

IS it thy wil, thy Image should keepe open
 My heauy eielids to the weary night?
 Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
 While shadowes like to thee do mocke my sight?
 Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
 So farre from home into my deeds to pry,
 To find out shames and idle houres in me,
 The skope and tenure of thy Ielousie?
 O no, thy loue though much, is not so great,
 It is my loue that keepes mine eie awake,
 Mine owne true loue that doth my rest defeat,
 To plaie the watch-man euer for thy sake.
 For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
 From me farre of, with others all to neere.

SInne of selfe-loue possesseth al mine eie,
 And all my soule, and al my euery part;
 And for this sinne there is no remedie,
 It is so grounded inward in my heart.
 Me thinkes no face so gracious is as mine,
 No shape so true, no truth of such account,
 And for my selfe mine owne worth do define,
 As I all other in all worths surmount.
 But when my glasse shewes me my selfe indeed
 Beated and chopt with tand antiquitie,
 Mine owne selfe loue quite contrary I read
 Selfe, so selfe louing were iniquity,
 T'is thee (my selfe) that for my selfe I praise,
 Painting my age with beauty of thy daies.

Against my loue shall be as I am now
 With times iniurious hand chrusht and ore-worne,
 When houres haue dreind his blood and fild his brow
 With lines and wrinkles, when his youthfull morne
 Hath trauaild on to Ages steepie night,
 And all those beauties whereof now he's King
 Are vanishing, or vanisht out of sight,

Stealing away the treasure of his Spring.
For such a time do I now fortifie
Against confounding Ages cruell knife,
That he shall neuer cut from memory
My sweet loues beauty, though my louers life.
 His beautie shall in these blacke lines be seene,
 And they shall liue, and he in them still greene.

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When I haue seene by times fell hand defaced
The rich proud cost of outworne buried age,
When sometime loftie towers I see downe rased,
And brasse eternall slaue to mortall rage.
When I haue seene the hungry Ocean gaine
Aduantage on the Kingdome of the shoare,
And the firme soile win of the watry maine,
Increasing store with losse, and losse with store.
When I haue seene such interchange of state,
Or state it selfe confounded, to decay,
Ruine hath taught me thus to ruminare
That Time will come and take my loue away.
 This thought is as a death which cannot choose
 But weepe to haue, that which it feares to loose.

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Since brasse, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundlesse sea,
But sad mortallity ore-swaies their power,
How with this rage shall beautie hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger then a flower?
O how shall summers hunny breath hold out,
Against the wrackfull siedge of battring dayes,
When rocks impregnable are not so stoute,
Nor gates of steele so strong but time decayes?
O fearefull meditation, where alack,
Shall times best Iewell from times chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foote back,
Or who his spoile or beautie can forbid?
 O none, vnlesse this miracle haue might,
 That in black inck my loue may still shine bright.

TYr'd with all these for restfull death I cry,
 As to behold desert a begger borne,
 And needie Nothing trimd in iollitie,
 And purest faith vnhappily forsworne,
 And gilded honor shamefully misplast,
 And maiden vertue rudely strumpeted,
 And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
 And strength by limping sway disabled,
 And arte made tung-tide by authoritie,
 And Folly (Doctor-like) controuling skill,
 And simple-Truth miscalde Simplicitie,
 And captiue-good attending Captaine ill.
 Tyr'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
 Saue that to dye, I leaue my loue alone.

AH wherefore with infection should he liue,
 And with his presence grace impietie,
 That sinne by him aduantage should atchiue,
 And lace it selfe with his societie?
 Why should false painting immitate his cheeke,
 And steale dead seeing of his liuing hew?
 Why should poore beautie indirectly seeke,
 Roses of shaddow, since his Rose is true?
 Why should he liue, now nature banckrout is,
 Beggerd of blood to blush through liuely vaines,
 For she hath no exchecker now but his,
 And proud of many, liues vpon his gaines?
 O him she stores, to show what welth she had,
 In daies long since, before these last so bad.

