

[P61]

*Song.*

*DEarest if I by my deseruing,  
May maintaine in your thoughts my loue,  
Let me it still enioy;  
Nor faith destroy:  
But pittie Loue where it doth moue.*

*Let no other new Loue inuite you,  
To leaue me who so long haue serud:  
Nor let your power decline  
But purely shine  
On me, who haue all truth preseru'd.*

*Or had you once found my heart straying,  
Then would not I accuse your change,  
But being constant still  
It needs must kill  
One, whose soule knowes not how to range.*

*Yet may you Loues sweet smiles recouer,  
Since all loue is not yet quite lost,  
But tempt not Loue too long  
Lest so great wrong  
Make him thinke he is too much crost.*

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*Song.*

*F*Airest and still truest eyes,  
Can you the lights be, and the spies  
Of my desires?  
Can you shine cleare for Loues delight,  
And yet the breeders be of spight,  
And Iealous fires?

Marke what lookes doe you behold,  
Such as by Iealonsie are told  
They want your Loue.  
See how they sparckle in distrust,  
Which by a heate of thoughts vniust  
In them doe mooue.

Learne to guide your course by Art,  
Change your eyes into your heart,  
And patient be:  
Till fruitlesse Ielousie giue leaue,  
By safest absence to receiue  
What you would see.

Then let Loue his triumph haue,  
And Suspition such a graue,  
As not to mooue.  
While wished freedome brings that blisse  
That you enioy what all ioy is  
Happy to Loue.

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*Sonnet. 1.*

IN night yet may we see some kinde of light,  
When as the Moone doth please to shew her face,  
And in the Sunns roome yeelds her light, and grace,  
Which otherwise must suffer dullest night:

So are my fortunes barrd from true delight,  
Cold, and vncertaine, like to this strange place,  
Decreasing, changing in an instant space,  
And euen at full of ioy turnd to despight.

Iustly on Fortune was bestowd the Wheele,  
Whose fauours fickle, and vnconstant reele,  
Drunke with delight of change and sudden paine;

Where pleasure hath no settled place of stay,  
But turning still, for our best hopes decay,  
And this (alas) we louers often gaine.

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2.

Loue like a Iugler comes to play his prize,  
And all mindes draw his wonders to admire,  
To see how cunningly he (wanting eyes)  
Can yet deceiue the best sight of desire.

The wanton Childe, how he can faine his fire  
So prettily, as none sees his disguise,  
How finely doe his trickes; while we fooles hire  
The badge, and office of his tyrannies.

For in the ende such Iugling he doth make,  
As he our hearts instead of eyes doth take;  
For men can onely by their slights abuse

The sight with nimble, and delightfull skill,  
But if he play, his gaine is our lost will,  
Yet Child-like we cannot his sports refuse.

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3.

**M**Ost blessed night, the happy time for Loue,  
The shade for Louers, and their Loues delight,  
The raigne of Loue for seruants free from spight,  
The hopefull seasons for ioyes sports to mooue.

Now hast thou made thy glory higher prooue,  
Then did the God, whose pleasant Reede did smite  
All *Argus* eyes into a death-like night,  
Till they were safe, that none could Loue reprooue.

Now thou hast cloasd those eyes from prying sight  
That nourish Iealousie, more then ioyes right,  
While vaine Suspition fosters their mistrust,

Making sweet sleepe to master all suspect,  
Which els their priuate feares would not neglect,  
But would embrace both blinded, and vniust.

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4.

Cruell Suspition, O! be now at rest,  
Let daily torments bring to thee some stay,  
Alas, make not my ill thy ease-full pray,  
Nor giue loose raines to Rage, when Loue's opprest.

I am by care sufficiently distrest,  
No Racke can stretch my heart more, nor a way  
Can I finde out, for least content to lay  
One happy foot of ioy, one step that's blest.

But to my end thou fly'st with greedy eye,  
Seeking to bring grieffe by base Iealousie;  
O, in how strange a Cage am I kept in?

No little signe of fauour can I prooue,  
But must be way'd, and turn'd to wronging loue,  
And with each humour must my state begin.

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5.

**H**Ow many nights haue I with paine endurd?

Which as so many Ages I esteem'd,  
Since my misfortune, yet no whit redeem'd  
But rather faster ty'de, to griefe assur'd.

How many houres haue my sad thoughts endur'd

Of killing paines? yet is it not esteem'd  
By cruell Loue, who might haue these redeemd,  
And all these yeeres of houres to ioy assur'd.

But fond Childe, had he had a care to saue,

As first to conquer, this my pleasures graue,  
Had not beene now to testifie my woe.

I might haue beene an Image of delight,

As now a Tombe for sad misfortunes spight,  
Which Loue vnkindly, for reward doth show.

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6.

**M**Y paine still smother'd in my griued brest,  
Seekes for some ease, yet cannot passage finde,  
To be dischargd of this vnwelcome guest,  
When most I striue, more fast his burthens binde.

Like to a Ship on *Goodwins* cast by winde,  
The more shee striue, more deepe in Sand is prest,  
Till she be lost: so am I in this kind  
Sunck, and deuour'd, and swallow'd by vnrest.

Lost, shipwrackt, spoyld, debar'd of smallest hope,  
Nothing of pleasure left, saue thoughts haue scope,  
Which wander may; goe then my thoughts and cry:

Hope's perish'd, Loue tempest-beaten, Ioy lost,  
Killing Despaire hath all these blessings crost;  
Yet Faith still cries, Loue will not falsifie.

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7.

**A**N end fond Ielousie, alas I know

Thy hiddenest, and thy most secret Art,  
Thou canst no new inuention frame but part,  
I haue already seene, and felt with woe.

All thy dissemblings, which by faigned showe,

Wonne my beliefe, while truth did rule my heart,  
I with glad minde embrac'd, and deemd my smart  
The spring of ioy, whose streames with blisse should slow.

I thought excuses had beene reasons true,

And that no falshood could of thee ensue,  
So soone beliefe in honest mindes is wrought;

But now I finde thy flattery, and skill,

Which idely made me to obserue thy will,  
Thus is my learning by my bondage bought.

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8.

Poore Loue in chaines, and fetters like a thiefe  
I met ledd forth, as chast *Diana's* gaine  
Vowing the vntaught Lad should no reliefe  
From her receiue, who gloried in fond paine.

She call'd him thiefe, with vowes he did mainetaine  
He neuer stole, but some sadd slight of grieffe  
Had giuen to those who did his power disdainie,  
In which reuenge his honour was the chiefe.

Shee said he murther'd and therefore must dye,  
He that he caus'd but Loue, did harmes deny,  
But while she thus discoursing with him stood;

The Nymphes vnti'de him and his chaines tooke off,  
Thinking him safe; but he (loose) made a scoffe,  
Smiling and scorning them, flew to the wood.

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