

.10.

[F11, P11]

The weary traueller who tired sought

In places distant farr, yett found noe end  
of paine, or labour, nor his state to mend,  
att last w<sup>t</sup> ioy is to his home back brought;

Finds nott more ease, though hee w<sup>th</sup> ioy bee fraught;

when past is feare, content like soules assend;  
then I, on whom new pleasures doe dessend.  
w<sup>ch</sup> now as high as first borne bliss is wrought;

Hee tired w<sup>t</sup> his paines, I, w<sup>t</sup> my mind;

hee all content receaues by ease of limms;  
I, greatest hapines that I doe find  
beeleeffe for fayth, while hope in pleasure swimms;

Truth says t'was wrong conseite bred my despite

w<sup>ch</sup> once acknowledg'd, brings my harts delight;

.11.

[F12, P12]

You endless torments that my rest oppress  
how long will you delight in my sad paine?  
will neuer loue yo<sup>r</sup> fauour more express?  
shall I still liue, and euer feele disdain?

Alass now stay, and lett my grieffe obtaine  
some end; feede nott my hart w<sup>th</sup> sharpe distress:  
lett mee once see my cruell fortunes gaine  
att last release, and long felt woes redress;

Lett nott the blame of cruelty disgrace  
the honor'd tittle of your Godhed, Loue:  
giue nott iust cause for mee to say a place  
is found for rage alone on mee to moue;

O quickly end, and doe nott long debate  
my needfull ayde least help do come to late;

.12.

[F13, P13]

Cloy'd w<sup>th</sup> the torments of a tedious night

I wish for day; w<sup>ch</sup> come, I hope for ioy:

When cross I finde new tortures to destroy

my woe=kil'd hart, first hurt by mischiefs might,

Then cry for night, and once more day takes flight

and brightnes gon; what rest should heere inioy

Vsurped is; hate will her force imploy;

Night can nott grieffe intombe though black as spite

My thoughts are sad; her face as sad doth seeme:

My paines are long; Her houers tædious are:

My grieffe is great, and endles is my care:

Her face, her force, and all of woes esteeme:

Then wellcome Night, and farwell flattring day

w<sup>ch</sup> all hopes breed, and yett our ioyes delay;

.Song 2.  
[F14, P14]

All night I weepe, all day I cry, Ay mee;  
I still doe wish though yett deny, Ay mee;  
I sigh, I mourne, and say that still  
I only ame the store for ill, Ay mee;

In coldest hopes I freeze, yett burne Ay mee;  
From flames I striue to fly, yett turne Ay me;  
From grieffe I haste butt sorrowes hy,  
and on my hart all woes doe ly Ay mee;

From contraries I seeke to runn Ay mee;  
butt contraries I can nott shunn Ay mee;  
For they delight theyr force to try,  
and to despaire my thoughts doe ty Ay mee;

Whether (alass) then shall I goe Ay mee;  
when as dispaire all hopes outgoe Ay mee;  
Iff to the Forest, Cupid hyes,  
and my poore soule to his lawe ties Ay mee;

To the 'Court'. O no. Hee crys fy Ay mee;  
ther no true loue you shall espy Ay mee;  
Leaue that place to faulscet louers  
yo<sup>r</sup> true loue all truth discourers Ay mee;

Then quiett rest, and noe more proue Ay mee;  
All places ar alike to loue Ay mee;  
And constant bee in this beegunn

Yett say, till lyfe w<sup>t</sup> loue be dunn Ay mee;

.13.

[F15, P15]

Deare famish nott what you your self gaue food,  
destroy nott what your glory is to saue;  
kill nott that soule to w<sup>ch</sup> you spiritt gaue;  
In pittie, nott disdain your triumph stood;

An easy thing itt is to shed the blood  
of one, who att your will, yeelds to the graue;  
butt more you may true worthe by mercy craue  
when you preserue, nott spoyle, butt nurrish good;

Your sight is all the food I doe desire;  
then sacrifices mee nott in hidden fire,  
Or stop that breath w<sup>ch</sup> did your prayes moue:

Think butt how easy t'is a sight to giue;  
nay eu'n deserte; since by itt I doe liue,  
I butt Camælion=like would liue, and loue;

.14.

