

Thy bosome is indeared with all hearts,
 Which I by lacking haue supposed dead,
 And there raignes Loue and all Loues louing parts,
 And all those friends which I thought buried.
 How many a holy and obsequious teare
 Hath deare religious loue stolne from mine eye,
 As interest of the dead, which now appeare,
 But things remou'd that hidden in there lie.
 Thou art the graue where buried loue doth liue,
 Hung with the tropheis of my louers gon,
 Who all their parts of me to thee did giue,
 That due of many, now is thine alone.
 Their images I lou'd, I view in thee,
 And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

IF thou suruiue my well contented daie,
 When that churle death my bones with dust shall couer
 And shalt by fortune once more re-suruay:
 These poore rude lines of thy deceased Louer:
 Compare them with the bett'ring of the time,
 And though they be out-stript by euery pen,
 Reserue them for my loue, not for their rime,
 Exceeded by the hight of happier men.
 Oh then voutsafe me but this louing thought,
 Had my friends Muse growne with this growing age,
 A dearer birth then this his loue had brought
 To march in ranckes of better equipage:
 But since he died and Poets better proue,
 Theirs for their stile ile read, his for his loue.

FVll many a glorious morning haue I seene,
 Flatter the mountaine tops with soueraine eie,
 Kissing with golden face the meddowes greene;
 Guilding pale streames with heauenly alcumy:
 Anon permit the basest cloudes to ride,
 With ougly rack on his celestiall face,
 And from the for-lorne world his visage hide

Stealing vnseene to west with this d sgrace:
Euen so my Sunne one early morne did shine,
With all triumphant splendor on my brow,
But out alack, he was but one houre mine,
The region cloude hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this, my loue no whit disdaineth,
Suns of the world may staine, when heauens sun staineth.

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WHy didst thou promise such a beautious day,
And make me trauaile forth without my cloake,
To let bace cloudes ore-take me in my way,
Hiding thy brau'ry in their rotten smoke.
Tis not enough that through the cloude thou breake,
To dry the raine on my storme-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salue can speake,
That heales the wound, and cures not the disgrace:
Nor can thy shame giue phisicke to my grieffe,
Though thou repent, yet I haue still the losse,
Th'offenders sorrow lends but weake reliefe
To him that beares the strong offenses losse.
Ah but those teares are pearles which thy loue sheeds,
And they are ritche, and ransome all ill deeds.

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NO more bee greu'd at that which thou hast done,
Roses haue thornes, and siluer fountaines mud,
Cloudes and eclipses staine both Moone and Sunne,
And loathsome canker liues in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and euen I in this,
Authorizing thy trespas with compare,
My selfe corrupting saluing thy amisse,
Excusing their sins more then their sins are:
For to thy sensuall fault I bring in sence,
Thy aduerse party is thy Aduocate,
And gainst my selfe a lawfull plea commence,
Such ciuill war is in my loue and hate,
That I an accessary needs must be,
To that sweet theefe which sourely robs from me,

L Et me confesse that we two must be twaine,
 Although our vndeuided loues are one:
 So shall those blots that do with me remaine,
 Without thy helpe, by me be borne alone.
 In our two loues there is but one respect,
 Though in our liues a seperable spight,
 Which though it alter not loues sole effect,
 Yet doth it steale sweet houres from loues delight,
 I may not euer-more acknowledge thee,
 Least my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,
 Nor thou with publike kindnesse honour me,
 Vnlesse thou take that honour from thy name:
 But doe not so, I loue thee in such sort,
 As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

A S a decrepit father takes delight,
 To see his actiue childe do deeds of youth,
 So I, made lame by Fortunes dearest spight
 Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.
 For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
 Or any of these all, or all, or more
 Intitled in their parts, do crowned sit,
 I make my loue ingrafted to this store:
 So then I am not lame, poore, nor dispis'd,
 Whilst that this shadow doth such substance giue,
 That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,
 And by a part of all thy glory liue:
 Looke what is best, that best I wish in thee,
 This wish I haue, then ten times happy me.

H Ow can my Muse want subiect to inuent
 While thou dost breath that poor'st into my verse,
 Thine owne sweet argument, to excellent,
 For euery vulgar paper to rehearse:
 Oh giue thy selfe the thanks if ought in me,
 Worthy perusal stand against thy sight,
 For who's so dumbe that cannot write to thee,

When thou thy selfe dost giue inuention light?
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Then those old nine which rimers inuocate,
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to out-liue long date.

