

44.

[F51, P51]

How fast thou hast'st (o spring) w^t swiftest speed
to catch thy waters w^{ch} befor are runn,
and of the greater riuers wellcom wunn,
'ere thes thy new borne streames thes places feed,

Yett doe yow well least staying heere might breed
dangerous floods yo^r sweetest banks t'o' rerunn,
and yett much better my distress to shunn
w^{ch} makes my teares butt yo^r course to succeed,

Butt best you doe when wth soe hasty flight,
you fly my ills w^{ch} now my self outgoe,
whose broken hart can testify such woe,
w^{ch} soe o'recharg'd my lyfe blood wasteth quite

Sweet spring then keepe your way, Bee neuer spent
and my ill days, or griefs assunder rent

45.

[F52, P52]

Good now bee still, and doe nott mee torment
w^t multituds of questions, bee att rest,
and only lett mee quarrell w^t my brest
w^{ch} still letts in new stormes my soule to rent;

Fy, will you still my mischiefs more augment?
you say I answere cross, I that confest
long since, yett must I euer bee oprest
wth yo^r toungue torture w^{ch} will ne're bee spent?

Well then I see noe way butt this will fright
that Diuell speach; Alas I ame possest,
and mad folks senceles ar of wisdomes right,

The hellish spiritt absence doth arest
all my poore sences to his cruell might
spare mee then till I ame my self, and blest

46.

[F53, P53]

Loue, thou hast all, for now thou hast mee made
soe thine, as if for thee I were ordain'd;
then take thy conquest, nor lett mee bee pain'd
more in thy Sunn, when I doe seeke thy shade,

Noe place for help haue I left to inuade,
that show'de a face wher least ease might bee gain'd;
yett found I paine increase, and butt obtain'd
that this noe way was to haue loue allayd,

When hott, and thirsty to a well I came
trusting by that to quench part of my flame,
butt ther I was by loue afresh imbrac'd;

Drinke I could nott, butt in itt I did see
my self a liuing glass as well as shee
for loue to see him self in truly plac'd;

47.

[F54, P54]

O stay mine eyes, shed nott thes fruitles teares
since hope is past to win you back againe
that treasure w^{ch} beeing lost breeds all yo^r paine,
cease from this poore betraying of yo^r feares,

Think this to childish is, for wher grieve reares
soe high a powre, for such a wreched gaine;
sighs, nor laments should thus bee spent in vaine:
true sorrow, neuer outward wayling beares;

Bee rul'd by mee, keepe all the rest in store,
till noe roome is that may containe one more,
then in that sea of teares, drowne haples mee,

And I'le prouide such store of sighs as part
shalbee enough to breake the strongest hart,
This dunn, wee shall from torments freed bee

48.

[F55, P55]

How like a fire doth loue increase in mee,
the longer that itt lasts, the stronger still,
the greater purer, brighter, and doth fill
noe eye w^t wunder more, then hopes still bee

bred in my brest, wher fires of loue are free
to vse that part to theyr best pleasing will,
and now impossible itt is to kill
the heat soe great wher Loue his strength doth see.

Mine eyes can scarce sustaine the flames my hart
doth trust in them my longings to impart,
and languishingly striue to show my loue;

My breath nott able is to breathe least part
of that increasing fuell of my smart;
yett loue I will till I butt ashes proue

Pamphilia

Sonett;
F56, P56

Lett grieffe as farr bee from your deerest brest
as I doe wish, or in my hands to ease;
then showld itt bannist bee, and sweetest rest
bee plac'ed to giue content by loue to please,

Lett those disdaines w^{ch} on your hart doe seaze
doubly returne to bring her soules vnrest,
since true loue will nott that beelou'd displease
or lett least smart to theyr minds bee adrest,

Butt often times mistakings bee in loue,
bee they as farr from faulce accusing right,
and still truthe gouerne, wth a constant might,
soe shall you only wished pleasures proue,

And as for mee, she that showes you least scorne
wth all despite, and hate bee her hart torne;

Song.

[F57, P57]

O mee the time is come to part,
and wth itt my lyfe=killing smart
fond hope leaue mee my deer must goe
to meet more ioy, and I more woe;
Wher still of mirth inioye thy fill
one is enough to suffer ill
my hart soe well to sorrow=vs'd
can better bee by new grieffe brus'd;
Thou whom the heau'ns them selues like made
showld neuer sitt in mourning shade
noe I alone must mourne, and end
who haue a lyfe in grief to spend,
My swiftest pace to wayling bent
shews ioye had butt some short time lent
to bide in mee wher woes must dwell,
and charme mee wth theyr cruell spell,
And yett when they theyr wichrafts try
they only make mee wish to dy
butt e're my faith in loue they change
in horrid darknes will I range;

Song
[F59, P58]

Say Venus how long haue I lou'd, and seru'd you heere
yett all my passions scorn'd or doubted allthough cleere
alas thinke loue deserueth loue, and you haue lou'd
looke on my paines, and see if you the like haue prou'd;

Remember then you ar the Goddess of desire,
and that your sacred powre hath touch'd, and felt this fire,
parswade thes flames in mee to cease, or them redress
in mee, poore mee who stormes of loue haue in excess,

My restles nights may show for mee how much I loue
my sighs vnfain'd can wittnes what my hart doth proue
my saddest looks doe show the greife my soule indures
yett all thes torments from your hands noe help procures

Command that wayward child your sonn to grant yo^r right,
and y^t his bowe, and shafts hee yeeld to your fayre sight
to you who haue the eyes of ioye the hart of loue,
and then new hopes may spring y^t I may pittie moue

Lett him nott triumph that hee can both hurt, and saue,
and more brag y^t to you yo^r self a wound hee gaue
rule him, or what shall I expect of good to see
since hee that hurt you, hee alas may murder mee

Song
[F60, P59]

I, that ame of all most crost
haung, and that had, haue lost,
may wth reason thus complaine
since loue breeds loue, and lous paine;

That w^{ch} I did most desire
to allay my louing fire
I may haue, yett now must miss
since an other ruler is:

Would that I noe ruler had,
or the seruice nott soe bad,
then might I, wth blis inioy
that w^{ch} now my hopes destroy;

And that wished pleasure gott
brings w^t itt the sweetest lott
I, that must nott taste the best
fed must sterue, and restles rest

.Song.

[F61, P60]

Loue as well can make abiding
in a faythfull sheapheards brest
as in Princese whose thoughts sliding
like swift riuers neuer rest
chang to theyr minds is best feeding
to a sheapheard all his care
Who when his loue is exceeding
thinks his faith his richest fare;

Beauty butt a slight inuiting
can nott stirr his hart to chang
constancy his chiefe delighting
striues to fly from phantsies strang
fairnes to him is noe pleasure
if in other then his loue
nor can esteeme that a tresure
w^{ch} in her smiles doth nott moue:

This a sheapheard once confessed
who lou'd well, butt was nott lou'd
though wth scorne, and grieffe opressed
could nott yett to chang bee mou'd
butt him self thus hee contented
While in loue he was accurst
this hard hap hee nott repented
since best louers speed the wurst

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