

9.

[F74, P71]

Pray doe nott vse thes words I must bee gone,  
alas doe nott fortell my ills to come  
lett nott my care bee to my ioyes a tombe,  
butt rather finde my loss w<sup>th</sup> loss alone;

Cause mee nott thus a more distressed one  
nott feeling blis for feare of this sad dombe  
of present cross, for thinking will orecome,  
and loose all pleasure, since grieffe breedeth none;

Lett the misfortune come att once to mee,  
nor suffer mee w<sup>t</sup> paine to punnish'd bee,  
lett mee bee ignorant of mine owne ill

Then now w<sup>th</sup> the foreknowledg quite to lose  
that w<sup>ch</sup> w<sup>th</sup> soe much care, and paines loue chose  
for his reward, butt ioye now, then mirth kill;

There is no poem in the Folger manuscript corresponding to P72.

Song

[F76, P73]

The springing time of my first louing  
finds yett noe winter of remouing  
nor frost to make my hopes decrease  
butt w<sup>t</sup> the sommer still increase

The trees may teach vs loues remaining,  
who suffer chang w<sup>th</sup> little paining  
though winter make theyr leaues decrease  
yett w<sup>th</sup> the sommer they increase

As Birds by silence show theyr mourning  
in colde, yett sing att springs returning  
soe may loue nipt awhile decrease  
butt as the sommer soone increase

Those that doe loue butt for a season  
doe faulcefy both loue, and reason,  
for reason wills if loue decrease  
itt like the sommer should increase

Though loue some times may bee mistaken  
the truth yett ought nott to bee shaken,  
or though the heate awhile decrease  
itt w<sup>th</sup> the sommer may increase

And since the spring time of my louing  
found neuer winter of remouing  
nor frost to make my hopes decrease

shall as the sommer still increase

Song:  
[F78, P74]

Loue a child is euer criing,  
please him, and hee strait is flying,  
giue him hee the more is crauing  
neuer satisfi'd w<sup>t</sup> hauing;

His desires haue noe measure,  
endles folly is his treasure,  
what hee promiseth hee breaketh  
trust nott one word that hee speaketh;

Hee vowes nothing butt faulce matter  
and to cousen you hee'l flatter,  
lett him gaine the hand hee'll leaue you,  
and still glory to deseauue you;

Hee will triumph in your wayling,  
and yett cause bee of your fayling,  
thes his vertus ar, and slighter  
ar his guifts, his fauors lighter,

Feathers ar as firme in staying  
woulues noe fiercer in theyr praying  
as a child then leaue him crying  
nor seeke him soe giu'n to flying

Song.  
[F79, P75]

Beeing past the paines of loue  
freedome gladly seekes to moue,  
says that loues delights were pritty  
butt to dwell in them 't'were pittie,

And yett truly says that loue  
must of force in all harts moue  
butt though his delights are pritty  
to dwell in them were a pittie.

Lett loue slightly pas like loue  
neuer lett itt to deepe moue  
for though loues delights are pritty  
to dwell in them were great pittie;

Loue noe pittie hath of loue  
rather griefes then pleasures moue,  
soe though his delights are pritty  
to dwell in them would bee pittie

Those that like the smart of loue  
in them lett it freely moue  
els though his delights are pritty  
doe nott dwell in them for pittie:

[F81, P76]

O pardon, Cupid I confess my fault  
then mercy grant mee in soe iust a kind  
for treason neuer lodged in my mind  
against thy might soe much as in a thought,

And now my folly I haue deerly bought  
nor could my soule least rest or quiett find  
since rashnes did my thoughts to error bind  
w<sup>ch</sup> now thy fury, and my harme hath wrought;

I curse that thought, and hand w<sup>ch</sup> that first fram'd  
for w<sup>ch</sup> by thee I ame most iustly blam'd,  
but now that hand shall guided bee aright,

And giue a crowne vnto thy endless prayse  
w<sup>ch</sup> shall thy glory, and thy greatnes raise  
more then thes poore things could thy honor spite

F82, P77  
A crowne of Sonetts  
dedicated to Loue

In this strang labourinth how shall I turne?  
wayes are on all sids while the way I miss;  
if to the right hand, ther, in loue I burne;  
lett mee goe forward, therein danger is;

If to the left, suspition hinders bliss,  
lett mee turne back, shame cries I ought returne  
nor fainte though crosses w<sup>th</sup> my fortunes kiss;  
stand still is harder, allthough sure to mourne;

Thus lett mee take the right, or left hand way;  
goe forward, or stand still, or back retire;  
I must thes doubts indure w<sup>t</sup>out allay  
or help, butt traueile find for my best hire;

Yett that w<sup>ch</sup> most my troubled sence doth moue  
is to leaue all, and take the thread of loue,

2.

[F83, P78]

Is to leaue all, and take the thread of loue  
w<sup>ch</sup> line strait leads vnto the soules content  
wher choyce delights w<sup>th</sup> pleasures wings doe moue,  
and idle phant<sup>sie</sup> neuer roome had lent,

When chaste thoughts guide vs then owr minds ar bent  
to take that good w<sup>ch</sup> ill from vs remoue,  
light of true loue, brings fruite w<sup>ch</sup> none repent  
butt constant louers seeke, and wish to proue;

Loue is the shining starr of blessings light;  
the feruent fire of zeale, the roote of peace,  
that lasting lampe fed w<sup>t</sup> the oyle of right;  
Image of fayth, and wombe for ioyes increase

Loue is true vertu, and his ends delight  
his flames ar ioyes, his bands true louers might.

.3.

[F84, P79]

His flames ar ioyes, his bands true louers might,  
noe staine is ther butt pure, as purest white,  
wher noe clowde can apeere to dim his light,  
nor spott defile, butt shame will soone requite,

Heere are affections, tri'de by loues iust might  
as gold by fire, and black desernd by white,  
Error by truthe, and darknes knowne by light,  
wher faith is vallwed for loue to requite,

Please him, and serue him, glory in his might,  
and firme hee'll bee, as innosencye white,  
cleere as th'ayre, warme as sunn beames, as day light,  
iust as truth, constant as fate, ioy'd to requite,

Then loue obay, striue to obserue his might,  
and bee in his braue court a glorious light;

4.

[F85, P80]

And bee in his braue court a gloriouse light,  
shine in the eyes of faith, and constancie,  
maintaine the fires of loue still burning bright  
nott slightly sparkling butt light flaming bee

Neuer to slack till earth noe stars can see,  
till sunn, and Moone doe leaue to vs dark night,  
and secound Chaose once againe doe free  
vs, and the world from all deuisions spite,

Till then, affections w<sup>ch</sup> his followers are  
gouerne our harts, and proue his powers gaine  
to taste this pleasing sting seek w<sup>t</sup> all care  
for hapy smarting is itt w<sup>th</sup> smale paine,  
such as although, itt pierce your tender hart  
and burne, yett burning you will loue the smart;

[Original content ©2015 by Dirk Jol]