

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their bodies force,
 Some in their garments though new-fangled ill:
 Some in their Hawkes and Hounds, some in their Horse.
 And euery humor hath his adiunct pleasure,
 Wherein it findes a ioy aboue the rest,
 But these perticulers are not my measure,
 All these I better in one generall best.
 Thy loue is bitter then high birth to me,
 Richer then wealth, prouder then garments cost,
 Of more delight then Hawkes or Horses bee:
 And hauing thee, of all mens pride I boast.
 Wretched in this alone, that thou maist take,
 All this away, and me most wretched make.

BVt doe thy worst to steale thy selfe away,
BFor tearme of life thou art assured mine,
 And life no longer then thy loue will stay,
 For it depends vpon that loue of thine.
 Then need I not to feare the worst of wrongs,
 When in the least of them my life hath end,
 I see, a better state to me belongs
 Then that, which on thy humor doth depend.
 Thou canst not vex me with inconstant minde,
 Since that my life on thy reuolt doth lie,
 Oh what a happy title do I finde,
 Happy to haue thy loue, happy to die!
 But whats so blessed faire that feares no blot,
 Thou maist be falce, and yet I know it not.

SO shall I liue, supposing thou art true,
SLike a deceiued husband so loues face,
 May still seeme loue to me, though alter'd new:
 Thy lookes with me, thy heart in other place.
 For their can liue no hatred in thine eye,
 Therefore in that I cannot know thy change,
 In manies lookes, the falce hearts history

Is writ in moods and frounes and wrinckles strange.
But heauen in thy creation did decree,
That in thy face sweet loue should euer dwell,
What ere thy thoughts, or thy hearts workings be,
Thy lookes should nothing thence, but sweetnesse tell.
 How like *Eaues* apple doth thy beauty grow,
 If thy sweet vertue answere not thy show.

94

They that haue powre to hurt, and will doe none,
That doe not do the thing, they most do showe,
Who mouing others, are themselues as stone,
Vnmoued, could, and to temptation slow:
They rightly do inherrit heauens graces,
And husband natures ritches from expence,
They are the Lords and owners of their faces,
Others, but stewards of their excellence:
The sommers flowre is to the sommer sweet,
Though to it selfe, it onely liue and die,
But if that flowre with base infection meete,
The basest weed out-braues his dignity:
 For sweetest things turne sowrest by their deedes,
 Lillies that fester, smell far worse then weeds.

95

How sweet and louely dost thou make the shame,
Which like a canker in the fragrant Rose,
Doth spot the beautie of thy budding name?
Oh in what sweets doest thou thy sinnes inclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy daies,
(Making lasciuious comments on thy sport)
Cannot dispraise, but in a kinde of praise,
Naming thy name, blesses an ill report.
Oh what a mansion haue those vices got,
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauties vaile doth couer euery blot,
And all things turnes to faire, that eies can see!
 Take heed (deare heart) of this large priuiledge,
 The hardest knife ill vs'd doth loose his edge.

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonesse,
Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport,
 Both grace and faults are lou'd of more and lesse:
 Thou makst faults graces, that to thee resort:
 As on the finger of a throned Queene,
 The basest Iewell wil be well esteem'd:
 So are those errors that in thee are seene,
 To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.
 How many Lambs might the sterne Wolfe betray,
 If like a Lambe he could his lookes translate.
 How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
 If thou wouldst vse the strength of all thy state?
 But doe not so, I loue thee in such sort,
 As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

How like a Winter hath my absence beene
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting yeare?
 What freezings haue I felt, what darke daies seene?
 What old Decembers barenesse euery where?
 And yet this time remou'd was sommers time,
 The teeming Autumne big with ritch increase,
 Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,
 Like widdowed wombes after their Lords decease:
 Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me,
 But hope of Orphans, and vn-fathered fruite,
 For Sommer and his pleasures waite on thee,
 And thou away, the very birds are mute.
 Or if they sing, tis with so dull a cheere,
 That leaues looke pale, dreading the Winters neere.

From you haue I beene absent in the spring,
When proud pide Aprill (drest in all his trim)
 Hath put a spirit of youth in euery thing:
 That heauie *Saturne* laught and leapt with him.
 Yet nor the laies of birds, nor the sweet smell
 Of different flowers in odor and in hew,
 Could make me any summers story tell:

Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the Lillies white,
Nor praise the deepe vermillion in the Rose,
They weare but sweet, but figures of delight:
Drawne after you, you patterne of all those.
Yet seem'd it Winter still, and you away,
As with your shaddow I with these did play.

