

1.

[F97, P91]

Sweet lett mee inioye thy sight
more cleere, more bright then morning sun,
w^{ch} in spring time giues delight
and by w^{ch} somers pride is wun,

Present sight doth pleasures moue
w^{ch} in sad absence wee must miss,
butt when mett againe in loue
then twice redoubled is our bliss,

Yett this comfort absence giues,
and butt faithfull louing tries
that though parted, loues force liues
as iust in hart as in our eyes;

Butt such comfort bannish quite
farr sweeter is itt still to finde
fauour in thy loued sight
w^{ch} present smiles wth ioyes combind

Eyes of gladnes, lips of loue,
and harts from passion nott to turne,
butt in sweet affections moue
in flames of faith to liue, and burne,

Dearest then this kindnes giue,
and grant mee lyfe w^{ch} is your sight
wherin I more blessed liue

then graced wth the suns faire light

Sweet Siluia in a shadie wood
wth her faire Nimphs layde downe
sawe nott farr of wher Cupid stood
the Monarck of loues crowne;

All naked playing wth his wings
wthin a mirtle tree
w^{ch} sight a suddaine laughter brings
his godhead soe to see;

And fondly they beegan to iest
wth scofing, and delight,
nott knowing hee did breed vnrest,
and that his will's his light;

When hee perseauing of theyr scorne
grew in such desp'rate rage
who butt for honor first was borne
cowld nott his rage aswage;

Till shooting of his murdring dart
w^{ch} nott long lighting was
knowing the next way to the hart
did through a poore nimph pas;

This shott, the others made to bow
beesids all those to blame
who scorners bee, or nott allow

of powrfull Cupids name;

Take heede then, nor doe idly smyle
nor loues commands despise
for soone will hee your strength beeguile
although hee want his eyes;

3.

[F99, P93]

Come merry spring delight vs
for winter long did spite vs
in pleasure still perseuer,
thy beauties ending neuer,
 spring, and growe
 lasting soe
wth ioyes increasing euer;

Lett colde from hence bee banisht
till hopes from mee bee vanisht,
butt bless thy dainties growing
in fullnes freely flowing
 sweet birds sing
 for the spring
all mirthe is now beestowing;

Philomeale in this arbour
makes now her louing harbour
yett of her state complaining
her notes in mildnes straining
 w^{ch} though sweet
 yett doe meete
her former luckles payning;

4.

[F101, P94]

Louers learne to speake butt truthe
 swear nott, and your othes forgoe,
giue your age a constant youth
 vowe noe more then what you'll doe

Thinke itt sacrilidg to breake
 what you promise shall in loue,
and in teares what you may speake
 forgett nott when the ends you proue;

Doe nott thinke itt glory is
 to intisce, and then deseae
your chiefe honors ly in this
 by worth what wunn is, nott to leaue;

'T'is nott for your fames to try
 what wee weake nott oft refuse
in owr bownty owr faults ly
 when you to doe a fault will chuse;

Fy, leaue this, a greater gaine
 't'is to keepe when you haue wunn
then what purchaced is w^t paine
 soone after in all scorne to shun;

For if worthles to bee priz'd
 why att first will you itt moue,
and if worthy, why dispis'd

you can nott sweare, and ly, and loue,

Loue (alas) you can nott like

't'is butt, for a fashion mou'd
non can chuse, and then dislike
vnles itt bee by faulshood prou'd

Butt your choice is, and yo^r loue

how most numbers to deseae,
as if honors claime did moue
like Popish lawe, non safe to leaue;

Fly this folly, and returne

vnto truth in loue, and try,
none butt Martirs hapy burne
more shamefull ends they haue that lye

35.

[F40, P95]

My hart is lost, what can I now expect,
an eu'ning faire; after a drowsie day?
(alas) fond phant'sie this is nott the way
to cure a morning hurt, or saule neglect,

They who should help, doe mee, and help reiect,
imbrasing looce desires, and wanton play,
while Venus bace delights doe beare the swaye,
and impudencie raignes w'out respect;

O Cupid, lett thy mother know her shame
't'is time for her to leaue this youthfull flame
w^{ch} doth dishoner her, is ages blame,
and takes away the greatnes of thy name;

Thou God of loue, she only Queene of lust,
yett striues by weakning thee, to bee vniust

41.

