

[P11]

10.

The weary Traueller, who tyred, sought  
In places distant farre, yet found no end  
Of paine or labour, nor his state to mend:  
At last with ioy is to his home backe brought.

Findes not more ease though he with ioy be fraught,  
When past his feare content like soules ascend:  
Then I, on whom new pleasures doe descend,  
Which now as high as first-borne blisse is wrought.

He tyred with his paines, I with my minde;  
He all content receiues by ease of lymbs:  
I, greatest happinesse that I doe finde,  
Beliefe for faith, while hope in pleasure swimmes.

Truth saith 'twas wrong conceit bred my despight,  
Which once acknowledg'd, brings my hearts delight.

[P12]

11.

**Y**ou endlesse torments that my rest oppresse,  
How long will you delight in my sad paine?  
Will neuer Loue your fauour more expresse?  
Shall I still liue, and euer feele disdain?

Alasse now stay, and let my griefe optaine  
Some end; feede not my heart with sharpe distresse:  
Let me once see my cruell fortunes gaine,  
At least release, and long-felt woes redresse.

Let not the blame of cruelty disgrace  
The honour'd title of your god-head Loue;  
Giue not iust cause for me so say, a place  
Is found for rage alone on me to moue.

O quickly end, and doe not long debate  
My needfull ayd, lest helpe doe come too late.

[P13]

12.

Cloy'd with the torments of a tedious night,  
I wish for day; which come, I hope for ioy:  
When crosse I finde, new tortures to destroy,  
My woe-kild heart, first hurt by mischiefes might.

Then crye for night, and once more day takes flight.  
And brightnesse gone, what rest should heere inioy  
Vsurped is: Hate will her force imploy;  
Night cannot Griefe intombe though blacke as spite.

My thoughts are sad, her face as sad doth seeme;  
My paines are long, her howers tedious are;  
My griefe is great, and endlesse is my care;  
Her face, her force, and all of woes esteeme.  
Then welcome Night, and farewell flattering day,  
Which all hopes breed, and yet our ioyes delay.

[P14]

Song. 2.

*ALL Night I weepe, all Day I cry, Ay me,  
I still doe wish, though yet deny, ay me:  
I sigh, I mourne, I say that still,  
I only am the store for ill, ay me.*

*In coldest hopes I freeze, yet burne, ay me,  
From flames I striue to flye, yet turne, ay me:  
From griefe I hast, but sorrowes hye,  
And on my heart all woes doe lye, ay me.*

*From contraries I seeke to run, ay me,  
But contraries I cannot shun, ay me:  
For they delight their force to trye,  
And to Despaire my thoughts doe tye, ay me.*

*Whither alasse then shall I goe, ay me,  
When as Despaire all hopes outgoe, ay me:  
If to the Forrest Cupid hies,  
And my poore soule to his law tyes, ay me.*

*To the Court: O no, he cryes fye, ay me,  
There no true loue you shall espye, ay me:  
Leaue that place to falsest Louers,  
Your true loue all truth discouers, ay me,*

*Then quiet rest, and no more proue, ay me,  
All places are alike to Loue, ay me:  
And constant be in this begun,  
Yet say, till Life with Loue be done, Ay me.*



[P15]

13.

DEare famish nor what you your selfe gaue foode,  
Destroy not what your glory is to saue:  
Kill not that soule to which you spirit gaue,  
In pittie, not disdainie, your triumph stood.

An easie thing it is to shed the bloud  
Of one who at your will yeelds to the graue:  
But more you may true worth by mercy craue,  
When you preserue, not spoyle, but nourish good.

Your sight is all the food I doe desire,  
Then sacrifice me not in hidden fire,  
Or stop the breath which did your praises moue.

Thinke but how easie 'tis a sight to giue,  
Nay, euen desert, since by it I doe liue,  
I but Camelion-like, would liue, and loue.

[P16]

14.

Am I thus conquer'd? haue I lost the powers,  
That to withstand which ioyes to ruine me?  
Must I bee still, while it my strength deuoures,  
And captiue leads me prisoner bound, vnfree?

Loue first shall leane mens fant'sies to them free,  
Desire shall quench loues flames, Spring, hate sweet showres;  
Loue shall loose all his Darts, haue sight, and see  
His shame and wishings, hinder happy houres.

Why should we not Loues purblinde charmes resist?  
Must we be seruile, doing what he list?  
No, seeke some host to harbour thee: I flye

Thy Babish tricks, and freedome doe professe;  
But O, my hurt makes my lost heart confesse:  
I loue, and must; so farewell liberty.

[P17]

15.

TRuely (poore night) thou welcome art to me,  
I loue thee better in this sad attire  
Then that which rayseth some mens fant'sies higher,  
Like painted outsides, which foule inward be.

I loue thy graue and saddest lookes to see,  
Which seemes my soule and dying heart entire,  
Like to the ashes of some happy fire,  
That flam'd in ioy, but quench'd in misery.

I loue thy count'nance, and thy sober pace,  
Which euenly goes, and as of louing grace  
To vs, and mee, among the rest opprest,

Giues quiet peace to my poore selfe alone,  
And freely grants day leaue; when thou art gone,  
To giue cleare light, to see all ill redrest.

[P18]

16.

**S**leepe fye possesse me not, nor doe not fright  
me with thy heauy, and thy deathlike might:  
For counterfetting's vilder then death's sight  
And such deluding more my thoughts doe spight.

Thou suffer'st falsest shapes my soule t'affright,  
Sometimes in likenesse of of a hopefull spright;  
And oft times like my Loue, as in despight;  
Ioying, thou canst with malice kill delight.

When I (a poore foole made by thee) thinke ioy  
Doth flow, when thy fond shadowes doe destroy  
My that while sencelesse selfe, left free to thee.

But now doe well, let me for euer sleepe,  
And so for euer that deere Image keepe  
Or still wake that my senses may be free.

[P19]

17.

Sweet shades, why doe you seeke to giue delight  
To me, who deeme delight in this vilde place:  
But torment, sorrow, and mine owne disgrace,  
To taste of ioy, or your vaine pleasing sight?

Shew them your pleasures who saw neuer night  
Of grieffe, where ioyings fawning smiling face  
Appeares as day, where grieffe found neuer space:  
Yet for a sigh, a groane, or enuies spite.

But O: on me a world of woes doe lye,  
Or els on me all harmes striue to relye,  
And to attend like seruants bound to me.

Heate in desire, while frosts of care I proue,  
Wanting my loue, yet surfet doe with loue,  
Burne and yet freeze, better in Hell to be.

[P20]

18.

Which should I better like of, day or night?

Since all the day, I liue in bitter woe:

Inioying light more cleere my wrongs to know,  
and yet most sad, feeling in it all spite.

In night when darknesse doth forbid all light;

Yet see I grieffe apparant to the show,

Follow'd by iealousie, whose fond tricks flow,  
And on vnconstant waues of doubt alight.

I can behold rage cowardly to feede

Vpon foule error, which these humors breede,

Shame doubt and feare, yet boldly will thinke ill.

All those in both I feele, then which is best

Darke to ioy by day, light in night opprest?

Leaue both and end, these but each other spill.

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