

Pamphilia to Amphilanthus

.1.

[F1, P1]

When nights black mantle could most darknes proue,
and sleepe deaths Image did my senceses hier
from knowledg of my self, then thoughts did moue
swifter then those most swiftnes need require:

In sleepe, a Chariot drawne by wing'd desire
I sawe: wher sate bright Venus Queene of loue,
and att her feete her sonne, still adding fire
to burning hearts w^{ch} she did hold aboue,

Butt one hart flaming more then all the rest
the goddess held, and putt itt to my brest
deare sonne, now shute sayd she: thus must wee wiñ

Hee her obey'd, and martir'd my poore hart,
I, waking hop'd as dreames itt would depart
yett since: O mee: a lover haue I binn

.2.

[F2, P2]

Deare eyes how well (indeed) you doe adorne
that blessed spheere, w^{ch} gazing eyes hold deere:
the loued place of Cupids for triumph's neere:
the court of glory, wher his force was borne:

How may they terme you Aprills sweetest morne
when pleasing looks, from those bright lights apeere:
A sun=shine day; from clouds, and mists still cleere
kind nursing fires for wishes yett vnborne!

Too starres of Heauen, sent downe to grace the Earthe,
plac'd in that throne w^{ch} giues all ioyes theyr birthe!
shining, and burning; pleasing yett theyr charmes;

W^{ch} wounding, yett in hurts are deem'd delights,
soe pleasant is ther force! Soe great theyr mights
As, happy, they can triumph in theyr harmes

.3.

[F3, P3]

Yett is ther hope: Then Loue butt play thy part
remember well thy self, and think on mee;
shine in those eyes w^{ch} conquer'd haue my hart?
and see if mine bee slack to answee thee,

Lodg in that brest, and pittie moue for thee?
for flames w^{ch} in mine burne in truest smart
exiling thoughts that touch inconstancie,
or those w^{ch} waste nott in the constant art,

Watch butt my sleepe; if I take any rest.
for thought of you, my spiritt soe distrest
as pale, and famish'd, I, for mercy cry?

Will you yo^r seruant leave? think butt on this:
who weares loues crowne, must nott doe soe amiss,
but seeke theyr good, who on thy force rely:

There is no poem in the Folger manuscript corresponding to P4.

.5.

[F5, P5]

Can pleasing sight, misfortune euer bring?
can firme desire, euer, torments try?
can winning eyes proue to the hart a sting?
Or can sweet lips in treason hidden ly?

The Sun most pleasing blinds the strongest eye
if to much look'd on, breaking the sights string;
desires crost, must vnto mischiefes hye,
and as dispaire, a luckles chance may fling.

Eyes, hauing wunn, reiecting proues a sting
killing the bud befor the tree doth spring
sweet lips nott louing doth as poyson proue

Desire, sight, Eyes, lips, seeke, see, proue, and find
you loue may wiñ, butt curses if vnkind
Then show you harmes dislike, and ioye in Loue

.6.

[F6, P6]

O striue nott still to heape disdain on mee
nor pleasure take your cruelty to show
on haples mee, on whom all sorrowes flow,
and byding make: as giuen, and lost by thee,

Alas; eu'ne griefe is growne to pittie mee;
scorne cries out 'gainst itt self such ill to show,
and would giue place for ioyes delights to flow;
yett wretched I, all torturs beare from thee,

Long haue I suffer'd, and esteem'd itt deere
since you soe willd; yett grew my paines more neere:
wish you my end? say soe, you shall itt haue;

For all the depth of my hart=kild dispaire
is that for you I feele nott death for care;
Butt now I'le seeke itt, since you will nott saue

Song 1.

[F7, P7]

The spring now come att last
to trees, fields, to flowers,
And medowes makes to tast
his pride, while sad showers
w^{ch} from my eyes do flow
makes knowne w^t cruell paines
colde winter yett remaines
Noe signe of spring I know

The Sunn w^{ch} to the Earth
giues heate, light, and pleasure,
ioyes in spring, hateth dearth,
plenty makes his treasure
His heat to mee is colde,
his light all darknes is
since I am bar'd of bliss
I heate nor light beeholde

A sheapherdess thus sayd
who was w^t grieffe oprest
for truest loue beetraid
bard her from quiett rest
And weeping thus sayd she
my end aprocheth neere
now willow must I weare
My fortune soe will bee

Wth branches of this tree

Ile dress my haples head
w^{ch} shall my wittnes bee
my hopes in loue ar dead;
My clothes imbroder'd all
shall bee w^t Gyrlands round
some scater'd, others bound
some tide, some like to fall

The barck my booke shall bee
wher dayly I will wright
this tale of haples mee
true slaue to fortunes spight;
The roote shall bee my bed
wher nightly I will lye,
wayling inconstancy
since all true loue is dead,

And thes lines I will leaue
if some such loue come
who may them right conseaue,
and place them on my tombe
She who still constant lou'd
now dead w^t cruell care
kild w^t vnkind dispaire,
And change, her end heere prou'd

.7.

[F8, P8]

Loue leaue to vrge, thou know'st thou hast y^e hand;
'Tis cowardise to striue wher none resist:
Pray thee leaue of, I yeeld vnto thy band;
Doe nott thus, still, in thine owne powre persist,

Beehold I yeeld: lett forces bee dismiss;
I ame your subiect conquer'd, bound doe stand,
neuer your foe, butt did your claime assist
seeking your due of those who did w^t=stand;

Butt now, itt seemes, you would I should you loue;
I doe confess, t'was you, made mee first chuse;
and yo^f faire shoves made mee a loue proue
when I my freedome did, for paine refuse

Yett this S^r God, yo^f boyship I dispise;
Your charmes I'obay, butt loue nott want of eyes

.8.

[F9, P9]

Led by the powre of griefe, to waylings brought
by faulce consiete of change fall'ne on my part,
I seeke for some smale ease by lines, w^{ch} bought,
increaseth paine; griefe is nott cur'd by art:

Ah! how vnkindnes moues w^t in the hart
w^{ch} still is true, and free from changing thought
What vnknowne woe itt breeds; what endles smart
wth ceasles teares w^{ch} causelessly ar brought.

Itt makes mee now to shunn all shining light,
and seeke for blackest clouds mee light to giue,
w^{ch} to all others, only darknes driue,
they on mee shine, for sunn disdaines my sight

Yett though I darke do liue I triumph may
Vnkindnes, nor this wrong shall loue allay

.9.

[F10, P10]

Bee you all pleas'd? your pleasures grieue nott mee;
Doe you delight? I enuy nott your ioy;
haue you content? contentment w^t you bee:
hope you for bliss? hope still, and still inioye:

Lett sad misfortune; haples mee destroy,
leau crosses to rule mee, and still rule free,
While all delights theyr contrairies imploy
to keepe good back, and I butt torments see,

Ioyes are beereau'd, harmes doe only tarry;
dispaire takes place, disdaine hath gott the hand;
yett firme loue holds my senses in such band
as since dispised, I, w^t sorrow marry;

Then if wth grieffe I now must coupled bee
Sorrow Ile wed: Dispaire thus gouerns mee

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