

P A M P H I L I A,  
*TO*  
A M P H I L A N T H V S.

[P1]

1

When night's blacke Mantle could most darknesse proue,  
And sleepe (deaths Image) did my senses hyre,  
From Knowledge of my selfe, then thoughts did moue  
Swifter then those, most switnesse neede require.

In sleepe, a Chariot drawne by wing'd Desire,  
I saw; where sate bright *Venus* Queene of Loue,  
And at her feete her Sonne, still adding Fire  
To burning hearts, which she did hold aboue,

But one heart flaming more then all the rest,  
The Goddess held, and put it to my breast,  
Deare Sonne now shut, said she, thus must we winne;

He her obeyd, and martyr'd my poore heart.  
I waking hop'd as dreames it would depart,  
Yet since, O me, a Louer I haue beene.

[P2]

2

**D**Eare eyes how well indeed, you doe adorne  
That blessed Sphere, which gazing soules hold deare?  
The loued place of sought for triumphs, neere  
The Court of Glory, where Loues force was borne.

How may they terme you *Aprills* sweetest morne?  
When pleasing lookes, from those bright lights appeare  
A Sunne-shine day, from clowdes, and mists still cleare:  
Kinde nursing fires for wishes yet vnborne.

Two Starres of Heauen sent downe to grace the Earth,  
Plac'd in that Throne which giues all ioyes their birth,  
Shining, and burning; pleasing yet their Charmes:

Which wounding euen in hurts are deem'd delights;  
So pleasant is their force, so great their mights,  
As happy they can tryumph in their harmes.

[P3]

3

YEt is there hope, then Loue but play thy part,  
Remember well thy selfe, and thinke on me;  
Shine in those eyes which conquer'd haue my heart,  
And see if mine, be slacke to answer thee.

Lodge in that breast, and pittie moouing see,  
For flames which in mine burne in truest smart,  
Exciling thoughts, that touch Inconstancy,  
Or those which waste not in the constant Art.

Watch but my sleepe, if I take any rest,  
For thought of you, my spirit so distrest,  
As pale and famish'd, I for mercy cry.

Will you your seruant leaue? thinke but on this,  
Who weares Loue's Crowne, must not doe so amisse  
But seeke their good, who on thy force doe lye.

[P4]

4

Forbear darke night, my ioyes now budd againe,  
Lately growne dead, while cold aspects, did chill  
The roote at heart, and my chiefe hope quite kill,  
And thunders strooke me in my pleasures waine.

Then I alas with bitter sobs, and paine,  
Priuatly groan'd, my Fortunes present ill;  
All light of comfort dimb'd, woes in prides fill,  
With strange encrease of grieffe, I grieu'd in vaine.

And most, when as a memory to good  
Molested me, which still as witnes stood,  
Of those best dayes, in former time I knew:

Late gone as wonders past, like the great Sow,  
Melted and wasted, with what, change must know:  
Now backe the life comes where as once it grew.

[P5]

5

CAn pleasing sight misfortune euer bring?  
Can firme desire a painefull torment trye?  
Can winning eyes proue to the heart a sting?  
Or can sweet lips in Treason hidden lye?

The Sunne most pleasing, blindes the strongest eye,  
If two much look'd on, breaking the sights string;  
Desires still crost must vnto mischiefe hie,  
And as Despaire, a lucklesse chance may fling.

Eyes hauing none, reiecting prooues a sting,  
Killing the budd before the tree doth spring;  
Sweet lipps, not louing, do as poyson proue:

Desire, sight, eyes, lipps; seeke, see, proue, aud finde,  
You loue may winn, but curses, if vnkinde,  
Then shew you harmes dislike, and ioy in loue.

[P6]

6

O Striue not still to heape disdain on me,  
Nor pleasure take, your cruelty to show  
On haplesse me, on whom all sorrowes flow,  
And byding make, as giuen, and lost by thee.

Alas, euen grieffe is growne to pittie me,  
Scorne cries out 'gainst it selfe such ill to show,  
And would giue place for ioyes delights to flow;  
Yet wretched I, all torture beare from thee.

