

5.

[F86, P81]

And burne, yett burning you will loue the smart,  
when you shall feele the weight of true desire,  
soe pleasing, as you would nott wish your part  
of burden showld bee missing from that fire;

Butt faithfull, and vnfained heate aspire  
w<sup>ch</sup> sin abolisheth, and doth impart  
saulues to all feares, w<sup>t</sup> vertues w<sup>ch</sup> inspire  
soules w<sup>t</sup> deuine loue, w<sup>ch</sup> showes his chaste art,

And guide hee is to ioyings; open eyes  
hee hath to hapines, and best can learne  
vs means how to deserue, this hee descries,  
who blind yett doth our hidenest thought deserue

Thus may wee gaine since liuing in blest loue  
hee may our profitt, and owr Tuter proue,

6.

[F87, P82]

Hee may owr profit, and our Tuter proue  
in whom alone wee doe this power finde,  
to ioine tow harts as in one frame to moue;  
tow bodies, butt one soule to rule the minde;

Eeyes w<sup>t</sup> much care to one deere obiect bind  
eares to each others speech as if aboue  
all els they sweet, and learned were; this kind  
content of louers wittniseth true loue,

Itt doth inrich the witts, and makes you see  
that in your self w<sup>ch</sup> you knew nott before,  
forcing you to admire such guifts showld bee  
hid from your knowledg, yett in you the store;

Millians of thes adorne the throne of Loue  
how blest bee they then, who his fauours proue

7.

[F88, P83]

How blest bee they then, who his fauors proue  
a lyfe wherof the birth is iust desire,  
breeding sweet flames w<sup>ch</sup> hearts inuite to moue  
in those lou'd eyes w<sup>ch</sup> kindles Cupids fire.

And nurse his longings w<sup>t</sup> his thoughts intire,  
fixt on the heat of wishes formd by loue,  
yett as wher fire distroys this doth respire,  
increase, and foster all delights aboue;

Loue will a painter-make you, such, as you  
shall able bee to drawe your only deere  
more liuely, parfett, lasting, and more true  
then rarest woorkmen, and to you more neere,

Thes be the least, then needs must all confess  
Hee that shunns loue doth loue him self the less

8.

[F89, P84]

Hee that shunns loue doth loue him self the less  
and cursed hee whos spiritt nott admires  
the worth of loue, wher endles blessednes  
raines, and commands, maintaind by heaunly fires

made of vertu, ioin'de by truth, blowne by desires  
strengthened by worth, renued by carefullnes  
flaming in neuer changing thoughts, briers  
of ielousie shall heere miss wellcomnes;

nor coldly pass in the pursuites of loue  
like one longe frozen in a sea of ise,  
and yett butt chastly lett your passions moue  
noe thought from vertuouse loue your minds intise

Neuer to other ends your phant'sies place  
butt wher they may returne w<sup>t</sup> honors grace,

9.

[F90, P85]

Butt wher they may returne w<sup>t</sup> honors grace  
wher Venus follyes can noe harbour win  
butt chased ar as worthles of the face  
or stile of loue who hath lasiuiose bin

Oure harts ar subjects to her sunn; wher sinn  
neuer did dwell, nor rest one minutes space  
what faults hee hath, in her did still begin,  
and from her brest hee suckd his fleeting pace,

if lust bee counted loue t<sup>'</sup>is faulcely nam'd  
by wikednes a fayrer gloss to sett  
vpon that Vice, w<sup>ch</sup> els makes men asham'd  
in the owne frase to warrant butt begett

This childe for loue, who ought like monster borne  
bee from the court of Love, and reason torne;

10.

F91, P86

Bee from the court of Loue, and reason torne  
for Loue in reason now doth putt his trust,  
desert, and liking are together borne  
children of loue, and reason parents iust,

Reason aduiser is, loue ruler must  
bee of the state w<sup>ch</sup> crowne hee long hath worne  
yett soe as neither will in least mistrust  
the gouernment wher noe feare is of scorne,

Then reuerence both theyr mights thus made butt one,  
butt wantones, and all those errors shun,  
w<sup>ch</sup> wrongers bee, impostures, and alone  
maintainers of all follyes ill begunn;

Fruit of a sowre, and vnwholsome ground  
unprofitably pleasing, and vnsound

11.

[F92, P87]

Vnprofitably pleasing, and vnsound  
when heauen gaue liberty to frayle dull earth  
to bringe forth plenty that in illis abound  
w<sup>ch</sup> ripest yett doe bring a certaine dearth

A timeles, and vnseasonable birth  
planted in ill, in wurse time springing found,  
w<sup>ch</sup> hemlock like might feed a sick witts mirthe  
wher vnruld vapors swim in endles rounde,

Then ioy wee nott in what wee ought to shun  
wher shady pleasures showe, butt true borne fires  
ar quite quench'd out, or by poore ashes wunn  
awhile to keepe those coole, and wann desires

O noe lett loue his glory haue and might  
bee giuen to him who triumphs in his right

12.

[F93, P88]

Bee giuen to him who triumphs in his right  
nor vading bee, butt like those blossoms fayre  
w<sup>ch</sup> fall for good, and lose theyr coulurs bright  
yett dy nott, butt w<sup>th</sup> fruite theyr loss repaire

soe may loue make you pale w<sup>t</sup> louing care  
when sweet inioying shall restore that light  
more cleare in beauty then wee can compare  
if nott to Venus in her chosen night

And who soe giue them selues in this deere kind  
thes hapinesses shall attend them still  
to bee suplyd w<sup>th</sup> ioys, inrichd in mind  
w<sup>th</sup> treasures of contents, and pleasures fill,

Thus Loue to bee deuine doth heere apeere  
free from all fogs butt shining faire, and cleere;

13.

[F94, P89]

Free from all fogs butt shining faire, and cleere  
wise in all good, and innoſent in ill  
wher holly freindſhip is eſteemed deere  
w<sup>th</sup> truth in loue, and iuſtice in our will,

In loue theſe titles only haue theyr fill  
of hapy lyfe maintainer, and the meere  
defence of right, the punniſher of ſkill,  
and fraude; from whence directnes doth apeere,

to thee then Lord commander of all harts  
ruller of owr affections kinde, and iuſt  
great king of Loue, my ſoule from fained ſmarts  
or thought of change I offer to your truſt

This crowne, my ſelf and all that I haue more  
except my hart w<sup>ch</sup> you beſtowd beefore;

14.

[F95, P90]

Except my hart w<sup>ch</sup> you beestow'd before,  
and for a signe of conquest gaue away  
as worthles to bee kept in your choyse store  
yett one more spotles w<sup>th</sup> you doth nott stay

The tribute w<sup>ch</sup> my hart doth truly pay  
faith vntouch'd is, pure thoughts discharge y<sup>e</sup> score  
of debts for mee, wher constancy bears sway,  
and rules as Lord, vn<sup>harm</sup>'d by enuyes sore,

Yett other mischiefs faile nott to attend,  
as enimies to you, my foes must bee;  
curst iealousie doth all her forces bend  
to my vndoing; thus my harmes I see

Soe though in Loue I feruently doe burne,  
In this strange labourinth how shall I turne? !

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