

IF thy soule check thee that I come so neere,
ISwear to thy blind soule that I was thy *Will*,
 And will thy soule knowes is admitted there,
 Thus farre for loue, my loue-sute sweet fullfill.
Will, will fulfill the treasure of thy loue,
 I fill it full with wils, and my will one,
 In things of great receit with ease we prooue.
 Among a number one is reckon'd none.
 Then in the number let me passe vntold,
 Though in thy stores account I one must be,
 For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold,
 That nothing me, a some-thing sweet to thee.
 Make but my name thy loue, and loue that still,
 And then thou louest me for my name is *Will*.

THou blinde foole loue, what doost thou to mine eyes,
That they behold and see not what they see:
 They know what beautie is, see where it lyes,
 Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.
 If eyes corrupt by ouer-partiall lookes,
 Be anchord in the baye where all men ride,
 Why of eyes falsehood hast thou forged hookes,
 Whereto the iudgement of my heart is tide?
 Why should my heart thinke that a seuerall plot,
 Which my heart knowes the wide worlds common place?
 Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not
 To put faire truth vpon so foule a face,
 In things right true my heart and eyes haue erred,
 And to this false plague are they now transferred.

WHen my loue swears that she is made of truth,
I do beleue her though I know she lyes,
 That she might thinke me some vntuterd youth,
 Vnlearned in the worlds false subtilties.
 Thus vainely thinking that she thinkes me young,
 Although she knowes my dayes are past the best,
 Simply I credit her false speaking tongue,

On both sides thus is simple truth suppress:
But wherefore sayes she not she is vniust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O loues best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in loue, loues not t'haue yeares told.
Therefore I lye with her, and she with me,
And in our faults by lyes we flattered be.

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O Call not me to iustifie the wrong,
That thy vnkindnesse layes vpon my heart,
Wound me not with thine eye but with thy tounge,
Vse power with power, and slay me not by Art,
Tell me thou lou'st else-where; but in my sight,
Deare heart forbear to glance thine eye aside,
What needst thou wound with cunning when thy might
Is more then my ore-prest defence can bide?
Let me excuse thee, ah my loue well knowes,
Her prettie lookes haue beene mine enemies,
And therefore from my face she turnes my foes,
That they else-where might dart their iniuries:
Yet do not so, but since I am neere slaine,
Kill me out-right with lookes, and rid my paine.

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BE wise as thou art cruell, do not presse
My tounge-tide patience with too much disdain:
Least sorrow lend me words and words expresse,
The manner of my pittie wanting paine.
If I might teach thee witte better it weare,
Though not to loue, yet loue to tell me so,
As testie sick-men when their deaths be neere,
No newes but health from their Phisitions know.
For if I should dispaire I should grow madde,
And in my madnesse might speake ill of thee,
Now this ill wresting world is growne so bad,
Madde slanderers by madde eares beleued be.
That I may not be so, nor thou be lyde,
Beare thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart goe wide.

IN faith I doe not loue thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note,
 But 'tis my heart that loues what they dispise,
 Who in dispight of view is pleasd to dote.
 Nor are mine eares with thy touns tune delighted,
 Nor tender feeling to base touches prone,
 Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be inuited
 To any sensuall feast with thee alone:
 But my fiue wits, nor my fiue sences can
 Diswade one foolish heart from seruing thee,
 Who leaues vnswai'd the likenesse of a man,
 Thy proud hearts slaue and vassall wretch to be:
 Onely my plague thus farre I count my gaine,
 That she that makes me sinne, awards me paine.

LOue is my sinne, and thy deare vertue hate,
Hate of my sinne, grounded on sinfull louing,
 O but with mine, compare thou thine owne state,
 And thou shalt finde merrits not reproouing,
 Or if it do, not from those lips of thine,
 That haue prophan'd their scarlet ornaments,
 And seald false bonds of loue as oft as mine,
 Robd others beds reuenues of their rents.
 Be it lawfull I loue thee as thou lou'st those,
 Whome thine eyes wooe as mine importune thee,
 Roote pittie in thy heart that when it growes,
 Thy pittie may deserue to pittied bee.
 If thou doost seeke to haue what thou doost hide,
 By selfe example mai'st thou be denide.

LOe as a carefull huswife runnes to catch,
One of her fethered creatures broake away,
 Sets downe her babe and makes all swift dispatch
 In pursuit of the thing she would haue stay:
 Whilst her neglected child holds her in chace,
 Cries to catch her whose busie care is bent,
 To follow that which flies before her face:

Not prizing her poore infants discontent;
So runst thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chace thee a farre behind,
But if thou catch thy hope turne back to me:
And play the mothers part kisse me, be kind.
So will I pray that thou maist haue thy *Will*,
If thou turne back and my loude crying still.

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TWo loues I haue of comfort and dispaire,
Which like two spirits do sugiest me still,
The better angell is a man right faire:
The worser spirit a woman collour'd il.
To win me soone to hell my femall euill,
Tempteth my better angel from my sight,
And would corrupt my saint to be a diuel:
Wooing his purity with her fowle pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd finde,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell,
But being both from me both to each friend,
I gesse one angel in an others hel.
Yet this shal I nere know but liue in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

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THose lips that Loues owne hand did make,
Breath'd forth the sound that said I hate,
To me that languisht for her sake:
But when she saw my wofull state,
Straight in her heart did mercie come,
Chiding that tongue that euer sweet,
Was vsde in giuing gentle dome:
And tought it thus a new to greete:
I hate she alterd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day,
Doth follow night who like a fiend
From heauen to hell is flowne away.
I hate, from hate away she threw,
And sau'd my life saying not you.