Long haue I suffer'd, and esteem'd it deare,  
Since such thy will, yet grew my paine more neere:  
Wish you may ende, say so, you shall it haue;

For all the deapth of my heart-held despaire,  
Is that for you, I feele not Death for care,  
But now Ile seeke it, since you will not saue.

[P7]

*Song. 1.*

*The Spring now come at last  
To Trees, Fields, to Flowres,  
And Meadowes makes to taste  
His pride, while sad showres  
Which from mine eyes doe flow  
Makes knowne with cruell paines,  
Cold Winter yet remaines,  
No signe of Spring wee knowe.*

*The Sunne which to the Earth  
Giues heate, light, and pleasure,  
Ioyes in Spring hateth Dearth,  
Plenty makes his Treasure.  
His heate to me is colde,  
His light all darknesse is,  
Since I am barr'd of blisse,  
I heate, nor light behold*

*A Shepherdesse thus said,  
Who was with griefe opprest,  
For truest Loue betrayd,  
Barrd her from quiet rest:  
And weeping thus, said shee,  
My end approacheth neere,  
Now Willow must I weare,  
My Fortune so will bee.*

*With Branches of this tree  
Ile dresse my haplesse head,*

*Which shall my witsnesse bee,  
My hopes in Loue are dead:  
My cloathes imbroder'd all,  
Shall be with Garlands round,  
Some scatter'd, others bound;  
Some tyde, some like to fall.*

*The Barke my Booke shall bee,  
Where dayly I will write,  
This tale of haples mee,  
True slaue to Fortunes spite.  
The roote shall be my bedd,  
Where nightly I will lye  
Wailing in constancy,  
Since all true loue is dead.*

*And these Lines I will leaue,  
If some such Louer come,  
Who may them right conceiue,  
and place them on my Tombe:  
She who still constant lou'd  
Now dead with cruell care,  
Kill'd with vnkind Dispaire,  
And change, her end heere prou'd.*



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7

Loue leaue to vrge, thou knowest thou hast the hand  
'Tis Cowardize to striue where none resist,  
Pray thee leaue off, I yeeld vnto thy band,  
Doe not thus still in thine owne power persist.

Behold, I yeeld; let forces be dismiss,  
I am thy Subiect conquer'd bound to stand  
Neuer thy foe, but did thy claime assist,  
Seeking thy due of those who did withstand.

But now it seemes thou would'st I should thee loue,  
I doe confesse, 'twas thy will made mee choose,  
And thy faire shewes made me a Louer proue,  
When I my freedome did for paine refuse.

Yet this, Sir god, your Boy-ship I despise,  
Your charmes I obey, but loue not want of eyes.

[P9]

8.

LEdd by the power of grieffe to wailings brought,  
By false conceit of change fallen on my part;  
I seeke for some small ease by lines which bought,  
Increase the paine; grieffe is not cur'd by Art.

Ah! how vnkindnesse moues within the heart,  
Which still is true and free from changing thought:  
What vnknowne woe it breeds, what endlesse smart,  
With ceaslesse teares which causelesly are wrought.

It makes me now to shun all shining light,  
And seeke for blackest clouds me light to giue:  
Which to all others onely darknesse driue;  
They on me shine, for Sunne disdaines my sight.

Yet though I darke doe liue, I triumph may,  
Vnkindnes, nor this wrong shall loue allay.

[P10]

9.

BEe you all pleas'd, your pleasures grieue not me;  
Doe you delight? I enuy not your ioy:  
Haue you content? contentment with you be;  
Hope you for blisse? hope still, and still enjoy.

Let sad misfortune, haplesse me destroy,  
Leaue crosses to rule me, and still rule free:  
While all delights their contraries imploy,  
To keepe good backe, and I but torments see.

Loyes are bereau'd me, harmes doe only tarry,  
Despaire takes place, disdain hath got the hand:  
Yet firme loue holds my senses in such band,  
As (since despised) I with sorrow marry.

Then if with grieffe I now must coupled bee,  
Sorrow Ile wed; Despaire thus gouernes mee.

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