

TIS better to be vile then vile esteemed,
 When not to be, receiues reproach of being,
 And the iust pleasure lost, which is so deemed,
 Not by our feeling, but by others seeing.
 For why should others false adulterat eyes
 Giue saluation to my sportiue blood?
 Or on my frailties why are frailer spies;
 Which in their wils count bad what I think good?
 Noe, I am that I am, and they that leuell
 At my abuses, reckon vp their owne,
 I may be straight though they them-selues be beuel
 By their rancke thoughtes, my deedes must not be shown
 Vnlesse this general euill they maintaine,
 All men are bad and in their badnesse raigne.

THy guift, thy tables, are within my braine
 Full characterd with lasting memory,
 Which shall aboue that idle rancke remaine
 Beyond all date euen to eternity.
 Or at the least, so long as braine and heart
 Haue facultie by nature to subsist,
 Til each to raz'd obliuion yeeld his part
 Of thee, thy record neuer can be mist:
 That poore retention could not so much hold,
 Nor need I tallies thy deare loue to skore,
 Therefore to giue them from me was I bold,
 To trust those tables that receaue thee more,
 To keepe an adiunckt to remember thee,
 Were to import forgetfulnesse in mee.

NO! Time, thou shalt not bost that I doe change,
 Thy pyramyds buylt vp with newer might
 To me are nothing nouell, nothing strange;
 They are but dressings of a former sight:
 Our dates are breefe, and therefor we admire,
 What thou dost foyst vpon vs that is ould,
 And rather make them borne to our desire,

Then thinke that we before haue heard them tould:
Thy registers and thee I both defie,
Not wondring at the present, nor the past,
For thy records, and what we see doth lye,
Made more or les by thy continuall hast:
 This I doe vow and this shall euer be,
 I will be true dispight thy syeth and thee.

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Yf my deare loue were but the childe of state,
It might for fortunes basterd be vnfathered,
As subiect to times loue, or to times hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gatherd.
No it was buylded far from accident,
It suffers not in smilinge pomp, nor falls
Vnder the blow of thralld discontent,
Whereto th'inuiting time our fashion calls:
It feares not policy that *Heriticke*,
Which workes on leases of short numbred howers,
But all alone stands hugely pollitick,
That it nor growes with heat, nor drownes with showres.
 To this I witnes call the foles of time,
 Which die for goodnes, who haue liu'd for crime.

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WEr't ought to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honoring,
Or layd great bases for eternity,
Which proues more short then wast or ruining?
Haue I not seene dwellers on forme and fauor
Lose all, and more by paying too much rent
For compound sweet; Forgoing simple sauor,
Pittifull thriuors in their gazing spent.
Noe, let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblacion, poore but free,
Which is not mixt with seconds, knows no art,
But mutuall render, onely me for thee.
 Hence, thou subbornd *Informer*, a trew soule
 When most impeacht, stands least in thy controule.

O Thou my louely Boy who in thy power,
 Doest hould times fickle glasse, his sickle, hower:
 Who hast by wayning growne, and therein shou'st,
 Thy louers withering, as thy sweet selfe grow'st.
 If Nature (soueraine misteres ouer wrack)
 As thou goest onwards still will plucke thee backe,
 She keepes thee to this purpose, that her skill,
 May time disgrace, and wretched mynuit kill.
 Yet feare her O thou minnion of her pleasure,
 She may detaine, but not still keepe her tresure!
 Her *Audite* (though delayd) answer'd must be,
 And her *Quietus* is to render thee.

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I N the ould age blacke was not counted faire,
 Or if it weare it bore not beauties name:
 But now is blacke beauties successiue heire,
 And Beautie slanderd with a bastard shame,
 For since each hand hath put on Natures power,
 Fairing the foule with Arts faulse borrow'd face,
 Sweet beauty hath no name no holy boure,
 But is prophan'd, if not liues in disgrace.
 Therefore my Mistresse eyes are Rauens blacke,
 Her eyes so suted, and they mourners seeme,
 At such who not borne faire no beauty lack,
 Slandring Creation with a false esteeme,
 Yet so they mourne becomming of their woe,
 That euery tounge saies beauty should looke so.

