

3.

[F104, P41]

How well poore hart thou wittnes canst I loue,
how oft my grieffe hath made thee shed for teares
drops of thy deerest blood, and how oft feares
borne testimony of the paines I proue,

What torments hast thou sufferd while aboue
ioy; thou tortur'd wert w^t racks w^{ch} longing beares
pinch'd w^t desires w^{ch} yett butt wishing reares
firme in my faith, in constancy to moue,

Yett is itt sayd that sure loue can nott bee
wher soe small showe of passion is descri'd,
when thy chiefe paine is that I must itt hide
from all saue only one who showld itt see

For know more passion in my hart doth moue
then in a millian that make show they loue

Song vj.
[F42, P42]

You happy blessed eyes
w^{ch} in that ruling place
haue force both to delight, and to disgrace,
whose light allures and ties
all harts to yo^r command
O! looke on mee who doe att mercy stand:

'T'is you that rule my lyfe
't'is you my comforts giue;
then lett nott scorne o mee my ending driue,
nor lett the frownes of stryfe
haue might to hurt those lights
w^{ch} while they shine they are true loues delights;

See butt, when Night appears,
and Sunn hath lost his force
how his loss doth all ioye from vs diuorce;
And when hee shines, and cleares
the heauns from clowds of night
how happy then is made our gazing sight,

Butt more then Sunns faire light
your beames doe seeme to mee,
whose sweetest lookes doe tye and yett make free;
Why should you then soe spite
poore mee as to destroy
the only pleasure that I taste of ioye?

Shine then, O deerest lights
wth fauor and wth loue,
and lett noe cause, yo^r cause of frownings moue
butt as the soules delights
soe bless my then=bless'd eyes
w^{ch} vnto you theyr true affection tyes.

Then shall the Sunn giue place
as to yo^r greater might,
yeelding that you doe show more perfect light,
O, then, butt grant this grace
Vnto yo^r loue=tied slaue
to shine on mee, who to you all fayth gaue;

And when you please to frowne
then vse your killing eyes
on them, who in vntruth, and faulcehood lyes;
butt (deare) on mee cast downe
sweet lookes for true desire
that bannish doe all thoughts of fayned fire

37.

[F43, P43]

Night, welcome art thou to my mind destrest
darke, heauy, sad, yett nott more sad then I
neuer could'st thou find fitter company
for thine owne humor then I thus oprest.

If thou bee dark, my wrongs still vnredrest
saw neuer light, nor smalest bliss can spy;
If heauy, ioy from mee too fast doth hy
and care outgoes my hope of quiett rest,

Then now in freindship ioine w^t haples mee,
who ame as sad, and dark as thou canst bee
hating all pleasure, or delight in lyfe;

Silence, and grieffe, wth thee I best doe loue
and from you three, I know I can nott moue
Then lett vs liue companions wthout strife

What pleasure can a bannish'd creature haue
in all the pastimes that inuented arr
by witt or learning, absence making warr
against all peace that may a biding craue;

Can wee delight butt in a wellcome graue
wher wee may bury paines, and soe bee farr
from lothed company who allways iarr
vpon the string of mirthe that pastime gaue;

The knowing part of ioye is deem'd the hart
if that bee gon what ioy can ioy impart
when sencless is the feeler of our mirth;

Noe, I ame bannish'd, and no good shall find
butt all my fortunes must wth mischief bind
Who butt for miserie did gaine a birth;

Iff I were giu'n to mirthe 't' wou'd bee more cross
 thus to bee robbed of my chiefest ioy;
 butt silently I beare my greatest loss
 Who's vs'd to sorrow, grieffe will nott destroy;

Nor can I as thes pleasant witts inioy
 my owne fram'd words, w^{ch} I account the dross
 of purer thoughts, or reckon them as moss
 while they (witt sick) them selues to breath imploy,

Alas, think I, yo^r plenty shewes your want,
 for wher most feeling is, words are more scant,
 yett pardon mee, Liue, and your pleasure take,

Grudg nott, if I neglected, enuy show
 t'is nott to you that I dislike doe owe
 butt crost my self, wish some like mee to make

40.

[F46, P46]

Itt is nott loue which you poore fooles do deeme
that doth apeare by fond, and outward showes
of kissing, toying, or by swearings glose
o noe thes farr are of from loues esteeme;

Alas thes ar nott them that can redeeme
loue lost, or wining keepe those chosen blowes
though oft w^t face, and lookes loue ouerthrowse
yett soe slight conquest doth nott him beeseeme,

'T'is nott a showe of sighes, or teares can proue
who loues indeed: which blasts of fained loue
increase, or dy as fauors from them slide;

Butt in the soule true loue in safety lies
guarded by faith w^{ch} to desart still hies,
and yett true lookes doe many blessing hide

2.

[F103, P47]

You blessed starrs w^{ch} doe heauns glory show,
and att your brightnes makes our eyes admire
yett enuy nott if I on earth beelow
inioy a sight w^{ch} moues in mee more fire;

I doe confess such beauty breeds desire,
you shine, and cleerest light on vs beestow,
yett doth a sight on earth more warmth inspire
into my louing soule, his force to knowe;

Cleere, bright, and shining as you are, is this
light of my ioye, fixt stedfast nor will moue
his light from mee, nor I chang from his loue,
butt still increase as th'eith of all my bliss

His sight giues lyfe vnto my loue=rulde eyes
my loue content beecause in his, loue lies;

42.

[F48, P48]

If euer loue had force in humaine brest?

If euer hee could moue in pensiue hart?

or if that hee such powre could butt impart

to breed those flames whose heat brings ioys vnrest

Then looke on mee; I ame to thes adrest,

I, ame the soule that feeles the greatest smart;

I, ame that hartles trunk of harts depart;

and I, that one, by loue, and grieffe oprest;

Non euer felt the truth of loues great miss

of eyes, till I depriued was of bliss;

for had hee seene, hee must haue pittty show'd

I should nott haue bin made the stage of woe

wher sad disasters haue theyr open showe

O noe, more pittty hee had sure beestow'd

Song vij.
[F49, P49]

Sorrow, I yeeld, and greiue that I did miss:
will nott thy rage bee satisfied wth this?

As sad a Diuell as thee,
made mee vnhapy bee.

Wilt thou nott yett consent to leaue, butt still
striue how to showe thy cursed, deuilsh skill;

I mourne, and dying am; what would you more?
my soule attends, to leaue this wreched shore.

Wher harmes doe only flow
w^{ch} teach mee butt to know

The sadest howres of my liues vnrest,
and tired minutes wth griefs hand oprest:

Yett all this will nott pacefy thy spite;
no, nothing can bring ease butt my last night.

then quickly lett itt bee
while I vnhappy see

That time, soe sparing to grant louers bliss
will see for time lost, ther shall noe grief miss.

Nor lett mee euer cease from lasting grieffe,
butt endless lett itt bee w^tout reliefe:

To winn againe of loue,
the fauor I did proue;

And wth my end please him: since liuing I
haue him offended, yett vnwillingly

43.

[F50, P50]

O dearest eyes the lights, and guides of loue,
the ioyes of Cupid who himself borne blind
to yo^r bright shining doth his triumphs bind
for in yo^r seeing doth his glory moue;

How happy are those places wher you proue
yo^r heaunly beames, w^{ch} makes the Sun to find
enuy, and grudging hee soe long hath shind
that your cleer light showld mach his beames aboue

Butt now, Alas, your sight is heere forbid
and darknes must thes poore lost roomes possess
soe bee all blessed lights from henceforth hid
that this black deed in darcknes haue excess,

For why should heauen afford least light to those
who for my misery this darcknes chose

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