[F16, P16]

Am I thus conquer'd? haue I lost the powers  
that to w<sup>th</sup>stand, w<sup>ch</sup> ioy's to ruin mee?  
must I bee still while itt my strength deuowres.  
and captiue leads mee prisoner, bound, vnfree?

Loue first shall leaue mens phant'sies to them free,  
desire shall quench loues flames, spring hate sweet showres,  
Cupid shall loose his darts, haue sight, and see  
his shame, and Venus hinder happy howres;

Why should wee nott loues purblinde charmes resist?  
must wee bee seruile, doing what hee list?  
Noe, seeke some hoste to harbour thee: I fly

Thy babish trickes, and freedome doe profess;  
butt ô my hurt, makes my lost hart confess  
I loue, and must: So farwell liberty;

2.

[F67, P17]

Truly poore Night thou wellcome art to mee:

I loue thee better in this sad attire  
then y<sup>t</sup> w<sup>ch</sup> raiseth some mens phant'sies higher  
like painted outsids w<sup>ch</sup> foule inward bee;

I loue thy graue, and saddest lookes to see,  
w<sup>ch</sup> seems my soule, and dying hart intire,  
like to the ashes of some happy fire  
that flam'd in ioy, butt quench'd in miserie;

I loue thy count'nance, and thy sober=pace  
w<sup>ch</sup> euenly goes, and as of louing grace  
to vss, and mee among the rest oprest

Giues quiet, peace to my poore self alone,  
and freely grants day leaue when thou art gone  
to giue cleere light to see all ill redrest;



6.

[F71, P18]

Sleepe fy possess mee nott, nor doe nott fright  
mee w<sup>th</sup> thy heauy, and thy deathlike might  
for counterfetting's vilder then deaths sight,  
and such deluding more my thoughts doe spite

Thou suff<sup>r</sup>est faulset shapes my soule t'affright  
some times in liknes of a hopefull spright,  
and oft times like my loue as in dispite  
Ioying thou canst w<sup>t</sup> mallice kill delight,

When I (a poore foole made by thee) think ioy  
itt is while thy fond shadows doe destroy  
my that while senceles self; then left to thee,

Butt now doe well, lett mee for euer sleepe,  
and soe for euer that deare Image keepe,  
Or still wake, that my senses may bee free

8.

[F73, P19]

Sweet shades why doe you seeke to giue delight  
to mee who deeme delight in this vilde place  
butt torment, sorrow, and mine owne disgrace  
to taste of ioy, or your vaine pleasing sight;

Show them your pleasures who saw neuer night  
of grieffe, wher ioyings fauning, smiling face  
appeers as day, wher grieffe found neuer space  
yett for a sigh, a grone, or enuies spite;

Butt O. on mee a world of woes doe ly,  
or els on mee all harmes striue to rely,  
and to attend like seruants bound to mee,

Heat in desire, while frosts of cares I proue,  
wanting my loue, yett surfett doe w<sup>t</sup> loue  
burne, and yett freeze, better in hell to bee;

.18.

[F20, P20]

W<sup>ch</sup> should I better like of, day, or night  
since all the day I liue in bitter woe  
inoying light more cleere my wrongs to know,  
and yett most sad, feeling in itt all spite;

In night, when darknes doth forbid all light  
yett see I grieffe aparant to the show  
follow'd by iealousie whose fond tricks flow,  
and on vnconstant waues of doubt allight,

I can beehold rage cowardly to feede  
vpon foule error, w<sup>ch</sup> thes humours breed,  
shame, doubt, and feare, yett boldly will thinke ill,

All thes in both I feele, then w<sup>ch</sup> is best  
darke to ioy by day, light in night oprest  
Leaue both, and end, thes butt each other spill:

[Original content ©2015 by Dirk Jol]