POore soule the center of my sinfull earth,
 My sinfull earth these rebbell powres that thee array,
 Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth
 Painting thy outward walls so costlie gay?
 Why so large cost hauing so short a lease,
 Dost thou vpon thy fading mansion spend?
 Shall wormes inheritors of this excesse,
 Eate vp thy charge? is this thy bodies end?
 Then soule liue thou vpon thy seruants losse,
 And let that pine to aggrauat thy store;
 Buy tearmes diuine in selling houres of drosse:
 Within be fed, without be rich no more,
 So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
 And death once dead, ther's no more dying then.

MY loue is as a feauer longing still,
 For that which longer nurseth the disease.
 Feeding on that which doth preserue the ill,
 Th'vncertaine sicklie appetite to please:
 My reason the Phisition to my loue,
 Angry that his prescriptions are not kept
 Hath left me, and I desperate now approue.
 Desire is death, which Phisick did except.
 Past cure I am, now Reason is past care,
 And frantick madde with euer-more vnrest,
 My thoughts and my discourse as mad mens are,
 At randon from the truth vainely exprest.
 For I haue sworne thee faire, and thought thee bright,
 Who art as black as hell, as darke as night.

O Me! what eyes hath loue put in my head,
 Which haue no correspondence with true sight,
 Or if they haue, where is my iudgment fled,
 That censures falsely what they see aright?
 If that be faire whereon my false eyes dote,
 What meanes the world to say it is not so?
 If it be not, then loue doth well denote,

Loues eye is not so true as all mens: no,
How can it? O how can loues eye be true,
That is so vext with watching and with teares?
No maruaile then though I mistake my view,
The sunne it selfe sees not, till heauen cleeres.
 O cunning loue, with teares thou keepst me blinde,
 Least eyes well seeing thy foule faults should finde.

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CAnst thou O cruell, say I loue thee not,
When I against my selfe with thee pertake:
Doe I not thinke on thee when I forgot
Am of my selfe, all tirant for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I doe call my friend,
On whom froun'st thou that I doe faune vpon.
Nay if thou lowrst on me doe I not spend
Reuenge vpon my selfe with present mone?
What merrit do I in my selfe respect,
That is so proude thy seruice to dispise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes.
 But loue hate on for now I know thy minde,
 Those that can see thou lou'st, and I am blind.

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OH from what powre hast thou this powrefull might,
VVith insufficiency my heart to sway,
To make me giue the lie to my true sight,
And swere that brightnesse doth not grace the day?
Whence hast thou this becomming of things il,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds,
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
That in my minde thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me loue thee more,
The more I heare and see iust cause of hate,
Oh though I loue what others doe abhor,
VVith others thou shouldst not abhor my state.
 If thy vnworthinesse raisd loue in me,
 More worthy I to be belou'd of thee.

Loue is too young to know what conscience is,
Yet who knowes not conscience is borne of loue,
 Then gentle cheater vrge not my amisse,
 Least guilty of my faults thy sweet selfe proue.
 For thou betraying me, I doe betray
 My nobler part to my grosse bodies treason,
 My soule doth tell my body that he may
 Triumph in loue, flesh staies no farther reason,
 But rying at thy name doth point out thee,
 As his triumphant prize, proud of this pride,
 He is contented thy poore drudge to be
 To stand in thy affaires, fall by thy side.
 No want of conscience hold it that I call,
 Her loue, for whose deare loue I rise and fall.

IN louing thee thou know'st I am forsworne,
But thou art twice forsworne to me loue swearing,
 In act thy bed-vow broake and new faith torne,
 In vowing new hate after new loue bearing:
 But why of two othes breach doe I accuse thee,
 When I breake twenty: I am periur'd most,
 For all my vowes are othes but to misuse thee:
 And all my honest faith in thee is lost.
 For I haue sworne deepe othes of thy deepe kindnesse:
 Othes of thy loue, thy truth, thy constancie,
 And to inlighten thee gaue eyes to blindnesse,
 Or made them swere against the thing they see.
 For I haue sworne thee faire: more periurde eye,
 To swere against the truth so foule a lie.

C*Vpid* laid by his brand and fell a sleepe,
A maide of *Dyans* this aduantage found,
 And his loue-kindling fire did quickly steepe
 In a could vallie-fontaine of that ground:
 Which borrowd from this holie fire of loue,
 A datelesse liuely heat still to indure,
 And grew a seething bath which yet men proue,

Against strang malladies a soueraigne cure:
But at my mistres eie loues brand new fired,
The boy for triall needes would touch my brest,
I sick withall the helpe of bath desired,
And thether hied a sad distemperd guest.

But found no cure, the bath for my helpe lies,
Where *Cupid* got new fire; my mistres eye.

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THe little Loue-God lying once a sleepe,
Laid by his side his heart inflaming brand,
Whilst many Nymphes that you'd chast life to keep,
Came tripping by, but in her maiden hand,
The fayrest votary tooke vp that fire,
Which many Legions of true hearts had warm'd,
And so the Generall of hot desire,
Was sleeping by a Virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a coole Well by,
Which from loues fire tooke heat perpetuall,
Growing a bath and healthfull remedy,
For men diseasd, but I my Mistrisse thrall,
Came there for cure and this by that I proue,
Loues fire heates water, water cooles not loue.

FINIS.

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