99

THe forward violet thus did I chide,
Sweet theefe whence didst thou steale thy sweet that smels
If not from my loues breath, the purple pride,
Which on thy soft cheeke for complexion dwells?
In my loues veines thou hast too grosely died,
The Lillie I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marierom had stolne thy haire,
The Roses fearefully on thornes did stand,
Our blushing shame, an other white dispaire:
A third nor red, nor white, had stolne of both,
And to his robbry had annext thy breath,
But for his theft in pride of all his growth
A vengfull canker eate him vp to death.
More flowers I noted, yet none could see,
But sweet, or culler it had stolne from thee.

100

VVHere art thou Muse that thou forgetst so long,
To speake of that which giues thee all thy might?
Spendst thou thy furie on some worthlesse songe,
Darkning thy powre to lend base subiects light.
Returne forgetfull Muse, and straight redeeme,
In gentle numbers time so idely spent,
Sing to the eare that doth thy laies esteeme,
And giues thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise resty Muse, my loues sweet face suruay,
If time haue any wrinkle grauen there,
If any, be a *Satire* to decay,
And make times spoiles dispised euery where.
Giue my loue fame faster then time wasts life,
So thou preuenst his sieth, and crooked knife.

OH truant Muse what shalbe thy amends,
 For thy neglect of truth in beauty di'd?
 Both truth and beauty on my loue depends:
 So dost thou too, and therein dignifi'd:
 Make answer Muse, wilt thou not haply saie,
 Truth needs no collour with his collour fixt,
 Beautie no pensell, beauties truth to lay:
 But best is best, if neuer intermixt.
 Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
 Excuse not silence so, for't lies in thee,
 To make him much out-liue a gilded tombe:
 And to be praisd of ages yet to be.
 Then do thy office Muse I teach thee how,
 To make him seeme long hence, as he showes now.

MY loue is strengtned though more weake in seeming
MI loue not lesse, thogh lesse the show appeare,
 That loue is marchandiz'd, whose ritch esteeming,
 The owners tongue doth publish euery where.
 Our loue was new, and then but in the spring,
 When I was wont to greet it with my laies,
 As *Philomell* in summers front doth singe,
 And stops his pipe in growth of riper daies:
 Not that the summer is lesse pleasant now
 Then when her mournfull himns did hush the night,
 But that wild musick burthens euery bow,
 And sweets growne common loose their deare delight.
 Therefore like her, I some-time hold my tongue:
 Because I would not dull you with my songe.

ALack what pouerty my Muse brings forth,
AThat hauing such a skope to show her pride,
 The argument all bare is of more worth
 Then when it hath my added praise beside.
 Oh blame me not if I no more can write!
 Looke in your glasse and there appeares a face,

That ouer-goes my blunt inuention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinfull then striuing to mend,
To marre the subiect that before was well,
For to no other passe my verses tend,
Then of your graces and your gifts to tell.
And more, much more then in my verse can sit,
Your owne glasse showes you, when you looke in it.

104

TO me faire friend you neuer can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyde,
Such seemes your beautie still: Three Winters colde,
Haue from the forrests shooke three summers pride,
Three beautilous springs to yellow *Autumne* turn'd,
In processe of the seasons haue I seene,
Three Aprill perfumes in three hot Iunes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh which yet are greene.
Ah yet doth beauty like a Dyall hand,
Steale from his figure, and no pace perceiu'd,
So your sweete hew, which me thinkes still doth stand
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceaued.
For feare of which, heare this thou age vnbred,
Ere you were borne was beauties summer dead.

105

LEt not my loue be cal'd Idolatrie,
Nor my beloued as an Idoll show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such, and euer so.
Kinde is my loue to day, to morrow kinde,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence,
Therefore my verse to constancie confin'de,
One thing expressing, leaues out difference.
Faire, kinde, and true, is all my argument,
Faire, kinde and true, varrying to other words,
And in this change is my inuention spent,
Three theams in one, which wondrous scope affords.
Faire, kinde, and true, haue often liu'd alone.
Which three till now, neuer kept seate in one.

[Original content ©2015 by Dirk Jol]