[F47, P96]

Late in the Forest I did Cupid see
colde, wett, and crying hee had lost his way,
and beeing blind was farder like to stray:
w^{ch} sight a kind compassion bred in mee,

I kindly tooke, and dride him, while that hee
poore child complain'd hee sterued was w^t stay,
and pin'de for want of his accustom'd pray,
for non in that wilde place his hoste would bee,

I glad was of his finding, thinking sure
this seruice should my freedome still procure
and in my armes I tooke him then vnarm'de,

Carrying him vnto a Mirtle bowre
butt in the way hee made mee feele, his powre,
burning my hart who had him kindly warmd

Iuno still iealouse of her husband Ioue
defended from aboue on earth to try
whether she ther could find his chosen loue
w^{ch} made him from the heauen so often fly,

Close by the place, wher I for shade did ly
she chafeing came; butt when she saw mee moue
haue you nott seene this way sayd shee to hy
one, in whom Vertue neuer ground did proue,

Hee, in whom loue doth breed to stirr more hate,
courting a wanton Nymph for his delight
his name is Iupiter, my Lord by fate
who, for her leaues mee heau'n, his throne, and light,

I sawe nott him, sayd I, although heere are
Many in whose harts loue hath made like warr

When I beeheld the Image of my deere
wth greedy lookes mine eyes would that way bend,
fear, and desire did inwardly contend
feare to bee mark'd, desire to drawe still neere,

And in my soule a speritt wowl'd apeer,
w^{ch} boldnes waranted, and did pretend
to bee my genius, yett I durst nott lend
my eyes in trust wher others seemd soe cleere,

Then did I search from whence this danger 'rose,
if such vnworthynes in mee did rest
as my steru'd eyes must nott wth sight bee blest;
when iealousie her poyson did disclose;

Yett in my hart vnseene of iealous eye
the truer Image shall in triumph lye;

5.

[F106, P99]

Like to huge clouds of smoke w^{ch} well may hide
the face of fairest day though for awhile,
soe wrongs may shadow mee, till truth doe smile,
and iustice (sun like) hath those vapors tride,

O doting Time, canst thou for shame lett slide
soe many minutes while ills doe beguile,
thy age, and worth, and faulshoods thus defile
thy ancient good, wher now butt crosses 'bide,

Looke once butt vp, and leaue thy toyling pace,
and on my myseries thy dim eyes place
goe nott soe fast, butt giue my care some end,

Turne nott thy glas (alas) vnto my ill
since thou wth sand itt can nott soe farr fill
butt to each one my sorrows will extend,

6.

[F107, P100]

O! that noe day would euer more appeere,
butt cloudy night to gouerne this sad place,
nor light from heau'n thes haples rooms to grace
since that light's shadow'd w^{ch} my loue holds deere;

Lett thickest mists in enuy master heere,
and sunn=borne day for malice showe noe face,
disdaining light wher Cupid, and the race
of Louers are dispisde, and shame shines cleere,

Lett mee bee darke, since bard of my chiefe light;
and wounding iealousie commands by might;
butt stage play like disguised pleasures giue;

To mee itt seems as ancient fictions make
the starrs all fashions, and all shapes partake
while in my thoughts true forme of loue shall liue,

7.

[F108, P101]

No time, noe roome, noe thought, nor writing can
giue rest, or quiett to my louing hart,
nor can my memory or phantsie scan
the measure of my still rening smart,

Yett would I nott (deere loue) thou should'st depart
butt lett thy passions as they first began
rule, wounde, and please, itt is thy choyssest art
to giue disquiett w^{ch} seemes ease to man;

When all alone, I thinke vpon thy paine
how thou doest traueile ovr best selues to gaine;
then howlerly thy lessons doe I learne,

Think on thy glory w^{ch} shall still assend
vntill the world come to a finall end,
and then shall wee thy lasting powre deserue

8.

[F109, P102]

How gloewoorme like the sunn doth now apeere
colde beames doe from his gloriouse face desend
w^{ch} showes his days, and force draw to an end,
or that to leaue taking his time growes neere,

This day his face did seeme butt pale, though cleere
the reason is hee to the north must lend
his light, and warmth must to that climate bend
whose frozen parts cowld nott loues heat hold deere,

Alas if thou (bright sun) to part from hence
griue soe, what must I haples? who from thence
wher thou dost goe my blessing shall attend

Thou shalt inioye that sight for w^{ch} I dy,
and in my hart thy fortunes doe enuy,
yett griue, I'le loue thee, for this state may mend

[F110, P103]

My muse now hapy, lay thy self to rest
sleepe in the quiett of a faithfull loue,
write you noe more, butt lett thes phant'sies moue
some other harts, wake nott to new vnrest,

Butt if you study, bee those thoughts adrest
to truth, w^{ch} shall eternall goodnes proue;
inioying of true ioye, the most, and best,
the endles gaine w^{ch} neuer will remoue;

Leaue the discourse of Venus, and her sun
to young beeginers, and theyr brains inspire
wth storys of great loue, and from that fire
gett heat to write the fortunes they haue wun,

And thus leaue of what's past showes you can loue,
Now lett your constancy your honor proue;

Pamphilia

22.

