

Song 3.

[F21, P21]

Stay, my thoughts, do nott aspire
to Vaine hopes of high desire:
see you nott all meanes bereft
to inioye? noe hope is left;
yett still mee thinks my thoughts doe say
some hopes do liue amid dismay;

Hope, then once more hope for ioy;
bury feare w^{ch} ioyes destroy;
thought hath yett some comfort giu'ne,
w^{ch} dispaire hath from vs driun;
therfor deerly my thoughts cherish
neuer lett such thinking perish;

'Tis an idle thing to plaine
odder farr to dy for paine,
thinke, and see how thoughts do rise
winning wher ther noe hope lies:
w^{ch} alone is louers treasure
For by thoughts wee loue doe measure:

Then kinde thought my phant'sies guide
lett mee neuer hopeles slide;
still maintaine thy force in mee,
lett my thinking, still bee free:
nor leaue thy might vntill my death
butt lett mee, thinking, yeeld vp breath

.19.

[F22, P22]

Come darkest night, beecoming sorrow best;
light; leaue thy light; fitt for a lightsome soule;
darknes doth truly sute w^t mee oprest
whom absence power doth from mirthe controle:

The very trees w^t hanging heads condole
sweet sommers parting, and of leaues distrest
in dying coulers make a grieffe=full role;
soe much (alas) to sorrow are they prest

Thus of dead leaues her farewell carpett's made;
theyr fall, theyr branches, all theyr mournings proue;
wth leaules, naked bodies, whose huese vade
from hopefull greene, to wither in theyr loue,

If trees, and leaues for absence, mourners bee
Noe meruaile y^t I grieue, who like want see

.20.

[F23, P23]

The Sunn w^{ch} glads, the earth att his bright sight
When in the morne hee showes his golden face,
and takes the place from tædious drowsy night
making the world still happy by his grace;

Shewes hapines remaines nott in one place,
nor may the heauens, alone to vs giue light,
butt hide that cheerfull face, though noe long space,
yett long enough for triall of theyr might;

Butt neuer sunn-sett could bee soe obscure
no desart euer haue a shade soe sadd,
nor could black darknes euer proue soe badd
as paines w^{ch} absence makes mee now indure;

The missing of the sunn awhile makes night
butt absence of my ioy sees neuer Light

21.

[F24, P24]

When I last saw thee, I did nott thee see,
itt was thy Image, w^{ch} in my thoughts lay
soe liuely figur'd, as noe times delay
could suffer mee in hart to parted bee;

And sleepe soe fauorable is to mee,
as nott to lett thy lou'd remembrance stray,
least that I waking might haue cause to say
ther was one minute found to forgett thee;

Then since my faith is such, soe kind my sleepe
that gladly thee presents into my thought:
and still true louer like thy face doth keepe
soe as some pleasure shadowe=like is wrought

Pitty my louing, nay of consience giue
reward to mee in whom thy self doth liue,

10.

[F75, P25]

Like to the Indians, scorched wth the sunne,
the sunn w^{ch} they doe as theyr God adore
soe ame I vs'd by loue, for euer more
I worship him, less fauor haue I wunn,

Better are they who thus to blacknes runn,
and soe can only whitenes want deplore
then I who pale, and white ame w^t griefs store,
nor can haue hope, butt to see hopes vndunn;

Beesids theyr sacrifices receaud's in sight
of theyr chose sainte: Mine hid as worthles rite;
grant mee to see wher I my offrings giue,

Then lett mee weare the marke of Cupids might,
in hart as they in skin doe Phœbus light
Nott ceasing offrings to loue while I Liue

23.

[F26, P26]

When euery one to pleasing pastime hies
some hunt, some hauke, some play, while some delight
in sweet discourse, and musique showes ioys might
yett I my thoughts doe farr aboue thes prise

The ioy w^{ch} I take, is that free from eyes
I sitt, and wunder att this daylike night
soe to dispose themselues, as voyd of right;
and leaue true pleasure for poore vanities

When others hunt, my thoughts I haue in chase;
if hauke, my minde att wished end doth fly,
discourse, I, w^t my spiritt tauke, and cry
while others, musique is theyr greatest grace

O God, say I, can thes fond pleasures moue?
Or musique bee butt in deere thoughts of loue?

24.

[F27, P27]

Once did I heere an aged father say
vnto his sonn who w^t attention hears.
what age, and wise experience euer clears
from doubts of feare, or reason to betray,

My Sonn sayd hee, beehold thy father, gray,
I once had as thou hast, fresh tender years,
and like thee sported, destitute of feares
butt my young faults made mee too soone decay;

Loue once I did, and like thee fear'd my loue,
led by the hatefull thread of Ielousy,
striuing to keepe, I lost my liberty,
and gain'd my grieffe w^{ch} still my sorrowes moue,

In time shunn this; To loue is noe offence
butt doubt in youth, in age breeds penitence;

Song 4.

[F28, P28]

Sweetest loue returne againe
make nott to long stay.
killing mirthe, and forceing paine
sorrow leading way:
lett vs nott thus parted bee
loue, and absence ne're agree;

Butt since you must needs depart,
and mee haples leaue,
in your iourney take my hart
w^{ch} will nott deseae
yo^{rs} itt is, to you itt flyes
ioying in those loued eyes,

Soe in part, wee shall nott part
though wee absent bee;
time, nor place, nor greatest smart
shall my bands make free
ty'de I ame, yett thinke itt gaine;
in such knotts I feele noe paine.

Butt can I liue hauing lost
chiefest part of mee
hart is fled, and sight is crost
these my fortunes bee
yett deere hart goe, soone returne
as good there, as heere to burne

25.

[F29, P29]

Poore eyes bee blind, the light behold noe more
since that is gon w^{ch} is your deere delight
rauish'd from you by greater powre, and might
making yo^r loss a gaine to others store,

O'reflowe, and drowne, till sight to you restore
that blessed star, and as in hatefull spite
send forth your teares in flouds, to kill all sight,
and looks, that lost, wherin you ioy'd before.

Bury those beames, w^{ch} in some kindled fires,
and conquer'd haue theyr loue=burnt=harts desires
loosing, and yett noe gaine by you esteem'd,

Till that bright starr doe once againe apeere
brighter then Mars when hee doth shine most cleere
see nott: then by his might bee you redeem'd

3.

[F68, P30]

Deare cherish this, and wth itt my soules will,
nor for itt rann away doe itt abuse,
alas itt left poore mee your brest to chuse
as the blest shrine wher itt would harbour still;

Then fauor shew, and nott vnkindly kill
the hart w^{ch} fled to you, butt doe excuse
that w^{ch} for better, did the wurse refuse,
and pleas'd I'le bee, though hartles my lyfe spill,

Butt if you will bee kind, and iust indeed,
send mee your hart w^{ch} in mines place shall feed
on faithfull loue to your deuotion bound;

Ther shall itt see the sacrifices made
of pure, and spottles loue w^{ch} shall nott vade
while soule, and body are together found;

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