

3.

[F104, P41]

How well poore hart thou wittnes canst I loue,  
how oft my grieffe hath made thee shed for teares  
drops of thy deerest blood, and how oft feares  
borne testimony of the paines I proue,

What torments hast thou sufferd while aboue  
ioy; thou tortur'd wert w<sup>t</sup> racks w<sup>ch</sup> longing beares  
pinch'd w<sup>t</sup> desires w<sup>ch</sup> yett butt wishing reares  
firme in my faith, in constancy to moue,

Yett is itt sayd that sure loue can nott bee  
wher soe small showe of passion is descri'd,  
when thy chiefe paine is that I must itt hide  
from all saue only one who showld itt see

For know more passion in my hart doth moue  
then in a millian that make show they loue

Song vj.  
[F42, P42]

You happy blessed eyes  
w<sup>ch</sup> in that ruling place  
haue force both to delight, and to disgrace,  
whose light allures and ties  
all harts to yo<sup>r</sup> command  
O! looke on mee who doe att mercy stand:

'T'is you that rule my lyfe  
't'is you my comforts giue;  
then lett nott scorne o mee my ending driue,  
nor lett the frownes of stryfe  
haue might to hurt those lights  
w<sup>ch</sup> while they shine they are true loues delights;

See butt, when Night appears,  
and Sunn hath lost his force  
how his loss doth all ioye from vs diuorce;  
And when hee shines, and cleares  
the heauns from clowds of night  
how happy then is made our gazing sight,

Butt more then Sunns faire light  
your beames doe seeme to mee,  
whose sweetest lookes doe tye and yett make free;  
Why should you then soe spite  
poore mee as to destroy  
the only pleasure that I taste of ioye?

Shine then, O deerest lights  
w<sup>th</sup> fauor and w<sup>th</sup> loue,  
and lett noe cause, yo<sup>r</sup> cause of frownings moue  
butt as the soules delights  
soe bless my then=bless'd eyes  
w<sup>ch</sup> vnto you theyr true affection tyes.

Then shall the Sunn giue place  
as to yo<sup>r</sup> greater might,  
yeelding that you doe show more perfect light,  
O, then, butt grant this grace  
Vnto yo<sup>r</sup> loue=tied slaue  
to shine on mee, who to you all fayth gaue;

And when you please to frowne  
then vse your killing eyes  
on them, who in vntruth, and faulcehood lyes;  
butt (deare) on mee cast downe  
sweet lookes for true desire  
that bannish doe all thoughts of fayned fire

37.

[F43, P43]

Night, welcome art thou to my mind destrest  
darke, heauy, sad, yett nott more sad then I  
neuer could'st thou find fitter company  
for thine owne humor then I thus oprest.

If thou bee dark, my wrongs still vnredrest  
saw neuer light, nor smalest bliss can spy;  
If heauy, ioy from mee too fast doth hy  
and care outgoes my hope of quiett rest,

Then now in freindship ioine w<sup>t</sup> haples mee,  
who ame as sad, and dark as thou canst bee  
hating all pleasure, or delight in lyfe;

Silence, and grieffe, w<sup>th</sup> thee I best doe loue  
and from you three, I know I can nott moue  
Then lett vs liue companions w<sup>th</sup>out strife

What pleasure can a bannish'd creature haue  
in all the pastimes that inuented arr  
by witt or learning, absence making warr  
against all peace that may a biding craue;

Can wee delight butt in a wellcome graue  
wher wee may bury paines, and soe bee farr  
from lothed company who allways iarr  
vpon the string of mirthe that pastime gaue;

The knowing part of ioye is deem'd the hart  
if that bee gon what ioy can ioy impart  
when sencless is the feeler of our mirth;

Noe, I ame bannish'd, and no good shall find  
butt all my fortunes must w<sup>th</sup> mischief bind  
Who butt for miserie did gaine a birth;

Iff I were giu'n to mirthe 't' wou'd bee more cross  
 thus to bee robbed of my chiefest ioy;  
 butt silently I beare my greatest loss  
 Who's vs'd to sorrow, grieffe will nott destroy;

Nor can I as thes pleasant witts inioy  
 my owne fram'd words, w<sup>ch</sup> I account the dross  
 of purer thoughts, or reckon them as moss  
 while they (witt sick) them selues to breath imploy,

Alas, think I, yo<sup>r</sup> plenty shewes your want,  
 for wher most feeling is, words are more scant,  
 yett pardon mee, Liue, and your pleasure take,

Grudg nott, if I neglected, enuy show  
 t'is nott to you that I dislike doe owe  
 butt crost my self, wish some like mee to make

40.

