,
 Potions of Eysell gainst my strong infection,
 No bitterness that I will bitter thinke,
 Nor double pennance to correct correction.
 Pittie me then deare friend, and I assure yee,
 Euen that your pittie is enough to cure mee.

Y Our loue and pittie doth th'impression fill,
 Which vulgar scandall stampt vpon my brow,
 For what care I who calles me well or ill,
 So you ore-greene my bad, my good allow?
 You are my All the world, and I must striue,
 To know my shames and praises from your tounge,
 None else to me, nor I to none aliue,
 That my steel'd sence or changes right or wrong,
 In so profound *Abisme* I throw all care
 Of others voyces, that my Adders sence,
 To cryttick and to flatterer stopped are:
 Marke how with my neglect I doe dispence.
 You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
 That all the world besides me thinkes y'are dead.

S ince I left you, mine eye is in my minde,
 And that which gouernes me to goe about,
 Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
 Seemes seeing, but effectually is out:
 For it no forme deliuers to the heart
 Of bird, of flowre, or shape which it doth lack,
 Of his quick obiects hath the minde no part,

Nor his owne vision houlds what it doth catch:
For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
The most sweet-fauor or deformedst creature,
The mountaine, or the sea, the day, or night:
The Croe, or Doue, it shapes them to your feature.
 Incapable of more repleat, with you,
 My most true minde thus maketh mine vntrue.

114

OR whether doth my minde being crown'd with you
Drinke vp the monarks plague this flattery?
Or whether shall I say mine eie saith true,
And that your loue taught it this *Alcumie*?
To make of monsters, and things indigest,
Such cherubines as your sweet selfe resemble,
Creating euery bad a perfect best
As fast as obiects to his beames assemble:
Oh tis the first, tis flatry in my seeing,
And my great minde most kingly drinks it vp,
Mine eie well knowes what with his gust is greeing,
And to his pallat doth prepare the cup.
 If it be poison'd, tis the lesser sinne,
 That mine eye loues it and doth first beginne.

115

THose lines that I before haue writ doe lie,
Euen those that said I could not loue you deerer,
Yet then my iudgement knew no reason why,
My most full flame should afterwards burne cleerer.
But reckening time, whose milliond accidents
Creepe in twixt voves, and change decrees of Kings,
Tan sacred beautie, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Diuert strong mindes to th' course of altring things:
Alas why fearing of times tiranie,
Might I not then say now I loue you best,
When I was certaine ore in-certainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest:
 Loue is a Babe, then might I not say so
 To giue full growth to that which still doth grow.

Let me not to the marriage of true mindes
 Admit impediments, loue is not loue
 Which alters when it alteration findes,
 Or bends with the remouer to remoue.
 O no, it is an euer fixed marke
 That lookes on tempests and is neuer shaken;
 It is the star to euery wandring barke,
 Whose worths vnknowne, although his hight be taken.
 Lou's not Times foole, though rosie lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickles compasse come,
 Loue alters not with his breefe houres and weekes,
 But beares it out euen to the edge of doome:
 If this be error and vpon me proued,
 I neuer writ, nor no man euer loued.

Accuse me thus, that I haue scanted all,
 Wherein I should your great deserts repay,
 Forgot vpon your dearest loue to call,
 Whereto al bonds do tie me day by day,
 That I haue frequent binne with vnknown mindes,
 And giuen to time your owne deare purchas'd right,
 That I haue hoysted saile to al the windes
 Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
 Booke both my wilfulnesse and errors downe,
 And on iust prooffe surmise, accumulate,
 Bring me within the leuel of your frowne,
 But shoote not at me in your wakened hate:
 Since my appeale saies I did striue to prooue
 The constancy and virtue of your loue

Like as to make our appetites more keene
 With eager compounds we our pallat vrge,
 As to preuent our malladies vnseene,
 We sicken to shun sicknesse when we purge.
 Euen so being full of your nere cloying sweetnesse,
 To bitter sawces did I frame my feeding;
 And sicke of wel-fare found a kind of meetnesse,

To be diseas'd ere that there was true needing.
Thus pollicie in loue t'anticipate
The ills that were, not grew to faults assured,
And brought to medicine a healthfull state
Which rancke of goodnesse would by ill be cured.
But thence I learne and find the lesson true,
Drugs poyson him that so fell sicke of you.

119

WHat potions haue I drunke of *Syren* teares
Distil'd from Lymbecks foule as hell within,
Applying feares to hopes, and hopes to feares,
Still loosing when I saw my selfe to win?
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought it selfe so blessed neuer?
How haue mine eies out of their Spheares bene fitted
In the distraction of this madding feuer?
O benefit of ill, now I finde true
That better is, by euil still made better.
And ruin'd loue when it is built anew
Growes fairer then at first, more strong, far greater.
So I returne rebukt to my content,
And gaine by ills thrise more then I haue spent.

120

THat you were once vnkind be-friends mee now,
And for that sorrow, which I then didde feele,
Needes must I vnder my transgression bow,
Vnlesse my Nerues were brasse or hammered steele.
For if you were by my vnkindnesse shaken
As I by yours, y'haue past a hell of Time,
And I a tyrant haue no leasure taken
To waigh how once I suffered in your crime.
O that our night of wo might haue remembred
My deepest sence, how hard true sorrow hits,
And soone to you, as you to me then tendred
The humble salue, which wounded bosomes fits!
But that your trespasse now becomes a fee,
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransome mee.

[Original content ©2015 by Dirk Jol]