If my slight Muse doe please these curious daies,
The paine be mine, but thine shal be the praise.

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OH how thy worth with manners may I singe,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine owne praise to mine owne selfe bring;
And what is't but mine owne when I praise thee,
Euen for this, let vs deuided liue,
And our deare loue loose name of single one,
That by this seperation I may giue:
That due to thee which thou deseru'st alone:
Oh absence what a torment wouldst thou proue,
Were it not thy soure leisure gaue sweet leaue,
To entertaine the time with thoughts of loue,
Which time and thoughts so sweetly dost deceiue.
And that thou teachest how to make one twaine,
By praising him here who doth hence remaine.

40

TAke all my loues, my loue, yea take them all,
What hast thou then more then thou hadst before?
No loue, my loue, that thou maist true loue call,
All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more:
Then if for my loue, thou my loue receiuest,
I cannot blame thee, for my loue thou vset,
But yet be blam'd, if thou this selfe deceauest
By wilfull taste of what thy selfe refusest.
I doe forgiue thy robb'rie gentle theefe
Although thou steale thee all my pouerty:
And yet loue knowes it is a greater grieffe
To beare loues wrong, then hates knowne iniury.
Lasciuious grace, in whom all il wel showes,
Kill me with spights yet we must not be foes.

THose pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
 When I am some-time absent from thy heart,
 Thy beautie, and thy yeares full well befits,
 For still temptation followes where thou art.
 Gentle thou art, and therefore to be wonne,
 Beautious thou art, therefore to be assailed.
 And when a woman woes, what womans sonne,
 Will sourely leaue her till he haue preuailed.
 Aye me, but yet thou mightst my feate forbear,
 And chide thy beauty, and thy straying youth,
 Who lead thee in their ryot euen there
 Where thou art forst to breake a two-fold truth:
 Hers by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
 Thine by thy beautie beeing false to me.

THat thou hast her it is not all my grieffe,
 And yet it may be said I lou'd her deerely,
 That she hath thee is of my wayling cheefe,
 A losse in loue that touches me more neerely.
 Louing offenders thus I will excuse yee,
 Thou doost loue her, because thou knowst I loue her,
 And for my sake euen so doth she abuse me,
 Suffring my friend for my sake to approoue her,
 If I loose thee, my losse is my loues gaine,
 And loosing her, my friend hath found that losse,
 Both finde each other, and I loose both twaine,
 And both for my sake lay on me this crosse,
 But here's the ioy, my friend and I are one,
 Sweete flattery, then she loues but me alone.

When most I winke then doe mine eyes best see,
 For all the day they view things vnrespected,
 But when I sleepe, in dreames they looke on thee,
 And darkely bright, are bright in darke directed.
 Then thou whose shaddow shaddowes doth make bright,
 How would thy shadowes forme, forme happy show,
 To the cleere day with thy much cleerer light,

When to vn-seeing eyes thy shade shines so?
How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made,
By looking on thee in the liuing day?
When in dead night their faire imperfect shade,
Through heauy sleepe on sightlesse eyes doth stay?
All dayes are nights to see till I see thee,
And nights bright daies when dreams do shew thee me,

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IF the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Iniurious distance should not stop my way,
For then dispight of space I would be brought,
From limits farre remote, where thou doost stay,
No matter then although my foote did stand
Vpon the farthest earth remoou'd from thee,
For nimble thought can iumpe both sea and land,
As soone as thinke the place where he would be.
But ah, thought kills me that I am not thought
To leape large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend, times leasure with my mone.
Receiuing naughts by elements so sloe,
But heaueie teares, badges of eithers woe.

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THe other two, slight ayre, and purging fire,
Are both with thee, where euer I abide,
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker Elements are gone
In tender Embassie of loue to thee,
My life being made of foure, with two alone,
Sinkes downe to death, opprest with melancholie.
Vntill liues composition be recured,
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who euen but now come back againe assured,
Of their faire health, recounting it to me.
This told, I ioy, but then no longer glad,
I send them back againe and straight grow sad.

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