H OW oft when thou my musike musike playst,
 Vpon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
 With thy sweet fingers when thou gently swayst,
 The wiry concord that mine eare confounds,
 Do I enuie those Iackes that nimble leape,
 To kisse the tender inward of thy hand,
 Whilst my poore lips which should that haruest reape,

At the woods bouldnes by thee blushing stand.
To be so tikled they would change their state,
And situation with those dancing chips,
Ore whome their fingers walke with gentle gate,
Making dead wood more blest then liuing lips,
 Since sausie Iackes so happy are in this,
 Giue them their fingers, me thy lips to kisse.

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TH'expence of Spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action, and till action, lust
Is periurd, murdrous, blouddy full of blame,
Sauage, extreame, rude, cruell, not to trust,
Inioyd no sooner but dispised straight,
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had
Past reason hated as a swallowed bayt,
On purpose layd to make the taker mad.
Made In pursut and in possession so,
Had, hauing, and in quest, to haue extreame,
A blisse in prooffe and proud and very wo,
Before a ioy proposd behind a dreame,
 All this the world well knowes yet none knowes well,
 To shun the heauen that leads men to this hell.

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MY Mistres eyes are nothing like the Sunne,
Currall is farre more red, then her lips red,
If snow be white, why then her brests are dun:
If haire be wiers, black wiers grow on her head:
I haue seene Roses damaskt, red and white,
But no such Roses see I in her cheekes,
And in some perfumes is there more delight,
Then in the breath that from my Mistres reekes.
I loue to heare her speake, yet well I know,
That Musicke hath a farre more pleasing sound:
I graunt I neuer saw a goddesse goe,
My Mistres when shee walkes treads on the ground.
 And yet by heauen I thinke my loue as rare,
 As any she beli'd with false compare.

THou art as tiranous, so as thou art,
 As those whose beauties proudly make them cruell;
 For well thou know'st to my deare doting hart
 Thou art the fairest and most precious Iewell.
 Yet in good faith some say that thee behold,
 Thy face hath not the power to make loue grone;
 To say they erre, I dare not be so bold,
 Although I sweare it to my selfe alone.
 And to be sure that is not false I sweare
 A thousand grones but thinking on thy face,
 One on anothers necke do witnessse beare
 Thy blacke is fairest in my iudgements place.
 In nothing art thou blacke saue in thy deeds,
 And thence this slaunder as I thinke proceeds.

THine eies I loue, and they as pittying me,
 Knowing thy heart torment me with disdain,
 Haue put on black, and louing mourners bee,
 Looking with pretty ruth vpon my paine.
 And truly not the morning Sun of Heauen
 Better becomes the gray cheeks of th'East,
 Nor that full Starre that vshers in the Eauen
 Doth halfe that glory to the sober West
 As those two morning eyes become thy face:
 O let it then as well beseeme thy heart
 To mourne for me since mourning doth thee grace,
 And sute thy pittie like in euery part.
 Then will I sweare beauty her selfe is blacke,
 And all they foule that thy complexion lacke.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groane
 For that deepe wound it giues my friend and me;
 I'st not ynough to torture me alone,
 But slaue to slavery my sweet'st friend must be.
 Me from my selfe thy cruell eye hath taken,
 And my next selfe thou harder hast ingrossed,
 Of him, my selfe, and thee I am forsaken,

A torment thrice three-fold thus to be crossed:
Prison my heart in thy steele bosomes warde,
But then my friends heart let my poore heart bale,
Who ere keepes me, let my heart be his garde,
Thou canst not then vse rigor in my Iaile.

And yet thou wilt, for I being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine and all that is in me.

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SO now I haue confest that he is thine,
And I my selfe am morgag'd to thy will,
My selfe Ile forfeit, so that other mine,
Thou wilt restore to be my comfort still:
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art couetous, and he is kinde,
He learnd but suretie-like to write for me,
Vnder that bond that him as fast doth binde.
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou vsurer that put'st forth all to vse,
And sue a friend, came debter for my sake,
So him I loose through my vnkinde abuse.

Him haue I lost, thou hast both him and me,
He paies the whole, and yet am I not free.

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WHo euer hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*,
And *Will* too boote, and *Will* in ouer-plus,
More then enough am I that vexe thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou whose will is large and spatious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine,
Shall will in others seeme right gracious,
And in my will no faire acceptance shine:
The sea all water, yet receiues raine still,
And in abundance addeth to his store,
So thou beeing rich in *Will* adde to thy *Will*,
One will of mine to make thy large *Will* more.

Let no vnkinde, no faire beseechers kill,
Thinke all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

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