[F46, P46]

Itt is nott loue which you poore fooles do deeme  
that doth apeare by fond, and outward showes  
of kissing, toying, or by swearings glose  
o noe thes farr are of from loues esteeme;

Alas thes ar nott them that can redeeme  
loue lost, or wining keepe those chosen blowes  
though oft w<sup>t</sup> face, and lookes loue ouerthrowse  
yett soe slight conquest doth nott him beeseeme,

'T'is nott a showe of sighes, or teares can proue  
who loues indeed: which blasts of fained loue  
increase, or dy as fauors from them slide;

Butt in the soule true loue in safety lies  
guarded by faith w<sup>ch</sup> to desart still hies,  
and yett true lookes doe many blessing hide

2.

[F103, P47]

You blessed starrs w<sup>ch</sup> doe heauns glory show,  
and att your brightnes makes our eyes admire  
yett enuy nott if I on earth beelow  
inioy a sight w<sup>ch</sup> moues in mee more fire;

I doe confess such beauty breeds desire,  
you shine, and cleerest light on vs beestow,  
yett doth a sight on earth more warmth inspire  
into my louing soule, his force to knowe;

Cleere, bright, and shining as you are, is this  
light of my ioye, fixt stedfast nor will moue  
his light from mee, nor I chang from his loue,  
butt still increase as th'eith of all my bliss

His sight giues lyfe vnto my loue=rulde eyes  
my loue content beecause in his, loue lies;

42.

[F48, P48]

If euer loue had force in humaine brest?

If euer hee could moue in pensiue hart?

or if that hee such powre could butt impart

to breed those flames whose heat brings ioys vnrest

Then looke on mee; I ame to thes adrest,

I, ame the soule that feeles the greatest smart;

I, ame that hartles trunk of harts depart;

and I, that one, by loue, and grieffe oprest;

Non euer felt the truth of loues great miss

of eyes, till I depriued was of bliss;

for had hee seene, hee must haue pittie show'd

I should nott haue bin made the stage of woe

wher sad disasters haue theyr open showe

O noe, more pittie hee had sure beestow'd

Song vij.  
[F49, P49]

Sorrow, I yeeld, and greiue that I did miss:  
will nott thy rage bee satisfied w<sup>th</sup> this?

As sad a Diuell as thee,  
made mee vnhapy bee.

Wilt thou nott yett consent to leaue, butt still  
striue how to showe thy cursed, deuilsh skill;

I mourne, and dying am; what would you more?  
my soule attends, to leaue this wreched shore.

Wher harmes doe only flow  
w<sup>ch</sup> teach mee butt to know

The sadest howres of my liues vnrest,  
and tired minutes w<sup>th</sup> griefs hand oprest:

Yett all this will nott pacefy thy spite;  
no, nothing can bring ease butt my last night.

then quickly lett itt bee  
while I vnhappy see

That time, soe sparing to grant louers bliss  
will see for time lost, ther shall noe grief miss.

Nor lett mee euer cease from lasting grieffe,  
butt endless lett itt bee w<sup>t</sup>out reliefe:

To winn againe of loue,  
the fauor I did proue;

And w<sup>th</sup> my end please him: since liuing I  
haue him offended, yett vnwillingly

43.

[F50, P50]

O dearest eyes the lights, and guides of loue,  
the ioyes of Cupid who himself borne blind  
to yo<sup>r</sup> bright shining doth his triumphs bind  
for in yo<sup>r</sup> seeing doth his glory moue;

How happy are those places wher you proue  
yo<sup>r</sup> heaunly beames, w<sup>ch</sup> makes the Sun to find  
enuy, and grudging hee soe long hath shind  
that your cleer light showld mach his beames aboue

Butt now, Alas, your sight is heere forbid  
and darknes must thes poore lost roomes possess  
soe bee all blessed lights from henceforth hid  
that this black deed in darcknes haue excess,

For why should heauen afford least light to those  
who for my misery this darcknes chose

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