

27.

[F31, P31]

Fy treacherous Hope, why doe you still rebell?
is itt nott yett enough you flatterd mee?
butt cunningly you seeke to vse a spell
how to beetray, must thes your trophies bee?

I look'd from you farr sweeter fruite to see
butt blasted were your blossoms when they fell,
and those delights expected late from thee
wither'd, and dead, and what seem'd bliss proues Hell.

Noe towne was wunn by a more plotted slight
then I by you, who may my fortune write
in embers of that fire w^{ch} ruind mee,

Thus Hope, your faulshood calls you to bee tride
you're loth I see the triall to abide
proue true att last, and I will sett thee free

28.

[F32, P32]

Griefe, killing griefe; haue nott my torments binn
allreddy great, and strong enough: butt still
thou dost increase, nay glory in my ill,
and woes new past affresh new woes beeginn!

Am I the only purchase you can winn?
was I ordain'd to giue dispaire her fill
or fittest I should mounte misfortunes hill
who in the plaine of ioy can=nott liue in?

If itt bee soe: Griefe come as wellcome ghest
since I must suffer, for an others rest:
yett this good griefe, lett mee intreat of thee,

Vse still thy force, butt nott from those I loue
lett mee all paines, and lasting torments proue
soe I miss thes, lay all thy waits on mee

Fly hence o!, ioy noe longer heere abide
to great thy pleasures ar, for my dispaire
to looke on, losses now must proue my fare
who nott long since, on better foode relide;

Butt foole, how oft had I heauns changing spide
beefore of my owne fate I could take care,
yett now past time, too late I can beeware
now nothing's left butt sorrowes faster tyde;

While I inioy'd that sunn whose sight did lend
mee ioy, I thought, that day, could haue noe end
butt o! a night came cloth'd in absence darke,

Absence more sad, more bitter then is gall
or death, when on true louers itt doth fall
whose fires of loue, disdaineth rests poore sparke

You blessed shades, w^{ch} giue mee silent rest,
wittnes butt this when death hath clos'd mine eyes,
and separated mee from earthly ties,
beeing from hence to higher place adrest;

How oft in you I haue laine heere oprest,
and haue my miseries in woefull cries
deliuer'd forth, mounting vp to the skies
yett helples back returnd to wound my brest,

W^{ch} wounds did butt striue how, to breed more harme
to mee, who, can bee cur'de by noe one charme
butt that of loue, w^{ch} yett may mee releeue

If nott, lett death my former paines redeeme,
and you my, trusty freinds, my faith esteeme
and wittnes I could loue, who soe could greeue

Song 5.
[F35, P35]

Time only cause of my vnrest
by whom I hop'd once to bee blest
 how cruell art thou turned?
That first gau'st lyfe vnto my loue,
and still a pleasure nott to moue
 or chang though euer burned;

Haue I thee slack'd, or left vndun
one louing rite, and soe haue wunn
 thy rage or bitter changing?
That now noe minute I shall see,
wherin I may least happy bee
 thy fauor soe estranging.

Blame thy self, and nott my folly,
time gaue time butt to bee holly;
 true loue such ends best loueth,
Vnworthy loue doth seeke for ends
a worthy loue butt worth pretends
 nor other thoughts itt proueth:

Then stay thy swiftnes cruell time,
and lett mee once more blessed clime
 to ioy, that I may prayse thee
Lett mee pleasure sweetly tasting
ioy in loue, and faith nott wasting,
 and on fames wings I'le rayse thee:

Neuer shall thy glory dying
bee vntill thine owne vntying
that time noe longer liueth;
T'is a gaine such tyme to lend;
since soe thy fame shall neuer end
Butt ioy for what she giueth

31.

[F36, P36]

After long trouble in a tædious way
of loues vnrest, lay'd downe to ease my paine
hopeing for rest, new torments I did gaine
possessing mee as if I ought t'obay:

When Fortune came, though blinded, yett did stay,
and in her blessed armes did mee inchaine;
I, colde wth grieffe, thought noe warmth to obtaine
or to dissolue that ice of ioyes decay;

Till, rise sayd she, Venus to thee doth send
by mee the seruante of true louers, ioy
bannish all cloudes of doubt, all feares destroy,
and now on Fortune, and on Loue depend

I, her obey'd, and rising felt that loue
Indeed was best, when I did least itt moue

How fast thou fliest, O Time, on loues swift wings
 To hopes of ioy, that flatters our desire
 w^{ch} to a loue, still, contentment brings!
 yett, when wee should inioy thou dost retire

Thou stay'st thy pace faulse time from our desire,
 When to our ill thou hast'st w^t Eagles wings,
 slowe, only to make vs see thy retire
 was for dispayre, and harme, w^{ch} sorrowe brings;

O! slacke thy pase, and milder pass to loue
 bee like the Bee, whose wings she doth butt vse
 to bring home profit; masters good to proue
 laden, and weary, yett againe pursues,

Soe lade thy self wth honnye of sought ioye,
 And doe nott mee the Hiue of loue destroy

33.

[F38, P38]

How many eyes hast thou poore Loue to guard
thee, from thy most desired wish, and end
is itt because some say thou'art blind, that bard
from sight, thou should'st noe hapines attend?

Who blame thee soe, smale iustice can pretend
since 'twixt thee, and y^e sunn noe question hard
can bee, his sight butt outward, thou canst bend
the hart, and guide itt freely; thus vnbard

Art thou, while wee both blind, and bold thus dare
accuse thee of the harmes, our selues should find
who led wth folly, and by rashnes blind
thy sacred powre, doe w^t a child's compare

Yett Loue this boldnes pardon: for admire
thee sure wee must, or bee borne wthout fire

34.

[F39, P39]

Take heed mine eyes, how you yo^r lookes doe cast
least they betray my harts most secrett thought;
bee true vnto your selues for nothings bought
more deere then doubt w^{ch} brings a louers fast

Catch you all waching eyes, ere they bee past,
or take yours fixt wher your best loue hath sought
the pride of your desires; lett them bee taught
theyr faults wth shame, they could noe truer last

Then looke, and looke w^t ioye for conquest wunn
of those that search'd your hurt in double kinde;
soe you kept safe, lett them themselues looke blinde
watch, gaze, and marke till they to madnes runn,

While you, my eyes inioye full sight of loue
contented that such hapinesses moue

1.

[F102, P40]

Faulçe hope w^{ch} feeds butt to destroy, and spill
what itt first breeds; vnaturall to the birth
of thine owne wombe; conceauing butt to kill,
and plenty giues to make the greater dearth,

Soe Tirants doe who faulsly ruling earth
outwardly grace them, and wth profitts fill
aduance those who appointed are to death
to make the greater falle to please theyr will.

Thus shadow they theyr wicked vile intent
coulering euill wth the mask of good
while in faire showes theyr malice soe is spent
hope kills the hart, and tirants shed the blood

For hope deluding brings vs to the pride
of our desires the farder downe to slide;

[Original content ©2015 by Dirk Jol]