[F25, not in P]

Cupid would needs make mee a louer bee
when I did litle thinke of louing thought
or euer to bee ty'de; till hee told mee
that non can liue, butt to his bands are brought;

I, ignorant, did grant, and soe was bought,
and solde againe to louers slauerie;
the duty to the god of loue once taught
such band is, as wee will nott seeke to free,

Yett when I well did vnderstand his might
how hee inflam'de, and forc'd one to affect
I lou'd, and smarted, counting itt delight
soe still to wast, which reason did reiect,

When loue came blindfold, and did chaleng mee
Indeed I lou'd butt wanton boy nott hee.

Song;

[F77, not in P]

The birds doe sing, day doth apeere
arise, arise my only deere,
greete this faire morne wth thy faire eyes
wher farr more loue, and brightnes lies

All this long night noe sleepe, nor rest
my loue comanded soule possesst
butt wachfully the time did marck
to see those starrs rise in the darck,

Arise then now, and lett those lights
take Pheabus place as theyr due rights
for when they doe together shine
the greater light is still held thine,

Then wth those eyes inrich thy loue
from whose deere beames my ioye doth moue
shine wth delight on my sad hart;
and grace the prize wun by theyr dart

Sonett
[F96, not in P]

Eyes, can you tell mee wher my hart remaines?
have you nott seene itt in those louely eyes
wth pride showe you the place itt ther retaines,
and baby=like still passtime as itt lies?

Or can you in that blessed brest surprise
the run-away? when itt new triumph gaines
to lodg wher greatest harts for mercy cries?
haue you nott seene itt ther ioye att theyr paines?

Iff neither wher? wher liues itt? wher abides
this careles sprite who from mee closely slides,
and hartles leaus mee? O, alas I knowe

Itt is petitioning for pittys place
wher loue hath purest, and still during grace;
Thus while I thought itt sor'de, itt creeps beelow;

Sonett
[F112, not in P]

Can the lou'd Image of thy deerest face,
soe miroir like present thee to my sight
yett Cristalls coldenes gaine loues sweetest place
When warmth wth sight hath euer equall might

You say t'is butt the picture of true light
wherof my hart is made the safest case
faithfully keeping that rich pourtraits right
from change or thought y^t relique to displace,

My brest doth nourish itt, and wth itt liues
as oyle to Lamps theyr lasting beeing giues
each looke alures a wish of meeting ioye;

Iff butt a picture, then restore wth ease
the lyfe peece of my soule, and lett itt seaze
this chillnes into heate, and barrs destroy;

Sonett
[F113, not in P]

Oft did I wounder why the sweets of Loue
were counted paines, sharp wounds, and cruell smarts
till one blow sent from heaunly face prou'd darts
enough to make those deem'd=sweets bitter proue,

One shaft did force my best strength to remoue,
and armies brought of thoughts, w^{ch} thought imparts,
one shaft soe spent may conquer courts of harts
one shott butt dubly sent my sprite did moue:

Tow sparckling eyes were gainers of my loss
while loue=begetting lips theyr gaine did cross,
and challeng'd haulf of my hart=master'd prise,

Itt humbly did confess they wan the field,
yett equall was theyr force, soe did itt yeeld
equally still to serue those lips, and eyes;

Sonett
[F115, not in P]

Fly traiter ioye whose end brings butt dispaire
soone high, and prwd, and att the heith downe cast
like stately trees whose leauy crowns haue past
to braue the cloudes, and wth theyr state compare,

When for theyr heds the grownd theyr pillows are
and theyr dispised roots by one poore blast
rais'd vp in spite, theyr tops by earth imbrast
glad of decline, for from thence springeth care,

Euen soe fond ioye, thou raisest vp our heads,
when coms dispaire, and on thy pleasure treads,
then languishingly dost thou pine, and cry,

Haples ioye that can nott act ioys kind part
butt must bee masterd by dispayrs sharp smart,
Thus faine thou wouldst bee kind, butt must deny:

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