

[P71]

9.

**P**Ray doe not vse these wordes, I must be gone;

Alasse doe not foretell mine ills to come:

Let not my care be to my ioyes a Tombe;

But rather finde my losse with losse alone.

Cause me not thus a more distressed one,

Not feeling blisse, because of this sad doome

Of present crosse; for thinking will orecome

And loose all pleasure, since griefe breedeth none.

Let the misfortune come at once to me,

Nor suffer me with griefe to punish'd be;

Let mee be ignorant of mine owne ill:

Then now with the fore-knowledge quite to lose

That which with so much care and paines Loue chose

For his reward, but ioy now, then mirth kill.

[P72]

10.

Folly would needs make mee a Louer be,  
When I did little thinke of louing thought;  
Or euer to be tyde, while shee told me  
That none can liue, but to these bands are brought.

I (ignorant) did grant, and so was bought,  
And sold againe to Louers slauery:  
The duty to that vanity once taught,  
Such band is, as wee will not seeke to free.

Yet when I well did vnderstand his might,  
How he inflam'd and forc d one to affect:  
I loud and smarted, counting it delight  
So still to waste, which Reason did reiect.

When Loue came blind-fold, and did challenge me.  
Indeed I lou'd, but wanton Boy not hee,

[P73]

*Song.*

*The Spring time of my first louing,  
Finds yet no winter of remouing;  
Nor frosts to make my hopes decrease:  
But with the Summer still increase.*

*The trees may teach vs Loue's remaining,  
Who suffer change with little paining:  
Though Winter make their leaues decrease,  
Yet with the Summer they increase.*

*As birds by silence shew their mourning  
in cold, yet sing at Springs returning:  
So may Loue nipt a while decrease,  
but as the Summer soone increase.*

*Those that doe loue but for a season,  
Doe falsifie both Loue and Reason:  
For Reason wills, if Loue decrease,  
It like the Summer should increase.*

*Though Loue sometimes may be mistaken,  
the truth yet ought not to be shaken:  
Or though the heate a while decrease,  
It with the Summer may increase.*

*And since the Spring time of my louing  
Found neuer Winter of remouing:  
Nor frosts to make my hopes decrease,  
Shall as the Summer still increase.*



[P74]

*Song.*

*L*Oue a childe is euer crying,  
*Please him, and he strait is flying;*  
*Giue him, he the more is crauing,*  
*Neuer satisfi'd with hauing.*

*His desires haue no measure,*  
*Endlesse folly is his treasure:*  
*What he promiseth, he breaketh,*  
*Trust not one word that he speaketh.*

*Hee vowes nothing but false matter,*  
*And to cousen you hee'l flatter:*  
*Let him gain the hand, hee'l leaue you,*  
*And still glory to deceiue you.*

*Hee will triumph in your wailing,*  
*And yet cause be of your failing:*  
*These his vertues are, and slighter*  
*Are his guifts; his fauours lighter.*

*Fathers are as firme in staying,*  
*Wolues no fiercer in their praying.*  
*As a childe then leaue him crying,*  
*Nor seeke him so giu'n to flying.*

[P75]

**B**Eing past the paines of Loue,  
Freedome gladly seekes to moue:  
Sayer that Loues delights were pretty;  
But to dwell in them twere pittie.

And yet truly sayes, that Loue  
Must of force in all hearts moue:  
But though his delights are pretty,  
To dwell on them were a pittie.

Let Loue slightly passe like Loue,  
Neuer let it too deepe moue:  
For though Loues delights are pretty,  
To dwell in them were great pittie.

Loue no pittie hath of Loue,  
Rather griefes then pleasures moue:  
So though his delights are pretty,  
To dwell in them would be pittie.

Those that like the smart of Loue,  
In them let it freely moue:  
Els though his delights are pretty,  
Doe not dwell in them for pittie.

[P76]

O Pardon *Cupid*, I confesse my fault,  
Then mercy grant me in so iust a kinde:  
For treason neuer lodged in my minde  
Against thy might, so much as in a thought.

And now my folly I haue dearely bought,  
Nor could my soule least rest of quiet finde;  
Since Rashnes did my thoughts to Error binde,  
Which now thy fury, and my harme hath wrought.

I curse that thought and hand which that first fram'd,  
For which by thee I am most iustly blam'd:  
But now that hand shall guided be aright,

And giue a Crowne vnto thy endlesse praise,  
Which shall thy glory and thy greatnesse raise,  
More then these poore things could thy honor spight.

*A Crowne of Sonnets dedicated*  
to LOVE.

[P77]

IN this strange Labyrinth how shall I turne,  
Wayes are on all sides, while the way I misse:  
If to the right hand, there in loue I burne,  
Let mee goe forward, therein danger is.

If to the left, suspition hinders blisse;  
Let mee turne backe, shame cryes I ought returne:  
Nor faint, though crosses which my fortunes kisse,  
Stand still is harder, although sure to mourne.

Thus let mee take the right, or left hand way,  
Goe forward, or stand still, or back retire:  
I must these doubts indure without allay  
Or helpe, but trauell finde for my best hire.

Yet that which most my troubled sense doth moue,  
Is to leaue all and take the threed of Loue.



[P78]

2.

**I**S to leaue all and take the threed of Loue,  
Which line straight leades vnto the soules content,  
Where choice delights with pleasures wings do moue,  
And idle fant'sie neuer roome had lent.

When chaste thoughts guide vs, then our minds are bent  
To take that good which ill from vs remoue:  
Light of true loue brings fruite which none repent;  
But constant Louers seeke and wish to proue.

Loue is the shining Starre of blessings light,  
The feruent fire of zeale, the root of peace,  
The lasting Lampe, fed with the oyle of right,  
Image of Faith, and wombe for ioyes increase.

Loue is true Vertue, and his ends delight,  
His flames are ioyes, his bands true Louers might.

[P79]

3.

**H**Is flames are ioyes, his bandes true Louers might,  
No staine is there, but pure, as purest white,  
Where no cloud can appeare to dimme his light,  
Nor spot defile, but shame will soon requite.

Heere are affections tryde by Loues iust might  
As Gold by fire, and black discern'd by white;  
Error by truth, and darknes knowne by light,  
Where Faith is vallu'd, for Loue to requite.

Please him, and serue him, glory in his might  
And firme hee'le be, as Innocency white,  
Cleere as th'ayre, warme as Sun's beames, as day light  
Iust as Truth, constant as Fate, ioyd to requite.

Then Loue obey, striue to obserue his might  
And be in his braue Court a glorious light.

[P80]

4.

ANd be in his braue Court a glorious light  
Shine in the eyes of Faith, and Constancy  
Maintaine the fires of Loue, still burning bright,  
Not slightly sparkling, but light flaming be.

Neuer to slake till earth no Starres can see,  
Till Sun, and Moone doe leaue to vs darke night,  
And second *Chaos* once againe doe free  
Vs, and the World from all diuisions spight.

Till then affections which his followers are,  
Gouerne our hearts, and prooue his powers gaine,  
To taste this pleasing sting, seeke with all care  
For happy smarting is it with small paine.

Such as although it pierce your tender heart,  
And burne, yet burning you will loue the smart.

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