THus is his cheeke the map of daies out-worne,
 When beauty liu'd and dy'ed as flowers do now,
 Before these bastard signes of faire were borne,
 Or durst inhabit on a liuing brow:
 Before the goulden tresses of the dead,
 The right of sepulchers, were shorne away,
 To liue a second life on second head,

Ere beauties dead fleece made another gay:
In him those holy antique howers are seene,
Without all ornament, it selfe and true,
Making no summer of an others greene,
Robbing no ould to dresse his beauty new,
 And him as for a map doth Nature store,
 To shew faulse Art what beauty was of yore.

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THose parts of thee that the worlds eye doth view,
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend:
All touns (the voice of soules) giue thee that end,
Vttring bare truth, euen so as foes Commend.
Their outward thus with outward praise is crownd,
But those same touns that giue thee so thine owne,
In other accents doe this praise confound
By seeing farther then the eye hath showne.
They looke into the beauty of thy mind,
And that in guesse they measure by thy deeds,
Then churls their thoughts (although their eies were kind)
To thy faire flower ad the rancke smell of weeds,
 But why thy odor matcheth not thy show,
 The solye is this, that thou doest common grow.

70

THat thou are blam'd shall not be thy defect,
For slanders marke was euer yet the faire,
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A Crow that flies in heauens sweetest ayre.
So thou be good, slander doth but approue,
Their worth the greater beeing woo'd of time,
For Canker vice the sweetest buds doth loue,
And thou present'st a pure vnstayined prime.
Thou hast past by the ambush of young daies,
Either not assayld, or victor beeing charg'd,
Yet this thy praise cannot be soe thy praise,
To tye vp enuy, euermore enlarged,
 If some suspect of ill maskt not thy show,
 Then thou alone kingdomes of hearts shouldst owe.

NOe Longer mourne for me when I am dead,
 Then you shall heare the surly sullen bell
 Giue warning to the world that I am fled
 From this vile world with vildest wormes to dwell:
 Nay if you read this line, remember not,
 The hand that writ it, for I loue you so,
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
 If thinking on me then should make you woe.
 O if (I say) you looke vpon this verse,
 When I (perhaps) compounded am with clay,
 Do not so much as my poore name reherse;
 But let your loue euen with my life decay.
 Least the wise world should looke into your mone,
 And mocke you with me after I am gon.

OLeast the world should taske you to recite,
 What merit liu'd in me that you should loue
 After my death (deare loue) forget me quite,
 For you in me can nothing worthy proue.
 Vnlesse you would deuise some vertuous lye,
 To doe more for me then mine owne desert,
 And hang more praise vpon deceased I,
 Then nigard truth would willingly impart:
 O least your true loue may seeme falce in this,
 That you for loue speake well of me vntrue,
 My name be buried where my body is,
 And liue no more to shame nor me, nor you.
 For I am shamd by that which I bring forth,
 And so should you, to loue things nothing worth.

THat time of yeere thou maist in me behold,
 When yellow leaues, or none, or few doe hange
 Vpon those boughes which shake against the could,
 Bare m'wd quiers, where late the sweet birds sang.
 In me thou seest the twi-light of such day,
 As after Sun-set fadeth in the West,
 Which by and by blacke night doth take away,

Deaths second selfe that seals vp all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lye,
As the death bed, whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nurrisht by.
 This thou perceu'st, which makes thy loue more strong,
 To loue that well, which thou must leaue ere long.

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BVt be contented when that fell arest,
With out all bayle shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memoriall still with thee shall stay.
When thou reuwest this, thou doest reuew,
The very part was consecrate to thee,
The earth can haue but earth, which is his due,
My spirit is thine the better part of me,
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The pray of wormes, my body being dead,
The coward conquest of a wretches knife,
To base of thee to be remembred,
 The worth of that, is that which it containes,
 And that is this, and this with thee remaines.

75

SO are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet season'd shewers are to the ground:
And for the peace of you I hold such strife,
As twixt a miser and his wealth is found.
Now proud as an inioyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steale his treasure,
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then betterd that the world may see my pleasure,
Some-time all ful with feasting on your sight,
And by and by cleane starued for a looke,
Possessing or pursuing no delight
Saue what is had, or must from you be tooke.
 Thus do I pine and surfet day by day,
 Or gluttoning on all, or all away,

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